On a dangerous seacoast where shipwrecks often occur, there was once a crude little lifesaving station. The building was just a hut. There was only one boat, but the few devoted members kept a constant watch over the sea and with no thought for themselves went out day and night, tirelessly searching for the lost.

Many lives were saved by this wonderful little station so it became famous. Some of those who were saved and various others in the surrounding area wanted to become associated with the station and gave of their time and money and effort for the support of this work. New boats were bought and crews trained. The little lifesaving station grew.

Some of the members of the lifesaving station were unhappy that the building was so crude and poorly equipped. They felt a more comfortable place should be provided so they replaced the emergency cots and beds and put better furniture in the enlarged building. Now the lifesaving station became a popular gathering place. It was used as sort of a club. Fewer members were now interested in going to the sea on life saving missions so they hired lifesaving crews to do this work. The lifesaving motifs still prevailed in the club's decorations and there was a liturgical lifeboat in the room where initiations were held.

About this time a large ship was wrecked off the coast and the hired crews brought in loads of cold, wet, half drowned people. They were dirty and sick and some of them had black skin and some had yellow skin. The beautiful new club was considerably messed up so the property committee had a shower house built outside the club where the victims of shipwrecks could be cleaned up before coming inside.

At the next meeting there was a split in the club membership. Most of the members wanted to stop the club's lifesaving activities as being unpleasant and a hindrance to the normal social life of the club. Some members insisted that lifesaving was their primary purpose and pointed out they were still called a lifesaving station. They were finally voted down and told if they wanted to save the lives of various kinds of people who were shipwrecked in those waters they could begin their own lifesaving station down the coast. They did.

As the years went by the new station experienced the same changes that had occurred in the old. It evolved into a club and yet another lifesaving station was founded. History continued to repeat itself, and, if you visit that coast today you will find a number of exclusive clubs along the shore. Shipwrecks are frequent in those waters but most of the people drown.