

~ Daniel's Ring (Dec 18, 2018) ~

Tuesday started out as a normal non-descript day. You know the kind: errands and honey-dos. One of those errands was to get a haircut. So, I went to my regular barber, Joe, to get shorn and catch up on the going's on in Coppell. Joe is a small business owner, member of the Lion's Club and a frequent visitor to town council meetings. And a great source of intel for what our city is wasting our tax payer dollars on. While I'm "in the chair" we talk...about everything. He always asks how I'm doing and whether or not I have been out "hunting". And that's where the story begins...

Next in line for a haircut is a young man, whose ears perk up when he hears us talking about metal detecting. As he engages in our conversation, I hear him mention that he lost a ring playing volleyball and even went so far as to purchase a machine with hopes of finding it. He didn't. He had never operated a machine before and was getting a lot of hits, not knowing if he were doing the right thing or not. We've all been there, first time on a machine, hoping that the set-up is correct and getting blown away by that unrelenting chatter from a multitude of targets. It's discouraging to walk away empty handed. But Daniel was not one to give up and he knew where it was probably located. The general area, at least. Additionally, he had left his name and contact information, on the off chance someone else were lucky enough to find it. But at this point, about 3 weeks had gone by and no one had called.

Now this ring was no small thing. It was large, gold (if I remember right, both white and yellow gold) and part of a matched set he shared with his wife. It was worth a lot, but sentimentally, it was priceless. It would be great if he could find it before Christmas. He had already purchased one of those "sports rings" as what he hoped would be a temporary replacement. So, we started talking about how and where he had lost the ring and before long, we had made plans to go find it.

My haircut done, I ran home, changed clothes, grabbed my gear and headed for the volleyball court, hoping to be there when he had finished his haircut. Timing was perfect. And there was nobody there. So, we waltzed onto the court and after his brief explanation of where he thought it might be, we got started. The sand now was wet and hard-packed, unlike the day he had lost the ring...dry, fluffy and soft. I'm thinking that if we do find it, it's probably a few inches down.

The first target was a zinc penny. Moving the coil around, I remember that there were quite a few "other" signals. I'm thinking...this might take a while. Pull-tab. Penny. Pull-tab. With each target we had to shake to sand-scoop (no easy task, that stuff was not wanting to come out) and patiently wait for the results. Each target took about a minute or two to empty the sand out and reveal what it was. But target #5 was different.

It rang up in the lower 70's (AT-Pro), but wasn't consistent. Remembering that at times and places like this you dig everything, I dug. Had to scoop twice. Lots of sand in that scoop. Slowly that stuff filtered out. But then I heard that sound a target makes when it hits the bottom of the scoop. For want of a better word, I would say "clunk". Unfortunately, I didn't hear that sound a second time after shaking out more sand. I say shake, but not really, I was tossing the sand more up and down than sideways. And then, with 2/3's of the sand gone, I tilted the scoop and thought I saw something. Oh no, it's a bottlecap (remember it was in the 70's). But wait, this target seems to be hollow. It was and it was coated in sand. A little more sifting and then I saw it. Well, at least part of it. I looked up. Eyes wide open. Daniel goes: "Really?" I think he hoped for the best, but was ready for the worst, after all, he had tried, too. I say: "I can't believe it, we found it." He was ecstatic and immediately took a picture (still in the scoop), then texted his wife. He gave me a hug. It was a Merry Christmas.

