

Bill Hinkley Recipe
By Norm Thomas

Begin with one whole and open mind, taken from the oven of the cosmic bakers just a little too early. (You parrot heads know exactly what I'm talking about.)

- Two sensitive eyes that sparkle with enthusiasm for the best of what life can be
- Two very able and attentive ears. That is, two ears able to listen to all sides of an issue, whether it's two, or three, or a dozen; ears that are attentive to each and every view, no matter how different from their own
- One quick and easy smile, repeated often, even when the mood is contentious and tempers are rising
- One sharp tongue, just in case the oven gets a little too hot
- Two hands that know how to hold on to a well founded position with the tenacity of a pit bull that never, never, never, never gives up
- Two arms that embrace foe as well as friend
- Two legs that run with endurance the race that is set before them, whether uphill or down, whether winter or summer, whether rough road or smooth, in the rain, against the wind, looking with confidence for the prize that waits on the other side of the finish line
- Two uninhibited feet that dance to the tune of an imagination unrestricted by the desire of the status quo and unleavened by the demand of the conventional wisdom.
- One oversized heart filled to the brim with an unrelenting passion for better protection of our state's fragile environment.

Mix well in a bowl of public service, all the while adding copious amounts of a thirst for knowledge. Vigorously sift out any self aggrandizement. Sprinkle all over with a large volume of courage, add a pinch of generosity and bake in the heat of three or four legislative sessions or as many as needed until well done. Take out of the oven and let cool. Apply a thick layer of frosting made from a great sense of humor. Cut into large slices and serve to all the people of the great state of Florida. Everyone will want an extra helping.

When Bill left us, I was reminded of a song made popular by Richard Harris in the late 60s, titled MacArthur Park. Many of you will remember it. For those that don't, the chorus goes like this:

McArthur Park is melting in the dark
All the sweet green icing flowing down...
Someone left the cake out in the rain
I don't think that I can take it
'cause it took so long to bake it
And I'll never have that recipe again.
Oh no!