

Things that could only happen to Peck.



An Innovative Solution to a 'Pressing' Problem

The Civil War Park in Vicksburg, Mississippi is the site of the two-month siege of Vicksburg in 1863. I had been through the beautiful park several times and rated it a first-rate educational experience. One can imagine the troops riding horses through the hills while dodging cannon balls. If you go in the Summer, you realize how miserable it must have been for both armies in their wool uniforms for the May to July 4th battle.

One afternoon, Lee Ann and I were driving back to New Orleans from my hometown Cleveland, Mississippi and we were approaching Vicksburg. I asked Lee Ann if she had ever been to the Vicksburg Civil War Park. She said no, so I decided to give her a tour.

When we got close to Vicksburg, I could see a thunderstorm was on top of the park, but by the time we got there it had stopped raining. The thunderstorm ran everybody out of the park. It was empty, so we parked on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. It's a beautiful scene with the river and six large cannons on the edge of this bluff, strategically placed in order to target Union vessels that were bombing Vicksburg. There was a steep hill below these cannons and at the bottom of the hill was hundreds of unmarked graves of soldiers that were killed in this battle. Since the storm had run everyone out of the park, I decided this was a good time for Lee Ann and I to make this a memorable event.

I always kept a blanket in my car for this kind of situation. So, I got this blanket out of the trunk, and spread it under the cannons where no one could see us from the road. The hill was so steep that we could lay down on the blanket and still have a good view of the river. But this is not why I had this blanket, and a picnic wasn't what I had in mind. We started engaging in some serious lovemaking, but I kept sliding down the hill. I had to fix that!

Three items were always in the trunk of my car: blanket, golf clubs and golf shoes. I thought the shoes with steel spikes would do better than the cowboy boots I was wearing, so I told Lee Ann, "Don't move. I'll be right back," and off I ran.

“What? Where are you going?” she yelled. I sprinted to the car and quickly put my golf shoes on, and then ran back down to the puzzled Lee Ann.

It took me a couple of minutes to catch my breath and explain, but when I dug the golf spikes into the side of the steep hill, we were able to finish what we had started without sliding. After that wonderful park visit, anytime someone mentions Vicksburg, I look at Lee Ann and we smile at each other.

