

I can't remember exactly when I met Justin, but it was soon after we moved in next door.

The first time I can remember his impact was when I was cleaning my gutters. I had never done this, and I was extremely uncomfortable on a ladder. I didn't notice Justin and Amanda were in their driveway, behind me, when Justin called out to me and told me I had the ladder backwards against the house. He made it a joke, but it probably saved me from falling and breaking my back.

It's very handy to live next door to a contractor. Justin helped me with many "projects" and pseudo-renovations. He also bailed me out when I messed them up, not because he was amazing at working with wood (*which he was*) but because he was just that great of friend.

I'm not sure when we started our nightly garage meetings, but they became a time for all of us to unwind, laugh, drink, smoke, discuss. I can't tell you how many times I laughed so hard I cried. I can't tell you how many times we froze our butts off in Justin's garage, but we kept on doing it.

Tonight I am holding a garage meeting at my house. You are all welcome to come. It's right next door to Justin and Amanda's old house on Rogers. It will be in the garage, and if you want beverages, you should bring them, because that's what we did. And if you don't have one, I may have a few to share, because that's what Justin did.

"Pay attention to me boy! I'm not just talkin' to hear my head roar!"