

A good Father's Day

I only got to see one of my 4 daughters today. I did get calls from the other's and my granddaughter in Florida. So it was a good day. My eldest is waiting to take her old man to dinner, but since I was working on a play, it will have to wait. I am glad to be doing the lighting for "Little Women" at the [Williams County Community Theater](#). If you have a the time to see a show in the next couple of weeks, give this one a shot. Our little community theater does a very nice job on all the shows, and this one will be no exception. If you read this blog, stop by the light booth and say hi to the guy with the beard. That will be me. I'm still trying to reach the many lurkers here, you know who you are..

My youngest has a small role in this. Theater is one thing I share with my two youngest daughters. I'm glad we were able to do that. Running the lights gives me a chance to see her every performance.

Another dream sticks all day

Two dreams stuck with me all day in a very short time. This could be an indication that I'm sleeping better, or just my mind needing to work things out. Not sure if anyone got much out of the last dream but since I started blogging to clear my mind, here it is.

Started out as a very mundane dream, I'm driving my daughters (all four of them for some reason) to some University. The name of the University was never brought up, but we were going there to install the youngest in her first dorm room.

While driving I suddenly knew I was going to California. This was because we drove across the old "Iron" bridge around home. The one that "C" would never drive across. For some reason the story of "C" never driving across that bridge made us all laugh. (Side note – This bridge no longer exists in real life, in fact it was torn down well before "C" moved to the area, he never saw it.)

So in California we start setting up the youngest in her dorm room. All the girls are having great fun trying to decorate the room to make it seem a little like home. I tell the girls that since we are there and have a bit of time to spend together we should do a little site seeing. We come across an arts and crafts fair in the city the college is located. Now for some reason, the three oldest girls are no longer in the dream. I'm with my youngest still getting ready for school and her mother and we are touring the arts/crafts fair. Now to steal a line from Dickens, Her Mother "was dead to begin with... this you must remember"... This of course did not seem at all weird in the dream, it was only when I woke up that I remembered that.

Well the three of us our touring the crafts and my dear wife takes us to her table. She always wanted to do a craft table in such a fair, but we never did get around to it. All of her various needle work/sewing, knitting, crocheting were on the table. There were things I remembered, and new things I never saw before.

We are really enjoying ourselves when my wife says it is time to get "B" ready for college.

Here I wake up suddenly. It is almost time to leave to get my daughter to her ACT test. No alarm has rung, and my daughter is still asleep. I wake her up and we get to the test in plenty of time... And still the dream is with me...

What a day...

This day actually started some time yesterday evening. During a thunderstorm in the area and a tornado close to us, 4 outlets in our house went out. I'm thinking something in the storm caused it, because it was only part of a complete circuit. Looked like I would have to replace at least one outlet. I couldn't tell from an exterior glance as to which outlet shorted out. So I put a trip to the hardware store on my Saturday to-do list. The first thing on the list was getting my daughter to her SAT testing.

Now on to Saturday Morning... Storm damage from the previous night's storms caused some rough driving. A normal 40 minute drive took closer to 1 hour. We just made it just in time to the SAT testing site. Hmm, day not starting off well...

I had to wait around for at least an hour for the hardware store to open, so I stopped for coffee. Those who have known me for a while, know that my favorite coffee shop closed for good a little over 2 years ago. This was the place my dear wife and I spent many happy times, just getting away from the kids, planning for future things, getting to know one another again after 4 children. Good memories in that little place. I have yet to find any coffee shop that comes close to the atmosphere, quality of the coffee, food ect. and the people who frequent the shop itself. The place I stopped in today had a very nice atmosphere (except for the big screen TV, but I went around the corner from that). The coffee was very good. The food I had ok, but nothing special.. Not many people there, so I couldn't say anything about that. Too bad it was a 40 minute drive... Too far for a once a week type of thing.

After the coffee, I could get the things I needed to replace

at least 1 outlet. I got 4 new outlets just in case. I still had at least 2 hours to wait for the SAT to finish. Stopped at another store and was able to find some water filters for our office at work. I installed an older water filter on the tap at work, but the filters have been hard to find. I try to pick up extra whenever I see them on the shelf. Filtered water makes better coffee ya know... Now only 1 1/2 hours for the test to let out...

Got a call from my daughter in FL, we talked until my Cell battery almost died. Then I got a notice that I had 3 messages... Two were from the day before!!! They weren't there when I got up in the morning, I checked... Storm must have hit a local tower or something?? Anyway a friend wanted to get together to (in his words) "just get out of the house". Great!! How does one decide what to do when I was already invited to oldest daughter's place for fun and games... Hmmm. Well, I was expecting a call from the oldest earlier in the week to finalize the plans. It never happened. I let my youngest test goer decide... Friend won the toss.

So after a good lunch youngest, and I head out for some fun. We played games (all sorts), and just had a lot of fun. We played a miniature bowling game. The balls were slightly larger than a softball, no holes, and the pins were on strings/wires. If you ever see one, try it out. They are very fun. We also played indoor mini-golf (black lit area with dark black 'greens', and glowing colored bumpers and obstructions). This was fun to, but it did make it hard to 'read the greens'. I ended up with a hole in one on the last hole. We also played a number of arcade games for 'tickets'. It was a fun afternoon/evening... Good idea C...

Now I'm tired and ready for bed... What a Day...

Four legged furry friends...

Yes, a post about dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbit, chinchillas and all the other furry animals we share our homes and lives with.

I have a house filled with small animals. 1 dog, 1 rabbit and 7 chinchillas. Over the years we've had mice, hamsters, guinea pigs, and one hedge hog. I was never really a pet person, all pets in the house were my wife's or daughters'. Our little dog was a working dog. He was for part of his life a hearing-ear-dog. After my wife died, he quit that job, and just became a grump. But at times he can be a very good little dog. Because of who he is and what his job was, he does hold a special spot in the house (right behind the couch).

The chinchilla is probably the softest animal around. While they are usually very active and inquisitive, some of them will sit still for some cuddling time. Some like to be petted, some don't. I think they're as picky as cats.

Rabbits are also very soft animals, and will generally sit still for a while to be petted. They will let you know when they are done with it though. You generally find yourself with a wet lap.

The other little furry pets all have good points and bad, but they can bond and will bond with people. I'm not sure why that is, but it has happened in this house.

Now most of the animals in this house are coming to the end of their natural lives. I'm not sure if this house will ever be without pets, but the years with these pets is slowing going to pass. Dogs and chinchillas will both live 15 years or so. The oldest may be past that, I'm not sure she was old when we

got her. The rabbits can live about 10 years, so our little rabbit is almost there. I'm not sure what we will do when the last little furry friend is gone. That can be thought about later.

These little friends have meant a lot to this family, and sometimes even kept us sane.

Doing the Locomotion...

My youngest just heard that she was selected to be in our local High Schools Singing/Dance Troop. Since the mascot of the school is a Locomotive, they call the troop Locomotion. Over the years this has been an award winning group of young singer/dancers. The competition for spots is almost fierce. I always thought she had the voice to be in it, but I wasn't sure of the dance moves. She gets none of that talent from me, I know very little about singing or dancing (and I couldn't care less). I am proud of this wonderful young lady who tried out year after year, finally making it in for her Senior year.

This will give me one more thing to write about, as she travels to dance competitions, and does local performances. I know I'm in for an interesting year, and so is she.

The early child

My early child was my last child. She came into this world 7 weeks early. She weighed in at 4 lbs 11 oz. She spent some

time on a breathing monitor at home. She was dressed in doll clothes for the first month of her life. But she was born a fighter. She would kick and scream while fighting the nurses trying to get an IV in. As she grew older she would use her skills to battle with her older sisters.

Even though her early entry into life is part of who she is, it really is a small part of who she is turning out to be. I've learned through the years, and in the choices other daughters have made, not to plan the future for my daughters. What I saw happening for each one hasn't occurred at all. So I will make no plans for the youngest either. Those plans (if any) are entirely hers. But I will say this, of all my daughters, the youngest may already have her plans laid out. This is by her choices, her questions, and her ability. Will that path be what either of us thinks right now, maybe not, but some groundwork is being laid.

My youngest is a singer, actress, scholar, pet lover and all around wonderful young lady (All my daughters have been wonderful young ladies at one point or another). I'm enjoying her time of growing to adulthood. I can't think of any better thing to say about this young lady other than "She is loved by me and reflects that love back." A very special girl entered my life a few weeks too early, but that only made for more love and joy.

Yes, there is another daughter...

Number 3 out of four. What can I say about this one... The first things that pop in my head are peanut butter, chocolate,

frogs and of course Star Wars.

While she still lives at home, I tend to see her only on rare occasions. She is in college and has a boyfriend. Those two things put together seem to negate any family time. For years, I was able to spend a lot of time with this daughter. I was a coach on most of her softball teams. When I wasn't a coach, I was always helping out. Then after she turned 14 she played a couple of years with me on the Church Softball team. And at barely 5 feet even and under 100 lbs, her favorite position was catcher. She was a good one too. Never showed any fear waiting for that ball to come on close plays at the plate. In part I was afraid she'd get run over, but I was also proud of the way she played the game.

My greatest joy were those few times we have been on stage together. I'm hoping that we will be able to do more in future shows, but the few times she has been on stage with me, are very special to me.

And let's not forget the Star Wars. My very first date with my future wife was a dinner at a Chinese restaurant, Star Wars – Return of the Jedi, and then a stop at Dunkin Donuts. This young lady definitely likes Star Wars, and donuts, so 2/3rds of the time she reminds me of a wonderful first date I had with her mother... ☐

Daughter #1

My oldest daughter and I have a different history. I met her when she was around 18 months old. I was a big [Dungeons and Dragons](#) player when I first met my future wife and her daughter. This charming little 18 month old helped me roll the dice so necessary in the game. I sat on the floor behind a

'fortress' of a coffee table with my books, and bags of dice. She sat with me, playing with whatever toys she had, and rolling the (according to her) color balls. Didn't matter to her that they were pyramids, cubes and other solid shapes. She really made an impression on all the gaming folks. Somehow this got in her blood, because now she is in her own gaming group. They are good gamers, and they even allow the "Old Man" to pop in from time to time.

Now, because of the wishes of my late wife, my eldest did not know that I was not her bio dad until after my wife's death. We were going to answer her, if and when she ever questioned her heredity. Things came up, when I thought that it was time to tell her. I'm not sure if my wife would have agreed, but I didn't have her to ask. Apparently, I was as good a father to her as I was to her sisters. She thought I was kidding. Seeing that I'm a big prankster on the 1st of April, I guess I can understand where this comes from. She was a bit (maybe an understatement!!) shocked. I recall her wondering if this changed anything. My response to her was simple, "Our relationship will only change if you want it too, I've always known. I will treat you the same as always. I was the lucky one, when I got married, I not only added a wife, but a daughter at the same time. It wasn't hard to love these two precious people."

Now my eldest didn't always follow the rules of the house. Her life was spent trying to push the limits. Not that she was ever a bad kid, but she did seem to want to push her parents as far as she could. I always thought she did this because she was super intelligent. I know she kept her mother and me on our toes.

Again I will say, I really don't have a favorite daughter. They all stand out in many ways. I love them all dearly, but the eldest does hold a special place, she is the one I chose to make mine.

My little girl

My second daughter is the one most like me. She wanted to do the things I did, and wanted a working tool set when she was younger. Somewhere between then and now, she grew up and became a young woman, wife and mother. She just had a birthday. She lives many states away. I couldn't be with her.

I called her "my little girl" from the moment she was born. While her sisters wanted Mom, she wanted me. I was the one to put her to sleep when she was a cranky baby. I looked after her early cuts and bruises. I carried her on many outings. Her sisters think that she is my favorite child. In that they are mistaken. I really don't have favorites (surprise girls!!). They are all very near and dear to me for reasons as unique as they are. The thing is, K will always be Daddy's Little Girl, no matter how old she gets.

I hope she had a happy one.

I was planning on writing something about each daughter some time around a birthday. That would take until December to finally get to the last one. I think I'll just pick a random daughter tomorrow and write again... And then around each birthday, I can write something different. Maybe this can give them more insight as to how their old man thinks... If they read this at all

Kermit, Fozzy and the rest of the gang

For the last 3 years, Muppet Show has been releasing full seasons of there show. Last Tuesday they released Season 3. I have yet to watch it, but I will. While the show was on during the late 70s and early 80's, I used to watch these show in reruns with my wife. They were a favorite show of ours. Sometime in the 90's the Best of the Muppets were released on DVD's. We were able to enjoy them again. Not all the shows were released. I have seen some of my favorites in season 1 and 2. I hope there will be more favorites in season 3.

Watching the Muppets now bring me a good feeling. This was not always the case. I'm glad that the first season came out when it did. Any earlier, I would never have been able to watch the first season, I would have skipped over that DVD in the store, and then probably wouldn't have picked up seasons 2 and 3. Sometimes things happen at just the right time. They came out the time I needed them. After I watch of few, I'll get into all the things we liked about them Muppets. Right now it is a time of quite reflection for me.