

How Much Of A Party Can We Take?

Last night, I accompanied my mom as she drove the bus to the band show at the county fair. I essentially took Dad's place but have not gone to the show for a number of years (if memory serves, the last time I went, it ended up being cancelled because of rain ;)) We arrived and went along the grounds to get a ribeye sandwich, kettle fries, and the essential chocolate shake.

There were seven bands in all. They each gave fine performances; however, a few things made me shake my head. It seemed to me that at least three of the schools had changed their "Fight Song" to the one made popular by **THE** preeminent university of the state... home of **The Best Damn Band In The Land**. Also, a certain Party Rock Anthem (made famous last year by the group whose acronym will not be reprinted on this blog) was played by no less than four bands! Honestly, the song may be contagious but really... I believe that I was turning green by the third rendition (and **NOT** from envy). I asked the director of my alma mater's band when she was going to introduce the piece in their show. Thankfully, my band did a Bon Jovi tribute show. The event ended nicely with three of the bands joining for a final number.

During the show, we received a phone call informing us that Dad's blood pressure had once again bottomed out and was being transported to the hospital. Mom and I finally were able to make it there around 9:30. Around 11, we were informed that he was once again dehydrated and had developed a urinary tract infection but after he had been treated was going to be taken back to the nursing home where he better start drinking up.

He's ready to come home (as anyone would be) but he has to learn to take care of himself or it will be that much harder and longer ☐