

Death By Hollywood

There has been a rash of celebrity deaths lately – Art Linkletter, Gary Coleman, Dennis Hopper, and Rue McClanahan (second to last survivor of the Golden Girls) to name a few. As with many celebrities, circumstances surrounding some of these deaths have been quite out of the ordinary.

Dennis Hopper was in the midst of a frantic and nasty divorce when he lost his battle to cancer. His wife is currently battling for her share of the estate – seems the pre-nup stipulated that the couple be married AND living together at the time of his death. She contends that living in the guest house on the same property IS living together...

I listened to the 911 call from Gary Coleman's wife, and it's creepy to say the least. I've never heard a person so cold – “send someone quick because I don't know if he's going to, like, be alive.” And that she can't help him because she “doesn't want to be traumatized right now...” and “I've got blood on myself, I'm gagging, I can't deal.” Me, me, me. So WOW. Does Shannon (aka Mrs. Coleman – well, not really... as it turns out, there was a secret divorce back in '08) have something to hide? My guess is that she is digging herself a deeper hole with every press conference, er, day that goes by... It's especially interesting how she is quick to do press conferences, shooting a video for tmz.com just one day after her ~~husband's~~ er, roommate's death. You can listen to Shannon's refusal to help Gary [here in the sad 911 call](#), and [here is a link to the video](#) shot a day later when she contradicts herself – in the 911 call, she says she can't help Gary because she has seizures so she can't drive, whereas in the video, she says that Gary has done nice things for her, like buy her a car. So... why would he buy her a car if she can't drive? Oh, and not a tear has fallen from Shannon's eyes publicly since Gary's death. Something's fishy here, and Ms. Price's penchant for being in the spotlight is going to be

the catalyst to her unraveling, it seems.

Last night was the first night I was able to spend at home in a long time. I was excited to see that the Cubs had a night game, and I was looking forward to getting to sit and watch my first entire baseball game since opening day... but I had read the schedule wrong – actually I've been a day off all week. My husband being off work on Memorial Day got me a day behind, and then somehow I overcompensated and got a day ahead in the later part of the week. Just the latest on a lengthening list of stupid things I've done lately – where is my brain? So anyway, baseball-gameless, I decided to watch some “junk tv” – whatever I could find in useless reality shows or documentaries. I was looking for “Fantastic Houseboats”, but I couldn't find the Travel Channel (have I mentioned that I never watch tv? I don't even know what our channels are! Well, I know Noggin, PBS, and Nickleodeon by heart, but nothing other than kids' channels...), so I ended up watching something called “Jail” that was really a Cops knock-off and then an interesting show on E! – 20 Most Horrifying Hollywood Murders. Ah, celebrity gossip meets true crime = perfect junk tv! It was quite interesting; though I had already known about most of the cases which included: Nicole Brown Simpson, Bonnie Lee Bakley, Rebecca Shaeffer (an 80s tv star that was murdered by a stalker, how sad), Dominique Dunne, Bob Crane, Sharon Tate, Black Dahlia, Tupac Shakur, Biggie Smalls, and Jose and Kitty Menendez. I did miss a little bit of the show, but I kept waiting for the Phil Hartman case to come on – I thought that would be considered ‘horrifying’ as he was unexpectedly murdered by his cocaine-addicted wife Brynn who then committed suicide. Perhaps it was one of the 20 on the show and I just missed it? And the show also spotlighted something I'd like to try if I ever find myself in Hollywood again: the [Dearly Departed Tours](#). The name speaks for itself. I have a macabre sense of curiosity that way, which is also why I'd like time someday to delve into Steven Bochco's (famous producer who gave us NYPD Blue, Hill Street Blues, and

Doogie Howser, MD) first attempt at a novel – where I got the title of this post. Found Death By Hollywood at the Dollar Store and it looked worth a buck to sit on my shelf for years until I had the time to read it.

So anyway, lots of death in Hollywood lately, and it's sad. Even for those of us with somewhat morbid curiosities; there were still people behind the celebrity facades, and their loved ones left behind are hurting. No matter to what degree of fame they rose, they were all human beings, so how could their deaths be anything but sad?

Thank You For Bein A Friend

They say tragedies come in threes. This past week has seen the passing of three celebrities. Each of them left their mark in one form or another. How will they be remembered? Two of them were adored by millions on the small screen while the other made his mark on the silver screen.

I can well remember many Saturday nights in front of the tv watching the pint sized Gary Coleman deliver his catch phrase: "Whatchu talkin' bout, Willis" week in and week out. Hopefully, he will be remembered as the 10 year-old, pinchable cheeked, comedic ingenue instead of the tabloid hunted adult. Not even a week following his death, Coleman's life is being dragged through the muck.

One of my favorite Golden Girls, Rue McClanahan, passed today. Blanche was the hussy of the group. Kind of a modern day Scarlett O'Hara ("a little more Scarlett than O'Hara"). Hopefully, Betty White will be with us for a while longer. Ms. White shows no sign of slowing down. Her Super Bowl Snickers commercial, stint as host of Saturday Night Live, a

new sitcom coming to TV Land, and a new petition for her to be next year's host of the Academy Awards have all put her once again in the limelight.

I am less familiar with the work of Dennis Hopper. I am too young to remember *Easy Rider* and have never had the desire to seek it out. I do remember *Speed* as well as one of my favorite sports movies, *Hoosiers* (a little sleeper movie from 1986 for which he was nominated for the Best Supporting Actor Oscar).

Prayers and thoughts to the surviving families and friends. And may the fans remember all three for the artistic accomplishments of each of them.

If you could...

Let's say that you have 40 hours per week to get a job done. No more, no less, just 40 hours. After that was done, you could spend the rest of the week doing exactly what you wanted. 40 hours is just shy of 2 full days. How would you allocate your work time.

I am contemplating on this. 40 hours is a normal full work week. Some jobs require a bit more, some a little less. That is our 'normal' allotment for work, job, career.

If I were the only one to think of, my desire would be to get as much in as I could in a day. Two 16 hour days and one 8 hour day could do it. Then I would have 4 days on my own every week. Maybe a 14, 12, 14 week? Four 10 hour days? Four 9 hour days and a 4 hour day? The old standby, five 8 hour work days? Five 7 hour days and one 4 hour day?

Is it worth contemplating this at all?

A wandering mind can discover many new things. A stagnant mind only sees what has been.

The Irony...

First, in honor of Memorial Day, I'd like to begin with a special thanks to all of our vets – thank you for all your sacrifice, no matter how high the price you paid while serving our country.

My family had an action-packed super-fun weekend planned starting the Friday night before Memorial Day. It lived up to its expectations, but not quite in the way I expected. It began with a Friday night plan to go to the last home game (Fort Wayne Indiana is the closest) of the CIFL – arena football. But we got a call on Friday afternoon from the Memorial Coliseum saying that the game had been canceled due to the fact that the opponent's team – the Marion Mayhem – had folded on Wednesday. That's right, the team went out of business. And they didn't tell us ticket holders until two days later, which was the day of the event. And we had had so much fun at the first arena football game we attended that we had invited and planned for a large group of 11 to go with us this time... including some last minute emergency babysitter finagling when our regular one had to cancel days before. So anyway, I was not going to cancel on our new babysitter, so after much searching (there was NOTHING else going on in Fort Wayne Friday night!), we ending up finding a (cheap!) movie theater that still had a great movie playign though it's an old one for the theaters: Book of Eli. A fun time, though not quite as fun as arena football, and I can't help but feel

that the entire league is going to fold also, so that's the end of that kind of fun, I guess... But it was just ironic that we had told everyone how fun it was, then I planned this big outing only to find out mere hours before that it was canceled! Ironic.

Saturday and Sunday saw mucha fiesta as our friend [Derek](#) was able to visit from Illinois, and I will save on the detail since I am EXHAUSTED. All 3 of the little kids have been in challenging stages lately, and my mornings have been beginning at 6am; waking up to screaming and fighting between the middle two, which is constant and does not stop until well after 10pm. I was seriously considering going to bed at 9pm Tuesday night, but we got home around 8:30 and found that our daughter's rat had passed away. We knew it was coming; he had been sick for a while. But we had to find a "coffin" (dog biscuit box) and have a burial, no matter how late it was or how many mosquitoes there were. And of course it was the best rat we had, and the one that belonged to our most responsible, well-behaved daughter. Ironic.

But the weekend involved a super-fun game night, a really great graduation party, some go-carting, movies, and just good old-fashioned catching up with friends. Hopefully I can catch up on my sleep soon, and hopefully the kids won't drive me too crazy being home all day, every day – today is their last day of school. Thanks to those of you who helped to make the weekend awesome!!

RIP

BOBBY JACK

12/6/2008 – 6/1/2010

All I can say is WHAT!!!

I was listening to a ball game tonight and it sounded like it was going to be something special. Very close, well pitched game. 1 – 0 going into the 8th inning. A blown call and a hit/error later made it a 3 – 0 game going into the 9th. The home team pitcher had a perfect game going.

Long fly ball to deep center field, chased down by the center fielder, 1 out.

Ground ball to short, 2 outs.

Ground ball to 1st, close play at first. Perfect game/no hitter ruined. And then the announcers started to complain. They yelled, they screamed. They could not believe what they just saw. The same ump that blew the call in the bottom of the 8th did the same thing in the 9th to ruin a perfect game. Both announcers said it was an outrage.

Tempers grew hot when the game ended. Final score Detroit 3, Cleveland 0.

Strange thing, I was listening to the game on the Cleveland network, since I get that better than the Detroit network at home. The Cleveland announcers were outraged at that call in the 9th. They were the ones yelling and screaming about the umpire. I'm sure the Detroit announcers were doing something similar, but I was amazed to hear this from the Cleveland crew.

Watching the replay on the net, confirms that the umpire blew the call. Out by at least 1/2 a step. I didn't see the 8th inning close play yet, but I am going to assume the announcer got that right too.

There are very few times we are able to witness perfection in any activity. A perfect game in baseball is very rare indeed.

Funny how human error eliminates this perfection. Good life lesson that.

Was Going to Blog Tonight...

...about the last two weekends, but I am so exhausted right now I am sure I won't be able to type more than a couple of sentences. Two weekends, two trips, two...

ZZZZZ....

Thanks, Congratulations and Apologies

First and foremost this past holiday weekend was to remember those who served this country as part of the military. A special thank goes out to all members of the services past, present and the future. They all gave more of themselves than I will ever know. Special thoughts go out for two of these servicemen, my father and brother.

I've also used this weekend to remember loved ones no longer living. They are gone but never forgotten. Sometimes I think there are way too many for my span here on this earth.

Congratulations go out to the numerous graduates I know, both from High School and College.

Belated, although not entirely missed congrats to a couple who celebrated their 4th anniversary. I hope you enjoy or enjoyed the bison steaks. I enjoyed the gathering Saturday and I'm glad I could get your gift to you.

And of course I am sorry to all the people who had gatherings this weekend that I was not able or did not attend. I totally forgot the Sunday pot-luck, for some reason I thought it was next week. Big Sorry there. Sorry about missing the special Saturday game night, but I was delivering an anniversary present to my little draclet and her husband. And there is that regular Saturday function that I am so fond of. [OK, there were a lot of personal wants and desires here, it doesn't mean I didn't want clones for the weekend. ☹] So to my fellow bloggers, who planned weekend activities, I'm sorry I didn't show up.

And finally thanks to my daughters. The time you give your dear ol' dad is a gift I will never forget. If you are ever at a loss for a gift for me, remember those words.

Wrong Place At ALMOST The Wrong Time

Yesterday, a bunch of game nighters and other friends gathered to celebrate Megan's college graduation. We previously had a gathering of her family and selected friends. But Carol and I thought that a less formal day of pure fun was in order so about a month ago we began to plan. I sent out messages to the game nighters and a few of the other friends via facebook and had Carol contact the rest. A fb fiend ALMOST blew the entire thing when she posted on Megan's "wall" that "she was

sorry that she could not attend the party.” So, Carol had to cover and I fiendishly came up with a cover story. I sent out at least 3 different messages informing those I sent the message to that the party was a SURPRISE and to not give the guest of honor any tips. When I found out about the criminal deed, I acted surprised and said that I knew nothing about a party on May 30th at 2PM.

About a week ago, I came up with my story. Our fellow tangenteer, [Derek](#) (hope he doesn't mind being an inadvertent pawn in a devilish plot ☐), was coming to visit for the weekend. A game night was planned for Saturday which SOME of us could not attend. I told Megan that we were planning a fun day at the park so the rest of us could visit our friend.

Yesterday at 10AM, I went to what I THOUGHT was the correct location. I waited until about 10.30 and decided to wander the park grounds to see if I had mistaken the location. After seeing no sign of Carol, I decided to go to mass at 11 and come back at noon. When I got back to the pavilion, still no sign of Carol. Around 12.30, I decided to call another of the invited guests to tell him of the “dilemma.” However, his phone was out of service. So, I took another walk.

Across the park is a shelter house. As I made my way to the building, I heard a little voice yell... “May ME!” BEEBER! The surprise seemed to be on on or, more likely, someone's signals got crossed. At least, I was close. In my defense, the annual WCCT fun day usually takes place at the pavilion.

Finally, around 2 o'clock, I venture over to Megan's house to escort her to the fun day. Her mother warned me that she might be sleeping. So as I approached the house, I phoned her and left a mile long voice mail. Kept talking until I got to the door. Telling her to “WAKE UP!” I finally beat down the door until she appears looking as if she had just been woken.

But... what are ya going to do! She was worried that she did not have any food to bring but I had plenty for both of us!

So a half hour after the festivities were to begin, we pull up in my car to a sea of faces staring at us until everyone burst into a roar of "SURPRISE!" And I am happy to report that the scheme worked perfectly!

After all the merriment concluded (some late comers one of whom also overslept ☹), Megan and I decided to catch a movie.

We got to the multiplex but the next round of movies did not start for an hour. We finally decided to sneak in late to *The Back-Up Plan* which had only begun 15 minutes earlier. Not my usual choice of movie fare but for a chick flick it wasn't horrible. There were even some laughs and Megan enjoyed it and it was HER day, after all.

Magic Moments At The Huber

When someone makes it not only into our weekly hometown [scandal sheet](#) but also in the column of the papers longest, active writer, the whole town knows it. For the Sunday matinee of *Miracles*, I was surprised by a group of 2 "minor senior citizens" and a few others "who are really working at being seniors." Max's column, "Magic Moments" is similar to a weekly blog in which she chronicles her day-to-day life as well as publishes a few recipes culled from her stack gathered over her eventful life. Full of insight and humor the post is always worth a glance.

Along with Maxine and the 2 minor senior citizens (who I had been told may be coming) was "Grandma" Margaret. Ever since my maternal grandmother passed when I was 8, she and the late "Grandpa" Roy filled the void. Three of my favorite memories:

- The summer following my 4th grade year my poodle, Buffy was put to rest. The following Christmas, we received a

parakeet which we named Corky, after Margaret.

- Following a Thursday night college band rehearsal, Roy and Margaret came up to take me home for the weekend. I would also receive periodic care packages and notes of encouragement.
- After the passing of my two day old nephew, Zachary, (by this time) Deacon Roy and Margaret traveled to Indianapolis to bring the baby to E-town.

Just a few of the magic moments my family has shared with two of our village's finest. Thank you Ruthie and Steve for bringing her. One of the cast had to "pay special attention" to the group after the performance.

Books I need to buy

Before I begin, I must state that writing a blog with cats turns out to be very difficult! I was on my laptop downstairs because when I use Tony's desktop, I usually have Wedge walking across the keyboard. Well, he decided to cuddle downstairs, but Beru was unhappy with that arrangement and she walked across my keyboard and made my screen black. I have no idea what she did, so I came upstairs and so far, Wedge is still downstairs! We will see how long that one lasts. ☐

I have just finished reading the Heretic Queen and before that Nefertiti. Both are written by Michelle Moran and I have read them both multiple times. Nefertiti is about, obviously, Nefertiti, Akenaten's wife and the Heretic Queen is about Nefertari, Ramesses II's wife.

Well, I wasn't able to finish up this yesterday because Wedge had to come and try to help me. I had to work also, so that didn't help. We will just have to try again. Anyway, I have

been looking for these books cheaper than the original retail price. I have found some on the internet, but so far it hasn't been a top priority for us right now. □ I know that when I do buy them, I will have to get them in hardcover because of how often I read them! It's like one of my favorite Star Wars books that I read over and over. I have almost destroyed my Vision of the Future written by Timothy Zahn. The poor book has been read so many times and is now falling apart. The binding is barely holding the pages inside the book. I think some of the pages are falling out. I have another book like that also. Ella Enchanted is falling apart also. I have certain books that I tend to read over and over and no matter how careful I am, they will eventually fall apart.