

19 Years Ago – Life at Sea – Part XI

Description

From this point, I don't think I could link post-Hugo events to specific days, but I'll follow up in the next several days of those things I recall of the days after the storm and the clean up.

To get one part out of the way, the story of the RX-7. I didn't get out to James Island to my mother-in-law's house until the first weekend after returning to port, if I recall correctly. Not knowing much more than I had no specific need to have a car in those days, and that it was damaged by a tree, topped with all those duties I had to perform taking priority.

I did finally arrive and I'll paint a word picture as best as I can. Picture three cars in the drive way. Mine furthest in, the mother-in-law's next and then my sister-in-law's. The pine tree, with a diameter of about 30 inches had managed to fall, from it's location on the side of the house, down the axis of the driveway. The good news? My car held the tree off the other two cars, causing only some minor cracks in the next car's windshield. The bad, but not that bad under the circumstances news? The frame was in fine shape and mostly it was body damage. All the glass was shattered, the sunroof looked like a "U", the roof, yes, had a large indentation, the hood was dimpled badly, but intact. Salvageable, in other words. The bad news? Deployment was but 4 weeks away and the family was in another state.

I contacted USAA and asked when they might send an adjuster. Response: "We don't know, we have lots of customers to handle." Yes, I know, but I am on the only ship deploying out of this port in 4 weeks and I will need some time to take care of this before this.

That conversation went back and forth a bit until it sunk in. No resolution when I got off the phone, but I was insistent that letting the car sit in the weather for the next 6 months in this condition would cost them more. The next day, I had a call from an adjuster, and the next day I met him as he looked the car over, and handed me a \$5400 check to get to work.

A few weeks later, with a hand from a shipmate, Chief Hatherly, to be specific, as he was PCSing to Norfolk, he picked up a trailer and drove me and the car to Virginia Beach, where my wife then took over the duty of getting an extreme makeover.

Next part? A yard with 27 very tall pine trees, and 4 oak trees ended up with something less, and I helped clean up on my free time.

Category

1. Navy

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