

EVERYONE WINS!!!!

Updating a previous entry, I learned what became of the David Ortiz jersey that was unearthed from the site of the new Yankee Stadium. It was auctioned off on ebay for the exorbitant sum of \$175, 000. I thought... way too much until I learned where the proceeds would be going. There is an organization in Boston that supports pediatric as well as adult cancer. All started with a 12-year-old boy named [Jimmy](#). Ironically, the Yankee organization donated the money to one of the Boston Red Sox favorite charities. And who says that there can't be chivalry between rival teams?

Okay then

You have spoken (or rather, **not** spoken- that is, no comments) and it seems that my links posts are not welcome. Whether it be the links, retrogaming, or whatnot, I guess I need to stick to the teaching posts. Right then.

Today I was a teaching assistant. It's okay- in the district I was in subs get paid the same whether it's teaching or assisting, unlike the other three districts where assistant subs get paid far less. In one district, in fact they get paid half the amount of teacher subs! I was actually supposed to sub in a junior high, but they canceled so I got my choice of this position or a preschool teacher. No choice at all... Of course, when I got there I was in charge of three kindergarteners, so maybe not a win after all. Well, it really wasn't bad at all. The three actually worked very well and I didn't have to intervene a great deal. This was a special education class, so I wouldn't have expected that

considering my experience in these rooms in the past. Unlike the regular kindergarten students these three were there the entire day. They were mainstreamed into the same classroom twice in one day which one would think would give them the same instruction twice, but they must have worked out a schedule with the kindergarten teacher because while they were in there a total of almost three hours between morning and afternoon they did not repeat any instruction.

In the morning following announcements I brought them to the regular class where they worked on an assessment of their number and letter skills as well as their self-image, and then followed with science. I feel I'm missing something, but it is so late I can't think of what. Anyway, they had to color and label the parts of a flower. Oh yes, there was a worksheet that they completed and got checked off for as well. Finally recess, then I brought them back for calendar and computer time where they typed up (with the help of the specialized software) the calendar info and practiced writing their addresses and phone numbers. By coincidence, two of them had the exact same numerical address, though of course the street was different. A teacher was supposed to be there to help, but she had observations to do and they were short a sub, so they pulled her sub somewhere else. Probably because I'm a "certified" sub and could be with them without a regular teacher. Anyway, as a teaching assistant I had to go with them to lunch and help where needed. When they went out for lunch recess I finally got my lunch.

In the afternoon I went to a music class with a second-grade girl for a half-hour, then it was back to the three tykes. In the afternoon K class they did reading and math. Get this- they were given decks of cards and played war! I guess number recognition was the key here, but after a couple games of mostly standard war they added the two numbers together instead, but then still won the cards or not by regular war rules. Back to the self-contained class again, and back to

the computers. This time I had to watch them use the computers to make sure they went through the program the way they were supposed to. Finally, the teacher came back, had them pack up, did a couple of dance songs (chicken dance and hokey-pokey) with them, and then finally they were ready to board the buses. Whew. Long day, and long post. It is now past my bedtime for eight hours of sleep. Goodnight.

It's Not the Years, Honey... It's The Mileage

It seems that everyone is getting in the Indiana Jones spirit. While chatting with a friend I was directed to the [Chicago Cubs'](#) website and the [schedule](#) thereof. On the May 22nd space, there appears a picture of Harrison Ford as the reknowned archaeologist ready to embark on his latest adventure. We speculated that all of baseball may have decided to take the day off to celebrate Dr. Jones' return to the big screen. Somehow, I had my doubts. Sure enough on the [New York Yankees'](#) [site](#), there appeared the same picture but a game was listed. So, I thought all of baseball was celebrating but just not taking the entire day off. I checked out the [Detroit Tigers'](#) [schedule](#): there it was again, but yet again the team has a scheduled game. Only makes me more anxious for the next 21 days to go quickly.

Check your favorite team's website to see if they are celebrating the release of *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*. At least a Yankee fan had something to divert his attention to tonight ☐

Take Me Out to the Ballgame – Uecker Style

Well, the Cubs lost their second series to the Brewers this season, but equally upsetting is what happened today during the 7th inning stretch. Taking place at Wrigley Field, today's game was the "rubber game" of the series. Someone decided Bob Uecker, aka 'the voice of the Brewers' would be a good guest to come and lead the crowd in 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame'. Nevermind for a minute the events that took place during the song today; this decision doesn't seem very wise to me from the get-go. Bob Uecker was born and raised in Milwaukee. He grew up watching the minor-league Milwaukee Brewers, and the first team he signed with in the major leagues was the Milwaukee Braves. He's been doing the play-by-play announcements for the Brewers on the radio since 1971, and still holds the job. Why then, did someone deem it a good decision to have him come to Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs, to lead the crowd during the 7th inning stretch? If we pretend the Chicago White Sox don't exist ☐ – the Cubs have their biggest rivalry with their neighbors to the north, the Milwaukee Brewers. So why invite someone who has obviously been a lifelong Milwaukee fan to do the 7th inning stretch during a Cubs / Brewers game on Cubs turf? I just don't get it...

Here is a play by play of today's incident. Bob Uecker comes out to sing the 7th inning stretch. Nothing seemed amiss, until the part in the song that goes, "root, root, root, for the *Brewers*". He actually said 'root for the Brewers' at Wrigley Field. He was immediately BOOED LOUDLY by the crowd, of course, so then he sings, "you do the same for the Cubs" to the tune of the song, but by this point, the organist just

gives up because now he's out of tune and has lost the organist in the song. In order to get back on track, he then proceeds to skip ahead, or maybe it's because he realized it would be an even worse decision to say something like "if they don't win it's a shame" about the Brewers in Wrigley Field. Either way, he skips ahead to "for it's ONE, TWO, THREE (*organist comes back into the song, hardly missing a beat except for the made-up lyrics*) strikes you're out at the old ball game!" I had kids to tend to, so I didn't see the entire fallout from the fiasco, but I did get back to the tv just in time to hear Ueker say, "I'm rooting for the Brewers, what do they want me to do, root for the Cubs?" YES! Of course the Cubs fans want you to root for the Cubs, especially at Wrigley Field! And if you can't do that, pretend! And if you can't pretend, then stay in Milwaukee!

Well, forget Bob Ueker and whoever invited him to Wrigley today – that person was probably fired before the beginning of the 8th inning anyway. The Cubs are off to a great start this year, and I can only hope I get less busy so I can see more games because they are playing some great baseball, and it's fun to watch! I can only hope they beat the pants off the Cardinals who are in first place in the Cubs division by only a half game... That series begins tomorrow and I will be watching – in between kid duties, of course! GO CUBS!

An Afgan Girl on the Other Side of the Sky

I just finished reading a really interesting book about a girl named Farah Ahmedi. She grew up in Afghanistan, and when she was only 7 years old, she stepped on a land mine and was

almost killed. She was one of the wounded children chosen to get medical care in Germany, so she had good medical care for 2 years, but it came with the price of loneliness because her family had to stay behind in Afghanistan, she didn't speak German, and no one at the hospital spoke her language. Her leg was amputated, and her other leg was rebuilt without a knee, leaving her unable to bend it. When she returned to Afghanistan as a 9-year-old, the Taliban was starting to take over, and a rocket hit her house, killing her father and two sisters. Her brothers were forced to try to flee to Pakistan in fear of being drafted or executed by the Taliban, and she hasn't heard from them since. Since she and her mother were the only members of her family left, they were forced to flee the Taliban also – we've all heard about how the Taliban don't treat women very well, and women couldn't even go out in public without men. This was difficult for Farah and her mother since they didn't have any men left in their family. They spent 4 years as refugees in Pakistan until they were finally granted approval into the World Relief's American Refugee program. After the long process of applying and finally getting approved, they were waiting to leave for America when September 11, 2001 happened, and their trip was cancelled as no foreigners were being allowed into the country. Within 6 months however, the program was reinstated, and they came to America.

The book chronicles all the adventures, trials, and tribulations it took for Farah to become the successful American citizen she is today. It was a VERY interesting read; from the details of life in Afghanistan under the Taliban to the struggles of an Afgan widow and her daughter getting used to the American way of life. In fact, they had been through so much, that when they got to America, they were certain that their American hosts were actually slave owners who were trying to imprison them. It's a wonderful story about the triumph of the human spirit, and I recommend the book to anyone who likes learning about different parts of the

world, other cultures, or just likes reading a good non-fiction life story. In fact, her book was published when she entered a Good Morning America contest and became a finalist. I heard about it because Farah attended the rival high school to the one where I went, so for me, it was interesting to read about the area I grew up in as seen through the eyes of someone who had been through as much as Farah and was seeing the area for the first time as an immigrant. [Check it out!](#)

Letter to the Humane Society

As an animal lover, I am a big believer in getting as many of your pets from a humane society as you can. Sometimes there are reasons why a family might need a “purebred” animal (allergies to certain breeds, professional showmanship, etc.), but for the most part, I don’t really like when pet stores carry dogs and cats for sale, especially when they try to make “breeds” out of dogs that are mutts! Case in point – we visited a Petland this weekend, just something to do to pass the time while we were in Fort Wayne, Indiana visiting the zoo, and I noticed that at least HALF of their puppy stock was mixed breeds! The same animals you could buy (rescue!) for a small fraction of the price at a humane society, or even a pound, where they euthanize (KILL) animals just because they have too many! And here these pet stores are creating more, just for profit and to “design” a custom-made dog for somebody that in my opinion, does not have their priorities straight if they’re willing to spend extra money just to have a “designer” puppy. Petland, etc. will make up breeds; for example, the store we went to had “puggles” (a pug crossed with a beagle), cock-a-poos (cocker spaniels mixed with poodles), and “borderjacks” (border collie mixed with a jack russell terrier), to name a few. Anyway, I won’t go into the reasons

for choosing to adopt your next dog from a shelter vs. a pet store (except to say it will SAVE A LIFE!!!), but I just thought I would post a copy of the letter I'm going to send to my local humane society to thank them for the awesome family pet we adopted a few months ago from their shelter:

Dear Humane Society:

We just wanted to say thank you for our new family member. We adopted "Sasha" from your facility on March 4, 2008. We renamed her Beesley after a character from our favorite tv show, and not only has she learned her new name and some new tricks, she has become a very much loved part of our family. She gets along with our 2 dogs just like one of the "pack", and she is an energetic, obedient, and gentle playmate for our 3 young children. She seems really happy in our house, and we couldn't be happier after choosing any other dog for our new pet. Thanks so much for taking such good care of her while she was a homeless dog and for having patience with us while we got to know her to see if she would fit into our family. She fits like a lost piece of our family puzzle, and we couldn't imagine a better dog... well, except for our "old lady" of the house, the pack leader named Charity, who Beesley worships and spoils along with the rest of us! Here is a picture of the kids with Charity and Beesley. Thanks again!



You've Got Possibilities

One of the sites that I find myself visiting at least once a week is the [Superman Homepage](#). This site is devoted primarily to the Man of Steel but also features articles dealing with other DC comics heroes. It features a timeline that traces every conceivable event featuring the Last Son of Krypton dating back to June 1938 when he made his first appearance in Action Comics #1. There is also a Who's Who Database of characters as well as reviews of movies, television, comics, novels, music, even the Broadway musical *It's a Bird... It's a Plane... It's Superman*. I think my favorite feature is The Super-Trivia Quiz. Three questions posted at the beginning of

each month that test the knowledge of even the most-die hard of Super fans. One of this months questions:

In the 1940s Superman radio series what is the name given to Superman's enemy who has Kryptonite flowing through his veins?

I have no idea. I was not around in the 40s and have never heard the radio serial.

Thoughts of High School

My youngest was inducted into the National Honor Society this evening. And the Senior class gave their heartfelt thanks to a person who helped them in their young lives. I'm curious as to how many of these young people will remember what they said during this evening. Some will remember, because they truly felt that the individual mentioned made a very big influence on their lives. Some will not. Those that will not make me a little sad. They have to spend a few minutes at least thinking about what they can say about these people, and say something that at least sounds sincere. But in a few short years this will be a silent memory or blank page in their lives.

Many people have said that High School are the best days of your life. I, for one, am glad that they were not. I've had many better days since then. I have very few people I consider friends that I met while in High School. I did not do any long term bonding with any high school classmates. I still see a few around, and I'm friendly to them, but we are not good friends. My good friends I've met since High School. Once I was grown up enough to see what is actually good in people, and they were able to see it in me.

Back to the National Honor Society... I was never in it. I was invited to join both my Junior and Senior years, but turned it down. I felt that it was more of a “click” than anything that would do me any good in my future. Did I make a mistake? Maybe, but I will never know. That person that had an influence on me... Yes, I had one. My High School Math teacher. I almost became a math teacher because of him. Since I didn't have his patience, I went into computers. He is still at the school, retired from teaching, but coaching the golf team. One of the students chose him as their inspirational person. He still has that touch.

You Are The Dancing Queen

Today I was reminded of the latest Broadway musical which will be coming soon to a multiplex near you. Following in the footsteps of [Hairspray](#), the forgettable [Producers](#), and the dreadful adaptation of [The Phantom of the Opera](#) is [Mamma Mia!](#) the musical based on the music of the Swedish 1970s-80s supergroup ABBA. The big names in the cast seem to be Pierce Brosnan (who knew he can sing?) and [Meryl Streep](#) (ditto).

I very vaguely remember hearing the music on the radio during the heyday of disco. I was reminded of it a few years ago when I participated in a karaoke contest at an area bar and grill which an acquaintance operates. A rather rotund man decided to give us his interpretation of “Dancing Queen” and brought the audience to tears from the hilarity. His “performance quality” must have given him some points (or it may have been his nerve) because he came in second place in a group of 20. I am pleased to say that I came in 5th.

Baseball again

My favorite team had a horrible start for the year, but they are finally starting to look like a ball team again. Not that this is anything new to me, I watched and followed the Tigers for all of the losing seasons. So many years it was like fielding a minor league team in the majors. So very hard to watch, but I did. Tonight I'm just rubbing it in a little that the Tigers beat the Yankees two games in a row now!!!. They haven't won many series (I'm thinking this is the 3rd with two ties), but it is very sweet every time they win the series against the Yankees. Can you tell I know a Yankees fan?? I've been a Yankees hater as long as I've been a Tiger fan. When the Tigers are out of the pennant race, I start rooting for anyone who is playing the Yankees (hee, hee).