



There's no better editor than Margaret Evans. It's not just that she's such a talented writer and imager; (in my selfish case) it's that she lets me go for weeks without pushing me to write and so my inherent laziness can continue to exceed its own expectations. But, here I am again and with a warm acknowledgement to those who've told me you miss my articles. That's a very nice thing to hear.

Another spring

This long Lowcountry winter shows signs of a welcome exit and another perfect spring seems near at hand. Rebirth, rejuvenation, recalibration, recreation (in both senses of the word) and renaissance but no regret; no resistance; no recalcitrance. This is the one kind of change we can believe in.

Our wonderful house with its staggering views on the marshes may be worth less than we paid for it, but those marshes are still the flyway, feeding place and marshaling yard for thousands of magnificent shorebirds. They are the encampments of millions of ghost and fiddler crabs; arranged as if in arrays of miniature armored divisions ready to film an epic scene in some Star Wars prequel. They are the place where even the ocean reaches its limits; a place where no two tides and no two views are ever the same. Kind of gives a whole new meaning to being under water.

What's up with.....?

How come the contractors working on the new span of the McTeer Bridge and the widening of highway 802 seem to be making incredible progress while the contractors widening parts of the highway to Charleston seem suspended somewhere back in 2004?

And, how about Mayor Billy and the Beaufort City Council; over a year since they were elected and not a breath of scandal; not a hint of discontent or animosity. They just seem to be doing what they said they would. Wow.

And now, to embarrass a friend

Anyone who attended the Beaufort International Film Festival has got to be feeling great. It was a home run. It was all it could have been, what with the magnificent Blythe Danner and Michael O'Keefe and our own Pat Conroy and the nearly 4,000 of us who were at the opening and the gala and the films.

My friend, Ron Tucker, is the passion and the vision and the dedication that brought it all together. His mission was to create the Beaufort Film Society, which he did last year and, through it, effect the direction, management and execution of the Beaufort International Film Festival, and he accomplished that with brilliance.

With the precision and focus and clarity of the Marine that he is (he's "retired" from the Corps but as any Marine will tell you, they don't retire) Ron elevated the process and the participation and the results. Of course, he did not do it alone. There was a remarkable team of professionals and volunteers who helped pull it all off.

Ron's "Chief of Staff", Rebecca Berry, press relations guru Lanier Laney and PR whiz, Bruce Doneff are three of them. He's thanked them and everyone else who made the festival such a success. We, all of us, owe them our thanks for a wonderful achievement.

So, with beginnings of a spring such as this one, never mind that extra long winter of our marginal and chilly discontent. Never mind the boring pundits with their incessant daily ramblings about how bad things are or still could be.

All we need is a few months of consumer confidence, in a row. Can anyone tell me why it can't start in Beaufort?

March Musings

Written by Bernie Moscovitz

[Read more Standpoint](#)