

In The Dawg House

Earlier tonight, the family and I attended the wedding reception for my cousin who probably is the most adventurous of the entire clan. For instance, the entire affair was located in a field in the middle of nowhere which serves as the headquarters for a group of motorcycle enthusiasts known as "The Dawgs" (wonder where they came up with that name) ☐ Let me just say that the gathering was never dull. I did miss what was sure to have been the highlight of the evening. The bride's step-mother arrived on the back of a bike in a skirt and other wedding appropriate clothing. The hog was being driven by a gentleman in kilts worn in traditional Scottish style. LuAnn was not sure what she should have held onto during her ride.

While a large number of the guests looked like the stereotypical Easy Rider types: leather vest, boots, jeans, etc. many seemed friendly enough. Somehow, we encountered someone who has a familial tie on my father's side. This was odd because the wedding was for Stacy, the daughter of my mother's brother. Then a few tables in front of us sat a gentleman who we THOUGHT was my father's nephew (obviously, one of those relatives whom I have never before met). The man's father shared the same name with my uncle who is dead... so definitely not related. Later on, I came across the best man who was laying on top of a picnic table looking like he had been celebrating a little too much too early. However, he chalked it up to indigestion. And I did see a few guys with long beards that looked like they could have been rejects from [ZZ Top](#)☒. OK... moving on.

The best part of the entire gathering was seeing two of my best friends, Britt and Jan, whom I have not seen in probably two years. The strange thing is that they live only like an hour away. So we caught up briefly and B and I both agreed that we were TOTALLY out of our element. I considered inviting

them to the game night I was going to attend; however, she felt that she was needed there to help with her step-sister's reception. That part of the family tree is a loooong story that I probably should not get into on this blog... aaaah, family.

Plus, my cousin from Sandusky commented on my post about the [Ghostly Manor](#). Apparently, he passes by the haunt quite frequently; however, he and his wife have never braved the interior. I just dunno why these people who comment in person don't post in the comment box. They must be unable to do so while they read the blog while at work. I also cannot fathom why the people from far away lands don't comment. I see on my stats that I get a number of hits from Sweden, Germany, and other countries. Surely, something draws their attention or they would not keep coming back.