

You Fell Over The Side Of A What With A Which?

One of my not so graceful moments took place after a high school football game. My cousin and I were riding in the back of my brother's pickup while my parents were in the front driving. While riding, I was wrapped up in the [sousaphone](#) that I played in the marching band. Why I had it on still is a mystery to me. We were turning a corner and all of a sudden... falling over the side was a body wrapped up in a sousaphone. My cousin yelled "Stop!" Mom came running out of the truck to make sure I was all right... yelling at dad because he went around the corner too fast. Actually, I think the instrument took most of the damage. I was more worried about what Mrs. Curtis was going to say Monday about the condition of the horn (she was more worried about me, of course). To this day, everyone who was involved or knows about the incident gets a chuckle. Shortly after we got back to the school, Chad, Dan, and I left for Columbus where we met my oldest brother, Jeff, to go to Cleveland the next day where the Buckeyes were playing a special game. On the way to Columbus, I had an ice pack over my head. AH, YOUTH.

Close Enough That You Can Hear The Ball Hit The Bat

I know that the baseball season has ended and legions of Cubbies fans are still mourning the playoff showing (not trying to rub it in; honestly, there is a point to this madness). Tonight at work, I was chatting with a friend and

customer whose daughter lives in Chicago. I told him that some of my best friends moved to this area from the Chicago 'burbs. Greg's daughter lives within breathing distance of the hallowed ivy covered outfield walls of Wrigley Field in Wrigleyville. Her apartment building is near the Budweiser sign where a game can be seen right out the window. Coolers and grills are frequently seen going while games are going on. I said, "Don't tell my brother." "Don't worry, Chad and I have already discussed it." But don't be asking to use any connections anytime soon. The apartment complex has been purchased to be redeveloped into something more lucrative (just don't ask me what).

This brought about a discussion of my brother's devotion to the team. Every spring, he conveniently becomes ill at lunch on opening day (or takes a vacation day from work)... EVERY YEAR. One would think that the school would catch on. In our youth, Chad and I shared a bedroom. He would spend hours in the room making towers of baseball cards. Invariably, these towers would be placed right beside the closed door. Consequently, the door would open and the towers would come crashing down. THIS was not done purposely. Periodically however, I have a cousin who would stay overnight and we would have some fun by going into the bedroom and mischievously knocking over the cards. OH, My... you would not want to be caught dead after Chad discovered his hours of work destroyed (intentionally or not). And guess who was first on his radar? To this day, I never understood why he stacked and restacked those cards when he could have been protecting them and probably would have some money in them. Even less did I understand his practice of personally autographing the cards that did not have a signature on them. I do not know how many cards he has but we have speculated that it has to be in the millions (I'm not kidding). He would also get entire sets of cards for Christmas year after year which he would open and mix in with all the other cards or trade with friends. AH... YOUTH.

I Can Play On My Bagpipes?!

This afternoon at the high school, the entire student body and members of the community (too few in my opinion) were treated to a concert by America's Finest Singing Machine, The Bowling Green State University Men's Chorus. Although its size has dwindled and it is now under a new master from when I was a member, I am pleased to say that the tradition is alive and well. Starting off with the ever traditional "Sing Dem Herrn," I got goosebumps as the men marched double file to the risers filling the air with music. The repertoire has not changed a bit: some classical (even a Gregorian chant), contemporary, gospel, and novelty bits. There were also appearances by the chamber choir (something new to me) as well as the two varsity quartets. I am sure that the long standing lists of quartets who have traveled on to contests is still alive and well. The chamber ensemble performed a Halloween themed medley ("The Addams Family, and "Ghostbusters"... I wonder how many of the men actually remember the movie). I actually was seated beside a woman whose son is a member.

At the halfway point the director, Dr. Skoog Got on his soap box (a well needed one) to speak on Arts in the school (or lack thereof). Today in over 60% of our local schools there is no arts program. No music, no band, no choir, no drama. That is a shame. As Dr. Skoog pointed out, in the next 20 years if the trend continues there will be no need for ipods or mp3 players because our children will not be taught in the arts. Grant it, literacy is important but there are students who have a natural inborn talent that if the decline in arts education continues that talent will not be cultivated. Ok... on to the highlight.

The second half of a BGSU Men's Chorus concert is devoted to

the more light-hearted, crowd-pleasing, traditional fare. This afternoon was no exception. As Dr. Skoog invited any chorus alums to come to the stage, the lady beside me immediately stood up so I could make my way to the gymnasium floor. After I shook the director's hands and pulled out my white gloves, I THOUGHT I knew what was coming. But no, the announcement was made that we would be performing the traditional initiation piece (true that the new members learn it the night before the first time they perform and it is one of the hardest songs you will ever learn). EVEN BETTER!!! I cannot go into detail in case anyone who reads this blog may one day wish to become a member of the chorus. But if asked, performer that I am, I could be pressed into doing it.

So... a fantastic blast down memory lane... and as a friend and teacher pointed out to me after the concert... "You never missed a beat. You never forget do you." Nope... just like I never forgot "Oops pardon me, blondie" or "Baloons for sale; Baloons for sale; RED, YELLLOW and GRREEEEN BALOONS!" I just wish Emily had been there. She never got to see me perform with the chorus.

Good Times

As I said this blog is about things I really enjoy doing. If there were one thing I would choose to do for the rest of my life, it would be to act, sing, perform, or just be on a stage. I do not care if it is making millions of dollars in front of tens of thousands of people or on a small, intimate stage in front of 10 people. From September 2006-September 2007, I was in 6 community theatre productions. I played everything from a walk-on cameo, to scene stealing supporting actor, to lead actor. I also was the backstage manager for

Grease which was very rewarding because it gave me the opportunity to work behind the scenes for the first time and still be on stage in a limited role. However, my greatest accomplishment thus far on stage was bringing to life the character Morat Notboratnichkov in the musical Idol Night at the Karaoke Place. Morat was initially a clone of "Borat". However, I feel that he grew apart from that stereotype. Sure, I have heard of Borat but I still have never seen any of his shows nor the movie. I do not know how to explain but I think I took a bit of Yul Brynner from The King and I, added a dash of Ricky Ricardo, and something of myself and came up with something unique. Of course, the writer responsible for the show was there on stage and off to guide the entire cast. The fun and excitement was not limited to the stage. On May 11, Chris and I were interviewed on Toledo 24 News in order to promote the show. The lady doing the interview was totally caught off guard. The weatherman could be heard in the background laughing. I think I even amazed myself because this was at 6:45AM. Never before have I ever been involved in a show which brought with it so many memories. EVERYONE WINS!!!



Really Quacks Me Up

Well, I'm kinda thinking my blog will be a hodgepodge (?) of just about everything I enjoy. I enjoy a good movie (or even some bad movies). Speaking of bad movies, the guy who created Howard the Duck, Steve Gerber, just passed away. Apparently, the comic book from the 70s was a cult hit. Somehow, Mr. George Lucas came up with the brilliant idea that it would make a box-office hit. The movie came out in 1986. The only relatively recognizable actor in it is Lea Thompson (of Back to the Future fame). I believe ol' George was once again

attempting to create a new money making franchise along with the then in-limbo Star Wars saga and the popular Indiana Jones series. Needless to say, Howard the Duck was a miserable flop. It is one of those movies which may be enjoyable with a group of friends who just want to sit around, waste a hour and a half, and laugh at the absurdity. It would also be a great way to relive the culture of the mid-1980s. Big hair, bubble gum pop music, and forgotten actors of the day (whatever became of Lea Thompson?). But, if you want to have a good laugh check out Howard the Duck just to see the duck from outer space rock and roll with Lea Thompson. I think the best part of the movie is the theme song and that is not that great. It sounds like a great movie to watch with your band of theatre chums. Thank you Bryan Times for publishing an article about an otherwise forgettable comic book writer who probably will go down in history for the creation of one of the biggest "Turkeys" or should I say "Ducks" in movie history. I also found out via IMDB.com that Tim Robbins (For comic relief?) also was in it and that no less than 8 actors are credited with playing the title role. Also, may be a good movie for children of all ages to enjoy. 