

Another Midnight Screening

This time, the actual viewing did not involve me. Monday night, before I left for a theatre meeting and later to watch a movie, I was conned into sitting with my nephews and niece while my brother went to see [Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen](#). I had a feeling this was happening... why else would you need a sitter at midnight (well...)? How nice of him to ask if I wanted to go along... which I would have. We could have easily taken the 13, 9, and 4 year-old, especially when the youngest wanted to see it. We even made a suggestion that the kids go to their mother's for the night

So, I went out about 10.30 after watching the Yankees lose AGAIN... come on... jees and watched *My Bloody Valentine* (no 3-D but an enjoyable movie and no kids... definitely not one for the young). After the movie, I watched a few episodes of Michael Scott and Co. on the DVR then fell asleep. At 3, I was awakened by the screaming of an excited 18 year old who proclaimed his pleasure with the action-packed thrill fest... excusable since the couch was really uncomfortable and knowing the 18 year old as well as I, the awakening could have been worse. I will have to go Friday when I have another day off... two movies in one week? Don't know if I can handle that... but I will try.

A Father's Day Ditching

So... the entire family (well the extended immediate... siblings, neices and nephews, parents, and I) went out for dinner this afternoon after I got off work at 2. Because I did not relish the chance to sit in the back and be squished, I decided to

ride with big brother and two of his three little ones (E-beth rode elsewhere). The trip back was much more exciting than the trip there.

Jeff decided to take country roads (take me home) aided by his GPS (help us all... she did have a rather familiar voice). We came across a closed road so we turned onto yet another back road. He happened to glance ahead to see vehicles coming from the opposite direction on the closed road. Apparently, they were in the process of repaving... HMMM... where have I seen that before. So, he decided to turn around and go back. The road was only SLIGHTLY more narrow than he expected; consequently, we ended up in a ditch (It wasn't me this time). To make matters worse, the ground was still soft following the storms we had a few days ago. We were STUCK!

Along comes a helpful young man willing to go retrieve his tow cables. Unfortunately, they would have done more harm than good as his small car has nothing to hook a cable to without tearing off a bumper. Moments later, another vehicle pulls up. This car had a connection to my intelligent brother as one of the passengers is a student at the school he is employed at.

It was decided that my 13 year old nephew would gently push on the accelerator while four stout-hearted gentlemen pushed and guided the car to relative safety. I think someone forgot to tell Joshua what gently meant. We got the car out of the ditch; however, the car continued to accelerate, move in a circle, and come within inches of going into the ditch on the other side of the road. I think the young guy finally figured out how to stop the car or else decided that taking the car for a joy ride was not such a good idea after all. I wonder if the helpful sultry, seductive voice was offering directional advice at the time. I forgot to ask what her name is

Joshua told his father that he hopes that he is not put in

that position for at least three years. It only added 15 minutes to the drive... enough however to make everyone else curious.

Saturday In The Park

I think it was the 20th of June.

HELLO EVERY PEOPLE. Morat is a back in country of strange people. I a come to go to the Droobile with sister of strange person and the little people. I a would a like to go to parade but I a go to the church to hear a strange person sing. I a ride many rides that go a very fast and I a get dizzy, but they were a very fun. Morat also a meet people from other country who a work for the people at the Droobilee. Two little people win a blow fish when they pop a balloon. In Liswathistan, we a have Droobilee. Morat almost ride one ride. You a get in car and it goes over a steep cliff. WOOLY SHEEP! I a no try that.

Later, a woman yell out a to Morat. She a say she saw Morat on tv box and say Morat and friend very funny. She a ask if group do hiring out for a party. Morat say he a not know so woman give Morat card and Morat say he ask around. She say she and her husband were a planning party for little people and a like Morat very much. Maybe Morat no ask group and find out when a dis party is and ask friend to help... if he a free (OH, SURE!) Morat a think about this. I a not sure how long he a be in OHHO. I a guess some people want a more Morat, yes? Others a not so much.

At a ten of clock, we a watch the show of LASER. I a no see anything like a dis before. Lots of light and a smoke, and music. I a see map of America country, picture of a Superman,

and man bopping head (he a strange laser man). I a hear number one song of Liswathistan, *Jack and Diane* by Cougar man.

Strange person he a say tomorrow is day for fathers. I a not know what this a mean. Another strange custom in OHHO. And it also the day of birth of brother of strange person

Papa, Can You Hear Me?

This weekend being the one in which we all honor our fathers, I thought it would be fun to take a peek at fictional dads who have been presented in television. In the beginning, it seemed as if families were shown as perfect, squeaky-clean and conflicts could be resolved in 30 minutes or less. Conflicts like how to get your son to eat brussel sprouts (don't think I've ever had the opportunity to taste them).

I'm not sure when the switch from perfect family to more realistic family took place. I'm thinking in the 70s with *All in the Family*. I think ultra-conservative Archie Bunker was one of the first fathers to have more to solve than a scrape on the knee or to ease a bruised ego.

Today's popular, fictional fathers seem to be lovable buffoons who somehow manage to fumble and stumble through parental misadventures but somehow come to a somewhat happy ending. Homer J. Simpson has been working at the power plant, drinking Duff beer at Moe's, and going home to his interesting family for 20+ years. A highly inflated picture of the blue-collar everyman... must still be working.

My own father is a combination of the three, not so much the idealised father of 50-70s television more like the Al Bundy type... HAHA. Wouldn't trade him for anything, although...

Look For Him Tonight

My middle brother and his son are going to be at the [Great American Ball Park](#) for the Chicago Cubs-Cincinnati Reds game tonight. When I found out that Chad and Alex were going to the big city by themselves, I said "I hope they don't get lost." Chad got lost driving home from a town 8 miles away. Myself, I just can't find the destination I am going to but have never been lost. However, I believe they went on a charter bus. I remember back in the day when my elder sibling would go to his friend's house and open up his COMPLETE sets of baseball cards and trade them away... not some of his brighter moments. Our parents or his godfather would spend good money on these sets. He would even "autograph" cards himself which pretty well made them worthless collectible wise. During several summers, Chad, his friend, along with "E-town's Number One Fan" rode the bus to Wrigley to watch their beloved team play. Last year, Chad and our Aunt LuAnn rode the rails to Chi-town and watched the Cubbies lose. Lu wanted to keep her tally of MLB ballpark visits up but Uncle Bob had no desire to go with them. Some year (especially if the Bronx Bombers are in town), I must make an effort to go.

Cosmic Bowling That Was Not Out of This World

Tonight after I got off work, I headed over to meet a group of family members and some friends of my visiting cousin for a

night of fun-filled cosmic bowling. However when we arrived, it was soon discovered that cosmic bowling is on FRIDAY night. Ok... but two lanes were reserved for SATURDAY night at 9. Someone had called earlier in the week to hold the lanes and was informed that cosmic bowling was indeed on Saturday. Someone was asleep at the wheel. We asked them to locate the reservation list for Friday night to see if they had put the name down and misinformed our party. The sheet from last night could not be located. Ah... *c'est la vie*...or group of 10+ got three lanes and bowled three games.

I asked Megan to join us after the Weekender's evening of Belly Dancing and we shared a lane with my sister. I did break a hundred (too bad this was after the two games were added together). For our final game, I got a score of at least 120... let's see if I can get someone to post a reaction to this ☐ If not.. then it will be my story and will stick to it. OK, OK... I cannot tell a lie... we decided to change our order for the final game... and Megan (as me) got the 120+ but the third game was my best so at least I improved. But it was a fun time

Risky Business

One of the highlights of a lot of weeks is the semi-regular game night. A bunch of friends gather to play a WIDE assortment of games. I think we have barely scratched the surface of the [game closet](#). I love all types of games (Monopoly not so much... think I mentioned that before). Tonight was memorable for two games. First was Cranium Pop in which I elected to give a humming clue to the name of a movie. We needed one point to win the game. However, I elected not to do a charades version of the movie in

question. So, I began to hum the old Bob Segar song “Old Time Rock & Roll.” And hummed, and Hummed AND **HUMMED**. I even began clapping in time to the song to get the full effect, to no avail. I ask you... how many movies feature that song in a memorable sequence? The only scene I could think of to reenact is the scene from the movie in which the song was used and I was **NOT** going to do that... besides there was no couch to dance on in the room. However, somehow, the opposing team also failed to get their points so it came back to our side and we won.

Another game was one that has been threatened with banishment into the “Jamiahsh banned game pile”. Three for All involves a series of three words which the reader tries to get his teammates to say which then leads to the word that ties the other three words together. For instance:

milk...dark...white = chocolate

After defeating our opponents, I became the delegated clue giver for the next round. Kind of like hosting my own game show. For some reason, the score was much closer. Honestly, I don't know if my friends get annoyed with me or not. Maybe I should try a different approach next time and “let the wookie win” whoever that might be.

Munchkin Junction What's Your Function?

To wear out a thirtysomething who went along with his niece nephew and their eighteen year old babysitter. Elizabeth, Noah, and Nate showed up around 12.30 and asked if I wanted to

go across to the school playground. Since school was still going on, I suggested going out to the park across town. Elizabeth and Nate go to a neighboring school that let out yesterday and big brother had to go to school for a work day. Being outnumbered, we decided that I would drive the two or three blocks to the park. Really fun times, but got wore out. One of the first things Elizabeth asked me to attempt was the swinging tire. BIG MISTAKE! Nate had to help me get out of it. Later, we played some hide and seek amongst the pirate ship (AAAARGH!), wooden car, and drawbridge. I think I was the ultimate victor since no one was able to find my spot. We also had fun at the old water sput... one of the things you actually have to pump to get the water to come out. Elizabeth and Noah got a little wet with no help at all from me (ok... maybe a little) but I would not complain if I had gotten a little wet... it would have felt good. I even slid down the slide to depart the ship and join in glorious battle or to at least capture the scalawag who was firing cannons at me. After discovering that the batting cage was not working, it was time to return.

A Weekend of Fun and Remembrance

Sunday after I got off work, I had a familiar sight on the caller id. Soon after I got home, I was on my way to Hillsdale, MI to [Silo's Fun Park](#). Quite a place: go-carts, bumper boats complete with squirting action, mini golf (did not indulge... the bumper boats were fantastic). On the way there, we got separated from the lead driver when we did not make it through a red light; however, we soon found out thst they were in the drive thru of a rather sloooooooow Burger

King. DING! I can see if they have the elusive Spock glass. On the drive-thru menu there was the ad for the cups so... I asked if they had the commander's cup. "Sorry, we are done selling the cups." OK... we would like three cherry slushes. "Sorry, we only have coke and orange creme." SUE BK for false advertisement. But Silo's was a ball. I loved the bumper boats with the added thrill of being able to shoot the others. Even the fountain under which I got a good dousing more than once was fun.

I did rather well on the go-carts until the final lap. I was ahead of my three co-racers until the final lap when something went awry. All of a sudden, I was slowing down and finally came to enough of a crawl to just make it into the stopping point. I believe I was third of our group.

After the fun was done, treats finished, and elaborate gumball machine was watched, we set out on the return journey to the sound of *Little Shop of Horrors* playing in the car. If I can't be in Joseph this summer, I can devote extra time to the audition for the next show. After dropping Megan and Carol off at their car, I went to the nearby BK and completed my glass collection and got some dinner. The price was good so I got a full set so I could have one to keep and one for use..

Today being the day in which we honor all those who have fallen making the supreme sacrifice in order to defend our country, I walked along with the high school/junior high band, Scouts, and American Legion in their parade to the cemetery for services. I had to question the director's decision to play while they marched into the cemetery. I think the one time a marching band should be solemn and relatively silent is while marching into a burial site. I remember entering to a slight cadence by a drummer tapping lightly on the side of a drum in order to keep the marchers in step. The ceremony consisted of patriotic readings, music, and a salute by the American Legion. My favorite part, as it has been for as long as I can recall, is the floral tribute by the children. Armed

with bouquets of flowers, many little ones from the Scouts to toddlers (who were assisted by parents) stormed the makeshift stage. I often wonder how many actually realize what the flowers symbolize. Hopefully as they age, they will come to understand that they are remembering those who have been lost in defense of freedom at home and abroad. May we all do so.

On a heavier note, my cousin who moved with her husband and daughter to Alaska had to return for a few weeks following the passing of Rich's father. They flew in last night around midnight after Rich returned from Afghanistan. Ironically, a few weeks after he returns to the Army, Rich will be back for the arrival of their second child.

Waiting Is The Hardest Thing

Ok... it has been a week and a half since Joseph auditions. Call backs have been called back (although I was informed to not give up hope until the final cast list was posted). As always, I have been trying to focus my attention on other things until last Thursday when another fan was stricken with a heart attack. He was immediately rushed to the hospital, stabilized, and was decided to put stints in. Friday, bleeding continued and by the end of the day, Mr. Z had gone to his heavenly home. Isn't it strange how quickly things happen. It had just been a few days earlier when he was in the store, teasing, asking when a good time to get with my mother for an "ear-lowering appointment" would be, and inquiring about any coming theatrical endeavors. He, his wife, and son frequently sit in the audience of shows. Even going back to school days, I believe that Jason was a freshman when I was a senior and Elwyn and Jackie were members of the music boosters. I was asked to be on stand-by to sing at the

funeral; however, another talented vocalist made the trip from Columbus.

During the service Monday, my mind wandered back to the audition and what was going on there. My mind has not been dwelling TOO much on this show because I know that I have promised to AT LEAST help with the creation of the next show which I have really been looking forward to (maybe even a bit more than Go, Go, Joe). But whatever happens, there is always another show.

May Jackie, Jason and the rest of Mr. Z's family find peace and comfort in the coming days.