

To remember Bunny, I could list the facts; life long member, Barnstable Cup recipient in 1935, Commodore's cup recipient, along with Mitch in 1959, and the donor of the Junior sailing trophy. I could list his sailing accomplishments, that would take me until next Tuesday, but it would be all wrong. There is so much more.

Before sitting down to write this, I spoke with many of Bunny's friends. It is not possible to speak to all of them, I think. A couple common themes kept coming up.

One can not speak of Bunny without speaking of his love for boats. But, not any boat would do. In Bunny's eyes there was such a thing as an ugly boat and jet skis were positively evil. He also got angry at power boats flying through the middle of a Rhodes race – particularly if there was only a whisper of wind and the spinnaker looked like a bed sheet. Power boats weren't all bad though. I have heard a story of friends teaching Bunny how to waterski off the stern of the Barbara M.

His love of boats spilled over into his care of them. Remember him working long hours to ensure that all boats were pulled before a storm? And, I doubt that our household was the only one where we inhaled our breakfast

after a rainy night to pump out the Beetle Cat before Bunny did. Dad did not like getting the bill for a dry boat, courtesy of Howard Boat shop. He drove down to the shore often, just to make sure everything was OK. He loved the boats of Barnstable Harbor, and we all could count on him to take care of them.

I've been told that Bunny was like a second father to some. This is very believable. In fact there is a member of the Rhodes association who will not be convinced that he is not my father. I think that this was because Bunny, with patience and wisdom that defied his status of the original dropout, taught so many of us so many things. He showed any of the number of us who ever worked with him at Howard Boats that it can be pretty terrific to sit down and have a tea break in the middle of the afternoon and enjoy each other's company. The next time you visit Howard Boats, look for his chair, it is the one with his initials on the arm.

He also taught many of us how to drive a pick up truck towing a boat, how to rig a Beetle Cat and a nifty use of the English language with terms like Jeepers Crow, in a whisker, out a tad and the cheer of Hip Hip Hooray

during a Barnstable Yacht Club annual meeting. For the record, a tad equals approximately three whiskers.

And, of course, he taught so many of us the joy of sailing. His love for sailing was contagious to those around him. He liked to race, be it aboard the Seagull or aboard the Mimi or Mary B to name but a few. And he adored to just go for a sail. He brought so many of us on these sailing adventures. I was lucky, I went on many. We almost always sailed on Mary B. We sailed in the summer months, Little Debbies and ginger ale, swim ladder and toilet paper on board. But, perhaps our favorite sails were those that took place after Labor Day. Our record, of which we were both very proud, was Thanksgiving. Last year, it was Columbus Day, which was more typical.

Through all these sails, he came to know and love Barnstable Harbor better than anyone I can think of. To him, Barnstable was the only place worth being, and Barnstable Harbor the most beautiful place on earth. Interesting when one considers he never set foot on an airplane. Yet how lucky he was to have the certainty that Barnstable, Barnstable Harbor, and Barnstable Yacht Club were the best. I hope that maybe, just maybe, heaven looks a little like Barnstable Harbor.

And so we face our first summer sailing at Barnstable Yacht Club without Bunny. I think the best we can do is, at some point go for a sail. And, when the wind is pushing you along pause long enough to marvel at the beauty of Barnstable Harbor, think of friends at Barnstable Yacht Club and remember Bunny Howard. I think he would like that.