

Another Saturday... Another Storm

At least this one does not seem to pack the wallop of last week's storms. But we did have something in our little village that did not occur a week ago: the tornado siren went off just after 8PM. Dad was out most of the day (failed to come home for mass as he said he would) and got home just in time as the brief but heavy storm let loose. After the siren wailed, I went to the back porch to see what was happening... the sky did not look that bad. The radio was no help... all I found was an Indians game and a remote from a C/W station. Now if a local station was out and about you would imagine that they would say SOMETHING. So, we found all kinds of info on the Toledo news. Warnings and Watches but no actual tornadoes reported. By this time, we had the neighbors, sister and kids, and sister-in-law and kids to keep us company.

And now, the storm has moved on to the east and is breaking up hopefully before it reaches the communities hit last weekend. Hopefully, all y'all are safe out there, too!

Have Tuba Will Play

I was excused from work a half hour early tonight, so I decided to go to the inaugural [Bryan City Band](#) concert of the season. One of my best friends has played trumpet in the band since high school. The new director is someone I have known for the past umpteen years. I just learned tonight that Emily was the band director of the city's high school just prior to

Mr. Krause's assuming the position. THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! (sorry, Terry).

As I was making my way to finding a spot to enjoy the magnificent concert, I heard Carol shout my name so I ventured over her way and enjoyed the music together. Marches and medleys of tunes were the order of the day. Of course, my favorite selection was "Marches from Broadway" (imagine that). But there are many more great marches from the Great White Way than "Before the Parade Passes By," "Comedy Tonight" (wasn't aware that that is a march), and "Seventy-Six Trombones." In a grab bag from "The Fifties" we heard another ("March of the Siamese Children") as well as a reprise of those trombones and cornets right behind.

Next Wednesday (as I previously made known), I will be making my directorial debut. The director told me to be at the high school for rehearsal Tuesday night. We would run through my piece and then I could leave. **WHAT!?** **Sounds like a waste of gas to me.** Someone (I think it was either my oldest brother or my godson) suggested that we find a spare tuba. WHOO HOO! BRING IT! So, if they remember to bring the horn, I will not only be conducting but sitting in to play as well.

So... come on, come all. But, be warned, it is the week of the Jubilee so come early for prime parking. I'm not excited or anything.

Aftermath

Last weekend's storms in the mid-west left much destruction, injuries, and at least seven deaths in Ohio. Perhaps most tragic of all, the graduation exercises at [Lake High School](#) (near Toledo) had to be postponed and moved to another

location. The back wall of the gymnasium ripped off. Not so tragic in and of itself, but one of the seven who lost their lives was the father of the class valedictorian. Their home also destroyed. Mere hours before what is supposed to be a happy moment in the lives of young adults, family, and friends was put to a violent halt.

My little corner was spared such devastation, I knew the wind had picked up. There was lightning, rain, but no sirens went off. Many of the surrounding neighborhoods issued warnings but I guess we were under the dome. Walking to work Sunday morning, there was no standing water, downed trees, or any of the disastrous signs of the damage that Mother Nature wrecked on several communities in our area. The worst incident I heard of was a customer whose newly purchased picnic umbrella had been whisked away. We were lucky.

I love a good thunderstorm; however, when it brings destruction, injury, and loss of life it makes me stop and think about the awesome power of things which we have no control over. May God be with those seven individuals and their families and the communities who were in the middle of the wrath.

A Buckeye And A Bee

History was made moments ago at the Grand Hyatt in Washington, D.C. as Anamika Veeramani (from North Royalton) became the 9th Ohioan to win the Scripp's National Spelling Bee. Ohio now holds the record for most winners. It has been 42 years between Buckeye victories, The winning word: stromuhr (a rheometer designed to measure the amount and speed of blood flow through an artery).

Also new to me is the inclusion of a Canadian speller (an 11 year old girl from Toronto who would have been the youngest champion since the 1940s... but finishing in the top 10 is no small feat). I was also unaware that a Puerto Rican speller is also eligible.

In the top 4 were Elizabeth Platz of Missouri, Shantanu Srivatsa of North Dakota and Adrian Gunawan of Arlington Heights, Illinois.

One highlight was the moment when Miss Platz told the announcer that his sentence using the word *rhytidome* was "boring." Unfortunately for Elizabeth, her attempt at brevity did not help in the spelling of the word derived from the Greek which is the bark external to the last formed periderm I don't get it, either). She spelled it r-h-y-t-o-d-o-m-e. Darn schwa.

Congrats to all the spellers! And welcome back to OHIO!

Thank You For Bein A Friend

They say tragedies come in threes. This past week has seen the passing of three celebrities. Each of them left their mark in one form or another. How will they be remembered? Two of them were adored by millions on the small screen while the other made his mark on the silver screen.

I can well remember many Saturday nights in front of the tv watching the pint sized Gary Coleman deliver his catch phrase: "Whatchu talkin' bout, Willis" week in and week out. Hopefully, he will be remembered as the 10 year-old, pinchable cheeked, comedic ingenue instead of the tabloid hunted adult. Not even a week following his death, Coleman's life is being

dragged through the muck.

One of my favorite Golden Girls, Rue McClanahan, passed today. Blanche was the hussy of the group. Kind of a modern day Scarlett O'Hara ("a little more Scarlett than O'Hara"). Hopefully, Betty White will be with us for a while longer. Ms. White shows no sign of slowing down. Her Super Bowl Snickers commercial, stint as host of Saturday Night Live, a new sitcom coming to TV Land, and a new petition for her to be next year's host of the Academy Awards have all put her once again in the limelight.

I am less familiar with the work of Dennis Hopper. I am too young to remember *Easy Rider* and have never had the desire to seek it out. I do remember *Speed* as well as one of my favorite sports movies, *Hoosiers* (a little sleeper movie from 1986 for which he was nominated for the Best Supporting Actor Oscar).

Prayers and thoughts to the surviving families and friends. And may the fans remember all three for the artistic accomplishments of each of them.

Wrong Place At ALMOST The Wrong Time

Yesterday, a bunch of game nighters and other friends gathered to celebrate Megan's college graduation. We previously had a gathering of her family and selected friends. But Carol and I thought that a less formal day of pure fun was in order so about a month ago we began to plan. I sent out messages to the game nighters and a few of the other friends via facebook and had Carol contact the rest. A fb fiend ALMOST blew the

entire thing when she posted on Megan's "wall" that "she was sorry that she could not attend the party." So, Carol had to cover and I fiendishly came up with a cover story. I sent out at least 3 different messages informing those I sent the message to that the party was a SURPRISE and to not give the guest of honor any tips. When I found out about the criminal deed, I acted surprised and said that I knew nothing about a party on May 30th at 2PM.

About a week ago, I came up with my story. Our fellow tangenteer, [Derek](#) (hope he doesn't mind being an inadvertent pawn in a devilish plot ☐), was coming to visit for the weekend. A game night was planned for Saturday which SOME of us could not attend. I told Megan that we were planning a fun day at the park so the rest of us could visit our friend.

Yesterday at 10AM, I went to what I THOUGHT was the correct location. I waited until about 10.30 and decided to wander the park grounds to see if I had mistaken the location. After seeing no sign of Carol, I decided to go to mass at 11 and come back at noon. When I got back to the pavilion, still no sign of Carol. Around 12.30, I decided to call another of the invited guests to tell him of the "dilemma." However, his phone was out of service. So, I took another walk.

Across the park is a shelter house. As I made my way to the building, I heard a little voice yell... "May ME!" BEEBER! The surprise seemed to be on on or, more likely, someone's signals got crossed. At least, I was close. In my defense, the annual WCCT fun day usually takes place at the pavilion.

Finally, around 2 o'clock, I venture over to Megan's house to escort her to the fun day. Her mother warned me that she might be sleeping. So as I approached the house, I phoned her and left a mile long voice mail. Kept talking until I got to the door. Telling her to "WAKE UP!" I finally beat down the door until she appears looking as if she had just been woken. But... what are ya going to do! She was worried that she did

not have any food to bring but I had plenty for both of us! So a half hour after the festivities were to begin, we pull up in my car to a sea of faces staring at us until everyone burst into a roar of "SURPRISE!" And I am happy to report that the scheme worked perfectly!

After all the merriment concluded (some late comers one of whom also overslept ☐), Megan and I decided to catch a movie. We got to the multiplex but the next round of movies did not start for an hour. We finally decided to sneak in late to *The Back-Up Plan* which had only begun 15 minutes earlier. Not my usual choice of movie fare but for a chick flick it wasn't horrible. There were even some laughs and Megan enjoyed it and it was HER day, after all.

Magic Moments At The Huber

When someone makes it not only into our weekly hometown [scandal sheet](#) but also in the column of the papers longest, active writer, the whole town knows it. For the Sunday matinee of *Miracles*, I was surprised by a group of 2 "minor senior citizens" and a few others "who are really working at being seniors." Max's column, "Magic Moments" is similar to a weekly blog in which she chronicles her day-to-day life as well as publishes a few recipes culled from her stack gathered over her eventful life. Full of insight and humor the post is always worth a glance.

Along with Maxine and the 2 minor senior citizens (who I had been told may be coming) was "Grandma" Margaret. Ever since my maternal grandmother passed when I was 8, she and the late "Grandpa" Roy filled the void. Three of my favorite memories:

- The summer following my 4th grade year my poodle, Buffy

was put to rest. The following Christmas, we received a parakeet which we named Corky, after Margaret.

- Following a Thursday night college band rehearsal, Roy and Margaret came up to take me home for the weekend. I would also receive periodic care packages and notes of encouragement.
- After the passing of my two day old nephew, Zachary, (by this time) Deacon Roy and Margaret traveled to Indianapolis to bring the baby to E-town.

Just a few of the magic moments my family has shared with two of our village's finest. Thank you Ruthie and Steve for bringing her. One of the cast had to "pay special attention" to the group after the performance.

Something Was Missing

Adaptations from original sources always leave things on the "cutting room floor." I just read a very fascinating article about the transformation of [South Pacific](#) (click the link to the article) from a James Michener novel to the original Broadway production to the classic movie to the current revival on the Great White Way and touring around the country. More historical background from the first performances of the ground-breaking, Pulitzer prize winning classic came to light.

- On April 17, 1949, ten days after the show's opening, a boat carrying 120 American casualties of war arrived in Honolulu. Casualties of the Theatre in the Pacific.
- There was a lot more that Rodgers and Hammerstein wanted in the show dealing with race relations. "You've Got to be Carefully Taught" was just the tip of the iceberg. The central story of Emille de Becque somehow made it

into the show. But there was a lot more.

- Like many musicals turned movies, many things were dramatically altered from the original. The director of the 7 Tony Award winning revival, Bartlett Sher, called the 1958 cinematic effort “no use” when developing the return to the stage. Which just adds to my belief that most of the time, somethings are better left ON stage. Beautiful to look at, perhaps, but with a loss to its central meaning.

How fitting that I came across the article as we stop to reflect on the millions who have made the ultimate sacrifice in preserving the freedoms we all sometimes take for granted.

Hopefully, one day, the revival of this musical masterpiece makes it way to our neck of the woods. Or... better yet... just another great show with a scene-stealing character role or a central male lead I wouldn't mind tackling.

Goodbye To Simon's Pants On The Ground

And congratulations to Lee DeWyze from Mt. Prospect, Illinois.

Even if Crystal had not been from our neck of the woods, being talked about continuously on the 4 local stations, I would definitely think that she was the clear front-runner.

From what I have seen of American Idol this year, the paint salesman has grown by leaps and bounds and deserves to be crowned. But why, oh why do we need two hours of it. We had the good, the bad, and the ugly. Some of the performances by the top 12 were good... others not so good (Siobhan), and others were downright UUUUUGLY! (I was almost afraid that one of the myriad of guest performers was going to have another wardrobe

malfunction).

Taking second place to the anticipation of the announcement was the farewell to Simon Cowell. I'm not totally convinced that the show will be the juggernaut it is without him. I don't think it is now after nine years. Video tributes, a hilarious segment by Ricky Gervais, and the inevitable return of Paula Abdul all ate time up. I think it will all come down to who the new person at the table will be as to how it will fare.

My favorite part of the evening: THE YANKEES WIN! About time. The win TWICE. The suspended game from yesterday and today's scheduled game at Target Field against the Twins. Plus (and I can't believe I'm saying this) but kudos to the Red Sox for sweeping the Tampa Bay Rays which inches the Bombers closer to that first place AL East lead.

Plus, the Pants on the Ground rendition featuring Season 3 standout William Hung was priceless. Congrats, Lee! And THAHHHHHHHH YANKEES WIN!

Think Big... Be Bigger!

Another aspect of the first dramatic lead role kinda snuck up on me in the days leading up to the opening. It just seems that whenever I set out to do something new theatrically or musically I can feel the hand of my guardian angel on my shoulder. I even make a point to visit Emily's graveside at these times. And I have come to the realization that I KNOW she would be really proud of my accomplishments as I am, she would also be advising me to more. I still think that her voice was coming through as I told Beth that I "need to be BIGGER" although I know that the director was primarily

addressing my fellow female actors. I was not joking. But all three kept insisting that I did not need to be bigger than I already was.

To that end, I am beginning a search for a vocal coach in this area. Not just ANY vocal coach. They need to be willing to PUSH me, be as demanding as I am on myself. I have to be able to trust that they will do that! Any ideas? I have been without a vocal coach for almost 3 years. A mentor I have and I am forever grateful for that. I just need someone to help develop my theatricality even more. Who knows to where it will end? Perhaps to get that first big musical lead in community theatre (my next goal) ... maybe even BIGGER... AND THEN... **BIGGER THAN THAT!** And not because someone told me I should or should not but because **I told me**. Sounds like a challenge issued to myself. However far it takes me is my decision and as a sage once told me... "The Sky's the Limit!" Not that I would hesitate to ask for any help would be great.