

The Family Fog Horn



Matt had just finished the 3rd grade. It was finally summer time! He was now finally free from the rigors and demands of Uplands Elementary. Life was looking good -- three solid months of sleeping in and watching late night TV. It was the summer of 1984. The "Cosby Show" with Theo, Vanessa, and Rudy was in its first full year. The Olympic Games with famed gymnast Mary Lou Retton were just getting started in LA. Older sister Kelly was newly and happily wed. Brother Dave was across the world preaching the good news in the streets of Chile. At home, John was preparing to don the halls of LOHS for one final year. Best of all, big brother Scott had just arrived home for the summer. He was here to wait tables and dip fruit at the family restaurant – Plush Pippin. It would be one full summer of corn bread, split pea soup, chili sizes, and thousands of level dippers before returning to the books at BYU. The best part of the day though was returning home each night to younger brothers Mark and Matt. They were ready to play. They were ready to have fun. In the end, we would call it a day and crash together in one of the upstairs bedrooms. Mark would often sleep on the floor while Matt would snore away in the bed. It was good to be brothers. Listening to someone saw logs is usually not entertaining but from one of my younger siblings I must admit it was more than amusing. The first few nights it was a simple and friendly roar. But as each night passed, the decibels rang forth with more and more authority. Some would say he was giving true meaning to his middle name. One night Scott decided to tape this evening show. Matt did not disappoint and blasted away like never before. The following day we played the tape for all to hear. Everyone laughed and laughed. Matt smiled from ear to ear and left no doubt that he was more than pleased with his performance. Mom was the first to compare these nocturnal sounds to a foghorn doing its duties. And so it was from that day forth. Our beloved brother, and family sleep champ, took on another one of his many names – the family foghorn.