

Today is the kind of day that totally validates my thinking that I am by far a flat-out genius. As I look out my window, I see about 200,000 break lights pretty much standing still. I just came up stairs from going down to my front lot where I stood and watched lines of cars standing still. In fact, the only thing moving was the people on the sidewalks scurrying to their cars so they too could take their place in the stagnate, non-mobile caravan with the others.

Happy forth of July Nashville!

I moved to my downtown apartment for this very reason. I love the action and energy of downtown, but have long avoided big events like this because the traffic and parking were not worth the enjoyment. Every city in America has the same problem - traffic and parking- that will be debated all the time.

The morning was relaxing with some chores mixed in with some writing. About 10:30, I went for a walk downtown. It was still too early, but I was able to explore all the adventures of hard working people setting up for the big show tonight. I even went across the Shelby Bridge to the stadium and checked out the rows of flatbed trucks full of fireworks set up for tonight. It was fun, but I was starting to sweat, so I headed back to my AC apartment to do some more writing.

I got writers block about two, so I headed back downtown to see if things were picking up any. A lot of people were making their way to the river, so I joined them. It was a smug feeling, I admit, knowing that while all these people were committed to the heat and humidity of holding a spot for the next seven hours, I could at any time turn around and head back to my AC apartment four blocks away.

Having enough, I strolled back to my apartment. I cooked myself a very nice dinner and talked with two of my daughters on the phone for a bit. Then about six o'clock, I headed back out for one more trip. By now downtown was filling up fast and there were more cars strolling up and down streets looking for a good parking spot. The sidewalks were busy with people and everyone seemed to be in good spirits. They still had plenty of time to find a spot that would give them the perfect view of the fireworks.

Having seen enough, I headed back to my AC apartment just in time to catch the east coast show of celebration on TV. It was very nice and served as a good opening act for Nashville.

Once it got dark, the anticipation was great. I situated my TV such that I could sit at my open living room window and still watch the telecast at the same time.

As the fireworks show began, I was in heaven. I could clearly see every blast from the comfort of my home and listen to the symphony playing along on the TV. This is why I live downtown. This is the one time that about 100,000 people are totally envious of me.

I looked to my left and noticed several cars scattered about looking for a parking place. I am curious as to what these people are thinking. Did they really leave their homes at eight thinking they could just pop downtown to watch the fireworks? I am certain that there are fireworks of gigantic consequences inside those cars as spouses grind their emotions with every popping of fireworks missed. I just don't understand these people.

I also notice a few tow trucks busily collecting cars that were left in spots clearly not made for parking. After weeks of the city stating there would be plenty of paid parking areas, there are always those who have to beat the system and find a free parking spot. Won't they be disappointed when they get back and find they have no way home?

With the explosive finale drifting away in smoke, I close my window, straighten out my TV and watch some 100,000 people trying to get out of Nashville at the same time. This is almost as entertaining as the fireworks. Ironic as it seems, as I write this, a big clap of thunder hits and as I turn to my window, I notice Mother Nature is now having her way with Nashville. After calling for rain all day, it is nice to know that Ma Nature held off until after we had our celebration.

It was a perfect fourth for me. I was able to enjoy all the festivities without enduring the negative side of a big event like this. Watching the traffic, after all, becomes part of the festivities when you live downtown.

Happy birthday America. I look forward to doing this again next year.

Just A Thought