

At Least The Party Was A Success

This afternoon, the family made the @ 2 hour trek to our cousin's home in Huron... not a "fur piece" from the Amazement Park.. in fact once we exited, we had the choice of turning left to go to DRM's or right to go to the Point. This time, the left turn (at Albuquerque) won out. □ I had never been to the house before as I seem to have been involved in one production or another when the birthdays arose. For some reason, I am not involved in any shows so I was really excited to make the trip! I must say that it is a very nice place.

Next time when there is not so much craziness, I will ask for the guided tour.

As usual, fun was had with some gentle ribbing among some and catching up with relatives and a friend I rarely get to see.

Almost 20 years since *Annie*! WHAAAATTT??!!!!!! Food glorious food. An abundance of pizza, ICE CREAM CAKE (one of the greatest inventions ever), and more. Something unusual in the festivities... a pinata in which you pull streamers instead of hitting the object with a stick. Did someone see the youtube video of my brother attempting to hit Spongebob? Needless to say that the pulling of the streamers was a bit anticlimactic.

I must say that the 4 year old birthday girl made out like a bandit: Princess paraphernalia, My Little Pony (everything old is new again), the obligatory clothing, and a bicycle.

FUN TIMES!

While the merriment of celebration continued, the highlight of the evening turned out to be a lowlight. The Buckeyes played (if you want to call it that) abysmally. Listening to it on the way home on the radio was bad enough, I would have hated to watch it. I read on my Nook most of the way (I was a passenger in the car not the driver).

Next summer, I think a trip to the park will be LONG overdue!
I've been to the Island since I have been to the Point!

Well It's Been A Long, Been A Long, BeenaLong (Few) Day(s)

Started on Wednesday afternoon. Dad came home from his crossing guard duty and headed to his bedroom (in itself not unusual) and fell asleep (which is a little strange). Around 6, he came out for a bit and told us that he was not feeling well and shortly turned in for the night. Around 11, I heard the parents talking and all of a sudden, I hear Mom calling my name. So I run to the bedroom and see her holding him up trying to steady him in an attempt to get him to the restroom.

Before I get to him, he (not so gracefully) tumbles to the floor. To me, he looks kind of pasty and sweaty and he is mumbling but coherent (unlike the stroke adventure). Call 911 and by 11:15 he is on his way to the hospital. Mom and I get there about 11:45.

While sitting in his ER room, his heart rate goes on a roller coaster. Up and down, down and up. The lab tech came in and attempted to draw blood and wouldn't ya know... he was being stubborn and didn't want to give any... but eventually cooperated
□ Around 3:30AM, we are finally informed that he is going to be admitted (course, we didn't see THAT coming at all). So, 4AM finally get to bed. I got a few hours. Mom got 45 minutes.

Thursday, he was given a pint of blood. About 3-4 years ago, he had to be given 7 pints after suffering a bleeding ulcer.
We had to wait until the battery of meds he has to take

everyday to travel through his system before they can do anything extensive to determine what his problem is.

Friday morning, Dad is scheduled for a colonoscopy. I had to go over for my own lab work so I arrived in plenty of time for his voyage to the OR. Mom arrived shortly before the procedure began as Dad made sure. The procedure did not last long and showed that he had suffered another bleeding ulcer, nowhere near as bad as the previous one. In fact, it had stopped. Apparently, he is really prone to these because of his susceptibility to the acid in high acid foods: citrus fruits, tomatoes and the like. I guess when we order fruit from our school's FFA later this season, he will not sit and indulge in 2-3 huge grapefruits in one sitting. Back up in his ICU room (it seemed a bit different than the last time I was there), he fell asleep so I did not feel guilty when I left to meet some friends around the corner for lunch.

Today, at least we know what the problem was and is being treated. He probably will not be able to come home today as his "numbers" are still not where they need to be. But with the help of the doctors, prayers from loved ones and with HIS guidance, I'm sure Dad will be back to his "normal (?)" self in no time.

It Was A Dark And Stormy Night

Ok... backtrack post... Saturday night after church, I tagged along with my parents to watch the little ones in their new house. While it was fun to have the family stay at the house after their return from "The Last Frontier", it was a relief

for all concerned when they moved into their new abode a short walk away. Nice house that has been well taken care of.

Before I had decided to make my way home, it began to storm. AND STORM IT DID! Before the storm began, the two girls were asleep. However, the biggest baby was still up and you never saw such a sight! Big 120lb. Bandit decided to take refuge across Mom, Dad, and I on the sofa. He was shaking like a leaf and whimpering like a infant! Big old softie. Although, I have heard tell that he will let a stranger know that he does not like them specially when they are around "his girls."

Just not during a thunderstorm! I can only imagine being actually attacked by the Burmese Mountain Dog when a greeting from him seems like you are being attacked. ☐ The only thing missing was the camera.

Finally, after the storm turned into a sprinkle, I braved the hazardous walk home.

Take A Sad Song And Make It Better

I was very honored to join with the church choir this morning as we said farewell to one of our own. Mark lost his long battle with the nasty "c" word this past week. I first learned of his condition almost half a year ago when I began my own recuperation. Mark's 59 years (while only a blink of an eye) were lived with love, hard work, and a lot of fun.

Until being struck by the illness, he and Barb faithfully climbed the steps to join us on the Sunday mornings we sang at services. He also was an avid classic car enthusiast and the procession outside church this morning was a testament to that (I will not display my ignorance and even attempt to name the

makes and models). He was also a passionate music fan. In years past, Mark and a select group of gentlemen made up Stevie and the Studebakers (a 50's-60s doo-wop group). Not entirely sure what became of the group (and their barbershop equivalent, The Edgertones) but they were great fun to watch. I was still young in their heyday.

Father Art... in the short time he has presided over our masses, he has really endeared himself to the congregation. His message today was full of meaning and a bit of laughter as they have been for the last month or two. He went to a corner and pulled out his 1951 "Something-or-other" saxophone and mashed together three classic 60s tunes ("Blue Moon," "Mbube," and "Hey Jude"), the first two of which had been performed by the Studebakers. The Beatles hit was Mark and Barb's "song." Although Mark and Father Art only knew each other a short time, they are both the same age and were born in the same era. Never pretending to know him anymore than he did, Father described a man who really took "sad songs and made them better." Later, the sax joined the organ and choir for "How Great Thou Art."

The choir sang songs hand picked by Barb (and Mark I am sure) including "Oh, Holy Night." You may ask why in the middle of August one would choose to have a Christmas carol sang at a funeral. I have been honored to have attended two in which the untraditional seemed traditional. Another tribute to Mark's legacy was the number of choir members who sang this morning. Usually, we have no more than ten. We had double that and more today, even some from a neighboring parish.

Another good guy to join the heavenly chorus. May we all strive to make our own sad songs better.

A Feudin' Festival

The end of a weekend full of fun and excitement. Saturday was the final day of our annual Festival of Flags. Around 10AM, our street was being bombarded by fire engines and police cruisers from surrounding communities as well as sporty cars that would travel the parade route. Being right on the main route, our house is a wonderful, shaded point from which to view the extravaganza. I must say that this year's parade was very enjoyable. It featured 3 area high school marching bands (two more than the last several years, the traditional pageant contestants, Citizen of the Year (who according to the local paper was born in 1984 yet graduated with my mother in 1966), various floats, and handfuls of candy. I saw more adults run up the hill in front of the house than kids. The three nieces all went down the street to the unshaded library lot. I did not understand why because we were getting just as much candy thrown our way. Ah, well...

After the parade, the sibs and I had a few hours to kill before the second round of Family Feud. For whatever reason, our preliminary round was the only game played on Friday night. I would have thought that it would be more beneficial to play the entire first round (8 teams in all) and continue with the semi and final rounds the next day. It definitely would have been a little cooler. We were told not to expect to play our second round game until 3-3:30. However, the host breezed through the games and it was probably 2:15 when we took the stage. Jeff printed out a huge banner and name tags complete with a symbol indicative of our own unique personas.

His was an OSU emblem; Chad had a Cubs logo; I had a Star Trek insignia; Christi had a NASCAR auto; and Charnel had a baby bottle.

We played a team made up of employees of a local factory. The three questions:

- Name a beautiful breed of dog.
- What does a fancy restaurant have that normal restaurants do not?
- And the third escapes me.

We had control of the first question; however, there were 8 answers and after going through the line once, the responses got more difficult. Daschund and shi tsu are beautiful? Unfortunately our rivals won on a steal.

We got control of the second question as well. I blew my turn when I said “menu” was something fancy restaurants have that regular one’s do not. My thinking was that the menus are at the tables and not on a board ala McDonald’s and the like. A bit of controversy... Chad said “waiter” which got an X. Maitre D’ was a correct response. For whatever reason, my second brother thought that the two were synonymous... Sorry, Charlie.

Our fate was sealed when I faced off at the podium for round three and for the life of me I cannot remember what the question was. I did get the number three response but my opponent came up with the number one and they never looked back. A fun experience bonding with the siblings and there is always next year. However, I wonder if a different host could be found. Not that his honor did not do a fine job... We did stay and root on as the Perry family was crowned champions after they defeated Team Matsu (the team that dealt us our defeat).

A Shower In Indigo

Today was an extremely busy fun day I had to run to Btown for my monthly poke and got a call this afternoon informing me

that all is well and they'll see me in another 4 weeks. From there, I set off to find decorations for a small baby shower, Lutz and I were preparing. Around 4:30, I went to the shelter house to decorate. I hope the guest of honor was a LITTLE surprised?! Fun while I was there briefly, as always. I had to bolt shortly after the festivities began as my siblings and I were set to compete in our hometown festival's version of Family Feud.

The set left something to be desired. Our oldest commented that he could have done a much better job... I would have to agree. Have you ever played Family "Fued?" I don't think I would want to. Our revered mayor played host. He did a fine job but could have slowed the pace a bit. We were done in 20 minutes. I was going to ask if he was going to kiss the girls on the teams, but decided against it.

The Shaf siblings took on the team of Main Stop. We were relentless. We won each of the three rounds. "Name a place where you meet obnoxious people." "Name an expression with the word HEAVEN." "Name an activity teenagers engage in when they should be studying."

After some debate, Jeff and I played Fast Money. Since I went last, I was driven around the grounds in a cart so I couldn't hear the questions and answers. It would not have hurt too much to hear the answers since the smart one only got 81 of the 200 points needed.

- Name a vehicle named after an animal. J: Mustang; Me: Cougar (number 1)
- Name any color of the rainbow. J: INDIGO?!; Me: Red (number 1)
- Name a College that generally has a good basketball team. J: Ohio State; Me: Notre Dame (first thing that came into my head)
- Name a Cable Network beginning with the letter "C." J: CNN; Me: C-SPAN

- Which President has the most streets named after him. J: Washington; Me: Lincoln (tied for top answer).

Indigo may be a color of the rainbow but apparently not a very popular color of the rainbow. In fact, I think I read that it had been downgraded. In the end, we totaled 211 points and move on to round two! The rest of round one begins tomorrow at 1PM. Six other teams play (3 games total) before we take the stage sometime between 3 and 4 o'clock! Would be nice to see some Jamiahsh fans come and cheer us on!

May I Return...

What a day! I took two of my nieces to Journey Oz as the cast and crew prepared for what is sure to be a [WONDERFUL](#) production next weekend. I once again will be playing reviewer Tuesday night. Today, the cast and crew provided an on and back stage experience tailored to the entire family.

Munchkins, Winkies, the Wizard, Wicked Witch, Scarecrow, Cowardly Lion, Tin Man, and Dorothy were on hand for photo ops and previews... and "her little dog, too." Alyssa and Sydney were both quietly excited at the site.

After, Megan texted me and asked if I would like to accompany her to an area production of [Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat](#) which starred two thespians I have had the honor of performing with previously. So after grabbing a bite to eat and dragging her to church as I had to sing, we headed out. Tim has really grown as an actor and delivered a FINE performance. Crystal as always was stellar as one of the trio of narrators. This is the first time I have known of a production utilizing more than one narrator and it worked nicely. The entire cast looked like they were having such an

outstanding time. In every show, it is important to believe that the people on stage are actually enjoying what they are doing. Joseph perhaps a bit more than any other because it can easily slip into “cheese.” The gentleman portraying “Levi” is the husband of a friend of mine who I have known since my pre-school days. Could not find him after the show to congratulate him. Just one of many shows that never gets old for me either watching or performing in. Nine months is a long time. But soon I will be on stage delivering the list of songs I have been perfecting.

A very fun day spent with loved ones doing things I love to do.



Sydney and Alyssa with the
Cowardly Lion

Another Director For The Heavenly Choir

This past week saw another great musician and conductor leave the confines of his earthly existence (morbid way to start, I know). Ray has been ver instrumental in the formation of a community choir in my hometown for the past several years.

Each summer at our hometown festival, he gathers a good size group and leads them in a selection of patriotic songs. I also recall singing Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* in an alumni choir directed by this fine man at high school Christmas concerts a time or two. Each of Ray and Joan's children developed and nurtured a passion for music. Kevin, their oldest, is the music director of a school in Texas. Growing

up, I remember seeing Kris, Kermit, and Kyle in musicals and in show choir. After graduating from THE Ohio State University, Kermit subbed a number of times for band and choir. He would grab the second sousaphone and we would jam out to some pep band music... GOOD TIMES!

This summer's Festival of Flags chorus will be in need of a new leader. Unfortunately, Ray suffered a massive stroke and heart attack and was called to direct an even larger chorus.

Emily must have needed some help directing up there... of course, nearly three years is an awful long time ☹

Rest in Heavenly Peace.

Coming Full Circle

On Thursday, I purchased my "new" car. As another of our tangenteers surmised it is indeed a 2002 Honda CR-V complete with slide out table in the back. I was informed that Edy would be at the shop and then she and "Big" John would go to the bank and sign the title over to me. After this, I took a trip to the DMV and paid the taxes. The lady at the desk looked up at me and said "Two seventy five" and I reached in my wallet and handed her a \$20.00 in all seriousness. She looked at me and said, "Nice try." I had a good chuckle and made out my check for the correct amount.

A rather historic tale goes along with this purchase. Last week, I was informed that nearly 38 years ago I was driven home in a Firebird owned by the same couple from whom I bought the CR-V. On that day, my mom was ready to bring her third newborn son home. Instead of waiting for dad to come which would have added another day on our stay at the hospital, she called Edy and she took me on my first car trip.

Along with this purchase comes certain provisos:

- I am to inform everyone that it was previously driven twice a week (to church on Sundays and to the beauty parlor on Thursdays)
- It is to be waxed twice a year and all the chrome and interior looking like new.
- No alcohol (in my present state, I am forbidden to drink and even if I were not, I would not have it open in any car I own... and neither would passengers)

A nice little car... and it doesn't even feel like it is much different than driving my old Sunfire... may she rest in peace.



Now THAT'S A Jamiah Song

I now have my set list for my little weekender. I'm sure it is too late to submit until fall arrives as they usually take the summer off... or have the last few years. Today at my lesson, I informed K that I had made a few changes... deleted a few songs and replaced them with others and whittled my list down from about 15 to 10. Some of them require a second voice... so be on the look out for a request those of you who would be willing (I know at least one tangenteer who I will not ask... upon pain of torture or worse). One of my new additions was a spark of hilarity. I have had the song in the back of my mind since I began. K was not familiar with the song until we had gone through it a few times. She was in her husband's car listening to the satellite radio when it came over the air. After hearing it for the very first time she

exclaimed... "Now THAT is a Jamiah piece!" So glad she agrees.
And it even went fairly well for a lesson in sight singing.

In other news, I must wish a Happy Birthday... in case I don't make a post tomorrow... to a GREAT friend! The last few months have not been the greatest for me personally and our Wonderful admin has been right there for me every gimpy step of the way.

Definitely not the only one who has been but I thank God every day for his wisdom, guidance, and above all his friendship. Happy Birthday, C!