

# Times are that bad?

I tend to scan the web for amusing stories and things that are a bit out of the ordinary. Apparently, it is getting tough in the 100 acre woods. Seems that [Winnie the Pooh](#) was charged with robbery.

Now I know there is a site for stupid criminals, and I think the guys in this story should be in it. Don't go robbing people in a very easy to identify costume. Sounds to me like a rash act, but I would expect to be stared at if I was dress as a Pooh Bear. Next question, will Disney sue?

I never thought Winnie the Pooh would have been the one to lead a life of crime. I always thought that Owl or Eeyore had the personalities for this. Unless of course the Stuffed with Fluff is all a ruse.

All this reminds me of the gloomy little gray donkey, Eeyore. He was always my wife's favorite Pooh Character. I really enjoyed giving him 'voice' when I read the Pooh stories to my girls. Not sure I ever got totally gloomy, but I tried, and the girls seemed to like it.

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## So Far Away

Sometime in the life of a parent, you have to let your little ones go out on their own. For the most part I am very good at that. There are time, however, that I just want to be by their side. I have two daughters living at home, and one about an hour away. I can, if needed, drop just about everything to be with them. I can see them face to face at almost any time. It is both a blessing and a curse. After they are out of my

house, I want them to grow and thrive on their own. I think that is very important.

There is my other daughter. She got married just 1 year ago. In this marriage, there are also two wonderful children of my son-in-law. I know my little girl loves them as she would her own (even though she did not know it at the time, she saw this kind of thing every day see [here](#)). Tonight I want to be with my daughter. She was and always will be [my little girl](#), and I have a feeling she would like me there. "There" is many states away. I can't just hop in my car and drive there overnight. It just isn't possible to go visit whenever I would like, things like one minor child still at home, work, finances get in the way of traveling. I wish I could, but wishing seems to be all I can do. Don't believe the phone commercials, a phone call isn't like being there, as much as I wish it was.

Sometimes, parents just can't let go...

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## Watchout for falling rocks

In the State of Utah, a rock arch in [Utah's Arches National Park](#) collapsed. Now I never have been to the state of Utah, and therefor have never been to this park. From pictures I have seen, it looks like a place I would like to visit. The pictures made me think of one of my favorite places that I've ever been is in South East Ohio. A wonderful State Park area called [Hocking Hills](#). As a family we've had many great vacations there.

The story of the collapsing arch, made me remember the rock falls around the hiking trails of Hocking Hills. Going back time after time, you can see how the rock falls change the area. Trails are closed or rerouted and each trip can be

different than the last.

The thing is that even with this arch fall, people didn't see it happen. With all the times at Hocking, I never saw a rock fall but have seen the results. I know people do occasionally see them, most of the time they fall unnoticed. I would like to talk to someone who saw a large rock fall.

One thing I just thought about was the fact that these rock falls occur quite often, but people will go right to the edge of the cliffs, even if they don't know what is or what isn't under them. Oh well, I guess if they haven't seen a rock fall, they don't know the danger they could be in. And I guess I never saw anyone fall off either.

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## **Dad at 110!!**

Now I fathered my last child when I was early thirties, and I remember being a bit more tired with her than all the rest. Now she did have some special needs being born 8 weeks too early, but even running around after her when she was older seemed to tire me out a bit quicker. I couldn't imagine trying for more children after my thirties, and I don't even carry them for 9 months. But I just read about a 110 year old that may have fathered quite a few little ones, after going years with no interest at all. He had a tumor removed and was again interested. Hmmm.

Now I guess I should mention that this 110 year old is a reptile, a tuatara to be exact. While the [article headline](#) calls it a lizard, and it looks something like a lizard, it belongs to its own little clan. They also have a life expectancy of around 200 years, so I guess this guy is really just middle age.

I'm going to have to do another internet search soon. This article got me wondering the latest ages that animals will generally conceive. I don't want to know the rare oldest mothers/fathers, I more interested in the age of general last conception, and what percent this is of the normal life span. People are now normally having babies into their 40's, and with the life expectancy somewhere in the late 70's, this makes people clock in at conception at about 50% of the life expectancy. The tuatara, if the article is accurate, has a higher percentage. Not enough information to get a specific number, but it looks like it may be over 50% of life expectancy. Hmm.. I'll need to keep digging.

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## **Ya know I've been thinking...**

A dangerous pastime. I know...

My daughters would be able to tell you the whos, whats, whys and whens of the beginning words of this blog. Something we do quite often is quote movies that fit the situation we are in. It is amazing the number of really good movie quotes you can fit into a daily conversation.

Anyway, I've been thinking. It could be a good way to get me in trouble, or just a good way to keep me up all night. Actually I fell asleep much earlier this evening while reading a book. I guess the house was just too quiet. I had to get up to make sure my alarm was set for the morning, so here I am wide awake.

I've been thinking about this coming year. My youngest will be graduating High School. Sometimes it seems like yesterday I was meeting her when she got off the Kindergarten bus. So very many things have happened since then. Graduations, marriages,

deaths, births, have happened. I guess life has happened. Not always what we like, but it is what we get.

Both daughters have been out of the house this week. The youngest left Sunday afternoon, and the older left early Monday morning. So I have had time to think. Many things have entered this head of mine and I am ruminating on them even as I write this. Maybe more thoughts will form, while others fade away. I'm never sure on this.

Good night..

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## The Phantom ...

Tollbooth.

The current wonderful production by the [WCCT](#) children's workshop, is [the Phantom Tollbooth](#)". Performed entirely by young people between the ages of 7 and 17, this little production is quite charming. While it is the culmination of 1 month of hard work by children and parents alike, the show is not the whole story. The children learn a little bit about the workings of live stage productions (Yes, things go wrong... more on that later) both on and off stage. They get to work at finding some of their own props, costumes. They help build (sometimes) and paint the set. Most of the kids I talked to think it is a great experience and many come out year after year.

They find out, year after year, that sometimes people forget their lines, and someone else needs to do something to help out (Good life advice there too). They find out that sometimes the props they need aren't there, and they have to improvise something (sometimes this works, other times it doesn't-sounds

like real life again doesn't it?). The find that sometimes things break, and you have to get along without it for a while (More life lessons..). It looks like in a one month period of time, they learn a lot about the theater, and even more about life. Most of them don't realize they are learning anything but their lines. Good for them and their futures.

I should have written this sooner, so some of the background readers would have had a chance to see this show. Tomorrow is the last show, and I'm not sure how many seats are left.

I wouldn't be a father if I didn't say the best Humbug I ever saw was the one portrayed by my youngest. Not so young anymore, this is her final Childrens' theater workshop. Now she will have to earn her roles if she decides to stay active in Community Theater.

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## Another Morbid Topic

Yes, death is an interest of mine. Years ago, when I got married, there were many deaths among family and friends. There were so many deaths, my wife and I joked about our marriage ending the same way. Unfortunately, we were correct. Many deaths in a few short years, with hers as the final death in the line. So yes, I have a morbid interest in death.

My interest this evening is [Cryonics](#) or the freezing of human or animal bodies with the "possibility" of bringing them back to life.

Why? Currently there is no known reversal method, so why do it now. It costs a lot of money to keep a body/head in a 'suspended' state, and there is no and may never be a reversal method. Sound like someone is playing with the emotions of

people near death, or their families.

Even if there ever is a reversal process in the next 50 to 100 years, why would anyone want to revive the “dead” people? There are complaints of over population now, do we really want to have an alternative way to put more bodies on the planet. We do well enough now with the usual approach (having babies – explanation for those who weren’t sure what method is used). I can’t see that happening, unless they want something.

How will you fit in? The future will be different than life now, how will you cope? 25 years ago, personal computers were in their infancy. Now just about everyone has one. What changes will occur in the next 25 years? Next 50? Next 100? 200? If you are having trouble with text messaging on a cell phone, or wonder about all these people with **things** hanging out of their ears, will you be able to cope with things going on around you in the future?

And the real thing I wonder about is what is the ego of a person who wants to be frozen and thawed later. I’m not saying anything about family decisions (later...), but about a persons desire to put off death to be *cured* at a later date. Is anyone really that important?

And about a family that decides to keep one of their relatives, do they love/need the person so much to try to keep them around, or is it a comfort that just maybe? I could never see doing this for myself or for someone I care about. I think there would be too much anguish on both sides if and/or when the body can be thawed.

And I haven’t even touched on any religious aspects of this. I think that may be the start of a different post. Many things I would have to wrap my mind around for that...

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## More on Pancakes and Waffles...

... and other food stuffs. I mentioned [IHOP](#) in the previous post. It was always a favorite place to stop when the girls were much younger. Especially on Sundays. Sundays used to be "Kids eat free" day. Now, you had to buy 1 adult meal for each free child's meal, but any amount we could save would be a good thing. Things like this made going to [IHOP](#) the same cost as going to a fast food place. We were waited on too. Many other restaurants also offered the same type of deal. It was a great way to be able to have a good meal for a very reasonable cost.

Anyway, my lovely wife really liked [IHOP](#) . A favorite of hers were the blueberry waffles or pancakes. Topped with more blueberry syrup. I preferred the boysenberry. What got me was the last time I was in a [IHOP](#), they didn't have the boysenberry syrup. They also didn't bring the Hot maple flavored syrup to the table. The four flavors of syrup at the table were Maple, Walnut, Strawberry and Blueberry. I missed the boysenberry and the hot syrup. I'm not sure if this was a local restaurant thing, it now covers all [IHOPs](#)

And that brings me to another pancake house, [Perkins](#). In my younger days, my friends and I would spend many hours in that establishment. As long as we kept the blueberry pancakes away from Bill, everything was fine. Bill hated anything to do with blueberries.. And we loved teasing him about it too. That Perkins Restaurant is closed now, and it looks as though I would have to travel many a mile out of my usual range to get to one. Maybe on some cross country trip, I'll have to find one on the way, just to relive old memories.



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# Pancakes, waffles and french toast

You'd think that these three foods would be easy to serve for a meal. Not so fast in these times. You can get all three in the frozen food section, but outside of toaster waffles, I don't care for any of them. Pancakes should be easy, but there are different recipes for these and some the girls like, and others they don't. You have your Bisquick pancakes, blueberry pancakes, Buckwheat pancakes, corn fritters, apple fritters, and so on. We generally stick to our tried and true recipe. I guess I should copy that out of the cookbook before it falls completely apart.

Waffles, well you have to have a special device (the waffle iron) to make them, or just buy the frozen toaster waffles. I said I like the toaster waffles, but I do like the home made better. Then you could always get a Belgian waffle iron if you want waffles with deeper pockets/holes. Do you want round or square waffles? Hmm, seems like you can have as many choices as the pancakes.

But french toast, I grew up with one and only one type of French toast. Mom would either cook it on the griddle or she could bake it in the oven. Both ways, the french toast tasted exactly the same. Then I got married, my lovely wife's family had a different version of french toast. It was a heavy batter dip, compared to the Egg and milk dip used by my family. It was tasty, but very, very filling. I found it was cheap to make too. So my little family grew up with my wife's family recipe for french toast. Now they don't care for the kind I grew up with (tastes too much like egg!!). Oh well, they are getting older now, and soon I'll be able to make it the way I

want. Or better yet, go to [IHOP](#) and order the stuffed french toast. Good eating, and now I'm hungry.

No toaster waffles, so I guess I can wait till morning...

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## What in the world?

Ran across a news story about [children](#) jailed for an armed holdup. At the time of the robbery, they were all 14 years old!! My first question was, "where are the parents?". The article mentions that the three children were cousins, but makes no mention of parents or guardians. Could it have happened in my family, sure. My girls had plenty of time to plan this sort of thing. I had hoped, and still hope that the lessons they were taught earlier in life were and still are with them when they aren't in my sight.

So, I guess I do have another question. Should the parents/guardians be held responsible for this? My thoughts on this are mixed and still in the formative stages. Many things point to, yes hold the parents responsible. But another part of me wonders, when are the children old enough to take responsibility for there own actions. Parents can be completely in the dark about some of the things their children do. This does not have to be an indication that they don't pay attention. Some children are just really good at hiding things from Mom and Dad. So, I guess I still don't know...