

## **I Can Tell Stories?**

I just discovered from my web provider last Thursday that my web site, [www.butlerbasin.com](http://www.butlerbasin.com), is set up to log stories. Who would have thought it. Since it is a perfect avenue to update friends and customers on what's happening at Butler Basin and the Great Bend Yacht Club, I now have something else to worry about. If I don't write a news letter, I'll feel guilty. I guess all other organizations do a news letters. It could help lot sales... or since there is not a "spell check" option on this uplink, it may hurt lot sales.

Tennessee River or Mississippi, perhaps I could be like Tom Sawyer and talk one of the Yacht Club members into doing it for me. Delegation... after retiring from owning an architectural firm to continue developing real estate on my own, I miss that. I have no one to delegate to but me. I don't seem to be able to delegate to Cathy, my wife, unless it was her idea.

Maybe if my neighbors won't take on the task of maintaining an up to date Marina News Letter, I could do something like taking a picture of the sunset every evening. We have beautiful sunsets over the Lighthouse at Butler Basin. But then that would be time consuming...would have to have a camera with me every day, worry about the right light conditions for the best shot, and still more time to upload the picture. Probably too much work. It may even take away from the enjoyment of experiencing the moment behind the lenses we were born with. We had a wedding cocktail party here Friday evening. It would be nice years from now to go back and see the lovely sunset we had...before it started raining.

There are a lot of stories here on the Tennessee River in Huntsville's back yard. Heck, there is a book here if we started when I first walked into the corn field, looked around, and didn't have the foggiest idea that in a few years, there would be boat docked under me. What would the chapters be? Not sure, but the following come to mind:

It Cost How Much!, You Got to be Kidding, You Can Grow Sweet Potatoes, The Mower is Where, Light Bulb Man...The Story of a Retired Architect, You Want a Payment When, I'm With The City and here to Help, I'm Your Banker and I'm Here to Help, I'm an Attorney and Not Here to Help, I'm a Realtor and I Know Everything to Help You, Bottom Feeders and Other Slimy Creatures, Mr. Big, He was Jack Wright and He Did Help, We'll Start your Side First, You want Garbage Pick Up, What's a LOMA, You Want me to Swim up River and Count What, Why Don't You Stick to Architecture, You're a Dreamer, My Great Granddad Saw Water over the Whitesburg Bridge, and Darn It, for the Last Time...It Doesn't Flood, No Flood Insurance Required

I'm sure there are other Stories (chapters) to write, but Light Bulb Man needs to go and check if all the street and Sidewalk lights came on.

Submitted 17 May 09 by Forest Knowles, Commodore, Great Bend Yacht Club, alias Light Bulb Man