

Thanksgiving...

Many things to be thankful for. Good Friends, family, wonderful daughters, decent health, and a decent steady job. The job of course means food on the table ect.

But there are times I don't feel like giving thanks. I just want to hide out for a few months until this winter holiday season is over. Feeling kind of like Scrooge and "People that go about with Merry Christmas on their lips should be boiled in their Christmas pudding and buried with stake of holly through their hearts." I'm not sure if that is an exact quote from the book, but it was very close to what I heard in at least one movie.

"A Christmas Carol" is not about the day of Thanksgiving, but it takes place on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and Boxing day (set in London, so they have that). There are a few holiday shows that deal with Thanksgiving. There is a Peanuts (Charlie Brown/Snoopy) Thanksgiving show, of course. I think they covered every major holiday.

But the one I am thinking of, most people would agree that it is a Christmas Story, but it starts on Thanksgiving day. That favorite holiday classic "Miracle on 34th Street". I'm partial to the 1947 version, but the 1994 version isn't too bad. There were a few made for TV versions that were not quite up to either theater version. Drunk Santa on Parade float replaced by the real article for the annual Thanksgiving parade. The start of the Christmas Shopping season.

Hmm, now I know with both the Christmas Carol and Miracle on 34th street, the commercialization of Christmas has been going on a long time. Scrooge complained about people spending more than they could afford just to make merry on one day. Of course the whole Santa being against the commercialization in 34th street was again showing it for what it was.

This Friday is known as Black Friday. A day when retail stores finally see a profit (I'm skeptical on that, but I just spend the money).

Well for me, I don't do that much. A few nice gifts and that's about it. I try not to break the bank (do that too much during the rest of the year).

So I guess for me and from me, I wish you the best this Holiday season. From Thanksgiving day to New Years Day, there are Holidays a plenty for those of all faiths, or no faiths. The very best to you and yours. To those reading this blog who have lost a special someone, may you find some peace and hope amid the additional stress this season puts on you.

Helicopters and other flights of fancy

I still like toys, especially the radio control type. I have a small helicopter but the rechargeable battery will no longer hold a charge. It was a nice little toy that I could fly around the house. Kind of miss being able to fly it around.

I've had larger flying toys, but they generally required a lot of room to be able to run. Some needed very good weather to fly. Very calm winds were essential, or you could not control the aircraft. Some like kites required a decent breeze to fly. Powered or un-powered, these were a little escapes from gravity. Fun toys

At one time I knew someone who flew a plane. I went up in a small plane a couple of times. It was a great experience. I was also able to fly a few times in commercial aircraft. This

was not as fun as the small plane, you just couldn't see the as much out the windows.

I would like to try hang-gliding, a balloon or even a blimp, but these are things that can wait.

Doing a very good job on something, be it job or hobby related. Those are flying to me.

I have other flights of fancy that I can think of. Things that have nothing to do with flying. Watching my girls grow up. Just as much of a high. Helping friends and even people I don't know can also be a flight of fancy.

The stage, computers, my daughters, family all fuel my flights of fancy. This is where my flying takes me.

Because my daughters are precious to me

I went to search for a bunch of sites about the current plight of frogs, after seeing one daughter write about [Frogs](#).

So here they are for your attention:

[Save The Frogs](#)

[Year of the Frog](#)

[Care to Make a Difference](#)

[Nerdy Science](#)

[NZ Frogs](#)

[☐ Coffee and Frogs](#)

[Amphibian Conservation](#)

[A thousand Friends of Frogs](#)

Just Frog related:

[Wiki Frogs](#)

[Frog Land](#)

[Expolratorium Frogs](#)

[Frog Sounds](#)

Commercial store:

[Frog Store](#)

And a local radio station:

[I Love Froggy 106.7](#)

Waiting up

Ok, I'm the father of a teenager. She is out tonight watching a movie, leaving Dad home alone to blog away the evening.

My youngest as a rather big heart. She took her sister to the latest teen vampire movie (there has been more than 1 right?) for her birthday. Not anything I was interested in, so I came home and ate cheeseburgers....

Now, I am waiting for them to come home. The movie should be over soon, and I will still be awake when they come in. All the worries of a father when his children are out late. Deer running on the country roads, other cars, and a bit of snow coming down. I hope they like the movie. It looked like a yawner to me, but then it was marketed toward teenagers/young adults.

So, my second youngest will be 21 in a few short weeks. My youngest is a senior in High School. Me, I'm feeling old tonight. Visited my old college this week. So many new buildings, so many old ones. They were taking the seats out of

the theater when we were there. Those seats were over 30 years old!!! I thought they were old when I graduated. I guess they had a bit of life in them. I imagine that they could have replaced the seats more than once in the past 30 years, but how many times would you want to buy that sick green color?

Just thinking about what I want to be when I grow up. I think my dream job would be a voice for an animated show/movie. That really sounds like a lot of fun. And I have more than enough voices, I could almost voice a whole show.

Love running on battery power. I can take this laptop anywhere in the house. I will be looking for the best reception on my cell modem card. I should be getting my router next week, so I want to know where to set it up.

They're home!! good night...

Greasy Cheeseburgers

As most of my family knows, I have a thing about cheeseburgers. One of my friends and another blogger here, (Hey [taylhis](#)) talked about White Castle burgers. Well I saw them in the freezer section of our local supermarket. I just had to get some. When I got home this evening I cooked a couple up. It has been a few years since I've visited a White Castle, but the frozen ones were close to what I remembered. Not too bad for a quick snack. Not much more than that, but fun nostalgia.

Strange thing with this, is that my dog got very excited about the smell of the burger. He doesn't normally have a vocal beg, he just likes looking at you with his big brown eyes, but he was very vocal when he smelled these burgers. I'll have to see

if it happens again when I cook up some more.

On a side note, anyone remember the Burger King Mini cheese burgers? I think I remember getting 6 bite sized burgers for a buck or two. Fun little burger.

Now that my diet is blown, anyone want a burger?

A little early Christmas

I don't usually care for Christmas music before Thanksgiving. A little quirk of mine, true, but a quirk all the same. Tonight it was a little different. Family and friends (and a whole bunch of other people) got together for a dinner and show. It was a fund raiser for the High School Show choir, so the meal was exactly what I expected. The show itself, while way too short, was wonderful for me.

Can a father be more proud? Watching my youngest perform in the show choir was an experience I will not forget. The rest of the show choir was good too. My view was a bit biased. I had eyes for one lovely young lady. I would love to describe the show but words about that escape me.

What I do remember is a show from 5 years ago. Two other daughters performed in another dinner/music show. While not the show choir, it was another wonderful show. It was also the last show my wife saw any of her daughters in. Early the next week she was in the hospital. Two weeks later, we were told things were very bleak.

This is where my thoughts tend to go this time year. It can be very difficult to go to these events when my thoughts turn in this direction. I really wasn't thinking of it when it

started, it just kind of flowed with the evening. Sometimes I wonder how long this will happen to me. At least I don't break down and cry now. That doesn't happen much anymore, just kind of a sad feeling. I guess that is better. It could be worse.

I have four beautiful, talented daughters and it is wonderful to see them in whatever they do. Tonight was no exception, even with my melancholy.

Sweet music

It was a beautiful evening in Bryan Ohio. There were some wonderful singers and musicians performing for a musical recital. My youngest did her best to bring music to many people. It is her senior year and last recital. So many talented young people, and so few times to see them.

I guess I should take more time to find some of these recitals. I'm sure that there are many people I know whose children perform, or will perform in the future. As with all recitals they weren't perfect, but the all tried their very best. It was wonderful.

If I can talk my youngest into allowing it, I will post a youtube link to her performance.

Blank Slate

I've wondered about this expression for some time. I've always thought that it referred to wiping your slate (chalkboard)

clean before starting something. I just finished a google search and found that it can have a deeper meaning or much lighter.

One thing I found deals with the whole “Nature or Nurture” question. The blank slate referring to a child being born with no thoughts or instincts and everything is learned from the environment. Too deep for my taste this evening.

I also found a rather poorly written (in my opinion) Harry Potter based story. Dealing with one persons magically induced amnesia. Yawn.

There were a few sites that used “the Blank Slate” as part of their name. Nothing that really caught my eye.

One or two political references to the Blank State were also found, and that is all I will say on that.

Even one reference to a Blank State Theater. More to my liking, but not exactly what I was looking for.

Funny, I didn't easily find anything close to what I actually had in mind when I formed those words in my mind.

So, since I didn't find what I was looking for, I'm going to have to think more on exactly what starting with a blank slate means. Look for further updates or add your own..

Thoughts in the dark

I tend to be up late at night writing these blogs. Recently I've been using my little computer light instead of the room light. This gives me just enough light to find the special keys on the keyboard that I don't have a feel for in touch

typing. Working with computers for the past 20+ years has given me some comfort with the keyboard, but I still have to look for keys on occasion.

Anyway what I'm really trying to say is that I write a lot in the dark. With the darkness surrounding me, my thoughts tend to follow a different path. Outside of the little circle of light near the computer the rest of the room is dark. I listen to the sounds of the evening. The dog shifting in his sleep, the frog gently croaking in his tank, his crickets with their serenade until supper time. □ Even a daughter shifting in her sleep makes noise from the next room over. Trains can be heard in the distance. I'm sure if I would open a window, the owls would be audible in their late fall hunts.

For the most part I find the dark peaceful. My mind can wander where it wants. Thought of friends, family, ghosts from the past can and do fill my brain. I can think of many wonderful events in the world of science, theater or movies. Books may take up my time, and lesson my words here. This, I think is a way for me to rest. My dream state while being awake. I've often wondered how I can get by on so little sleep. I do tend to make up for it on the weekends, but I'm usually around 9:00 or so (believe me that is well past my 6:00am wake up during the week). Even when 2:00 rolls around, I find my self full of thoughts and a busy mind.

Tonight I still have thoughts running in my brain. Thoughts of strange beasts, and burning estates (it was a game people!!!) Thoughts of having fun with friends. Odd little thoughts that I need to work out. All thoughts in the dark.

Thoughts in the dark to lead me in life
Thoughts to clear my head and mind.
Thoughts of the here and now
Thoughts of the past and then
Thoughts that may take me to the light.

pass this way

Life is a journey, be it driving down the highway, or sailing the seas. Not always a smooth journey, or the most pleasant, but it is the the path we must take.

For me the journey is made easier by those who share my path. Our paths converge and diverge with others all through our lives. We call these people family, friends, coworkers, associates, enemies. Do the paths just cross, or do they stay together for a long time.

Pass my way, or I can go yours. We can laugh. We can cry. Most of all we can share.

Life is a journey, make the most of it, for we can't ever go back to the beginning.

Look back to see who you are, look forward to see who you will become. Life is a journey, pass this way with me.