

10 Years

They say that time flies once you reach a certain age (or when you are having fun). To me the decade from 9-11-01 to the events which unfolded last night have flown by. I'm not sure if the killing of Osama Bin Laden will have the same, lasting impact as the destruction, devastation, and heinous mass murdering of that fateful autumn day. I wonder how many will remember where they were and how they found out about the death of the Al Qaeda leader. How many of us can remember where we were nearly 10 years ago? I was at home watching GMA when the announcement hit and rushed out into the beauty shop to tell everyone out there.

Last night, I was reading on my nook and happened to flip to the local ABC network to watch the 11 o'clock news after everyone else had turned in. And I saw the blurb on the screen: Osama Bin Laden Killed. The news held me captive for the two hours it was on. People in front of the White House cheering "USA, USA!" It really was like the gathering, camaraderie, and patriotism felt by so many hours and days following 911. Kind of an awkward feeling: although most of us feel glad and grateful that the murderer was silenced somehow, the Christian in me questions if killing him is justified. However, in my opinion, the feeling that the head of this organization of pure EVIL is gone THIS time and in few other situations justifies the operation.

However, we should not be so quick to celebrate too prematurely. My cousin came downstairs last night and I showed her the news and told me that her husband was informed that the military is on alert. They did not know for what. Her husband is not officially out of the Army until May 8th (or somewhere thereabout) and could still be called and returned to duty. Who knows what retaliation the sects of Bin Laden supporters could exact?

But until then... God bless our military forces. May the thousands left in mourning during this war find whatever closure they can.

No More Truth, Justice, &

the AMERICAN way.” In [Action Comics #900](#), the Man of Steel renounces his U.S. citizenship to embark upon a more global “neverending battle”. Quite a milestone in the 72 year life of the superhero who was sent to Earth from a doomed planet, raised in America’s heartland by a kindly midwestern farm family who would instill within their adopted son the morals and ethics which would become his greatest weapons, and finally become the World’s Finest while disguised as a mild mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper. Flight, near invincibility, X-ray vision, and all the rest could be used for other things than engaging the likes of Lex Luthor, Doomsday, and Bizzaro if not raised in a loving environment.

Yes, I know that opinion could be debated infinitum but still...

In other Super-related news, Brandon Routh (rhymes with *south*) and Sam Huntington who played Superman and Jimmy Olsen, respectively in *Superman Returns* are teaming up in a new zombie-hunting film. Routh plays detective Dylan Dog in the aptly titled *Dylan Dog: Dead of Night*. Judge for yourself, but it looks like the curse may have claimed its latest victim.

12 Days & Counting...

Until my first recital! I cannot believe that I have never been a part of one and I am really excited! When I arrived at my rehearsal place, K reminded the young Herman lass (who is the student ahead of me) of this. As I made my way over to the piano, I was asked if I was going to be sitting for my piece or if I was going to go all out. The song I have chosen lends itself to a wide range of choreographed bits; to sing it while sitting would be doing myself and most importantly the song a great disservice. So yes, I will be adding movement to the piece. After going through the selection once with some of the movements I have been brainstorming, my partner in crime arrived to much fanfare and relief, Last week, poor Ca got stuck driving to rehearsal. Need not have worried because she fit the bill tremendously.

Actually, I did better practicing the song with the movement than sitting anyway. Just need the freedom of the stage to enhance them. The limited practice space did not lend itself well to BIG, THEATRICAL movement!

Just need to ask how many friends and family I am allowed to invite. Hope it is not like the *Brady Bunch* episode in which poor Cindy has to decide whether to give her one and only ticket to Mommy or Daddy to her starring role as the Fairy Princess. I don't think I have to worry too much about that.

No Italian this week although I was handed a few pieces to look at in the coming weeks.

Only One Can Live

Here is... the official trailer for the most anticipated movie of the summer. While there will be other blockbuster films this summer (*Thor* and *Green Lantern* are also on my list so far) none of been as long awaited as the final chapter in the Harry Potter series. The closing of the first part of *The Deathly Hallows* only increased my excitement. The Blu-Ray disc features an opening scene of the finale. The trailer premiered last night on television and previewed some of my favorite scenes from the books and they look amazing.

Cheaters Prosper

I came across this classic Price is Right moment the other day via you tube and I have shared it with family. I just can't stop laughing at the audacity of the contestant or Bob's reaction. Quality not the best but good enough.

Climbing The Mountain To The Loft

I hope that everyone who frequents my blog had a blessed Easter weekend... however they choose to celebrate it! On Good Friday for the first time since Christmas, I climbed the narrow steps to the choir loft for rehearsal for Sunday morning services (unfortunately, I could not join the group for services on the remembrance of the Lord's crucifixion).

Although it seemed to take forever to reach the top of the climb, it was very rewarding and another step forward.

Saturday saw the little ones taking advantage of two of the multitude of Easter Egg hunts in the area. Any more and two of the nieces would have been bouncing off the walls.

Happily, they both won at least one prize along with their trove of goodies.

This morning, as I was putting on my suit (also not worn since December), I noticed something strangely exciting. It seemed as if I was swimming in the suit. I cannot believe that I have lost ANY weight over the last three months rather long feeling as if my pants were about to drop (even with a belt on). Don't get me wrong, I am really pleased that I have lost instead of gained... just surprised!

After celebrating the resurrection, the family (lost count of how many children my siblings have total) went to dinner at a buffet the ladies in the beauty shop have been raving.

Actually a catering service which opens up on the weekend, Grant's (no brother, not the 18th President) Catering in Antwerp. Good, filling fare... good Oreo pie... and since we all can indulge (a little) now that the 40 days are past, I did not

feel guilty.

I did finally locate a DVD that I bought a few months ago but somehow got buried. I am on the fifth and final installment of the [Percy Jackson and the Olympians](#) novels. The first, *The Lightning Thief*, was made into a movie a year or so ago. I like to think that Disney publishing was attempting to steal some of the thunder generated by the Harry Potter phenomenon.

The series centers around Perceus Jackson...(the demigod son of Poseidon) and his two friends: Annabeth (demigod daughter of Athena) and Grover (a satyr... half goat-half man). This time, reading the novels ahead did help my enjoyment of the movie.

Not sure how much I would have been able to follow it otherwise. A passing knowledge on the legend of Greek gods and goddesses wouldn't hurt either. I don't think anything will surpass the Potter juggernaut (at least for a while) but I found the books and movie to be fun.

So, a blessed and fun holiday was enjoyed with the family.

Wednesday, the house will once again be transformed into Walton's Mountain ☐ as we welcome back our little family from Alaska who will be staying with us until they get settled back into the area.

An Opportunity

I don't know but I really do think that retail is burning me out. I think primarily it is the fact that I have been in it off and on since high school and just need to break away. I try to have as much fun while I am working but at times it

just seems I dunno what... I just can't put my finger on it. Which is why I have been looking to the want ads and TODAY I found an opening for an opportunity that seems almost tailor made for me. Anyone who knows me well knows how much fun I have and try to make for little ones. Having 7 nieces and nephews and a family who has dubbed me their "manny" surely illustrates that. I even put this under the "Special Skills" heading of my resume.

Healed leg or no, I feel that I would be good in the position. Attitude is everything. I am learning to deal with my leg as best I can. I'm not a total invalid and I am on my feet a lot more than I was. So everyone wish me luck and come what may. Until then, I will enjoy my current employment and have and make as much fun at it as I can. I do have a job unlike so many other unfortunate people out there and have no intention of giving up that job until another window opens.

Horizons

Today was a special off-day voice lesson. K and her family are leaving Thursday afternoon for a long road trip over the Easter holiday. My recital piece had one little glitch while hardly noticeable will be remedied by NEXT Thursday. Now, all I need to do is figure out if I want to prance around with choreography... depends on where the ol' leg is but I have a lot going in my head that would benefit the very active piece.

After running the song a few times, we decided to do a bit of sight-singing. I flipped through the first book given to me (I did not bring anything else with me) we looked at "I Don't Know How to Love Him" from *Jesus Christ Superstar*. After finishing, we both agreed that the range was perfect for my

voice but I commented that the context was a bit off for me ☐
. Mary Magdalene singing about having “so many men before.
In very many ways. He’s just one more.” I did remember that
Judas has a short reprise later in the show. Reading too much
into the reading ☐

Then, K suggested that we try something completely new next
week: Italian aria. I looked through her book and came across
one that I had done while at BGSU and came across two others
that were familiar by their title. Something different but
not completely foreign (wink, wink) to me. Not scared at all,
more excited than anything. Yet another chance to expand my
horizons.

Saturday In The Sticks

WOW! My first Saturday off in at least 2 months (I’m not
counting the three weeks I was pretty well incapacitated... no
fun!). Gloomy, wet, cold day that it was there were moments
of enjoyment. Decided to tag along with Mom and my oldest
niece to grocery shop and use my gift card to pick up a
certain DVD that came out yesterday. As we parked at the
grocery, I noticed a vehicle with a very recognizable license
plate holder. I told Shelb “Guess who’s here?” Always fun to
run into your best friends (all 6 of them).

Tonight, Shelby and I went to see the musical version of the
Adam Sandler/Drew Barrymore flick *The Wedding Singer*.
Although the cast and crew were phenomenal, I would
definitely not have taken any of my nieces and nephews under
the age of 15. I’m sure that the innuendo would have flown
over their head but some of the language would be cause for
concern.

The show was great fun and a great transport back to the age of excess with catch phrases, pop culture references of 1985, and the CLAPPER!!! YOU HAVE TO LOVE THE CLAPPER! And who doesn't love seeing the fake Rainbow Brite (Played by another one of my nieces... Alyssa Davis... and I thought she was only 7), Joan Jett, Cyndi Lauper, Brooke Shields, Punky Brewster, and I did spy a nerd who had the orange and black striped shirt and rainbow suspenders of a certain Orkan. Plus, a Princess Leia wannabe complete with a cinnabun hairdo. I wonder if the script called for the Princess Leia character; knowing the actress, she probably had some input.

The leads and ensemble were all wonderful but there were several standout scene-stealing cameos particularly the always engaging Tiff who brought the house down as Linda, Robbie's fiance. Another pure delight was a fellow [tangenteer](#) who was ALMOST unrecognizable as Robbie's grandma. The rap she performed with the flamboyant George was a hoot! If I've said it one, I've said it a million times... lots of times a show is not all about the leads. Give a cameo or supporting role to the right thespian and they will steal the show. It just so happened that this show had more than one great cameo role ☐

I stopped at the entrance after the show long enough to congratulate Carol and say hi to Megan. My leg was getting tired and I did not want to fight the mob but the show was a TOTALLY TUBULAR!

As an added bonus, I even get NEXT Saturday off! Not going to complain since I will have a Saturday and Sunday off (provided that the store I work in continues to recognize the resurrection of our Savior).

Say Goodbye To The Suds

Today, April 14th 2011, is a bleak day for millions (my mother included). It was announced that 2 programs that have been on television for 40+ years will soon be leaving the airwaves to make room for more inexpensive fare... or... more daytime talk shows. When I returned from work, Mom sadly informed me that *All My Dingbats* (err... *Children*) and *One Life to Die* (err.. *Live*) have been cancelled. I might have laughed and poked fun at the announcement had I not been a bit shocked. I often tell people that I sit and watch the soaps to have a good laugh but like prime time television, the daytime scene is dramatically changing with the arrival of more cost efficient less plot driven programming. I also say that if you watch one episode of any soap, you can come back 6 months later and not miss a thing. Sometimes, the show may even be on the same "day" as it was six months earlier. Christmas can take weeks to celebrate on the suds.

Actually, the soaps have been the [training ground](#) for some of Hollywood's big name stars. Tommy Lee Jones was on *One Life*. Christian Slater (of Sabre fame) was on *All My Children*. Demi Moore was on *General Hospital*. David Hass (ok, maybe we won't mention him). Meg Ryan was on something or other. So not only are there the actors who stay on the series for 40 years but there are some who actually have made the transition to other ventures.

AND, the replacements for both series have been announced. *The Chew* (rhymes with *The View*) and *The Revolution* will be polluting the airwaves by January. Just what television needs... more gab fests. At least prime time comedies (the good ones, anyway) **SEEM** to be safe... for now.