

What a day...

This day actually started some time yesterday evening. During a thunderstorm in the area and a tornado close to us, 4 outlets in our house went out. I'm thinking something in the storm caused it, because it was only part of a complete circuit. Looked like I would have to replace at least one outlet. I couldn't tell from an exterior glance as to which outlet shorted out. So I put a trip to the hardware store on my Saturday to-do list. The first thing on the list was getting my daughter to her SAT testing.

Now on to Saturday Morning... Storm damage from the previous night's storms caused some rough driving. A normal 40 minute drive took closer to 1 hour. We just made it just in time to the SAT testing site. Hmm, day not starting off well...

I had to wait around for at least an hour for the hardware store to open, so I stopped for coffee. Those who have known me for a while, know that my favorite coffee shop closed for good a little over 2 years ago. This was the place my dear wife and I spent many happy times, just getting away from the kids, planning for future things, getting to know one another again after 4 children. Good memories in that little place. I have yet to find any coffee shop that comes close to the atmosphere, quality of the coffee, food ect. and the people who frequent the shop itself. The place I stopped in today had a very nice atmosphere (except for the big screen TV, but I went around the corner from that). The coffee was very good. The food I had ok, but nothing special.. Not many people there, so I couldn't say anything about that. Too bad it was a 40 minute drive... Too far for a once a week type of thing.

After the coffee, I could get the things I needed to replace at least 1 outlet. I got 4 new outlets just in case. I still had at least 2 hours to wait for the SAT to finish. Stopped at another store and was able to find some water filters for our

office at work. I installed an older water filter on the tap at work, but the filters have been hard to find. I try to pick up extra whenever I see them on the shelf. Filtered water makes better coffee ya know... Now only 1 1/2 hours for the test to let out...

Got a call from my daughter in FL, we talked until my Cell battery almost died. Then I got a notice that I had 3 messages... Two were from the day before!!! They weren't there when I got up in the morning, I checked... Storm must have hit a local tower or something?? Anyway a friend wanted to get together to (in his words) "just get out of the house". Great!! How does one decide what to do when I was already invited to oldest daughter's place for fun and games... Hmm. Well, I was expecting a call from the oldest earlier in the week to finalize the plans. It never happened. I let my youngest test goer decide... Friend won the toss.

So after a good lunch youngest, and I head out for some fun. We played games (all sorts), and just had a lot of fun. We played a miniature bowling game. The balls were slightly larger than a softball, no holes, and the pins were on strings/wires. If you ever see one, try it out. They are very fun. We also played indoor mini-golf (black lit area with dark black 'greens', and glowing colored bumpers and obstructions). This was fun to, but it did make it hard to 'read the greens'. I ended up with a hole in one on the last hole. We also played a number of arcade games for 'tickets'. It was a fun afternoon/evening... Good idea C...

Now I'm tired and ready for bed... What a Day...

Graduation part 3

Just kidding. Thursday I subbed at a middle school again, and eighth grade did have graduation rehearsal most of the day. Fortunate for me, I subbed for seventh grade. The end of year had already come for three of the districts I sub in, but this one district actually finishes next week with a half-day Thursday and a one-hour day Friday. I currently have an assignment for Tuesday, but I am not sure if it will last. I didn't get along well with one of the TAs in that class and even got a call from the principal on the day, but I have a good record with that school so he recognized it as an anomaly. I did skip out on an assignment with this teacher since, but being the end of the year with only one district still in school I can't be too fussy.

So, back to this week, I subbed Thursday for a BD/LD teacher. The classes I had were two small-group reading classes and two tutorials. There were two other classes, but I acted more as an assistant in those. It was mostly self-work, but one class was end-of-year details, i.e. turning in books. Yippee.

Friday was a half-day with the class I was with Wednesday. Good for me as I left my lunch in his fridge... ☐ He never noticed, and I grabbed it Friday. Not much to do here- silent reading, correcting homework, math test, self-science review... The teacher is going to be out all day Monday too. Too bad for me someone else has that assignment.

Sweltering heat those last couple of days I will tell you. With temps in the high 80s (with high humidity!) and no AC in the schools we were all sweating, even with fans going. This district is finally entering the latter half of the 20th century starting next year, but that didn't help much those two days, or the at least one day I will be working next week. Can I wear shorts please?

Sir, I Must Protest! I Am NOT A Merry Man!

✘ There have been several versions of the Robin Hood tale. the classic story of the character who stole from the rich and gave to the poor, battled the Sheriff of Nottingham, and wooed Maid Marian. Some of these include the 1938 classic starring Errol Flynn; the 1970s Disney version; the 1991 Kevin Costner movie. Heck even Daffy Duck and Porky Pig starred as the outlaw and his Friar Tuck-esque companion. I think my favorite incarnation took place around the same time as the aforementioned film *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*.

The *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode [“Qpid”](#) sees the evil (yet hilarious) omnipotent being known as Q transport Captain Jean-Luc Picard and his bridge crew to medieval England (as a “gift”) where the adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men are reality. Commander Riker, the android Data, Commander La Forge, the Klingon Worf (who delivers the best line in the episode), Dr. Crusher, and Counselor Troi all assume roles from the tale. The recurring character Vash (an on again/off again love interest for the captain) returns to play the role of Maid Marian. In order to return to the Enterprise, Picard and crew must live out the Robin Hood adventure by rescuing Marian and defeating the evil Sheriff.

My favorite character from the entire series is the villainous Q. Since the premiere episode, John de Lancie played the god-like being with flair, comedic timing, and gusto (very melodramatic). During the course of its run, Q would return at least once a season to mischievously annoy the crew. However, he did introduce Picard and crew to their most formidable opponents: The Borg. I wish the franchise would have used the

character in one of the big-screen adventures.

On a tangent yet again (which I so frequently do), Patrick Stewart has another tie to the Robin Hood legacy. He portrayed King Richard in Mel Brooks' epic: *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*.

[Star Trek Fan Collective – 0](#) 

Thinking about thinking

I've been reflecting this evening about the things I think about. While watching Jeopardy, I noticed (again) there are some subjects I'm very good at, others (opera, actors/actresses, TV shows) I'm not as good at. If you do specific actors, If I like them I will know most of there works, if I don't well none of it sinks in even if they are in one or more of my favorite shows.

Anyway, I was trying to determine what type of information that takes root in this brain of mine. Computer stuff, most of the time. Math– well it used to, some is still there. Science– A lot, mainly the physical sciences (Earth Sciences, Astronomy, Physics, some Chemistry). Things dealing with logic (math/word puzzles). Politics, current and some historical. Some history, geography. Comic book heroes, well some of them anyway. Science Fiction and Fantasy books I've read (short list, I don't read everything). Some movie trivia (mainly Disney, Lord Of the Rings, Star Wars, Star Trek, Comic Book Movies, Harrison Ford movies, Mysteries, some comedies). Word play (taking and twisting words/meanings for fun). Some things of religious nature, especially the odd and frequently outside of common knowledge stuff.

Things that don't take root. Anything about TV sitcoms

(exceptions Mash, Barney Miller). TV shows in general (I don't pay attention to much on TV anymore). Theater/Movies/Plays/Opera (except as noted above, or I've been in a specific show). Musical Groups/artists and Song titles. Artists and their work with a very few exceptions (I know the common stuff, who painted the Mona Lisa or the Sistine Chapel). Spelling/grammar (who knows, who cares sort of thing).

Other than that things come and go in my knowledge base quite frequently. If I've been playing Trivia games, I tend to keep trivia in my head. If I'm working on an intense project at work, that information needed there is front and center. Discussing Politics frequently, well that information becomes available.

Somethings stay in my head all the time. I can tell you when each daughter was born (it may take a second or two). I can tell you the day and time I proposed to my wife. I never forgot an anniversary. I remember the birthday of my first crush. I know what my last words to my wife were, I know hers to me, and her last words (that weren't to me).

It seems like sometimes there shouldn't be much room for anything else in my head. I do tend to keep some information that is no longer needed (Do I really need to remember the favorite color of a girl I dated in 1981?). Some I wish I would have remembered better (sending things in the mail at the right time). If I could only figure out how to store and keep the information I want/need and get rid or archive the information I don't need/want. If I could figure that out I could write a book and retire...

The Wind Began To Switch...The House To Pitch

As a youngster, I always loved watching a good ol' fashioned thunderboomer. Lightning flashes, rolls of thunder, wind, pounding rain, power going out, nature in all her fury, a symphony for the senses. I still do enjoy watching them as long as I am not driving in them. The conditions all day seemed to forecast such a storm sometime. Temps in the 90s, warm wind, just the right conditions. At work, the Krispy Kreme deliveryman informed me that there were tornado watches out and calling for up to quarter inch hail. Shortly after, the sky began to darken. When I got off my shift, I walked home changed clothes into something a lot cooler than jeans and a polo shirt and went uptown for dinner. While eating, the tornado siren sounded announcing the spotting of a funnel cloud. We got up and went home; but almost as quickly the storm had passed. A larger town to the south of us was not so fortunate as they had downed power lines and power outages all over. We had extended family members come "just in case" with kids from 2-13 (I think the 13 year old was more scared than any of them). If I had been their age, I probably would have made noises to instill further fear into them but I guess I am beyond that (but thinking about it entered my mind briefly). Sad to say that the storm here was not much to write home about, but fun to imagine... no need to head to the basement and break out the flashlights for some fun in the dark. DRAT!!!

It's HOT!

For a few days now and a few more days to come ☐ the temperatures in our region have been over 90°. For a pregnant woman of my girth, it is proving disastrous. I am so lathargic – I don't feel like doing ANYTHING, including eating! The house is a mess, and the kids have been cooped up because I've been cooped up in the a/c. It's not the best a/c though because we have window units, not central air, so it's still hot! Luckily, the kids are going on vacation with their Grandma and will get plenty of stimulation next week. After that, I have to hope and pray for an arctic streak until I deliver the baby in mid-July or we won't make it. Since I'm sitting here doing nothing, just as I want, I decided to post this poem as a distraction to myself in lieu of the heat. It's a poem by Shel Silverstein, and I had to memorize it in 5th grade. While I no longer have it memorized, certain lines keep running through my head as I sit here and boil. Enjoy and stay cool!

It's Hot!

By Shel Silverstein

It's *hot!*

I can't get cool,
I've drunk a quart of lemonade,
I think I'll take my shoes off
And sit around in the shade.

It's *hot!*

My back is sticky,
The sweat rolls down my chin.
I think I'll take my clothes off
And sit around in my skin.

It's *hot!*

I've tried with 'lectric fans,

And pools and ice cream cones.
I think I'll take my skin off
And sit around in my bones.

It's *still* hot!

The Day The Lights Went Out In Wally World

While at work today, one of the customers I frequently assist ask me if I had heard what happened at the Wally World where I used to work. Apparently, the electricity went out yet again. Speculation was that someone had hit a light pole with their car. Anyone else care to elaborate? I just found the whole thing rather humorous because I had been there and done that as an associate at least twice. Once a few years back when we were still a regular store and again in the wee hours of the morning last summer at the new supercenter. Each of those times were quite boring. Standing in the back in the Electronics department in the dark with only a flashlight can be quite tedious. I do remember amusing myself by trying to scare other associates by sneaking up on them, tapping them on the shoulder, then shining the light at them.

The first instance was memorable because I was severely reprimanded for having wheelchair races with other associates while waiting in the dark. Which harkens back to a cashier meeting I once attended in a pair of sweatpants and sweatshirt. Apparently, this was not suitable attire for a Customer Service Manager at 7 AM on a Saturday morning when you are not otherwise scheduled. Aside from that, the person who addressed the issue to me was a member of management who

had nothing to do with the situation. I seriously considered wearing my tuxedo with top hat and tails to the next meeting.

Morat Meets The Little Womans

HELLO EVERY PEOPLE!!! Today after a seeing strange man person at work at food store, I a go to the Mount plier to see some Little Womans at their practice. I a also meet a strange person called a Braxton Prendergast who is a just a evil man. He a has a very evil laugh and a evil sounding voice. He is a very evil man altogether. He a tell me he come from a very rich family from Hungry country. A country of Hungry? They have a no food? I so sorry; Braxaton must have a stolen all the food from the country and a make every people hungry, yes? I a not know.

I a also make acquaintance of a Professor Bhaer. He a very strange also. He a supposed to a come from land of Germs. He a supposed to have a Germ Man accent. He instead had a Irich broke. Some person a tell Professor man that he not like the Irich accent. Morat, he a say Liswathistani accent but no. Mr. B he say no Liswathistani accent. Wooly Sheep... excuse please.

Then a come part for evil man person. Mr. B he a say that Braxton was a very melomandactic... OH I A NOT KNOW THE WORD (melodramatic Morat.. JS). He a must know that other man I know I a met long time ago... Dirt Sneak? Is a dat his name (Dirk Sneath, Morat... his name is Dirk Sneath...AHHHHHH). But lady in audience who I know say Braxton was very bad, too (that would be Carol, Morat). I a tell you this man person is very strange, he a keep yelling at me. So I a say good night every people and lots of a gefilte fishes for all!!!

Tevye No Longer

I had my ultrasound yesterday, and something occurred that has left me in shock; that's why it took me a day to blog about it...

My doctor is a female who has 3 sons. Actually, 2 of her sons are the exact same age as 2 of my daughters, because our dr. was 9 months pregnant when she delivered my 4-year-old, and she was on maternity leave when her replacement doctor delivered my 19-month-old. But anyway, during my ultrasound yesterday, she was talking about how her other dr. friend came to visit over the weekend, and he has 4 daughters. He was wistfully throwing around a football with her sons and she was talking about how into sports girls are in this area, trying to console her friend because he didn't have boys. She was telling this story because we have 3 daughters and one on the way, and my husband is starting to feel like the character Tevye from Fiddler on the Roof who is famous for having 5 daughters. So anyway, the dr. gets to the point in the story where she's talking about lots of girls in our area being active in sports. All of a sudden, she kind of pauses, then she goes, "wait a minute... what's this?" Seems the ultrasound had picked up a certain little "bleep" on the radar that hadn't appeared on the February ultrasound... Seems our little Lyndsey or Evangeline is going to be Christopher Vincent instead!!!

It's especially funny because my dr. has a reputation in the area for being wrong about these kinds of things. I've heard stories of at least 5 of her patients' babies whose gender was predicted wrong; including one from the delivery room nurse I had when I delivered my second daughter. I am glad this "misdiagnosis" happened now rather than at birth,

otherwise our firstborn son would be going home in pink – after 3 girls, pink and purple onsies are all I have! And in the past 24 hours since I found out, I've been looking around the house, noting how easily and unnoticeably we've emerged ourselves in pinks and purples over the years. We have pink blankies, bedsheets, clothes, stuffed animals, doll's clothes, furniture, carpet, curtains, pillows... the list goes on and on and on.

We are ecstatic; we've never had a little boy in our house, so it should be interesting to say the least. And my greatest wish of course is for a healthy baby anyway, gender is not a concern. But now that we know he's a boy, I do feel kind of lost. I've never had a boy baby before, and I had gotten into a sort-of comfort zone with my girls... I even had a nice system worked out with their clothes. The clothes that my 19-month-old was growing out of weren't even getting packed away in the basement – I was just keeping them around for the new baby to use! My girls are close enough in age where I was just putting all their clothes in one closet, and they would make the transition to the next size seamlessly – I thought I had it all figured out! The good news about the clothes is that my sister has graciously offered us the use of her boys' clothes. She has a baby who will be $2\frac{1}{2}$ months older than baby Christopher, so if we can keep the transportation line open between her home in Illinois and mine in Ohio, we shouldn't have to put our baby boy into any pinks or purples.

And that reminds me... I got my husband to promise me (somehow, we have both forgotten how!) somewhere between the last 2 baby girls that if we were to ever have a baby boy, I would get to name him Christopher after my husband. Now that it's a reality, he is getting cold feet about the name, but I am not letting him out of this one! People have suggested using Christopher as a middle name, but Vincent was decided upon way back in 1999 when my husband's father fell ill and passed away – I was pregnant with our first child when he was diagnosed

with ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease), and we agreed that when we had a boy, he'd have the name Vincent... little did we know it would be 9 years later!

So anyway, I just wanted to share our happy news with everybody... Doctors can be wrong, and it seems our family is the latest victim of our doctor's reputable gender inconsistencies. And here is the poll we took way back when in February (before our first "gender revealing" ultrasound – or so we thought!) of some of our family and friends' predictions. It was just for fun, no prizes or anything, but the people who thought they were right really were not (including our whole family except Taylor – good job, T!), and vice versa!

Gender Prediction – Feb. 2008

GUESSES:

Mommy – g

Daddy – g

Taylor – b

Sammie – g

Mary Beth – b

Great Grandma and Great Pa – b

Shirley – g

Keith and Trudy – g

Linda – b

Jamy – b

John – b

Elizabeth – b

Jenny – g

Tracy – g

Gerry – g

Tim and Kim – g

Austin – b

Sharon – b

Lilly – b

Vickie – g

Kristen – g

Sue – b

Megan – b

Carol – b

Grandma B – g

Cathy – b

12 guesses for girl – 14 guesses for boy

FEB 11, 2008 – ULTRASOUND / DR. says IT'S A GIRL!!!

JUNE 3, 2008 – ULTRASOUND / DR. says IT'S A BOY!!!

Four legged furry friends...

Yes, a post about dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbit, chinchillas and all the other furry animals we share our homes and lives with.

I have a house filled with small animals. 1 dog, 1 rabbit and 7 chinchillas. Over the years we've had mice, hamsters, guinea pigs, and one hedge hog. I was never really a pet person, all pets in the house were my wife's or daughters'. Our little dog was a working dog. He was for part of his life a hearing-ear-dog. After my wife died, he quit that job, and just became a grump. But at times he can be a very good little dog. Because of who he is and what his job was, he does hold a special spot in the house (right behind the couch).

The chinchilla is probably the softest animal around. While they are usually very active and inquisitive, some of them will sit still for some cuddling time. Some like to be petted, some don't. I think they're as picky as cats.

Rabbits are also very soft animals, and will generally sit

still for a while to be petted. They will let you know when they are done with it though. You generally find yourself with a wet lap.

The other little furry pets all have good points and bad, but they can bond and will bond with people. I'm not sure why that is, but it has happened in this house.

Now most of the animals in this house are coming to the end of their natural lives. I'm not sure if this house will ever be without pets, but the years with these pets is slowing going to pass. Dogs and chinchillas will both live 15 years or so. The oldest may be past that, I'm not sure she was old when we got her. The rabbits can live about 10 years, so our little rabbit is almost there. I'm not sure what we will do when the last little furry friend is gone. That can be thought about later.

These little friends have meant a lot to this family, and sometimes even kept us sane.