

Walking (and shaving) For A Cure

All day Saturday and into the wee and lit hours of Sunday morning, I participated in the Defiance County Relay for Life and the Actors for a Cure team led by co-captains [Mare](#) and one of my favorite directors, Beth. It all began when I arrived at the fairgrounds shortly after 9AM to help Travis in his logistical duties (read, moving benches, picnic tables, and chasing a red head pulling two garbage cans behind him while we followed with a pickup... GOOD TIMES!).

The 23 hour fest found our team and other groups walking a 1/3 mile track in order to raise money for a cure. Don't ask me how many laps I completed but during one session, I completed 12 laps walking with Beth who only completed 11.5. Please leave comments if you want to hear the reason for Beth's .5 mile loss.

✘ Later in the afternoon, Megan and Carol came over and we sat and enjoyed some of the dancers and singers who were part of the entertainment. Maybe next year... The girls had to leave but would return following the city band concert and fireworks at the B-town Day in the Park for a special event.

At our teams' table, Mare had a jar in which she collected donations (including the dollars collected from putt putt and popcorn sales). If she raised \$500 before midnight, she would sit in the barber chair and get a nice shave. After some rather strategic donation collecting by Jen and Jerry, we topped that total and more!

At dusk, the moving luminaria ceremony got underway. In years past, people could purchase candles that were placed around the Relay track. For the ceremony, these candles were placed inside paper bags with the name of cancer survivors, those

currently battling the disease, or to remember those who have gone. This year, it was decided to place a canned good in the paper bag and break a glow stick inside to provide the illumination. Apparently, there were some bags set aflame in years past. Also, a huge screen displayed the names of those honored as they were each announced. I purchased a luminary for Ma2 and Aunt Carol. Being my first ceremony, I was deeply moved when I saw first Emily's and then Carol's name.

After the ceremony, it was time for the shave. We had a false start as the clippers brought did not work. A beautician in the audience volunteered to go and get her set. Good thing, because Megan and Carol had not arrived. When the moment arrived, Mary was placed front and center of the entertainment stage. The entire Actors for a Cure team took a turn playing barber.

Then, Megan and I took a few laps around not only the Relay track but the entire perimeter of the fairgrounds. I thought we had done at least 5 cycles, but my companion informed me that it was only four. I surely walked a good 10 miles in the 23 hours.

By the time 7:30 arrived, we were all ready to load the putt putt course, tent booth, and other equipment and go home! It has been a long time since I have gone 24 hours with no sleep, but all fun and for a good cause.

 The good captain preparing for a shave.

 After the cutting!

My Darling Susie

While everyone else dispersed to the various ballgames for the evening (a niece and a nephew actually played against each other on the t-ball field while another was in a neighboring community), I took my 5 year old niece to Story Hour at the library. I had taken Syd to the first gathering a few weeks ago and learned that someone needed to stay for the entire hour (of course, this was after I left and came back after the hour). Tonight, I stayed for the entire hour.

It was a cute hour... thankfully, I knew a few of the parents (one being a church organist I know). This week being dolphin and shark week, we heard true life stories about each of the creatures. Then the kids sang "If You're Happy and Ya Know It." Then, arts and crafts in which the little ones made tear out sharks. They took a piece of construction paper and tore their sharks and glued them to another sheet of paper. No snack... Sydney was slightly miffed about that.

I remember Saturday morning Story Hour at the old library. I attended (until I was in the third grade) and later was the leader. The one thing I remember aside from the stories, Farmer in the Dell, London Bridge, and musical chairs was my darling, Susie. She was the library's resident mascot. A rather green, birdlike marionette. Who knows where she is now? To the great aviary in the sky, one might surmise ☐

But, it was kind of fun to see the little ones hearing the stories (even adding their own commentaries at times) and being creative

AHHHH... Togetherness

Today being Father's Day, the family took the three dads to dinner. Then... two of my siblings and I took a horde of crazies to see *Toy Story 3*! Definitely worth seeing although not sure the 3D was worth it... not much there that would not have been just as enjoyable on a decent 2D screen.

Getting to dinner was an adventure, the parents were not interested in seeing the movie, so my sis and I followed them. We quickly got left in the dust! Thank goodness for cell phones. If someone had told me where we were headed, I could have easily gotten us there, but always interesting!

I found the latest installment in the adventures of Woody, Buzz, and the gang to be as enjoyable as the original and better than the sequel. This time, Andy is packing for college. He still sleeps in the same room but his toy box has been long forgotten until a week before he is ready to head out. His mother gives him a cardboard box in which to put everything he is taking with him and a garbage bag in which to put everything he wants to be put in the attic. Fortunately, the bag headed for the attic gets mistaken for garbage and the adventure begins.

Several themes run rampant through the movie: the power of friendship and sticking together; growing up; saying goodbye. All of the favorite toys are here along with a gaggle of new toys many of whom have interesting backstories of their own. And as always, the end credits are worth a look as the story doesn't end as they start to roll. Highly recommended! You are never too old for a Disney/Pixar movie!

A New Coach

I have been pondering the possibility of finding a new vocal coach for the past year or so. However, I have been very apprehensive about doing so. While going to BGSU, I had a great mentor who was on the fast track to an operatic career. He left as I was going into my second year at the school. One of the people I should have remained in contact with over the years, but...

Then after leaving the fine institution (I use that term sparingly), Emily helped me more than any one ever has. You can go home again. The reason I have found it so difficult to even consider the possibility of finding a new vocal coach is kind of unexplainable. I was so hurt by the events surrounding my leaving school and the fact that she took me under her wing training my voice and helping me go BEYOND the pain I felt is unequivocal. That above all is why I have a hard time trusting anyone with my voice.

After *Miracles*, my newest mentor and amazing friend seriously suggested that I search out a vocal coach. In no way did I see this as a put down to my abilities but as a way to further develop my performance ability. I even told him that I had been thinking about the possibility. Tom Hudson was my first meaty, dramatic, non-musical lead role. How about tackling a meaty, dramatic, musical role? Not that the dream of continuing my phenomenal success as a character actor has not diminished. I'm on a roll of one meaty, dramatic role.

Tuesday morning after a t-ball game, a candidate passed right by us. C told me to go introduce myself. I told him that I don't know her, so HE ran over and introduced us. I remembered seeing her in *Working* a few months ago so she definitely can sing and she gives lessons and she came very highly recommended. Plus, it was nice to put a name to a face. After 3 days of playing phone and email tag, we

finally found a moment when I was around to discuss a schedule.

She asked what sort of music I would prefer beyond the obvious. You have no idea the bag full of Broadway books I have! Contemporary Christian (although not much contemporary is sung in a Catholic church ☐), some duets, some standards. Just a bunch of stuff to increase my repertoire.

So... my choices were wither 8.30 AM on Fridays at her office (which I could have done but...) or 4:15 at her home with the kids being sitted which is nothing new to me. In fact, my 6 and 5 year old nieces were hanging around while I was on the phone. So Thursday at 4.15 it is! I can't wait! ☐

Fearless At the Jubilee

AHHHH, my moment had arrived! What a great rush! It was almost like being on a roller coaster. Thank you Terry for the opportunity by donating the gig to the WCCT. Back in January while waiting for my pal to come over the radio during the Blizzard Auction, I heard the item up for bid. I thought it would be an extraordinary and priceless experience. A female bidder and I went at it and I finally got it for \$72,341.56. LOL ☐ If I had that much money, I am sorry to say that I would not be here.

Prior to the 8 o'clock start time, the director had a few words of encouragement and asked me for a bio. I actually thought about giving him one last night, but his intro was just fine. I had some family (biological and chosen) in the audience and apparently a sizable fan club as I heard a loud cheer come over the crowd as I was called to the podium. After another helpful assist in starting the tempo, I was

really ready to roll... no false start tonight. I was maybe the tiniest bit nervous until I gave the down beat and the opening strain of *The Stars and Stripes Forever* began. I was in control and I relished every moment of it.

After my conducting was done, Terry reclaimed the baton and told me that it was "Very Well Done!" I knew it was. It felt that good! After the concert was over, I greeted my family, friends, band mates, well wishers and walked with Megan, Carol, and Brock to the Little Theatre. I still had one mission to complete but I did not see him at the concert. I walked to C&Ls house after phoning them to see if it was all right to stop over for a few minutes. After I got no response, I KNEW they had to be there somewhere. After making a lap around the square, I decided to hang around with a few of the remaining band members. Within moments, here comes Tay and Sam. PERFECT! Strangely enough, they were really close to the bandstand and had a great view of my moment in the spotlight!

Then I saw C, pushing Beebs and Dis in the stroller. I was not leaving until I gave my mentor and friend his birthday present (an hour or three early but who knows what tomorrow will bring). He admitted that he knew nothing about directing but said I looked good. Any compliment is a good one! Then we walked the grounds watching the little ones ride. I went on the Rock and Roll Wheel with the fearless one. Think a ferris wheel on which you are in a cage which flips around as the ferris wheel turns. It was fun!

Then at 11, a cart driven by Jubilee workers came around and told a group of teenagers to disperse as it was closing time. The adults with the four little ones were ignored.

Tired but not tired. It was so much fun. I wish my work schedule allowed me to be off Tuesday and Wednesday nights throughout the summer. Thanks Terry, Polly, and the Bryan City Band for an unforgettable experience. Another addition

to me resume, too!

Wrong Place At ALMOST The Wrong Time

Yesterday, a bunch of game nighters and other friends gathered to celebrate Megan's college graduation. We previously had a gathering of her family and selected friends. But Carol and I thought that a less formal day of pure fun was in order so about a month ago we began to plan. I sent out messages to the game nighters and a few of the other friends via facebook and had Carol contact the rest. A fb fiend ALMOST blew the entire thing when she posted on Megan's "wall" that "she was sorry that she could not attend the party." So, Carol had to cover and I fiendishly came up with a cover story. I sent out at least 3 different messages informing those I sent the message to that the party was a SURPRISE and to not give the guest of honor any tips. When I found out about the criminal deed, I acted surprised and said that I knew nothing about a party on May 30th at 2PM.

About a week ago, I came up with my story. Our fellow tangenteer, [Derek](#) (hope he doesn't mind being an inadvertent pawn in a devilish plot ☹), was coming to visit for the weekend. A game night was planned for Saturday which SOME of us could not attend. I told Megan that we were planning a fun day at the park so the rest of us could visit our friend.

Yesterday at 10AM, I went to what I THOUGHT was the correct location. I waited until about 10.30 and decided to wander the park grounds to see if I had mistaken the location. After seeing no sign of Carol, I decided to go to mass at 11 and

come back at noon. When I got back to the pavilion, still no sign of Carol. Around 12.30, I decided to call another of the invited guests to tell him of the "dilemma." However, his phone was out of service. So, I took another walk.

Across the park is a shelter house. As I made my way to the building, I heard a little voice yell... "May ME!" BEEBER! The surprise seemed to be on on or, more likely, someone's signals got crossed. At least, I was close. In my defense, the annual WCCT fun day usually takes place at the pavilion.

Finally, around 2 o'clock, I venture over to Megan's house to escort her to the fun day. Her mother warned me that she might be sleeping. So as I approached the house, I phoned her and left a mile long voice mail. Kept talking until I got to the door. Telling her to "WAKE UP!" I finally beat down the door until she appears looking as if she had just been woken.

But... what are ya going to do! She was worried that she did not have any food to bring but I had plenty for both of us!

So a half hour after the festivities were to begin, we pull up in my car to a sea of faces staring at us until everyone burst into a roar of "SURPRISE!" And I am happy to report that the scheme worked perfectly!

After all the merriment concluded (some late comers one of whom also overslept ☐), Megan and I decided to catch a movie.

We got to the multiplex but the next round of movies did not start for an hour. We finally decided to sneak in late to *The Back-Up Plan* which had only begun 15 minutes earlier. Not my usual choice of movie fare but for a chick flick it wasn't horrible. There were even some laughs and Megan enjoyed it and it was HER day, after all.

If You Say It Loud Enough, You'll Always Sound Precocious

Yesterday, we had a double show with a party thrown in between the two. At the matinee, my mentor who just happens to be one of my two best friends was in the audience. While most of the people in attendance who know me are rather surprised by what I do on stage in *Miracles*, Chris had no doubt at all. He and Lisa are **BEYOND** what I call the best! Words cannot describe how much they mean to me. After the afternoon show, Mary was throwing a cast party. I had to ask if I could bring my ardent supporters along. I was really happy when they told me that there had been some cancellations to justj and company's "sold out" dinner theatre.

While at Mary's, we all got to meet Beth's seven year old daughter... and believe me, Jordan let us know how old she is! She is so full of life, precious, and precocious. I, along with C & L, marveled at how much alike she and a certain newly turned six year old are! **HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SAMMIE! LOVE YA, KIDDO!**

Last night's performance had a really appreciative audience as well. I think it is awesome how many people this show has touched and taught. All theatre cannot be light and fluff. But, I think it is time for the return of a fun, fluffy musical. If not light and fluffy, then a serio-musical. There ARE a few of those floating around, aren't there?!

Now It Can Be Told

This past weekend, one of my dearest friends graduated from the area community college. Weather permitting, I WAS going to attend the ceremony. If weather did not permit, she was only guaranteed 4 tickets so I would not be so bold. However, the weather held (cold and windy as it was but well worth it). After the commencement, a group met for a party. I'm so glad that I was not the only person to bring a gift. We discussed whether I should bring the gift to the restaurant or wait until later. Who am I to listen? I brought it along.

Purchasing the gift was stealth at its best! Easter Sunday before [Wicked](#), my family and I arrived at the theatre before Megan and [Carol](#) so I had time to peruse the souvenir stand. I picked up a few things and then saw something that totally caught my eye: a musical snow globe featuring Glinda and Elphaba that plays one of the musical highlights of the show: "For Good." WHAT AN EXCELLENT GIFT IDEA! I bought it and got it to the van before my friends arrived. Megan asked me why I kept texting them to see how far away they were... now she knows! I'm pretty good with secret keeping but even I was getting antsy because I thought it was such a great idea.

A few days later, Megan posted something to the effect of "Hmm... what to get myself for graduation." on her facebook page. To which I replied, "What can those of us who are not you get you for graduation?" HAHA!

Isn't it great to surprise your friends sometimes!?
Congratulations Megan! I hope the next step of your journey is filled with joy and fulfillment!

Nothing Wrong With These Kids Today

I may not have kids of "my own" but I have about a dozen or so that I claim. Nieces, nephews, and children of special friends. I feel a great sense of joy whenever I am around them and I do not hesitate to know why: I am one of the biggest kids, myself. Spirited kids to the anti-social teenager I know all kinds and find something remarkable in them all: particularly, the anti-social teenager. Just last night, we shared an email conversation and I marveled at his wisdom (?) **NO WAY! WISDOM?!** This is one post that I hope he does not read. Or maybe I do in order to draw out another possible lurker. I keep telling him that he should really join us on tangents and share some of the wit and wisdom that a 14 year old young man has but... "Not yet." I know another teenage junior high girl who seems to have security issues. I can certainly relate... 6th-8th grade was NOT the best of times.

There are also the "tween"agers. WOW... so wise and mature. I was never like that!

Younger children just may have an even bigger influence on me... especially some of those more energetic, high-spirited ones. They really take you back. Playful, always the center of attention, carefree. Sounds like some bigger kids to me ☐ At times, you have to be on guard and know when to say when. Sometimes difficult to say and to put into motion but creativity has its place. Remembering what it was like to be a kid may make me appear to be a push over, but, eh.

Finally, the BIG GUY who will have a HUGE place in my heart quite possibly indefinitely. Born the day after my birthday nearly 2 years ago and I got to visit at the hospital and help prepare for his homecoming. I am his biggest fan!

I am so blessed to know so many kids in all phases of development. And the best thing, at this point? You can take them home (not your own) when you are done with them!

A 30,000 Piece Puzzle In My Cookie

AH... Saturday... nothing to do, day off. I watched *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* (can't beat Doc Brown chewing the scenery as a Klingon baddie getting kicked by the ever poetic William Shatner...**"I...have HAD... ENOUGH of...YOU!"**). Then watched the start of the ball game before heading to church and some grocery shopping (UGH... grocery shopping). However, we did have some Chinese. Mass was interesting: the musicians decided to not show so Father Jim led the congregation in "Jesus Christ is Risen Today" a capella. I've heard worse. The remainder of mass was music-less. Someone asked why I did not jump up and volunteer to lead. Since it was not my home parish and I was not appropriately dressed (I did not have time to change out of my jeans and sweatshirt before we left... last minute thing) I said "Not today." Hmm... kind of reminds me of another [tangenteer's](#) latest post!

At the Chinese restaurant, my fortune was actually one of the most fitting I have ever received. "You have a great appreciation for the arts and music." REALLY... A great appreciation sounds just a bit less than reality but I'll take it! I did not even ask "What kind of fortune is that?" I had to make sure that the cookie was not opened beforehand, but I did take it out of the sealed wrapper. Six year old Alyssa's said: "Sell Your Ideas They Are Worldly Appropriate." Her idea: "To be on Spongebob." ☐

While at the 'Mart, I was asked to go to the toy department. Sounded more fun than wandering around the grocery aisles. Push push here and honk that bicycle horn! Buy me this! 30,000 piece puzzles (well... 300 piece Cinderella's Castle puzzle that looked fun). Tossed around the Nerf balls. Whatever happened to the cool Star Wars blasters. Out of stock? Then the inevitable bathroom break that seemed to take 20 minutes... and of course both girls had to go at the same time... imagine that! But in the end, I came out relatively unscathed and not a penny poorer than I went in.. so all was good!