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.