

Missing Monday

Somewhere along the way I missed Monday. Not really, but today seemed like a carbon copy of yesterday. The problems that came up at work were the typical Monday problems. Seems like people go away from their job for the weekend, and forget where they were on Monday. Today was Tuesday, but it seemed like some of the things I had to deal with were the Monday issues. Maybe people took an extra day for the weekend, and were getting back into the swing of things, I'm not sure. I just know I don't like work weeks with two Mondays. I hope tomorrow is actually Wednesday.

Sunday Afternoon

It turned cooler here today, and rather blustery. I spent a good portion of the afternoon at the High School's performance of "Once Upon a Mattress". After the show I spent some time tearing down the set. I don't often help tear down sets I didn't help build or wasn't part of the production in one form or another. In this case I was just a volunteer with an electric drill.

Normally, I get a bit down when tearing down a set. There is a lot of work that goes into making a play ready for an audience. Tearing down the set is the final goodbye for that show. As an actor, there is always that part of you that wants the show to end. On some shows this feeling is stronger than on others. At tear down the feeling that you have of not wanting the show to end shows its head. There are many emotions that go along with this. You can feel relief, sadness, and happiness all at the same time. You feel that it

is good that the show is ending, but hating the fact you won't have this same cast again. Yes, I've worked with the same actors more than once, but in 10 years, I've never been with exactly the same cast. Sometimes it is hard to leave that behind.

After getting way off track, I'll try to get back to my point. I had none of those feelings today. It was just a mechanical thing getting the set down, and the stage cleared. Not a big deal at all. When the set was down, it was just time to go. No seating in the theater talking about the show. Where things were messed up, were the audience just didn't get the joke. All the in and outs that make theater fun. We were done, I was tired and hungry, and I just wanted to go. I like the other feelings better. Maybe it was different for the students in the show. I'll have to ask the one I know.

A sensitivity test

I went to see my daughter in the high school play. This year they put on "Once Upon A Mattress". I won't comment much on any of the singing. I can't sing, and I am no judge of the singing of others. What sound good to me may not sound good to other people.

I will comment on the performances of the actors (students). I've been involved in community theater for quite a while now, and I'm finally beginning to understand what it takes to make a good show. (some of my friends may argue my last statement, but this is my blog. I saying what I want.) The young people did a wonderful job getting into there roles. Even the ladies in waiting and Knights of no lines. While on stage,

they all acted the part they were given. Except for a few small present day items thrown in for humor, most of the time the actors were in the "Middle Ages" (fairy tale style of course). People on stage were reacting to (not just standing and ignoring) the other action on the stage. In times where lines were missed (I'm not sure how many people actually noticed this, but as I said, I've been on stage before) the actors covered it with grace and the ability to stay in character. A well performed play for such young talent.

The lead actors seemed comfortable with the songs, lines and character. The Queen really stood out during one very long monologue. It seemed like she ranted and raved for a good 10 minutes, barely stopping to get a breath in. If you know the show at all, this is exactly the way the Queen should be. The Prince played the perfect momma's boy through the show. Princess Winifred played a very strong second to the Queen. And finally the Lady Larken and Sir Harry gave a good backdrop to the reason behind getting Winifred to the Palace. As I said early the smaller roles and the chorus roles held their own. It didn't look like they were added just to be a chorus. They performed their parts and kept in their characters the entire time on stage.

Since this is a High School performance I won't comment much on the directing or the stage handling of the show. I'll leave it said, that if this were at the community theater, I would make comments on the dance routines, and the way the stage was handled. Some good, some bad – I think the students followed the direction given to the best of there abilities.

I am going again tomorrow, and I expect to be just as entertained as I was this evening.

Friends, Family, Both?

When do friends become family? When do family members become friends? I've heard many times that you choose your friends, but are born into your family. Is there ever a time you choose your family as your friends? Do you 'adopt' friends as family?

All deep questions, to which I have very few answers. I know how I feel about some family, and some friends. But that can't be the same for everyone, can it?

I was born into a large family. When I came into this world, I had 1 brother and 3 sisters. A younger sister came along just a few months later (22.5 or so). I liked to think I could be friends with all of them. At times I was, at other times we were just siblings. I married into a family and got 2 more brothers, and 1 more sister. Yes, this is the way I thought of them. Time and distance prevented a normal 'friendship' but I felt it could be that way if distance wasn't an issue. My sisters married and I got more brothers. My brother married and I had another sister. Marriages came and went, so did some of the new siblings.

Now I have four daughters. Two of them have husbands, so I now have sons. I don't know how they think of me, I tend not to pry, but it doesn't really matter. As long as they treat my daughters well, they will continue to be sons to me. It will be this way for all my girls and their spouses. I don't buy the in-law route. You're either family or not. And I'm beginning to think my family are also my friends. Different from my chosen friends, but to me they are friends on some level. This allows me to give that quality of concern that should be expected of family.

Now for friends I choose. Yes, some of them are very much like family. The brothers/sisters/cousins/strange-aunt or uncle □ that I found instead of being born into the family. Friends are the family I choose.

And when the weather turns cold (figuratively or realistically), it is good to have friends and family, or both.

Beethoven... .

I'm currently listening to Beethoven's 5th symphony. I wanted to put the 9th in, but didn't see it in my cd area. I found it after I started the 5th, and I'll never turn down a 5th (quote from many movies, and books, not my usual mode of operation).

I've always liked Beethoven. Maybe it was the fact that I started listening after reading all of those "Peanuts" comic strips. Maybe it was because one of his symphonies was in Disney's Fantasia. Maybe it was because we had to listen to it in School. Who knows. But I do like it. I like other classical music too, but I don't get much chance to listen to it. The younger people in my house tend to cringe when I put in classical or Jazz. I'm eclectic in my music tastes though, I like a lot of different music, as long as I can tell it is music. Don't get me started on the Rap stuff.

Anyway, I quietly relaxing. Typing the blog, and listening to good ol' Ludwig. Not much I can say about this piece. But I'm wondering how many people actually would know it without the famous opening. I'm at a point in the symphony now, that I don't really remember from the last time I listened to it. I imagine if I played this segment, most people would not put

it together with the 5th. Just makes me wonder.

Hello to the people in the background

You know who you are. The people who pop in look and never say Hi. In other words lurkers. Hello and welcome. Reason I mentioned this is I was looking at the new back end, and again hit the site statistics area. I don't go there much, because I thought I knew who was visiting. I was wrong.

There are people from the US, Canada, the United Kingdom, Sweden, Australia, and others. People using PC's or Macs or other. People using IE, Firefox, or other. Seems like a lot of Others here, but they only make up a small percentage.

It is also interesting to see what other people find interesting here. Not always what I consider the most interesting, but it was at one time, because I wrote it.

So if you like, leave a comment. Unless you're on the already approved list (made one comment), your post will be moderated. If you don't want anyone else to see your hello, let me know. It will be our little secret.

Just having fun with all of you. For those who do post comments, thanks. For those that don't, I hope you found something interesting in my Random Thoughts. This is probably as random as it gets.

Oh yes, the main page is the most popular by far, but the post visited the most right now list on the bottom right of the page.

Hello world...

Fires in Florida

One of my daughters lives in Florida with her husband and kids. This weekend, on Mother's Day, some wildfires started in their part of the state. By Monday, their town was hit with fires. Sections of I-95 were closed due to heavy smoke. Monday night I was on-line looking for maps of the exact locations of said fires, and seeing if any area near them was being evacuated.

There are many things a parent worries about when it comes to his/her children. When they are younger it is how much they get to eat, how much they sleep, why they are crying, what hurts, why does it hurt, are they sick, ect. When they get older there are different things to worry about. School, sports, friends, drugs, ect. When they move out, most of the time you can put worry behind you. Until of course something big happens where they live.

Accidents in the area they live in, with cars that look similar to what they drive are seen on the news. Fires in their apartment complex. And then any other acts of nature, in this case droughts and wildfires.

For the better part of the day, I was more than a bit concerned about my 'little girl' and her family. I finally got another phone call saying that all the fires are contained. A relief was felt.

The other part of this, is that I am an ONLY parent. I emphasized the 'only' for a reason. On this earth, there is no other parent than me. This is a huge responsibility. I don't

have an Ex who can share some of the burden (I burden I gladly took by the way). No one to share ideas with. No one to complain about the kids too. I tend to internalize all of this, for better or worse. I know my girls can see it most of the time, but I'm not sure about the rest of the world. Even as the children grow older, and need a parent less and less, the worries still come. There are times when I wish I wasn't on my own in this. Fires scant miles from where one of your children is, is exactly one of those times

The answer to Life, the Universe and Everything

Yes, this is my 42nd blog post. And a great lead into another thing to write about. Another of my favorite things to do is read. I am a big time reader. Most of the time I tend to read fiction. Science fiction and Fantasy are my favorites, with mysteries coming in a close third. Believe it or not, I've never read the "Hitchhikers Guide" I did catch some of the BBC radio series, but never got through the whole story. I can't remember why it was taken off local radio, but I don't think they ever finished it. Someday, I'll have to check and see if they have it on tape or DVD. I may have to see the movie and read the books too, but I want to experience the radio show first.

In the computer store...

I was in my favorite computer store today and had a weird thing happen. I'm a very good customer at this place, and I've been going to it since it opened. I tend to buy most of my computer stuff from that store. They treat me very well and have always given me a good deal. I went in today to turn in a video card that I borrowed to check out a system problem I was having. I walked in on a complaint session. It seems that a person did not get their computer in time. Now this is a small shop that does not keep a large inventory in stock. They order all the parts and custom build each machine. All this and a good price too. A problem they do have is being help up by delivery back orders. For a custom built machine, this could set the time you get the machine back a few days. Apparently that is exactly what happened.

I've had that happen once or twice myself. I never gave it another thought. If I had needed the computer or part by a specific day, I would have been able have the shop overnight the parts. I never thought it necessary. I never complained about the time of delivery. It is part of doing business in a small town locally owned shop.

Now back to our complainer. I needed to talk to the owner of the shop to check on an order I wanted to make. I stopped in during the time my daughter had voice lessons. Apparently the complaint session had been going on for a while. After 20 minutes, I had to leave and pick up my daughter. I planned on stopping back after that. 5 minutes later they were still there. I did some other shopping, 30 minutes later they were still there. I stopped for dinner. 45 minutes later, the shop was now empty of customers. I went in and carried out my business. The owner thanked me for being such a good customer. Normally he charges 1/2 down on orders. Today I didn't have to put anything down. It was his way of thanking me for being the person I normally am. Strange that common

courtesy is so uncommon these days. We deal with people that have to have it their way, and no other way will do. The “I want it now” mentality is everywhere. Too bad.

One disk at a time.

I'm slowly going through a number of DVDs and CDs that I have recorded/created/burned over the years. There are stacks of them. Most not marked. I have been going through disk by disk trying to figure out what is on each. Right now I'm playing a recording that didn't turn out so well. Seems like I had a lot of dropped frames in it. One more for the junk heap.