

Work, Praise, and Play

All three in that order. My five hour shift went fine... **UNTIL...** four o'clock came and the only other employee in the store was due to be off and the next one did not come in until 5. So, my work completed or not, I had to be up front and mind the store by myself. I did have a surprise visit from the former band and choir directors from our rival school. Very close friends of Emily. I really hadn't seen them since the funeral so nice to chat for a few minutes. Five o'clock came without incident and the two evening shifters took over.

After coming home to relax a bit, I went to worship lead at mass. Went really well. Looking over the edge of the loft, I saw my two nephews and niece with their mother (her weekend with the kiddos while dad went to Columbus to watch the Buckeyes hopefully take over the number one spot in the rankings after Alabama was beaten). Noah waved as he was looking up so I waved back. After finishing the last note of "Go, Be Justice" I had to quickly say my farewell and head over to the Huber for our Saturday night rehearsal which was threatened about a week ago. Hopefully, Barrymore's presence was not missed too much in most of Act I, but I did make it for my last beat.

Quite a turnaround from Thursday night's rehearsal! Much smoother and a lot fewer shouts of "Line!" to the promptress which made Mare, Mare very happy. Since she had to leave for work, Watson dismissed us after reminding us that tomorrow is Press Night. Hopefully, everyone will be on their "A game" as we take the newspaper reviewers to Victorian era London on the trail of the fiendish Hound of the Baskervilles.

**AND THAAAAAA YANKEES ARE OFF TO THE ALCS! SWEEP MINNESOTA!
START SPREADIN' THE NEWS!**