

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.

The Little Critters Are Coming

Coming to EHS on October 31 is America's Finest Singing Machine, [The Bowling Green State University Men's Chorus](#). I was a four-year member of the group and some of the best times were spent on a Lakefront tour bus traveling to one nighters during our Fall mini tour and our week long Spring recruitment tour. We would load up the 3 buses (with risers, luggage, garment bags which held our tuxes) at 5am. Our director, the legendary R.D. Mathey, corralled his "Little Critters" by feeding them Crispy Critters (or as they are more commonly called Krispy Kreme cinnamon buns... I've mentioned those in a post previously). It was on these excursions that we were treated to "Host Family Horror Stories" every morning on the 8" television/VCR that each bus was equipped with. Also, I made the acquaintance of one "Richard Hurts" during roll call. It was also on the Spring tours that I had my first experiences of Broadway... not just any Broadway but the theatre district in the heart of Manhattan.

So, anyway, one of the little stops the chorus will make will be at my high school alma mater. Halloween afternoon at 12:30. In the past, alumni have been called down to perform the traditional barbershop number "Please, Mr. Columbus" to close the concerts. Although the group is under the direction of a new leader, I would not be surprised if the tradition did not stand.



Holy Chicken And Bingo

This weekend, I attended two masses. Saturday night was my scheduled service to lead the congregation in song. Went really well especially the closing song, "Let there be Peace on Earth." I don't know what it was but I felt a strange tingling and actually gave into the sensation and closed my eyes. Normally, I would consider this a HUGE faux pas IF others could see my face. Since the loft is behind the congregation, my momentary lapse was not that great of a deal. Maybe I had an angel on my shoulder.

The choir sang at mass this morning. Since this was unscheduled, I was informed that there was not going to be many members singing this morning so I said if I was up in time to be at 8.30am mass, I would be there. The group was actually singing a song that it had never done before but has always been a personal favorite, "[Precious Lord, Take My Hand](#) ☒." So, doesn't happen regularly but I made the effort and went to church twice in one weekend. Happens occasionally especially when Christmas falls on an unusual day of the week (I have actually attended mass twice in one day). But it is good for me and if I didn't want to I would not have. My mother attended mass every day when she attended Catholic school. The fact that my siblings and I never attended the same school has always puzzled me. Perhaps our proximity to the public school (right out our front door) had something to do with it.

I did get to catch a nap before I had to return to church for our chicken festival complete with bingo and dish washing (hooray). I won \$1.50 after only 2 games (of bingo, not dish washing) at a quarter a pop. This was after only a few rounds had been called. Later, I heard the caller announcing \$8.50 or \$9.00 to the winner. My 12 year-old nephew was playing beside me. For his final game, Joshua laid down a dollar bill and played 4 cards at one time (not that it did him any good). Is

bingo a huge Catholic thing nationwide or just around these parts? I remember that years ago, bingo was played on Monday nights in the church basement. No creamed chicken sandwiches for me... although they sold them at the concession stand under the bingo tent.

 	<p>Let There Be Peace On Earth (Let It Begin With Me) By Jill Jackson, Sy Miller, arranged by John Brimhall. Single for voice, piano and guitar chords. C Major. 5 pages. Published by Alfred Publishing. (AP.5-BMP651)</p> <p>See more info...</p>
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