

How To Succeed In A Grocery Store Interview With (Or Without?) Really Trying

Last weekend, I discovered that a friend was in desperate need of a job so I said that I would be happy to pick up an application for him and preach him up to TPTB. I told him that he should come in Tuesday afternoon around 4. This would allow him to get out of school and tidy up a bit. Tuesday nights are good since the boss works (or is there, anyway).

So today shortly after I arrived, here comes a well-groomed just turned 18 year old dressed to the nines. I almost thought that I had seen a tie. I commented that he might be just a BIT overdressed although I did tell him to dress to impress. I should have warned him about the lobe jewelry.

After the interview, my FRIEND and the boss came up and told me that I was fired. Thank you Mrs. Trump ☐ Seriously though, I was informed that the interview went really well and that he would start on June 1st. So long? The boss was really impressed and told me that since he is now of age, Nate probably would be learning some of the adult duties (meat grinding which he seemed only too happy to be instructed in... as long as he does not get his hand in the grinder while it is running). I was also informed that he was very well spoken and a great guy. I could not agree more. One thing bothered me though. The boss somehow got the impression that I told Nate that she was **NICE**? I must have a word or two with my young friend before June 1st to avoid any further brainwashing. Welcome to the Jungle, Nate!

1st and Goal On Third Base

This evening, I went to watch two of my nieces play in their respective ball leagues. first stop, the 5-6 year old tot league to watch little Alyssa. Although a delight to watch, a little goes a long way. Watching the little ones just starting out, each player hits every inning and has seven chances to make contact before the tee is brought out. Alyssa was the last player in the line up for her team, getting a hit each of the three times at bat. After each turn at bat, she made a lap of the bases even after the play was made. At times, the players in the field looked more like a football team than baseball diving and tackling each other to get the ball and make the play. After two rounds, I decided to go to the neighboring field to watch my older niece, Elizabeth.

I missed a lot of action. Apparently, she not only caught a pop fly but also turned a double play... not all on the same play. I got to watch her walk and make her way to third base. She also played center field then was behind the plate the next inning. Unfortunately, the mercy rule was enacted with final tally of 13-5. But good for Elizabeth!

When we got home, I learned that Alex hit the game winner in his game across town. Now it is the final game in the Yanks/Twins four game series at the stadium (NY up 3 games to 0 and up 6-2)

My Two Moms

Happy Mother's Day to all those who serve as mothers whether it be in the traditional sense or less than traditional. I am lucky to have had two extraordinary women to look up to and

admire who have always been there for me no matter where I was or what trouble I have been in. One, my fabulous mother whom I would not trade for all the tea in China. The other one that I was blessed to “adopt” as the second mother I so wish everyone had (God rest her soul)... someone I could talk to and share private things with.

My mom is one of the most giving women on the planet. She has three jobs: beautician, bus driver (morning, pre-school, and afternoon routes), and bookkeeper for volleyball, basketball, and softball. The sports statistician position I think she does more for the escape from the everyday but she still gets paid for it. She also is the best person to have raised her four children, husband (he is still being raised), and niece who had been tossed around from 3 foster families before ending up with us when she was in the second grade. So many memories, I cannot pick a single one.

On the other hand, one instance sticks out clearly in my mind concerning Emily. Following one of the performances of *Joseph* nine years ago, the two ladies and I went to McDonald's. We ordered and went to our table. However, the orders were far from correct. Emily went right back up to the counter and in her special way explained the situation. By the time she was done, we had not only gotten our orders refilled correctly but a refund on top of it. I sometimes wonder if the poor guy behind the counter had been employed there long. No one wanted to be on Ma2's bad side.

So... thank you to all mothers everywhere. I'm sure that there is not a harder yet more rewarding job anywhere.

A Day With Rosie

Now that the kids have been transported to school (an adventure in and of itself... nope still haven't perfected the actual molecule beaming device... had to do it the old-fashioned way... by car). I can come back and straighten the house so big brother doesn't come home to a disaster. Thank goodness, I have Rosie (*la petite* French maid... HUHN, HUHN! Ooo, la, la!) to help me, I can kick back and watch as she goes through her paces. From where I sit, she doesn't seem to be doing too badly. Very small, very fast, just my type. I did do the dishes and picked up large items on the floor to make her job just a little bit easier. She does seem to be having a bit of difficulty... looks like she is stuck on a furnace grating... excuse me while I go help her. And away she goes Boy, can she suck!! OK...OK... Rosie is nothing more than the robotic vacuum. Does take a little time but I have the day off, so I can get the house clean and do what I like as the sweeper does her thing

Well... while I let Rosie do her job, I think I will find a good show to pop in the Blu-Ray...

A Wonderful Weekend... Until...

Beautiful weather, fun times with the best of friends, and a bit of work (just a bit) all added up to a fun weekend AND THEN...UGH! Older brothers can be so trying sometimes (I'm sure the same can be said for younger siblings as well). Fantastic news to start off with: We managed to finish filming *The Clinic*. Hopefully, it can be put together well enough to submit for consideration by the deadline. W have lots of fun

things being planned after the final product comes to fruition. The process seemed to be much smoother than last week. I must say that I am glad we finished when we did. I think "Donnie" was just about out of energy. And that, my friend says A LOT.

Saturday night, I once again had the extreme thrill and privilege to assist my friend in setting up for his totally mind-blowing demonstration of mentalism in Mind Games. Taylhis and I helped by watching him practice some of his routine. Thankfully, very little of it was done fully so as not to ruin the performance. I was asked to provide a dollar bill for a bit and at the end I had no idea what was supposed to have happened, but that is as it was supposed to be until the show.

I was encouraged to ask some of my family to attend the performance which I did and told them that "Upon pain of death" they would attend. Four of them did... the rest better watch themselves. Little Sydney really seemed to enjoy herself. She was on the edge of her seat the whole time, totally mesmerized by the show with her mouth and eyes wide open. Quite a change from the fright she got from Chris dressed as The Nerd. Today, I asked if she was still scared of him. She just laughed and shook her head, no. Thank goodness.

Later this afternoon, while at my big brother's house entertaining the kids with my sister and cousin, I noticed that Jeff was nowhere to be found. Moments later, Kim told me in confidence (the kids were right there) that he went to the ER WITH CHEST PAINS... BY HIMSELF!!! Given his history, I figured that it would be a long night, so I volunteered to stay with the three kids until their mother could be reached. When he finally called, it was decided that he would be admitted for the night... just to be safe. Because their mother could not be reached, I said that I would stay at the house and get the kids ready for school tomorrow. Still did nothing

to calm my nerves that he once again failed to say anything....
AHHHHHHHH!

Well... guess I will get cozy and see if the Yanks can't take one from the Red Stockings.

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.

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.

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.