

# It's the end of the world as we know it...

No, nothing to do with the song, but with a movie I saw with my daughters this weekend.

I saw [Knowing](#) on Friday evening. Decent enough movie, but it was not one I would have picked just to see a movie. We picked this one, because I was too tired to drive to another town to see the movie we really wanted to see. It was the best of the three in our local theater.

If anyone can remember my scale of movies... This one was a wait for a rental. A fairly predictable movie, and it had moments of a couple of other Nicholas Cage movies. Yes, the character and surrounding story was a lot like the [National Treasure](#) movies. The plot driving it could be taken out of any 'end of the world' movie.

Two things I noticed in the movie were that Cages character was a widower (that kind of stands out to me) and he drank way too much. I mean if any 'normal' person was drinking as much as his character did, I wouldn't have trusted them to know much of anything about what he was doing. He had at least 3 good glasses of whiskey before he started to work on the numbers project. I would have been too messed up to even see the numbers....

On the widower point, I think that was handled fairly well. Some widows/ers do turn to booze to help them cope with loss. They can be overprotective of their children. They will turn down chances to meet someone else. They will wear their wedding rings long after the death of their spouse. Even without the booze, they will forget the days they are running the car pool. And the children will see all of this. Yes, this part of the story was handled well. No fake romance thrown in.

The caring seen between the two adults in the situation, was because of the situation, not because of romance. Well done.

I just wish this much care had been taken in the story/plot/characters. It had moments that could have made it a much better movie, but 'things' got in the way. As stated above this could just as easily have been a "National Treasure end of the world" story. That for me made the movie a bit less interesting. I didn't think Cage was that one dimensional, but maybe I'm wrong.

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## **You won't know what hit you**

That's the last thing I remember the nurse saying this morning before my 'little medical procedure'. The next thing I knew I was back in the 'staging' area. I'm not sure what they gave me, but the procedure was relatively painless.

I wish I could say the same thing about the pre-surgery preparation. I can't. If there is anything that would prevent me from seeing a Dr. again, it would be this preparation.

I was able to find someone much better with words than I am to tell you about the procedure. Mine was the non-Abba version.

[Dave Barry's colonoscopy.](#)

Funny read, but serious stuff.

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# They said what?

My wife loved to sing (I'm sure that is where my daughters get their talent), but she was hard of hearing and would make a mistake or two on the lyrics of popular songs. I do realize that this was not something that she alone was guilty of, but she had quite a few good ones. Unfortunately, I know longer remember the specific misheard lyrics, or I would send them to a site I found this evening.

Have fun looking up some of the songs. Some of the misheard lyrics are quite funny, others better than the original lyrics.

So, [“scuse me while I kiss this guy”](#).

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## Ghost Stories

Back in my past, before I even started school, my older brother would tell me ghost stories before I went to bed. Sometimes he made them up, but at other times he would read stories out of his book of Poe stories.

While I really liked the Poe stories, some of my favorites were the stories he made up. I remember ghosts in the backyard, or down by the river. Werewolves in the park. Vampires in the local schools. I'm not sure if he made them all up, or heard them from his friends, but some were quite scary.

He was, of course, just trying to torment his little brother. Scaring me right before bed would guarantee that I would remain quiet through the night. I would keep my head hidden

under the covers, and never let out a peep, just in case the ghosts or goblins would get me.

Unfortunately for me, this all came to an end when I was about 6 or 7 years old. My brother being 12 years older than me went off first to college and then to the Navy, and finally he got married. No more ghost stories every night, but to this day I still like them. Not the Horror movies you see in the movies, but the old fashioned, around the campfire ghost story. I wish I knew a few to tell, but I would love telling a few. I guess I will settle for reading a few Poe stories, or some other good author. Just pure fun.

I guess that is why I liked the old TV show like [The Outer Limits](#) or [The Twilight Zone](#). Ghost stories told in the old fashion way.

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## Stop and smell the coffee

Today I had a stop in town and I was right next to a fairly new coffee/ice cream shop. I've been there once or twice and decided to treat my self to a cup of coffee. It was a fairly trying day, so I thought a cup of coffee would be welcome.

I had a sip or two of my triple espresso and left to drive on home. Just as I was getting into my car, a gust of wind threatened to blow my hat halfway down main street. Instinctively, I reached for my hat, but I had in that hand a cup of coffee. The coffee flew all over, most over me. Being espresso it had a very strong aroma. I was able to smell that the entire ride home. Even after changing clothes, I was able to smell it. Seems it got in my hair too.

Well, so much for a relaxing cup of coffee. I ended up wearing

most of it. I guess I didn't need the caffeine.

No, there were no burns, and I'm not going to be suing any coffee shops. My own stupidity was responsible for the coffee on me. Reach for a hat with the hand coffee is in. None too smart that.

Of course, if you can't laugh at your own stupid antics whose can you laugh at. Really a decent day after I got my jacket cleaned.

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## **Did you know?**

Trivial stuff. Its all good right? History, geography, arts, foods, science, hobbies. All fair game for trivia questions. Today, the trivia should be based St. Patrick's Day Right? I could come up with all sorts of trivial things about St. Paddy's day, but why go through all that work when someone already did it.

So for your enjoyment at [St Patrick's Day Trivia quiz](#).

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## **Something Wicked This Way Comes..**

Strange thing. I remember reading the Bradbury novel, and seeing the movie. But, I am now watching the movie and I can't seem to remember it at all. Oh, I remember the basic story, but I don't seem to remember any of the details. I remember

the carnival coming to town, and of course Mr. Dark. What I'm not sure of is how different the book is from the movie. I will have to read it again.

So far the movie is very good. But now my youngest just stopped it to watch a TV show... Hmm, am I going to have to get another TV just to watch what I want? I guess not, she'll be leaving on her own soon enough.

What I did find out is that Bradbury actually adopted his novel and wrote not only the screen play for the 1983 movie, but a stage play and radio play. The stage play was written in 2003... Wonder what the royalties on that show would be. Could it be done on a small stage? Where would the Carousel fit? I would love to play Mr Dark... Hmmm...

Maybe we could do another "Stage" version of this play.

Interesting.

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## **A question asked...**

On one of those email 50 question things, one question struck me differently than most others. This was mostly a fun little time wasting exercise, until question 50.

Question 50: What is the farthest you traveled from home. I've traveled from coast to coast. East, West, North and South. I've traveled far from home. What hit me was my furthest journey. I traveled farthest in the days following my wife's death. Sitting in the dining room or in my room I traveled very far indeed. It is a journey I would not want anyone to take, but I know many who have. It was and is a long journey to take.

It has been over 5 years since that fateful day. I've grown and changed over the past few years. But I've grown and changed every year of my life. Not the path I set out on, but the path I must take.

Life, the longest journey we ever take.

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## Wow, what a show

Now that it is over, I can say that this is one of my new favorite shows. There are two others that stand out in this same fashion, but this show is one of the best.

If I were to pick shows, this would not have been one I picked, but then one of my other favorites would not have been on my list of plays to do. So my list of favorite shows stands at this

1) Harvey. Big white rabbit and all. I was honored to play the part of Elwood Dowd in that show. My first lead ever, and in my favorite show ever. It was also special to me because I had a special guest star in that show. While everyone else was talking to a white rabbit, I was talking with my dear departed wife. She was on stage with me, in spirit, every night. I had a wallet that I took out of my pocket every night to pay the cab driver. In that wallet I carried my wife's drivers license and some business cards she made for her chinchilla raising.

2) Arsenic and Old Lace. My first show at WCCT. I also enjoyed this show and would love to do it again. We had a wonderful cast for this show and it was a great first experience with the playhouse.

3) Death of a Salesman. Every performance the audience would

shed tears. This was a show for the ages until...

4) The Lion in Winter. Yes, a story of the very dysfunctional family of Henry the II of England. A very good cast and a strong play. Actors and audience had an experience with this show, and on every performance the show got better.

What made the Lion in Winter such a good show? Hard work, dedication, good script, good direction, good cast, wonderful crew. Yes this show had all of that and more. We had such fun. Teasing back stage, fun on stage. It was a fun time before, during and after the shows. I'm glad we had the audience we did, but there were so many others that missed a very fine performance. These shows do not come everyday, and I am sorry for all that missed this show.

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## The Last Show

It was a happy and sad time today. Our show ended and we ended the day tearing down the set. Life outside the theater can begin again. Things can be accomplished, chores done and life again resumes. There are movies to see, books to read, daughters to tend to. From daughters and their new families, marriages, graduations, starting college life goes on. My life in the theater ceases until after the fall. There will be shows, they will do it without me.

There is talk of taking our show to the OCTA regional competition this June, unfortunately, I will not be able to make it. My daughter is planing her wedding for the same weekend. Family comes first. I don't think I would miss a wedding.

This fall, my oldest is expecting her first child. This will



also take up a bit of time or more.

My youngest is finishing her final year of high school, and plans to attend college next fall. This will also take up much of my time.

Life does not stand still, life move on.

More thoughts on our show in another post. It was an event that many enjoyed but it was still too few. I'm not sure how to get the word out to more, but they missed one of the best shows I've been involved with.