

My Name Is Jonas

No... nothing to do with the Jonas Brothers but more on the title in a bit. This evening, we gathered at my oldest brother's house with the fourteen of us and more extended family for the birthday celebration of my oldest (**14!?**) niece and **13** year-old nephew/godson. The kids hunted eggs when we arrived. Then some of us watched GOLF while others engaged in some Guitar Hero on the Wii. I actually amazed myself as I went head-to-head with almost everyone then had to go up against the household crowd. Elizabeth kept selecting the same song again and again and beating everyone again and again until she competed with her dad. I told them that I would just have to sneak out to the house while she was in school and practice... but as before, a little Wii goes a long way.

Birthdays mean cake and candles. I don't know why it took so long between the time the candles were lit and the blowing but I decided to test my wind strength. Honestly, I was sitting at the opposite end of the 6' table and blew all 14 candles out... not totally because they relit. I was thinking that the ice cream cake with peeps on top was going to melt before the candles were extinguished.

After the cake was wrapped up, someone had the BRILLIANT idea of playing golf on the Wii. WOW... wasn't it enough to sit and watch Tiger Woods hit a tree and others hit birdies (which kind, I still do not know) and bogies (why anyone would want to hit a poor dead actor is beyond me)? Needless to say, I was pleased when the 18 holes were done so we could return to Guitar Hero and Elizabeth's endless selection of [My Name is Jonas](#). At least on my turn, I was willing to try songs we had not done previously. And I did get to see a picture of John Truitt's adorable baby girl.