

BATTLE OF THE BLACK BUDS

Once upon a time, there grew a tree so high its slender branches wove their way through the clouds. On days the wind laughed heartily, buds fell and dropped upon houses thousands of miles below. Yellow ones made homes bloat to the size of airports or baseball parks, garishly lit by blinding lights. Homes hit by the black buds shrunk, lost in a veil of darkness.

One evening, a horrible storm raged on. The tree shook and shook with black buds pelting the home of Arnold and his beautiful wife Sharon in a small town in Chicago's North suburbs. Their quiet street had always been poorly lit. But, now, their home shrunk to no more than the footprint of their outer walls.

While visiting a friend, Arnold was struck by the beauty of their soft, naturally lit landscape. "How did you escape the wrath of the yellow and black buds?" he inquired. His friend flashed a knowing smile and whispered Night Light. Their mission: to bring brilliance to the night.

Mr. MacMorris and his freedom-from-the-dark fighters arrived. Arnold laid out his fears one card at a time. Will the fixtures be the focus? No, the resulting light will be the focus. Must you dig up large trenches for wire? Absolutely not, you'll never even know we were here. Surely, you will have to dig up our driveway to get to the signpost at the end? We wouldn't think of it. Our special machine bores a small tunnel underneath and channels the light where we direct it. Will we look like an airport? We don't do airports.

For two full days, a million people gathered to fight the black buds. To Arnold and his wife, the brave crew could not have been more cordial. As Mr. MacMorris promised, it



appeared as though no one had ever been there. The effect? A gorgeous, low-level brightness. Light bathed the entire patio. No harsh lights, no yellow cast. What's more, Night Light's work tripled the house's size at night. Arnold and his wife saw the periphery of their property; they gazed upon sixty-foot evergreens up lit in majestic glory.

In spring, Night Light's work left one last gift for Arnold. For the first time ever, he and his beautiful wife played outside with their two grandchildren motoring their scooters up and down the driveway. At night. The gift of this experience will long be etched upon the hearts of all those present.

An extraordinary writer, Arnold noted in his journal: We have lived here for twenty-five years. Twenty-four of them were dark. It is such a pleasure to work with someone who keeps his word. We went from picking up the phone to having lighting in two weeks.

As he set down his pen, he contemplated one more line and, indeed, wrote it with vigor: I've never been so satisfied with anybody who has ever worked at our house. Night Light is in a class by itself.

And that is how Night Light helped Arnold and Sharon win the battle of the black buds.

~The End~

Battle of the Black Buds is based on a real story. We would like to thank our clients, Arnold and Sharon, for participating in this story that highlights Night Light's belief in accountability, one of 16 business virtues we believe in every day.

