

The Buzz, Buzz, Buzz of Those Irritating Bs

Good rehearsals and not so good rehearsals... all good just some better than others. Yesterday was one of those “some better than others.” ☐ Only made it through two songs... the last 2 on my song list. The first song was the one giving me all the headaches. Probably concentrating too hard... relax! And the note I was having trouble with was a lot of bs ... no really there were probably 10 of those little devils wrecking havoc, but they felt like a load of well... HEHEHE However, I decided that instead of throwing the song out the window and not wanting anything more to do with it, I decided to go back for round number two. Much improvement!

The second piece always had some problems for one big reason. I had made a copy for myself and let K have the original. Looking at both copies, I discovered that I had two pages in reverse order! Fixed everything! And not one flaw... THIS TIME! ... “I AM my own worst critic”

I also purchased a copy of K's new debut CD. Kind of a folksy sound that I really like. She wrote most (if not all of the 12 songs) herself and included her oldest son in one of my favorite pieces on the disc “1 Plus 1 Is Drew.” Follow the [link](#) to the website to preview the effort and perhaps purchase the album digitally or a hard copy.



When all is said and done...

it was a good day.

I was able to talk to a very special lady today, even though we were not able to see each other. For me, just saying I was talking to someone special is a good thing. I guess that is the special part. ☐

Then I had a long talk with my little sister. We haven't had a chance to talk for a while, so it was nice to reconnect. Idle chitchat about things happening in our lives, a search for a wandering grumpy dog, talk of flip top noses, getting old, and new things in our lives. A nice time.

Then I did a chore I despise more than any other. I did laundry. Not having a working machine at home means a trip to the laundry mat. Usually a boring time, but as luck would have it I ran into another friend and we had wonderful conversation.

After that I talked to my youngest for just a bit, but it was nice to hear her voice on the phone.

Throw in a couple of quick updates on Facebook, and a Detroit tiger win tonight, yes it was a good day

And The Journey Begins...

Even before we were married and had kids, my husband and I have always liked the idea of homeschooling our children, but the time just hadn't been right in the past so we put the idea on the back burner. The idea resurfaced last spring, and we began to pray and meditate on it and to do some planning.

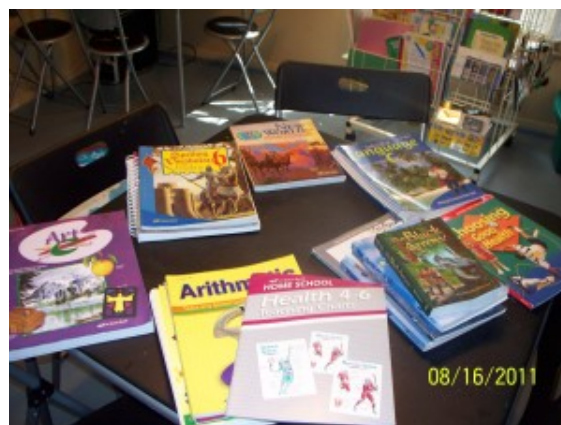
Over the summer we were able to visit with some of the families we know who homeschool, spending hours learning about resources, comparing curriculum, and getting to know their families better. My worry-prone mind tells me it's completely insane to take something like this on while expecting a new baby, but on the other hand, time keeps passing us by and our oldest is in 6th grade already. Never being exactly sure about God's plan for us ahead of time – how many children we will be blessed with or paths of service my husband might be called to in his career, etc – now seemed like as good a time as any to try homeschooling our two oldest children. Besides, I've been told that it's easier to teach when there is a baby in the family rather than a troublesome toddler, which is all the more reason to start now instead of next year or the year after. So in addition to "Mom of 5", another new hat I will be trying on this fall is "Homeschool Teacher".

I am 90-95% ecstatic and 5-10% terrified, depending on the day you ask me – but only because I'm worried about taking on all these responsibilities while enduring the lack of sleep that accompanies a new baby. Other than that, I know we can do it – after all, we believe this is God's plan for our family, so we can always appeal to Him through prayer for strength, endurance, and patience. Also, I have tons of ideas; actually one of the main problems I came across when designing my daughters' curricula was finding a way to include all of the subjects and ideas that I was so excited about. I didn't come close, but there are always future years.

Our 6th grade curriculum is complete: it's designed and outlined, and we have the materials. Our 6th grader is extremely excited about our adventure, and it helps to have an amazing support system through friends who homeschool – a good percentage of my daughter's friends are homeschooled, and they are amazing kids. Actually, ALL of the kids I know that are homeschooled are amazing kids, and the vast differences between the emotional maturity and the moral integrity of the

homeschool kids and the public school kids in our church youth group was one of the leading contributors that led us to this decision. As youth group leaders, my husband and I have gotten to know many of the kids in our small town. They are all great kids, but seeing how distracted many of them are by all of the emotional dramas that are manufactured in the public school setting was both eye-opening and heart-breaking – another factor aiding our decision.

Tangent over – back to curriculum. We are using [A Beka curriculum](#) for our 6th grader, and we found a complete set of workbooks and teacher guides on ebay for a great price – barely more than our school fees would have cost. Taylor is extremely excited about her books; especially the art book which looks REALLY cool!! And the great thing about A Beka curriculum is that it is Christian-based curriculum, which is very important to us and another key factor in our homeschool decision. We also found a whole bunch of workbooks and textbooks the other day at Goodwill in mint condition and at a great price! It's incredible how many resources there are out there, and also surprising how fun it is to hunt, shop, and piece them together to make curricula!



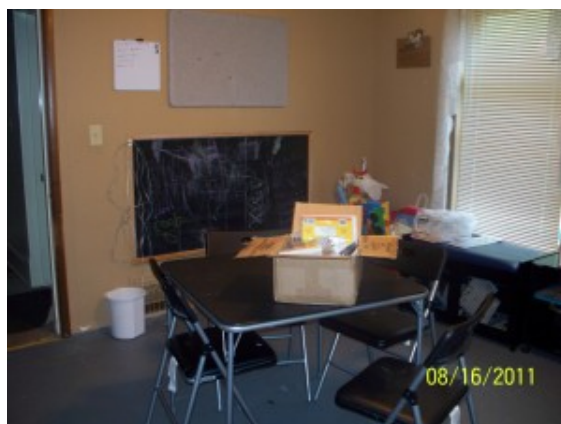
Most of Taylor's A Beka Curriculum

I know it's going to be a lot of work. I know I'm prolonging indefinitely the things I might want to do for myself once my kids are old enough to take care of themselves – any hobby,

job or career path I might have wanted to pursue when the time came to put all of my kids on the bus for the day is moot. But I'm accepting that my career is Mom + Homeschool Mom, and right now, I can't think of any better use of my time than the investment I'm making in our family and the futures of my children.



This summer we worked so hard on getting this homeschooling room ready!



Taylor's books are on the table



Puppetry Of The NewLyweds

I catch the Newlywed Game on Game Show Network occasionally.

Tonight, I had the opportunity to watch a couple I actually know (well... the male participant, anyway) try to guess each other's answers. I came in midway but I thought to myself... "That looks a lot like Rich Binning." Given that the wife's name was Olivia convinced me even further. I was still like... "NO WAY!" Until a question that seemed almost tailor-made for the New York-based actor who grew up in this neck of the woods was asked. When a commercial came on, I rewound to the beginning to learn that it was indeed Rich and Olivia. Of course, the actor's latest professional gig was well plugged... something about contorting his maleness in various... well, you get the point.

Rich's mother has taught at my alma mater since I was in elementary school. I also shared the stage with him when FCF performed *The Sound of Music* several summers ago. I played a party guest at the home of Captain Von Trapp as well as the Nazi guard who announces the escape of the family following the festival concert near the end of the show. Rich played Rolf, Liesl's love interest.

Unfortunately, the couple did not win but they had points on the board so it was not all bad.

Different Bat-Time/Different Bat-Channel

...or different location. It has been three weeks since my last voice lesson. The first week was due to the fact that I was needed at work earlier than usual and K was on vacation the last two. To add even more confusion, we are now meeting Monday afternoons at an entirely new location. A nice and cozy studio which harkens back to vocal lessons of the past.

For the most part, the three week hiatus did not hurt a bit.

There were two notable exceptions. A few of the more character-driven pieces (from the same show mind you) were not exactly up to par. **UNHEARD OF!** I was not pleased with those two. Ah, well... guess which two of the list will be pounded this week ☹ However, we plowed through most of my pieces leaving 3-4 to continue with next week. In all, we made it through 6 in slightly more than half an hour.

I believe that I have mentioned that the songs I have chosen to perform will be very family-friendly to accommodate my many nieces, nephews, and other special little ones who may poppin.

Something for everyone to enjoy so no one needs to ponder whether or not to bring the little ones.

Another Pointless Reboot

Well... with our free Cinemax preview for as long as it lasts, I have been able to DVR a few movies I have been interested in seeing. I always liked the original *A-Team* tv series but somehow missed the big screen adaptation so that is one movie on my list.

Another is the reboot of the 1984 classic *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. I am sooooo glad that I did not shell out the money to see this senseless remake in the theaters. I thought it would be good for a tv screening, if that. I admit that these movies are about the furthest thing from high art as one can get but I for one expect to go in and be a little entertained and (Heaven forbid) scared. Except for a few bits, this was an almost exact copy of the original. Several of the few killings made me believe that I was watching the original.

The names of the characters (save for our heroine... "Nancy") were changed from the old movie.

I did not like the new Freddy, at all. He sounded quite reminiscent of Christian Bale's Batman growling. The finger-knives did not screech giving the nails across the blackboard effect. Instead, they produced sparks as they glided over the steel pipes of the boiler room. I also did not like the addition of Mr. Krugger's complete backstory. It painted him to be nothing more than a pedophile who was hunted down by a group of "justice seeking" parents and incinerated. OK... so he was in the old movie as well but to actually see it played out? Not sure of the intent of the backstory but it did nothing to endear itself.

All in all, this masterpiece only almost PUT me to sleep without any fear of the boogymen slicing me to bits. Should have stuck with *The A-Team*.

Trips to Florida and vehicle problems

I just returned from a wonderful visit to Florida. I enjoyed my time with my family, and got to meet the newest member of said family. Even though I've only been gone a few days, I miss them all.

I would like to know why I always seem to have problems with my truck on the way home. It seems like every time I've travelled that road something bad happens to my truck. Stones hitting the windshield, battery going bad, problems with the driver's side window and finally some engine problems. This coincidence just about doubles the cost of each trip.

This trip it was a problem with acceleration. I had hoped that it was only bad gasoline, but that was not the cause. Final cost on this has yet to be realized, since they still have my truck in the shop. It seems like I'm waiting for parts again.

I guess I really shouldn't complain too much. That truck and I have been through a lot together. After almost 7 years and 196000 miles, I still like that truck. As far as vehicles go, it has been one of my better investments. I should be able to get at least another 50,000 or so on it. I sure hope so.

Anyway, back to the thoughts on my trip. I was able to spend some time with my family both in Florida and in South Carolina. I am fortunate that my sister lives halfway between Florida and Ohio. This gives me an opportunity to visit my big sister a little more often than I usually would. Family is very important to me and any time I can spend with sisters, children and grandchildren is a big plus in my book.

In General...

Here we are in the middle of August already, how did that happen? I know how July flew by for me since most of it was spent traveling, but where the heck has the beginning of August gone?

I am 30 weeks + a few days pregnant. I talked to the doctor yesterday and am most likely going to have the baby at 39 weeks (planned cesarean), so there is not too much time left of this pregnancy – for that, I am mostly glad! I cannot wait to meet little Luke! Plus I'm sick of the soreness, the nausea, the moodiness, and all that good stuff. I just hope that I turn back into a normal person again because right now it seems like an impossibility. I can't remember my life before I was pregnant – did I really have enough energy to function every day? Sure don't now, but most days, I can fake it but that is exhausting in itself.

I wrote a few posts ago about making important decisions and about doors of opportunity opening for us. For certain things, we are still praying, being patient, and waiting to see what God's plan is for us right now. In the meantime, we did reach one decision about a lifestyle change for our family, and we are very excited to get started. Close family already knows what this is about, but do I want to reveal it to others for the first time in a blog? I'm not sure... But either way, we are very excited about it, and it's been a lot of fun already to begin this journey. Just another thing to look forward to this fall!

Tonight is the last night of our Wednesday night Bible study, and it's been great to make new friends and to get to know these families. I am looking forward to having 3 (THREE!!)

free Wednesday nights for our family once the class is over and before youth group starts again. And how is this for irony? I wrote the preceding paragraphs, saved it as a draft, then did lunch with the kids before coming back to it. During lunch, I checked the mail and I found postcards notifying us of youth group leader training meetings on TWO of my THREE free Wednesdays. Sigh. I need to be happy with that one free evening, but my human nature disappoints me because I almost had 3 free Wednesdays instead of one... oh well, such is life. Wednesday nights are fun anyway; I just wish I had more energy to enjoy them.

My Monday morning Bible study is drawing to a close also – that one I will really miss. I've become close with the other ladies in my class, and it's been so great to get to know them and learn about the similarities and the differences in our lives and journeys in our relationships with Christ. I will even miss the 5 hours a week of homework – it was SO incredibly valuable and eye-opening for me to spend this time with God's word. If I weren't taking on so much this fall, I would definitely sign up for another one. Maybe in the spring or next summer...

Seen some movies lately, as usual – I think it's probably mine and Hubby's favorite thing to do together, snuggle and watch movies after long days of work and tending the kids. I had heard that the new Planet of the Apes movie was supposed to be good, so we saw that, but I was disappointed. It was okay, but I was hoping for less ape, more planet – meaning, the movie ended just as the apes were about to take over. I would have liked to see their rise to power as they actually take over the planet. Maybe that's going to be saved for the next movie? The movie was entertaining, but there was a little too much animal cruelty and not enough payoff – seeing the apes take over the planet – for having to watch all that animal cruelty. Of course the creatures were CGI so you know none of them were hurt during filming and it was just a movie, but

that doesn't mean in my spare time I want to sit and watch that and think about what goes on in animal testing labs.

We haven't visited the Redbox in a while, mostly because we had seen many of the movies they had (we watch a lot of movies!). But Hubby ventured out last night and picked out Cedar Rapids, a fun (a bit more vulgar than I usually like, but interesting just the same) movie about insurance salesmen starring Ed Helms (Andy Bernard from The Office; he's also in the Hangover movies). It was a different kind of movie, and we both enjoyed it.

That's about it for now... I just had the opportunity to sit and blog for awhile – I MADE the opportunity, actually – because I just HAD to today. I've had this awful headache that's been lodged behind my left eye for a few days now, and running around chasing kids again was just too much for today. And I do need to sit more. For someone in my condition, I really think I should be resting more, but the nature of the busyness in our household makes it an impossibility. I'm finding it quite a challenge to take good care of myself, finding time to eat right to take care of my anemia and gestational diabetes and all that stuff. It's just too hard to put myself first when I have 4 little ones to take care of and Hubby has his own full plate with work as well. I hate to complain about physical stuff, but I really need to feel better soon.

Take A Sad Song And Make It Better

I was very honored to join with the church choir this morning

as we said farewell to one of our own. Mark lost his long battle with the nasty "c" word this past week. I first learned of his condition almost half a year ago when I began my own recuperation. Mark's 59 years (while only a blink of an eye) were lived with love, hard work, and a lot of fun.

Until being struck by the illness, he and Barb faithfully climbed the steps to join us on the Sunday mornings we sang at services. He also was an avid classic car enthusiast and the procession outside church this morning was a testament to that (I will not display my ignorance and even attempt to name the makes and models). He was also a passionate music fan. In years past, Mark and a select group of gentlemen made up Stevie and the Studebakers (a 50's-60s doo-wop group). Not entirely sure what became of the group (and their barbershop equivalent, The Edgertones) but they were great fun to watch.

I was still young in their heyday.

Father Art... in the short time he has presided over our masses, he has really endeared himself to the congregation. His message today was full of meaning and a bit of laughter as they have been for the last month or two. He went to a corner and pulled out his 1951 "Something-or-other" saxophone and mashed together three classic 60s tunes ("Blue Moon," "Mbube," and "Hey Jude"), the first two of which had been performed by the Studebakers. The Beatles hit was Mark and Barb's "song." Although Mark and Father Art only knew each other a short time, they are both the same age and were born in the same era. Never pretending to know him anymore than he did, Father described a man who really took "sad songs and made them better." Later, the sax joined the organ and choir for "How Great Thou Art."

The choir sang songs hand picked by Barb (and Mark I am sure) including "Oh, Holy Night." You may ask why in the middle of August one would choose to have a Christmas carol sang at a funeral. I have been honored to have attended two in which the untraditional seemed traditional. Another tribute to

Mark's legacy was the number of choir members who sang this morning. Usually, we have no more than ten. We had double that and more today, even some from a neighboring parish.

Another good guy to join the heavenly chorus. May we all strive to make our own sad songs better.

Have to Watch Out for the Old Ones

Never a dull moment at a small four-aisle grocery! Receiving prank phone calls, nasty notes from the boss telling you that you do nothing, and co-workers who (after 6 months on the job) still do not know what to do. I thought I would help these two along by leaving polite notes reminding them of what needs to be done while they are working. For the most part, they helped and kept those who needed a little nudge busy. That is until last night when I worked a whopping 4 hours and had a list of duties that I would normally need a full day to accomplish plus the addendum that the helpful notes I had been leaving "Will stop!" So much for being helpful.

Today, no note... the boss left before I arrived at noon leaving one person in the store (at noon?!). I was able to get sooooo much more done than any of her laundry lists demand me to do.

How long have I worked in retail?! My leg is feeling 5000 much better... maybe not 100%, but I "See the light at the end of the tunnel!" Of course, the last hour arrived leaving me there all alone because the other person leaves an hour before closing(never understood this). Of course, the last hour is one of the busiest but somehow, I did get the coolers straightened and everything ready to lock up.

And now... to the title of my post. Around 8:15 a female who is getting on in years, came into the store and purchased a good quantity of groceries. I offered to help her out; however (like so many), she pushed the cart outside. A short time later, after I realized she was not bringing the cart back, I went outside and noticed a surprise. Inside the cart, I discovered a squarish green bottle and my jaw dropped as I read the *Jagermeister* label. No wonder she wanted to push the cart out herself (not that I'm 100% sure that it was hers). And nooooooo... it was not mine. Warfarin and alcohol do not mix. I showed a customer who I know well the bottle and we had a good laugh. I took the bottle and left a note on the desk. This might backfire as I may get yet another note about leaving notes.