

The Watchorn

February 2010

Holiday Harbor/Cabrillo Marina

For those of you who have grown to know me over the years, it may surprise you to know that I'm not really much of a conversationalist. (Pause for laughter) I know, in the nearly three years you've been visiting my office or pausing for a few minutes to chat with me on the docks, you've never known me to be short of words. Part of this is because most of those conversations have to do with boating, a topic I happen to have a severe passion for. Some of it also may have to do with my instructing background; if I have knowledge that others might find useful, I can't help but to become the teacher once again, a practice that my girlfriend no longer finds amusing. The term "know-it-all" has been thrown around my house more than once. Take me away from the marina and into an unfamiliar environment, however, and suddenly I'm at a loss for words.

This became evident to me the other day after going out to a local bar with my brother for a few drinks and a game of pool. I can remember vividly sitting alongside him as he chatted with one girl or another, talking about nothing in particular and yet never running out of words. As for myself, the designated "wingman" for the night, I was speechless when it came to those my own age or younger. Words were like ash in my mouth, the river of beer I consumed doing nothing to either quench my thirst nor help to loosen my tongue. "What has happened to me?" I remember asking myself as I sat quietly on my stool watching the TV. Time ticked slowly by.

Then it hit me, my reaction to the truth as painful as if someone had smacked me over the head. I'VE GROWN OLD! Perhaps not in years, but in attitude. I'm the oldest 28 year old you've ever met. (I believe being old is a state of mind, not a designated number of trips around the sun) Need proof? Let's look at the facts: I like to go to bed by ten thirty at the latest (and I'm usually passed out on the couch before ten), spicy foods tend to leave me disagreeable, I haven't broken the speed limit by more than ten M.P.H. in years, I get angry when I see wannabe gangsters sag their pants down to their knees, and last week I had to call my 13 year old nephew for instructions on how to install my new DVD player. The line has been crossed, I can never go back.

Is this how it is for most people? When did you realize you had officially become old? (Not that I'm saying you are. Please don't hit me, I'm fragile. Probably early stage osteoporosis.) I had always assumed it would be a slow maturation, like watching your hair turn gray one follicle at a time until over the course of twenty years it has either lost its color completely or found its final resting place at the bottom of the shower drain. To be fair, I'm still capable, and sometimes even willing, to participate in youthful activities, but on the whole I enjoy the slower side of life. I really don't enjoy going to late night clubs and dancing to music sung by people who were struggling to pass the eighth grade long after I had already graduated from college. I've lost my love for beer pong and have replaced it with just beer, playing sports feels like organized exercise with the added possibility of making a fool of myself, and every time I squeal the tires on my truck I wonder how many miles of good rubber it just cost me. Getting older sucks.

The one good aspect of getting older is that I finally know what I enjoy in life and don't feel at all selfish for doing it. I buy clothes for comfort rather than for looks, I prefer going on a peaceful sail than speeding along at fifty knots and occasionally even enjoy a good John Wayne western. You know, maybe it's better to get old at a younger age. While others are fighting off the advancement of time I'm going with it, focusing my energy on having a good time. It doesn't always work, and sometimes I can still act like a child, but on the whole it isn't half bad. Care for a game of BINGO anyone?

D.H. Jr.

Real News

- Those of you with broken dock box chains or hinges, leaky faucets and mangled dock corner bumpers please notify the office or maintenance staff as soon as possible. Although we do our best to repair damaged items before they become a problem, there are many cases where the tenant becomes aware of a problem before we have an opportunity to find it. Your help is most appreciated.
- Sailboaters: The 2010 racing season has already begun, so those of you looking for an excuse to get out and play on the boat need wait no longer. Check the local yacht club websites for racing schedules and any information needed to sign up. Not sure what yacht clubs are in the area? Feel free to visit the marina office and speak to Kyle about where to look.