

Light Bulb Man and other Pseudonyms

Cathy (my wife) and I have now been living in paradise at Great Bend at Butler Basin for over five years. Retired from commercial architecture and waiting for the right time to continue my passion of developing Huntsville's Tennessee River front, I find myself doing a lot of maintenance. Cathy has dubbed me "Light Bulb Man" because between the sidewalks, entry, pool, gazebo, lighthouse, and street lights, I have changed a lot of bulbs. She could have just as easy have said maintenance man, lawnmower man, pool boy, or dock boy, but Light Bulb Man stuck, I guess, because of my obsession to keep all the lights on.

Perhaps the sidewalks, street, and other light are more important for safety/ security reasons, but that is just a job for Light Bulb Man. Keeping the lighthouse burning, and I should add the flag pole, is an honor and duty. I feel it an absolute responsibility to keep the lighthouse burning even though I suspect there would be no navigational problems if it didn't come on every night. But, then I do recall a friend of mine, George Shanks, coming in one night in heavy fog, damage to his stern due to a storm, and running on instruments only in a 300' channel saying 'The Great Bend Lighthouse was the prettiest sight he had ever seen'. The lighthouse keepers of the past would not have let their light go out...boats would run aground and good men could die. I don't think anyone is going to run aground if I let the bulb go out...but, I think I'll keep the light on anyway.

Light Bulb Man