

EXCERPTS FROM *MAKING WAVES*
by Libby Brown
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PART THREE
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FOWL CAY

Crew chief Harry, Stewart and I were at the partially-built clubhouse and restaurant, trying to sort out a disagreement about the width of a concrete bench that topped the curving wall around the patio. Had the bench's interior side been built according to plan, it would shelter the tiny down-lights attached underneath it, and they would have cast a warm glow at night on the face of the supporting wall and onto the floor of the Hill House terrace. Instead, the depth of the bench had been so curtailed that the rope lights would simply have to be eliminated or placed on the face of the wall where all the bulbs would glare into our guests' faces.

Harry stood firmly on the side that I had OK'd that arrangement, and I was positive I never would have done such a thing. At a stalemate for the time being, Harry called timeout to give some good news about the marble and granite that was six weeks late arriving. The delay had caused an island-wide work stoppage on all kitchens and bathrooms.

"By the way, the marble and granite are in Nassau being loaded onto a barge today. It should be here midmorning tomorrow," he said. "Great news," we agreed.

As the day drew to a close, Harry's cellphone rang. He turned away to answer, and Stewart and I heard him say, "No. No. NO. Keep me informed."

"What? What?" we asked.

"They put so much granite and marble on the barge that it sank." I was speechless, but, sadly, not particularly shocked.

Harry said, "The barge was still at the dock when it went down, so they will send in divers to retrieve the materials and try reloading tomorrow."

"Pretty lucky it's something saltwater can't hurt," said Stewart. He was right, of course, and nothing could change the situation now, but we just seemed to lurch from crisis to crisis. The difference was that Stewart never considered them to be crises. If he ever decided to get a tattoo, instead of choosing "I Love Libby," he would have to be branded, "What is, is." Stewart was turning Bahamian as the months marched on. I was turning tail.