

The Davis Lane Patio: 1987.

(Everything that follows = me bragging.)

The patio I built in 1987 — with my own two hands — is one of the nicest things I ever made, and I love showing it off. (And giving details no one cares about.) And I know that somewhere, buried deep in a closet around here, I have really nice pictures of it, but all I can find for now are these 6.



I wanted to make a wooden wall around the patio - not a fence, a wall, meaning no posts visible from the outside. Around the wall, I dug a really deep trench and buried a number of 10 X 10 timbers, which I tied together with 14" steel spikes. I had to use a sledge hammer to drive them thru the wood. Each one weighed around 150 pounds, and they were delivered to the driveway. How I got them out back, buried them, and then nailed them together (I weighed maybe 140 pounds at the time) I have no idea... but I did it.

Cont.



Here you can see those 10 X 10 pressured-treated timbers that surrounded the whole structure, which contained inset gardens.

I also did not want a gate, so I made the entrance show here. (I put up a doggie gate so Troy, was 2/3 years old, couldn't wander away.)

See the houses being built in the background? Every day, the Mexicans working on those houses would watch me (and laugh at what I was attempting), but now and they'd wander over to give me tips. On the last day (this took two months of weekends to complete) they all stood and clapped.

Cont.



Here's the entrance as seen from Troy's bedroom window. For the actual brick patio, I had to dig a massive hole, fill it with crushed rock, and then sand, and then I had to tamp it down with a machine that weighed way more than I did. But when you're 35 years old, you can pretty much do anything.



Above, Morning Glory that grew later that same summer. Hundreds of purple flowers every morning.



The window was my mom's idea. When you sat at the table (with the umbrella) and looked thru that window, it perfectly framed a red farm and barn on a hill about 1/4 mile away. It was like looking at a framed painting.

Cont.



Above was the Mexican's view. I loved those guys. They had some serious talent for building stuff.



Above, in the interior corner of the patio, I made a fish pond with a little waterfall and fountain. (You can't see the water in this shot.) Over the next 2/3 years, as all the plants grew in, it really was nice, and very very private. We had some great neighborhood parties back there.

And it crushed me to leave that patio when I moved out.

Thanks for indulging me!

P.S. Warning: if I ever find the "nice" shots I took, I'm going to make you look at those , too!



























