A Big Red barbecue

It was one of those simple moments – a beautiful spring evening spent with a bunch of friends - that make you remember why you decided to stay here in the 'burbs. They held a barbecue last Tuesday night at the Halls Outdoor Classroom. You should see that place. Somebody hit it on the head by saying later, "Wow, they didn't have this kind of classroom when I was in school."

The point was to unveil his scoutmaster uniform and a pair of socks I wouldn't be caught dead in, said to be sure and photograph the Scouts. They've done a bunch of good work here.

So has the Women's Elementary barbecue a few weeks ago. Maybe, just maybe, you'll remember that next time you curse Marvin Hammond over your bill.

A bunch of other groups joined the cause, too, like AmeriCorps, TVA, UT, the Beaver Creek Watershed Association, the Tennessee Water Resources Recovery Center and Southern Designs landscaping. It's like that here in Halls. When it's needed, we all pitch in.

Gift," bobbing my head to the beat, wishing the moment would never end.

On the school side of that awesome bridge, Butch Grigsby was serving up the best barbecue you've ever had in your life. He threw some barbecue and beans on a plate and asked if I wanted hot dogs for dessert.

Butch says he's "been doing it (cooking barbecue) my whole life" and has entered several cook-offs the past few years. It's good stuff, I can promise you that. Butch took pity on a poor bachelor and let him take a plate home for later.

Kevin Ford of AmeriCorps was making sure folks recycled all the plates, cups and utensils. Halls High teachers Marcia Southern and Sharon McNeeley were sitting in lawn chairs near the garden. Dr. Bob Collier tried not to spill barbecue sauce on his clothes.

And me? Well, I wiped my mouth, went back for seconds and thanked The Big Guy for being born here in the crossroads.