A Shoutout to RLLA

A strong lake community starts with people who care—and we are fortunate to have a dedicated group of neighbors willing to serve. Thank you to our RLLA directors and officers for giving your time, sharing your ideas, and helping keep our community informed and connected. Whether you're lending a hand at events or working behind the

Our Officers

President Juliette Reashor
Vice President MJ Brown
Treasurer Don Cronk
Secretary Leah Witherell

Our Area Directors

A Gail Swarthout (volunteer)
B Debbie Flierl
C Allison Barnes, Bill & Kate Giardini
D Kris & Jim Cochran
E Frank & Erin Anastasia, Leah Witherell
F Gary & Susan Jaros
G Kate Drum, Suzan Snyder
H MJ Brown, Todd Marshall
I Micheal Geschwender
J Donald & Cathy Cronk
K Rocky Dubick, John Chadderdon
At Large Robert Panter

Please join us in thanking these volunteers. They are your neighbors and representatives, and we encourage you to get to know them, share your ideas, and help them make Rushford Lake an even better place to call home.

Meet Your Neighbor's Weird Obsession

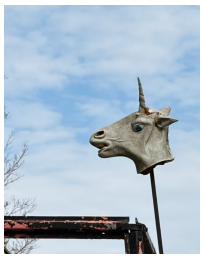
Part One: A Unicorn with a Lake View

On an October 1 paddle around Rushford Lake, I encountered a resident who was clearly unwilling to put the cottage to bed for winter.

A unicorn. Or, more precisely, the head of a unicorn, perched high above a dock, sporting a spiral horn, startling blue eyes, and the expression of someone who has just received their property tax bill.

Naturally, I slowed down. This is journalism.

Most people decorate their waterfront with flowerpots, flags, or a pleasant pair of Adirondack chairs. Somewhere along this stretch of shoreline, someone apparently said, "Lovely—but what this place really needs is a disembodied mythical creature."



And someone else presumably said, "I'll get the ladder."

We do not yet know his name, his origins, or where he keeps the rest of himself. For now, we shall call him **Sir Docks-a-Lot**, self-appointed Guardian of the Boat Lift and Inspector of Passing Kayaks.

His qualifications appear impressive. He maintains constant surveillance, requires no sunscreen, and has never once asked anyone to bring a dish to pass. His slightly open mouth suggests he has plenty to say about your boat speed, although thus far he has exercised admirable restraint.

Of course, Rushford already has Stainless Stan, formerly known as Rusty of Rushford. Once it became clear that Rusty's corrosion-resistant construction made his name something of a professional embarrassment, a rebranding was in order.

Now Stan has competition.

In an entirely imaginary statement issued through his equally imaginary publicist, Stan welcomed the newcomer: "I support diversity in waterfront weirdness. But if he starts claiming he can prevent the drawdown with his horn, I want to see the paperwork."

Sir Docks-a-Lot declined to comment. He continued staring across the lake, possibly contemplating eternity, possibly wondering when someone would bring him a margarita.

And so begins our new series celebrating the wonderfully peculiar things our neighbors put on their docks and lawns. Behind every unusual statue is a story—and quite possibly a spouse saying, "You paid HOW MUCH for that?"

Have an oddball ornament, mysterious mascot, or lawn creature with a questionable résumé? Tell us about it. We'd love to meet your neighbor's weird obsession.