

I just never knew.

I've known that I have some talented daughters. Writing, art, sewing, singing and maybe a little acting thrown in there have all been some of the talents displayed by one or more daughters. Not that they would make careers of this, unless they start pushing in that direction, but a bit of talent is shown.

Now, since I've joined facebook (shudder!!!), I've been made aware of my niece's amazing talent. I wouldn't normally do this, but I need to share her link. Check the work of [Veronica Leigh on Redbubble](#).

I've put in a request for some coffee cups of some of her pictures. Guess what Christmas presents will be in 2010. I've got it all planned out now.

Phase one completed

Yes, phase one of my getting back into running a regular role playing game has been completed. The group will comeback for more and maybe even complete the journey. I had a wonderful time. My dice rolling was poor, but that helped the group survive for one more day.

This has been a nice weekend. I got to spend some time with my youngest daughter. We were able to tackle our little corgi and get his nails trimmed. He never likes that, so it is an adventure every time. Maybe next week he can have a bath. I don't think he minds that nearly as much, but he is 27 lbs of compact muscle.

Lots of fun this weekend...

Second try...

I know they say that the 3rd time is the charm, but tonight is only my second try. I hope that the gamers will be as ready to play as I am to run this little campaign.

I have been thinking about the many years that I've been away from actually running a role playing game. The rules have changed, the characters have changed, but the game has really stayed the same. It is all about the story and how the players (characters) interact with that story.

That being the case, will my recent years on stage allow me to tell a better story? Will my years of telling stories to my children allow me to tell a better story? I think I may know the answer..

Back in college, I was really into D&D, a friend talked me into being on stage. I was so nervous that I got physically sick after every performance. I vowed never to go on stage again. Some time between then and 1996/97 things changed. I got a job and a family. The pressure of the job actually gave me the confidence to get up in front of people to give them my ideas. My life and my family depended on me being able to do this, so I did it. The pressure of my family, made me realize that some things were much more important than some feelings of slight humiliation. The family allowed me to be me in all situations. So in 1996/1997 I tried the stage one more time. I must have enjoyed it since I've been doing it every year since then....

Now back to gaming. I am now a much more confident person than

I was in the early 80's into the 90's. I'm not afraid of making a fool of myself. I know I can tell a story or two. My gut feeling is that I will be able to run the game better than I did before. Should be fun.

Random thoughts for today

I was strolling around the internet (I don't surf, that just goes too fast), and I found a few interesting things.

[On this site](#), I found two t-shirts I liked. The first was with Bela Lugosi as Dracula holding the head of a more recent movie vampire (yes, just the head). The saying was "Dracula never sparkled." Struck my sense of humor today. The other shirt on the same site was "Meat is Murder. Quick eat the evidence." So today, I guess my humor is heading toward the violent stage. "Here's Johnny." ☐

Ok, I knew somebody had the list of what emoticons actually works here. [Ok, I found them, thanks again Derek!!](#) Why can't all of the various chat area, blog sites, bulletin boards, social networks, ect. use the same symbols. Why do they work sometimes and not others. Even being a technical person by trade, I get sick of technology... ☐

[Are we headed for a new form of the WWW?](#) Kind of discussed this last night with a friend or few. Mostly about if Facebook would start charging for use. Currently that is just a malicious rumor floating around, but as was said in the conversation, Facebook and other sites like that need some cash to exist. Now this article is more about premium content, but I wonder what premium content is. I already pay for my web access, about as much as I would pay for Cable/Satellite TV, Cell Phone usage ect., so I wonder how much more this would

eventually cost. Like most people in the middle class, my budget is strained from all angles. I don't have pay TV for a number of reason, but one is I really don't want to pay for TV.

If it ever comes to the point that I have to pay for TV, I'll stop watching. I've said before there isn't much I want to watch, so it doesn't make any difference to me. I have internet access to keep up with friends, family, work and news of the day. I pay for that access to offset other areas I no longer use or pay for. If the outlets I use start charging me, on top of my access charge, I may stop using them. Unless I become independently wealthy. I can always go to the library to pick up newspapers and magazines. My taxes go to keep those organizations functioning, so I will use them. I can use other means to contact friends and family. But then as I said earlier, sometimes the technology bugs me...

[In what may be a good use for Ebooks, I found this article.](#)

Textbooks that can be modified or commented on by the professors/teachers. Cool stuff. I remember in school carting around a lot of books. And then in college pay tons of money for lots of books. Of course the teachers would always comment or add to the material present in the book. This forced the student to carry even more. I like the idea of getting this all on an E-book level and allow the students to carry around less material. Save trees and backaches. Now if they would only come up with a way to make that stupid textbook cheaper.

One final note. I went to the oriental restaurant on Sunday with my daughter. My taste buds were so messed up, I left the fortune cookies in the truck. Since my taste returned today I ate the cookies. The first fortune I had was "Everything will now come your way." The lucky numbers on this fortune just happened to be the birthdays (day of the month) of my four daughters, myself and my late wife. That is six numbers. The estimated jackpot for the Mega Millions jackpot is now 83 million for tonight's drawing. I met my late wife in 1983... Is

that a sign? I'm not sure I believe in stuff like that, but I bought the ticket anyway. I used my late wife's birthday as the powerball and put the rest of the days in the regular numbers. One final little note: that combination of numbers never won the jackpot...

The best gift of all (non-religious)

Every year my darling daughters ask me what I want for Christmas, birthday and Fathers' day (or any other occasion where they feel the need to get me things), and every year I have more trouble coming up with things I want or need.

So I decided I would put it into words once and for all time. If you see one of my daughters, suggest that they read this. IF you are one of my daughters, pass this on to your sisters. If you don't know or never see my daughters, maybe these words can be used in your life.

What I want most from anyone, especially my daughters, is the gift of time. This can be given in many ways. A call to tell me some special news in your day. Or a call just to say hi. Time spent putting together a project that you think I might like. Time spent with me doing something or nothing at all. I cherish all the moments I get to spend with those I love.

Time is something we never get back. Once gone it is gone forever, that is why I think that it is the best gift. It has no price, but immense value. You can not buy it, but you can give your time. It is a gift of the heart, and that my friends is a very good gift indeed.

To quote my last show (probably the only 'good' quote from the show) "Our time here on this earth is short, shorter than any of us can imagine." And that it is, spend it wisely, but please spend some with me.

A special place in 'MY' acting hall of fame

One line in a response pushed me to write this post. I don't think I've written about it before, but I remember telling a friend or two, so if you've heard it before, just be patient with me.

Way back in 1997, somebody asked me for suggestions on shows for the play house to do. I was a rank newbie to the theater, but I gave a suggestion or two. The play at the top of my list was "Harvey". It seems that the playhouse did this show before, and they were not ready to do it again. Year after year, I suggested that show. Finally, after a lot of persuasion, and maybe just to shut me up, the show was scheduled for some time in 2006. I tried out for the show and was given the lead role of Elwood Dowd. A dream come true for me. I would have done anything on that show just to be able to watch it, but I was able to be in it. I was thrilled.

One thing did put a damper on that. My lovely wife died in 2003 and would not be by my side during the rehearsals and production of this show. This was a bit of a stress for me during the early rehearsals of the show. Finally something changed. I needed some props for the show. One was the cards that Elwood was so fond of passing out, another a notebook of his favorite watering holes. And the third an billfold with

some cash and other peoples calling cards. The little notebook, and many of the 'calling' cards belonged to my late wife. From that time on, I had a little bit of her on stage with me.

Then came my largest discovery. I was able to think of Harvey as my lovely wife standing on the footstool in the kitchen. This would have put her at the exact height needed for Harvey. So from the time of that thought, until the end of the run, every time I looked at Harvey on stage, I was peering into the eyes of my wife.

Many times she said she never wanted to be on stage. She never wanted any recognition for anything she did for the theater. She wanted to remain anonymous. Well except for in my eyes, she was never on the stage. Her name was not listed in the bios, but she was on stage with me for every performance. I gave my all to that show. I pushed myself farther than I ever thought I could. And every night I looked into the eyes of my wife, shared a drink or two and was finally able to say "Where have you been, I've been looking all over for you."

No matter what comes after that show, all things pale when in that light.

The end of a very long day

The day actually started some time after Midnight last night. Our director's gift cast party was held, and it was almost mandatory attendance. It was worth the trip, because our fearless leader had some wonderful things to say about the show. The party was long and entertaining, but I got to bed very late (early???) and we had one more show to do in the afternoon.

The final show went as well as can be expected when one of the actors calls in sick at the last minute. Before anyone jumps to a conclusion, it was a real illness and not just sick from the party last night (ok, it may have been the food, but nobody else got sick). We had to cut the one scene that the person was in. Unfortunately, I was also in that scene. Life is full of disappointments.

My youngest and her grandparents were in the audience and seemed to enjoy the show. It is always fun to perform for family. I also had numerous people, throughout the run of the show, ask me if I was really a minister, or was I going to take that up as a new calling. Sorry folks, I'm an actor, I only play a minister on stage. Again I heard that this was the best I've ever done. My nature tends to think that people can only remember the last few shows they've seen. Surely I've done better on other roles? Oh well, as long as they enjoyed the show.

Finally, I took my youngest back to college. Just got back home. Definitely the end of a very long day.

Waiting, and more waiting

My daughter, her husband and their children are on their way home. It is a long drive from Ohio to Mid Florida. I talked to them when they were north of Lexington KY and then again when they were north of Macon GA. From what I can determine that was about 12 hours of driving. They have 6 to 8 more hours to go. The father in me is waiting for that call to say they made it safely.

I'm not sure if I worry and fret more than most parents, but sometimes it does feel like I do. Then again, I am worrying

for two parents.

My wonderful holidays will be complete when my daughter and her family make it home. Then I can worry about the more mundane things. Like daughters in College. Or daughters who just got married. Daughters who have been married for a few years. Do they have what they need? Are they doing well. Are any of them sick. Is there an alligator in the back yard? ☐

Yes, I love my children. All of them. The girls I helped raise, and the men they picked to join our family. I'll continue to worry and wait.

Ring in the New Year

I was supposed to celebrate the New Year with friends. My daughter and her family were supposed to head out from Toledo last night. This did not happen. They had to get some service on their vehicle and this delayed the packing for the trip. A late dinner and some traditional New Year's Eve food was shared with my daughters, sons and Grandchildren. It was another wonderful evening with family.

I was disappointed that I was not able to spend the evening with friends, but I was able to spend time with my family. I don't get to spend as much time I as I wish I could with any of my daughters. Any time I get to spend, I enjoy with all my heart. I try to spend as much time as possible with them. I was able to spend four additional hours with my Florida family. I JUMPED at the chance.

I had no games with friends, but a granddaughter sitting on my lap while watching "Muppets' Treasure Island". No streamers, party poppers and noise makers, but hugs from daughters and

grandkids.

Family and the New Year. I'm not sure if there is a better way to bring in good luck for the coming year.

A few days late, but...

it was an almost perfect Christmas.

The day started with going to a movie with my grandchildren, their parents and my youngest daughter. The movie was not my first choice, but it did impress my grandchildren, and I was happy to be there.

Then came dinner with my wife's family, with all of my daughters and their respective husbands (if any), my grandchildren. Dinner was very good. Turkey, hot and cold vegetables, bread, stuffing, jello, pie, cookies, cake were all shared. Good talk with wonderful company.

Presents were unwrapped and almost everyone enjoyed themselves. One young man did not want to be part of the Christmas festivities, but that comes with his age. My day was filled with family and good times.

Feelings of loss also were in the house. Parents who lost children, a husband who lost a wife, the loss of a good friend, and the loss of grandchildren. These losses colored the gathering, but did not overwhelm. Colors that enhanced and shadow the picture. The colors give everything depth and meaning.

What is life, if not sharing good times and loss. That makes a very Merry Christmas indeed.