



Ever since we moved into the Edmond house, Brady has told me he smelled gas. He would even have me come out and smell for it. On occasion I would smell it. But not strong or like he was describing. When Brady's father came on my birthday, he immediately smelled it. When you are in the oil business for so long I suppose you develop your senses much better or that I really am almost over the hill and my sense of smell is gone already! Last month our gas bill was $300. Fun bill.

Thursday morning, Brady's dad showed up early to fix the leak. Brady removed the wood planks from the deck and they set out to fix it. After some digging, the problem was found. The pipe had rusted out and a good sized hole was found. They went to several stores to find the right pieces. It didn't take too long but Smokey had to get all dirty doing it. Sorry Smokey! We appreciate you fixing the leak - especially because at this point any spark would have caused some damage. Love you Smokey. I can't wait to see our next bill!