

It's been a long time...

This weekend should be a fun one. Friday night game night and Saturday night game night. Two game nights in a row. What more could you ask for?

A few good friends will be gathered at taylhis and old-admin's (ok, now he needs a new tangent's name – He doesn't post enough to be known as "Whatever".) house and play a variety of games. We never really know what will be played, but it is usually fun. (Note to self, I do not like PIT ... ☐)

Saturday is the night I'm really looking forward to. After almost 20 years of non game running (1 night teaching the game was in there, that is why it is almost), I'm going to be running a Dungeons and Dragons game. I'm really looking forward to it. The prep work is done. The back story ready. The Zombies and the other 'Undead' are ready for feasting.

When I started playing D&D back in my college years, the game was almost in its infancy. It and other role-playing games have come a long way from the 'early' days. For the first year, I just played. I always let someone else run the game. But our gamemaster was tired of running and just wanted to play. He asked me to run a campaign or two. I really enjoyed doing it. After a while, the group I played with left college and started going our own ways. Some of us still in the area kept playing. 2 or 3 of us shared the game running duties/experience. During this time I liked running the game the best.

We slowly drifted apart as jobs and or family called us here and there. I ran the game for my girls a few times, only the oldest seemed interested. I flitted in and out of other gaming groups for the next 15 or so years. The game changed and new additions/versions were added. With my family, I never kept up with buying the new material. I played the game and let others

run it.

Not all that long ago (just over a year ago if memory serves), I started role-playing again with my oldest daughter and her friends. So this Saturday, I'm going to be running the game for the group. I hope my old skill set is still there. Maybe with the 10+ years of acting experience, that skill set has improved. On top of that, there is a little improv. Should be a good weekend...

Second Wind

Being sick for three days threw off my already crummy sleep schedule. I was up way too late last night, and I got tired way too early this evening (5:30ish). I ate some dinner and got a second wind. I sure hope it lasts until a decent hour to go to bed, but not too late that I will need a second wind to get through tomorrow. Does that even make sense? Or are these the ramblings of an exhausted individual?

Someday I would love to get on a semi-normal sleep pattern. This stay up late, get up early, get to sleep earlier, get up even earlier pattern is not very good. Any hints that don't involve some sort of medication would be appreciated.

Random thoughts for today

I was strolling around the internet (I don't surf, that just goes too fast), and I found a few interesting things.

[On this site](#), I found two t-shirts I liked. The first was with Bela Lugosi as Dracula holding the head of a more recent movie vampire (yes, just the head). The saying was "Dracula never sparkled." Struck my sense of humor today. The other shirt on the same site was "Meat is Murder. Quick eat the evidence." So today, I guess my humor is heading toward the violent stage. "Here's Johnny." ☐

Ok, I knew somebody had the list of what emoticons actually works here. [Ok, I found them, thanks again Derek!!](#) Why can't all of the various chat area, blog sites, bulletin boards, social networks, ect. use the same symbols. Why do they work sometimes and not others. Even being a technical person by trade, I get sick of technology... ☐

[Are we headed for a new form of the WWW?](#) Kind of discussed this last night with a friend or few. Mostly about if Facebook would start charging for use. Currently that is just a malicious rumor floating around, but as was said in the conversation, Facebook and other sites like that need some cash to exist. Now this article is more about premium content, but I wonder what premium content is. I already pay for my web access, about as much as I would pay for Cable/Satellite TV, Cell Phone usage ect., so I wonder how much more this would eventually cost. Like most people in the middle class, my budget is strained from all angles. I don't have pay TV for a number of reason, but one is I really don't want to pay for TV.

If it ever comes to the point that I have to pay for TV, I'll stop watching. I've said before there isn't much I want to watch, so it doesn't make any difference to me. I have internet access to keep up with friends, family, work and news of the day. I pay for that access to offset other areas I no longer use or pay for. If the outlets I use start charging me, on top of my access charge, I may stop using them. Unless I become independently wealthy. I can always go to the library to pick up newspapers and magazines. My taxes go to keep those

organizations functioning, so I will use them. I can use other means to contact friends and family. But then as I said earlier, sometimes the technology bugs me...

[In what may be a good use for Ebooks, I found this article.](#)

Textbooks that can be modified or commented on by the professors/teachers. Cool stuff. I remember in school carting around a lot of books. And then in college pay tons of money for lots of books. Of course the teachers would always comment or add to the material present in the book. This forced the student to carry even more. I like the idea of getting this all on an E-book level and allow the students to carry around less material. Save trees and backaches. Now if they would only come up with a way to make that stupid textbook cheaper.

One final note. I went to the oriental restaurant on Sunday with my daughter. My taste buds were so messed up, I left the fortune cookies in the truck. Since my taste returned today I ate the cookies. The first fortune I had was "Everything will now come your way." The lucky numbers on this fortune just happened to be the birthdays (day of the month) of my four daughters, myself and my late wife. That is six numbers. The estimated jackpot for the Mega Millions jackpot is now 83 million for tonight's drawing. I met my late wife in 1983... Is that a sign? I'm not sure I believe in stuff like that, but I bought the ticket anyway. I used my late wife's birthday as the powerball and put the rest of the days in the regular numbers. One final little note: that combination of numbers never won the jackpot...

I can't taste anything...

I've been under the weather the past few days with a cold that just wouldn't give up. My nose has finally stopped run 24 hours a day, and my throat is allowing me to talk with a normal voice again. No fever, no body ache, just headache, sore throat and a nose that wouldn't quit.

The worst part about all of this is that I lost my sense of taste. I realized with the stuffed nose, it would be cut down, but it is almost non-existent even today after my nose cleared up.

Went to a Oriental buffet today with my daughter and everything was bland. All the chicken dishes tasted the same. The lo mien was ok, but I think I liked the texture of the noodles. I couldn't taste spice, salt or other flavors. I wasn't sure if this was the restaurant or not. They had sushi bar, so I had some of that. Every piece I had tasted just like the one before. The ginger had little zip. The wasabi just cleared my sinuses more, but it had no flavor. Then I realized it wasn't the restaurant. If ginger slices and wasabi have no flavor, it has to be outside of the food. It has to be me.

For someone who likes to figure out all of the different flavors that go into making food taste good, this is almost worse than the being sick part. I never lost my appetite, but the food since last Wednesday evening has not had any appeal. If this goes on much longer, I think I will have no problem losing weight. Why eat when everything is missing its flavor?

Here are some funny things that are happening with my taste buds:

Cola tastes like lemon-lime drinks tastes like slightly sweetened carbonated water.

Orange juice, cranberry juice, grape juice and sugar water all

taste the same.

The only thing that made fish and chicken taste different was the texture.

Potato chips aren't as good if you can't taste the salt.

With no taste going on, mushrooms are nasty.

Noodles were ok, but I wasn't expecting a lot of flavor from them.

Tea tasted just like it should today, before today with no sense of smell, I was drinking hot water.

If this lasts too much longer, I will have quite a list.

It is that time of year again...

I noticed that I was getting hit by a lot of search engines today. They were all finding the same post. Last year around this time I started to review all of the fast food fish sandwiches in our area. Guess what, there is a big search going on for fast food fish. A new fast food place opened in our area, so I may have to review the Sonic fish sandwich. But for now, I'm going to go in a different direction or TANGENT if you will.

Eating fish during lent? Why?? I did a quick search and found out it was more out of 'eating from the land' than skipping meat. Apparently (I'm not sure about this yet, the web is full of useless information too), eating fish derived from fasting. Apparently you could eat the food you gathered during a fast.

This included vegetables, fruits and the like. It also included fish, since anyone could catch fish. Meat from other animals was the province of the well to do or wealthy.

Other sites have said that this developed to allow the working people something to eat with a high level of protean, just to keep their strength and let them keep working the fields. I'm not really sure about the why's yet, but I will continue to work on it. That question just got me curious.

And one more tangent... Easy fish recipe. Works for most firm fleshed fish (Salmon, catfish, ocean perch, red snapper, walleye, ect.)

Aluminum foil

Fish fillets

Tomato slices

Onion slices

Salt

Pepper

Sliced garlic if desired...

Oil of choice or butter

Layer on foil (one serving per foil pouch) from the bottom up onion slices, tomato slices, fish fillets, salt, pepper, garlic, tomato slices, onion slices. Drizzle with oil or add butter pats. Close up foil. Cook...

Over hot coals 10 -15 minutes per inch flip about halfway through cooking time.

(open one and see if fish is starting to get opaque on the first side, flaky on the second side.) Or use gas grill, or cook in oven preheated to 375.

Wonderful stuff...

The best gift of all (non-religious)

Every year my darling daughters ask me what I want for Christmas, birthday and Fathers' day (or any other occasion where they feel the need to get me things), and every year I have more trouble coming up with things I want or need.

So I decided I would put it into words once and for all time. If you see one of my daughters, suggest that they read this. IF you are one of my daughters, pass this on to your sisters. If you don't know or never see my daughters, maybe these words can be used in your life.

What I want most from anyone, especially my daughters, is the gift of time. This can be given in many ways. A call to tell me some special news in your day. Or a call just to say hi. Time spent putting together a project that you think I might like. Time spent with me doing something or nothing at all. I cherish all the moments I get to spend with those I love.

Time is something we never get back. Once gone it is gone forever, that is why I think that it is the best gift. It has no price, but immense value. You can not buy it, but you can give your time. It is a gift of the heart, and that my friends is a very good gift indeed.

To quote my last show (probably the only 'good' quote from the show) "Our time here on this earth is short, shorter than any of us can imagine." And that it is, spend it wisely, but please spend some with me.

A special place in 'MY' acting hall of fame

One line in a response pushed me to write this post. I don't think I've written about it before, but I remember telling a friend or two, so if you've heard it before, just be patient with me.

Way back in 1997, somebody asked me for suggestions on shows for the play house to do. I was a rank newbie to the theater, but I gave a suggestion or two. The play at the top of my list was "Harvey". It seems that the playhouse did this show before, and they were not ready to do it again. Year after year, I suggested that show. Finally, after a lot of persuasion, and maybe just to shut me up, the show was scheduled for some time in 2006. I tried out for the show and was given the lead role of Elwood Dowd. A dream come true for me. I would have done anything on that show just to be able to watch it, but I was able to be in it. I was thrilled.

One thing did put a damper on that. My lovely wife died in 2003 and would not be by my side during the rehearsals and production of this show. This was a bit of a stress for me during the early rehearsals of the show. Finally something changed. I needed some props for the show. One was the cards that Elwood was so fond of passing out, another a notebook of his favorite watering holes. And the third an billfold with some cash and other peoples calling cards. The little notebook, and many of the 'calling' cards belonged to my late wife. From that time on, I had a little bit of her on stage with me.

Then came my largest discovery. I was able to think of Harvey

as my lovely wife standing on the footstool in the kitchen. This would have put her at the exact height needed for Harvey. So from the time of that thought, until the end of the run, every time I looked at Harvey on stage, I was peering into the eyes of my wife.

Many times she said she never wanted to be on stage. She never wanted any recognition for anything she did for the theater. She wanted to remain anonymous. Well except for in my eyes, she was never on the stage. Her name was not listed in the bios, but she was on stage with me for every performance. I gave my all to that show. I pushed myself farther than I ever thought I could. And every night I looked into the eyes of my wife, shared a drink or two and was finally able to say "Where have you been, I've been looking all over for you."

No matter what comes after that show, all things pale when in that light.

The end of a very long day

The day actually started some time after Midnight last night. Our director's gift cast party was held, and it was almost mandatory attendance. It was worth the trip, because our fearless leader had some wonderful things to say about the show. The party was long and entertaining, but I got to bed very late (early???) and we had one more show to do in the afternoon.

The final show went as well as can be expected when one of the actors calls in sick at the last minute. Before anyone jumps to a conclusion, it was a real illness and not just sick from the party last night (ok, it may have been the food, but nobody else got sick). We had to cut the one scene that the

person was in. Unfortunately, I was also in that scene. Life is full of disappointments.

My youngest and her grandparents were in the audience and seemed to enjoy the show. It is always fun to perform for family. I also had numerous people, throughout the run of the show, ask me if I was really a minister, or was I going to take that up as a new calling. Sorry folks, I'm an actor, I only play a minister on stage. Again I heard that this was the best I've ever done. My nature tends to think that people can only remember the last few shows they've seen. Surely I've done better on other roles? Oh well, as long as they enjoyed the show.

Finally, I took my youngest back to college. Just got back home. Definitely the end of a very long day.

All about the Yaawwn

Is yawning contagious? Why is yawning contagious? Well, that subject was brought up as a comment in my last post. So I wondered if it would be a good topic to write about. As it turns out, I'm not really sure it is.

There are almost as many answers to the above question as there are scientists studying the phenomenon. And to put it quite bluntly, the studies were boring and made me yawn. But yes, it seems that for most people yawns are contagious. You can have a yearning to yawn by seeing someone yawn, hearing someone yawn and even reading about yawning. So if you feel like yawning while reading this post, it is because the word yawn is used a lot.

Some fun/interesting things I found out while looking up data

on yawning:

- 1) Dogs yawn, dogs will yawn when they see people yawn.
- 2) Chimpanzees yawn.
- 3) It seems that most mammals yawn occasionally, but not all of them will yawn when they see other animals yawn.
- 4) Some birds yawn.
- 5) Snakes yawn after eating to get their jaws back in the right spot.
- 6) Contagious yawning may be linked to the flocking instinct of birds.
- 7) Too much yawning could indicate health problems.
- 8) Most people will yawn if tired.
- 9) Some people yawn if they are too hot.
- 10) Some athletes will yawn just before they need to exert themselves.

Now I think I'm done talking about yawning. I've yawned 4 times in the writing of this post. How many times did you yawn while reading it?

Now, I'm going to see if I can make my dog yawn.

Sharing a smile

We are taught early in life that it is good to share. Most of us at that young age really don't want to share things that we consider ours. We will happily share things that don't belong to us, especially if the item belongs to an older sibling. ☐ Hopefully, as time goes by it gets easier to share things we have.

We can share our 'stuff' with others. Give money to the charity. Give items to various thrift shops. By food and

sundries for a local soup kitchen or food pantry. Local agencies of many kinds ask for donations of money, food, clothing and even blood. Yes, we can share our stuff with others.

We can share our time with others. Volunteering at the above locations is also a way of sharing. We can help our friends, neighbors and other members of our community by doing things for them, that they are unable to do by themselves. Our time is precious and it can be shared.

When we get closer to people (friends, family, loved ones) we often share our emotions. This can be difficult for some, but it can be very rewarding to both parties. Because of the nature of this sharing, it can, at times, cause pain and heartache. Emotional sharing opens many doorways to our souls.

But even when we have no 'stuff', time, or deep emotions to share, it can be easy and wonderful to share one last thing. With almost no effort on our part we can share a smile. Smiles, like yawns, can be infectious. Start a smile in a room and see how many others share your smile. Start laughing in a room and see how long it takes for that to make the rounds.

I've found that sharing smiles and laughter are some of the best things to share. It will make a lasting impression on those you meet, and generally that impression will be a good one.

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