

Bored With The Afghans

My cousin and her small family moved to Alaska last November. Alaska?! Who goes to Alaska! (HEHE... small inside joke). Char's husband was stationed there after his training in the U.S. Army. In March, Rich was deployed to Afghanistan but he is allowed to communicate via phone or computer from time to time. He will be able to return for a week or so for the arrival of their second child (reportedly another little girl). I chatted with him a few weeks ago to discover that he is stationed in a relatively safe zone... in fact, he was bored. I think I would rather be bored in Afghanistan than being in the heat of battle somewhere else..

My sister got a phone call this afternoon from Alaska. It seems that Rich helped set up for a concert that will be taking place featuring a famous country star. Both Char and Christi were upset that they could not be there, too because Rich got to meet him and got his autograph. I told them... if you wanted to meet him so badly, you could both enlist and join him. Don't suppose that is very likely in their familial circumstances. But I believe that they were both promised autographs. Hopefully, some pictures as well.

I wonder what Christi would have done if instead of Toby Keith there were stars of the WWF or WWE or whatever the so called "professional wrestling" group calls themselves. I believe it has been downgraded to "sports entertainment." Honestly, it reminds me of a soap opera with all the convoluted story lines and obviously staged matches. .. good for a laugh. However, somehow there is a number of members in my family who enjoy it. I still remember running outside on Saturday mornings when dad turned it on. To each his own, I guess. I would much rather see Toby Keith in person. Of course, there are other celebrities I would like to meet.

Krispy Kremes And Bean Surprise

The last week at the old grind has had a few surprises. Last Thursday with about 5 minutes to spare on my shift, two of my best friends and their two youngest happened into the store on their way to meet a prospective sitter for use when their normal sitter is not available. Apparently, there was confusion as to where the store is located since the old Super Value sign is still hanging but the Krispy Kreme sign hanging on the building struck a chord. At the time, I was putting some potato salad in the case which the customers turned down. After clocking out, they were at the register so I walked out with them.

Today, I was told that Saturday would be the last delivery day for Krispy Kreme at the store. Apparently, the location that delivers them is closing its doors... yet another victim of the rotten economy. The deliveryman who was the subject of a post a few months ago must not deliver to our store anymore... I haven't seen him since the incident.

I don't know how I got so luck today but I got the pleasure of stocking about every type of baked bean we carry: Bush's, store brand, regular, homestyle, with bourbon. The person working with me in the aisle cracked a few jokes before I got the chance... including Bart Simpson's famous axiom :

Beans, Beans

The musical fruit

The more ya eat

The more ya toot.

Ah, the wit and wisdom of the eternal ten year old eldest child of Homer and Marge. It also made me recall the campfire scene in *Blazing Saddles*. I have always thought that it would be extremely dull to work in a place where you could not have some fun.

You Say It's Your Birthday... Well It's My Birthday, Too

I was feeling rather curious to tonight and I decided to check out celebrities who celebrate (or celebrated) their birthday the same day as I do.

- I have known for years that Fred Gwynne (Herman Munster from *The Munsters* and Judge Chamberlain Haller from the hilarious *My Cousin Vinnie*) was born on July 10th.
- Phyllis Smith who plays (ironically) Phyllis on *The Office*. Isn't it curious that many of the supporting cast members share the first name as the actor playing them? For instance, Oscar Nunez plays Oscar; Angela Kinsey plays Angela; and perhaps most ironic, Creed Bratton plays Creed Bratton (but has his last name on the show ever been established).

- Jake LaMotta the boxer who was the basis for the movie *Raging Bull*.
- Jonathan Gilbert (Willie Olsen from *Little House on the Prarie* who is the brother of Melissa "Laura" Gilbert and half brother of Sara "Darlene #1 from *Roseanne*").

There were 3 pages full of celebrities who share my birthday. Some I would call infamous and some I have no idea who they are. Follow the [link](#) to see who shares your special day.

Yet Another Rainy Day And Monday

Well... after a long and blessedly eventful weekend, I had my regular Monday off. I usually spend an hour or two cleaning my mother's beauty shop. I did not mind today since the weather outside did not look to inviting after a decent Saturday and Sunday was a blah one, too (I guess the old adage that if it rains on Easter Sunday you can expect 6 Sundays of the same does not mean the same if it is opposite... meaning: If it does not rain on Easter Sunday, you can expect 6 Sundays of no rain. Kind of like a groundhog predicting the weather).

So after spending some time chatting with a sick friend hoping to dispel some of her dreariness and getting to see a teaser of the short film we began shooting on Saturday, I read a bit while the suds were on television (YUCK) and found that the Yankees were on tv tonight. After the first series at the new stadium with the Indians ended in a 2-2 split (we **WILL NOT** mention the happening of Saturday afternoon. Remarkably, they now stand at a 7-6 record), I was looking forward to the beginning of a new round with the Oakland As). Hopefully, the announcers would be a bit more even in their commentating than

the seriously one-sided announcers on the Cleveland net. I may sound biased but those announcers were terribly pro-Indian. Unfortunately at 7PM, ESPN announced the bad news: The NY/Oakland game has been postponed due to rain. Guess I should have kept a better eye on the weather in the Bronx: at 2:00, it was cloudy, but rain was forecasted. I was in the same predicament as [Taylhis](#) last night. Maybe I will catch up on some of the 70+ *Simpsons* episodes I have waiting on the DVR. Honestly, who has time for regular tv viewing anymore? Well... the occasional Thursday night from 8-9.30 but aside from that...

Shedding Some Moonlight On The Clinic

Saturday was the day that the theatre collaborated with [Moonlight Productions](#) to make the movie version of one our plays from a few years ago. This is the first time I have been involved in such an endeavor but have sat through a few acting classes in which we discussed the differences between live theatre and film. Going in, I knew that there was going to be stops, starts, and the possibility of some jumping around in the script. I actually thought it quite ambitious to think that we could shoot the film in one day.

Some of the actors from the stage version of *The Clinic* could not make the filming; however, the talent that was recruited assumed the roles quite nicely.

When I had posted about a friend who is going to be making her feature film debut, I had forgotten about the possibility of filming *The Clinic* for Jay's production company. Hopefully,

this will help him to get a film submitted to film festivals to help his company grow. Chris has already gotten the screenplay, which was adapted from his stage play, submitted to a festival in Arizona. However, the deadline for film submission is the end of April.

I actually felt for the people who had to sit there and watch those in scenes and await their turn. While I was in the scenes that were shot, most of my dialogue and craziness have yet to be shot. Most of the cast agreed that we should have had time to rehearse prior to filming. I would agree with that sentiment but it was difficult enough to find a time to meet that fit everyone's busy schedules. I, for one, had a great time participating in a new medium. I have been on film before but during live broadcasts so this was something entirely new but very exciting. Chris was very humorous in his role as director using the clapper and forgetting to say "cut" when he needed to stop the scene (Scene C3; Take 259, etc. HEHE) I'm sure with the multiple cameras running, there will be plenty to have on a blooper reel. I just hope that the film is good enough to help get Jay's name out there. Wrapping up next Saturday. Hopefully, we all can look over the script and become more familiar with it and get through smoothly but I am confident that it will **BE GREAT!!!**

Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean

Ok... so this news is only a few weeks old, but the premise is so outrageous that I am surprised that no one else has posted it. It seems that a woman in Germany has filed for divorce from her husband of **15 YEARS**. Why you may ask? Some Hollywood marriages last mere hours so this would seem like an eternity. It seems that Mr. Christian Kropp of Sondershausen

Germany has a slight problem with cleanliness. It is NOT that he is a slob and insists upon not ceaning up after himself, but he is apparently a bit **T00** neat. One day, the obsessive compulsiveness went a bit overboard. One of the walls in the house did not meet with Mr. Kropp's white glove treatment so he did what any sensible, well-intentioned man would do: he knocked the wall completely down. Here is a rather amusing reaction to the incident:

By Brian Cherry, Apr 5, 2009



Guys get a bad rap in the culture as a whole. You can't turn on the television without seeing men portrayed as incompetent morons who wouldn't be able to convert oxygen into carbon dioxide unless there was a woman there to help them out. Anybody who has ever spent any time in a dance club would observe that the dysfunction is pretty much spread equally between the genders. While this is true, men are the ones who are most often portrayed as lazy, slovenly, and the type of critters that would happily wallow in a mud hole if given the chance. With that said, it is odd to see a man get a divorce because his wife believed that he was way too clean.

Christian Kropp of Sondershausen, Germany is a bit of neat freak. Like many of the guys who are the basis of home improvement shows, Christian excels at cleaning, various household chores, and rearranging furniture. While many women may find this a charming trait in their mate, some also may be a bit intimidated by a guy who invades their sphere of competency; especially if he has better taste than his female counterpart. Mrs. Kropp apparently put up with this for a while, but called it quits on the marriage when her hubby decided to demolish and rebuild a wall that he couldn't quite bring up to his standards with any cleaning products that were on the market.

While this may have been vexing, it should not have been completely unexpected. Mr. Kropp's addiction to cleaning may

have been unusual, but it was eventually going to collide with the hardwired male trait to take things apart. She is lucky that he didn't take a chain saw to the entire house and start the whole thing over from scratch.

I wonder if he lifts the toilet seat when he is done or squeezes the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube. Hopefully, the two can find happiness again elsewhere.

Wasn't It Yesterday...

when we were small?

I dunno... feeling nostalgic but I took out my senior year yearbook (Log of E) the other day just to see how much I remembered. Best facial expressions, moi? There was also a baby picture section. I honestly do remember the picture... not the actual posing, but... Actually having a head full of hair!

Then the not so proud moments of my class. Those who did not graduate and actually had "Did Not Graduate" printed right underneath their photo. Not the most flattering thing to have under your picture I would say. I do not remember seeing the senior photo of the aforementioned inmate who made a few appearances on America's Most Wanted. I don't know whose bright idea it was to post the DNG, but why defame our class with that?

Our senior trip to Florida was memorable for many reasons. Ours was the first class to have the opportunity since the class of 1988. Ironically, my second brother was in this class and my mother was the class advisor. And the stories I heard about that! Even more ironic, the class of 1992 was the "good" class. Well... the class of 1993 was the last class to

go on a trip because of some of the goings on of our trip. I almost felt left out because I was one of the few who was not called to the principal's room days after our return.

The trip was fantastic! On my first trip to the Walt Disney World Resort, I was pulled from 2 different audiences to participate in some of the shows at the (previously known as) Disney/MGM Studio. For some reason, the Superstar Television attraction was discontinued. However, I was put into a scene as a butler in a Three Stooges short in which I got thrown into a pie tossing battle. I hit Curly right in the face and actually got one in return.

I had actually forgotten that a female classmate was called down along with me for the Indiana Jones Stunt Spectacular in which some of the action sequences from the first three films were recreated by a stuntman. I was asked to demonstrate an evil belly laugh as part of my "audition." The show was full of pyrotechnics and other eye-catching trickery. I'm actually amazed that I remember most of this as if it were yesterday.

Another forgotten flashback courtesy of the yearbook was a harmless, yet not so flattering photo snapped of me in the hotel room. Which I must admit was more flattering than someone losing their swimsuit while going down a slide at Wet 'n' Wild. One of the stories that I heard about the class of '88's trip.

Oh Captain, My Captain

Tonight, I was treated to a surprise on the television after I got home from work: only the second televised Yankee game of the new season and it was the first game broadcast on the New York station we get via DishTV. Quite a difference from

yesterday's 15-5 debacle. New starter A.J. Burnett had a no-no going through six, but in the bottom of the 7th, the Rays scored a pair to make the score even. By the ninth, the Bombers had made the score 7-2 capped off by Captain Jeter's three-run dinger. I now see that the Yanks and [Tigers](#) are even in their respective divisions at 4-4; however, the Detroit-Chicago White Stocking game was postponed due to rain. And the [Cubbies](#) continue their winning ways at 5-2... GO CUBBIES!

For the past week or so, I have been rather surprised that neither ESPN station nor the New York affiliate were going to carry the opener at the new cathedral. I searched and searched the guide at Thursday afternoon at 1PM. I guess I should have checked the Ohio Sports channel. If I had realized that the Yanks were facing the Tribe from Cleveland, I would have checked it before tonight. So, following my shift Thursday afternoon... I just hope no one wants to watch soap operas.

My Name Is Jonas

No... nothing to do with the Jonas Brothers but more on the title in a bit. This evening, we gathered at my oldest brother's house with the fourteen of us and more extended family for the birthday celebration of my oldest (**14!?**) niece and **13** year-old nephew/godson. The kids hunted eggs when we arrived. Then some of us watched GOLF while others engaged in some Guitar Hero on the Wii. I actually amazed myself as I went head-to-head with almost everyone then had to go up against the household crowd. Elizabeth kept selecting the same song again and again and beating everyone again and again until she competed with her dad. I told them that I would

just have to sneak out to the house while she was in school and practice... but as before, a little Wii goes a long way.

Birthdays mean cake and candles. I don't know why it took so long between the time the candles were lit and the blowing but I decided to test my wind strength. Honestly, I was sitting at the opposite end of the 6' table and blew all 14 candles out... not totally because they relit. I was thinking that the ice cream cake with peeps on top was going to melt before the candles were extinguished.

After the cake was wrapped up, someone had the BRILLIANT idea of playing golf on the Wii. WOW... wasn't it enough to sit and watch Tiger Woods hit a tree and others hit birdies (which kind, I still do not know) and bogies (why anyone would want to hit a poor dead actor is beyond me)? Needless to say, I was pleased when the 18 holes were done so we could return to Guitar Hero and Elizabeth's endless selection of [My Name is Jonas](#). At least on my turn, I was willing to try songs we had not done previously. And I did get to see a picture of John Truitt's adorable baby girl.

The Beginning of Another Super Weekend

This weekend is turning out to be another super fun one that started Saturday. I watched the double episodes of The Office from Thursday night (don't remember what I was doing when they were on at their scheduled time, but no spoilers since I'm not sure if my faithful readers caught them both). The, I went across the street to watch the nieces and nephew in the Easter Egg hunt. I attempted to convince my sister to take them to

the theatre's hunt, but apparently, she wanted to partake in the adult hunt. I have yet to participate with the big kids because I really do not relish the chance to get trampled... or like my older brother fall down and lose the eggs that he had picked up. I thought about it this year, but before the time came, I was invited to go to the zoo.

I had not been to the [Toledo Zoo](#) for sometime. The last time I remember, I was on a field trip with an acting class from BGSU. We went to observe and study the animals and then use some of their mannerisms in order to develop a character. Yesterday, I really enjoyed the hippos who were in their pens awaiting feeding time. Quite humorous to see the hungry beasts open their gaping mouths, roll around in their pools of water, and finally leave their calling card after they had finished.

I also really loved the sloth bear. There were two... one was much more animated than his companion. He was very social and came up to the transparent barrier, sniffing at people, car keys, ballcaps, and just about anything e could find. The other bear just reclined in the hammock, seemingly to say... "HAHA! I know how to live! I don't have to make a spectacle of myself!"

After the zoo, we went to a small diner where I indulged in a Nickburger: a full-pound of ground sirloin with lettuce, onion, tomato, and pickle (YUCK! pickle). I was really hungry... so I was not surprised that I ate the whole thing. The fries were a different story.

This morning at mass, I again sang with the choir. The opening song was well-known to me but apparently, someone (without informing me) had the idea to transpose the hymn down at least two flats. Nothing I could not handle and I discovered that a low A is starting to come along. After mass, the Easter Bunny had stopped by the church as each member of the choir received a REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER EGG

(ahhhhhh!!!!!! HEAVEN).

Then, the family (all fourteen of us) went to Ritzy's (or is it Rita's... sorry Derek) for a buffet. My friend's generally comment on the behavior of their four little ones at restaurants. I guess I should point out that most of the 7 nieces and nephews are beyond the age of running around and dropping food on the floor; however, nothing compares to a three-year old who announces to the whole banquet room that "I HAVE TO GO POTTY!" Not embarrassing at all, I found the announcement rather humorous. Later, the same little angel wanted a kiss from grandma. Yet, if you saw the little girls face covered with butter, some mashed potato, and I think some strawberry pie glaze, I'm sure you would have second thoughts. I believe that I must have still been recovering from my battle with the Nickburger, because I did not eat too much. Or maybe, I knew that we will be having a birthday celebration later this evening.

Did you know that certain fans of [marshmallow peeps](#) put the concoction on everything including pizza. They also microwave them. Of course, peeps aren't just for Easter anymore.