

Robin Schimpf

Penn's Landing, Circa winter 1995

It was a bitter Sunday. The landing was gray and the river frozen. Ed Walsh and I comprised a work crew of two. Accomplishments would be limited due to inclement weather and lack of hands.

Ed had an idea. This frightened me. We would clean the lower deck of our workshop, barge Poplar. This meant removing a menagerie of metal chunks, wooden dunnage, and much miscellaneous minutia. During the course of the excavation, we unearthed nearly fifteen household toilets from bowels of the barge. We humped them up the stairs, dragged them across the frozen gangway and into the parking lot. where we proceeded to puzzle place them however they might fit, into the back of my 1992 Subaru wagon. This was not a short order. When the task finally ceased, I looked proudly at the precariously placed commodes in the bed of the undersized vehicle and thought, "This is a sight to behold! Where is the camera when you need it"? I answered, "Gay has it." Our then, recently departed dear friend and volunteer coordinator, Gay Burgiel, *always* had the camera. I drove my Subaru and its contents around for the next four days awaiting trash collection. Late that Thursday night, beneath a deep black winter's sky, I generously shared my bounty with my neighbors, distributing one toilet to the curb of each household until they were all gone. Pleased, I thought of myself as Robin toilet seed.