

# CLOCKS

Bill Nottingham

The theme “Clocks” reminds me of a special occasion in Indianapolis, Tuesday, March 21, 2006. It was one year and four months before our move to Wind Crest. Annually the F.C. Tucker Realty Company in Indiana gives a Fred Tucker Senior award for excellence in real estate and distinction in representing the company in the civic community. It means that someone is an all-round asset to the community, a pleasure to fellow-workers, and the pride of the company. It is a social recognition, not a financial one, although the world of business is its foundation. The award was a handsome Howard Miller mantel clock. These impressive mantel Clocks originated in 1926, and were noted for their Westminster chimes on the quarter hours and solemnly struck the hours like Big Bend. Pat had often attended the event during the 26 years she worked with F.C. Tucker and knew friends who had received the clock. One person complained it kept her awake nights.

Only a restricted committee knows who will receive the honor. Everyone else is kept ignorant of the selection. The spouse or other member of the family is alerted, because you have to have some personal data to make the announcement. The event takes place before hundreds of realtors and mortgage brokers gathered for the once-a-year and once-in-a-lifetime occasion. When I was told that Pat was to be the recipient for the 2005 award, it was a happy moment which preceded the awesome moment of the presentation. I gave the committee information secretly and prepared for the big day, never letting on to Pat what was going on. With our daughter Doe, also a realtor, I sneaked into a side entrance of the Murat Auditorium in Indianapolis, where the banquet was taking place. We climbed the stairs and hid behind the drapes of the stage. Pat was there with some friends from the office, suspecting nothing, and when the time came for the announcement, Fred Tucker III began to read the speech we had helped him to prepare.

He told of the person being from New Jersey, a high school cheerleader, a college girl who broke her finger playing softball, 25 exemplary years with the company, with four children, etc. It was not until Mr. Tucker hit the note of marrying a minister and living in France did Pat begin to feel a wave of recognition and the flush of anxiety. By this time, everybody at her table was looking at her and grinning. As her name was called, she was overcome with excitement. A designated escort took her by the arm and led her, unbelieving and quavering, before the mob of people, now standing and applauding, some cheering. Doe and I stepped out into the open, as Pat mounted the steps to the stage and received the congratulations of the company big shots: Fred Tucker, Jim Litten, and Gary Warstler. The Howard Miller Clock was handed to Pat by communications director Dave Scott. Photos followed after a few

stammering words of thanks from Pat in the microphone, and happy accolades from everybody.

The memory of that moment lives on here at Wind Crest, when the aristocratic-looking clock strikes the quarter hour day and night. The Westminster chimes continue to make us grateful for all the times of our lives together, and they are without number, when we have been blessed with such surprising joy. In Mexico or El Salvador, they call it “pura vida.” Wonderful Life!