

## March 30, 2022

If you have the time today or tomorrow to stop by our public works department for a few minutes – or you happen to see Lyn Carl grooming the parks, please stop for a moment and tell him how much his work has been appreciated.

Because after tomorrow, you won't have another chance...Lyn & Reta have decided that it's time for him to get serious about their travel adventures, so he's leaving this job (I'm not calling it "retiring" as they aren't the retiring kind!) and moving on to being his own boss.

Lyn is the guy who has kept the grass mowed, the trees and shrubs tended, and the stray trash rounded up and properly disposed of in our parks and the other undeveloped plots of city rights of way such as the undeveloped street extensions between First and Second streets.

He's 'the guy' who clears the debris from the lower park after the winter/spring river flooding, has nurtured the little wild flower patches in Wennerberg Park – the trillium patch along the path, and the tiger lilies by Shelter 2; he rearranges the picnic tables for special events, and after the parties, he's the guy who comes out with the trash-grabber and picks up the broken water balloons, glitter and other non-biodegradable debris that get left behind by partiers in a hurry to go home.

He's the guy who's usually operating the backhoe during the "Dump Day," and the guy who ensures there's taller and shorter grass in the park for the various age groups participating in the annual Carlton Fire Department Easter Egg hunt.

He's also the guy who makes sure the DoggiePot dispensers are filled, and the trash cans in the parks and along the city streets are emptied.

And he's the guy who always has a spare supply of tennis balls for visiting canines.

Lyn's departure is particularly bittersweet for me, because he came to work for the city the same month and year that I moved to Carlton. Our schedules were such that we usually encountered each other in the lower park when I was walking my dogs. My Sam was tennis-ball crazy, and Lyn always had a couple handy to replace ones Sam lost – and Sam preferred that Lyn throw them because they went farther and faster.

I don't have any idea how many lives (canine and human) Lyn has touched, but I know our city has been a nicer place because of the pride he's taken in his work, and the kindness he's extended to our children, our citizens, and guests.

So please, take a moment over the next couple of days to wish him well, and to say "Thank you."