

# The Lee Utley Show

Ok, ok... granted... Game One of the World Series was not C.C.'s finest pitching outing. Cliff Lee pitched his behind off and the defending World Champs definitely came into the Bronx ready to go... but **IT WAS ONLY GAME ONE, FOLKS! Yanks in 6!** Very little to say that went well for a Yankee fan other than we are glad game one is over. A-Rod silenced, Mark "Chris" Teixiera no help either, C.C. down in seven after getting no help from his offense. In fact, very little offensively until the ninth when we finally got a run in. Once again Fox Sports announcing duo managed their typical balanced commentary. I do believe there was a total of two players on the field and neither wore pinstripes.

Final: Phillies 6, Yankees 1

Game 2 Tomorrow night. Have a read-through so I will have to miss half. **GO YANKS!!!** Maybe we will get to see a pie delivered by starter A.J. Burnett (hopefully not since they only come after a from behind victory).

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## An evening with lines

Studying lines for tomorrow night's rehearsal. I have some fun parts and they are the smaller roles. The intoxicated Santa at the beginning of the play is going to be a lot of fun all on 3 lines. Another 3 lines, and being on stage with my 3rd daughter makes the role of Dr. 2 very fun. Another 3 lines for another small part and 3 more for my 4th small part. 12 lines all memorized.

Some lines were taken away and I was given the part of Kris

Kringle's friend and Dr from the Maplewood home, Kris' home away from the North Pole. This should be fun.

Anyway back to the lines....

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## Quack Doctors – Take Two

Just a little update to let you know my mouth is finally feeling better and yesterday I was able to indulge in food and got to actually enjoy the feeling of being full for the first time in an entire week. No thanks to our local doctors, though, my husband made me some sort of concoction from stuff we had around the house that I swished around in my mouth. I don't know if it was coincidence or if that's what finally did the trick, but all I have to say to the doctor's \$300 mouthwash is **HMPF!** And it should be noted that we went to the doctor's office again yesterday and sat there for an hour and half waiting for the doctor whom they said was out to lunch. I didn't want to pay to be seen again, but I wanted him to change my prescription to something that would help me and that I could afford. Finally tired of waiting, we left with the nurse's promise that she would call me as soon as he got back from lunch, but they never even bothered to call until this morning when I was finally feeling better. Rude isn't even the word for this, I was in agony! And all that after 3 different nurses and Walmart told us like 5 different ways they could help me, none of which turned out to be true. As my husband put it, it seems like at this medical center, the right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing! Kind of sounds like another local organization we've worked with, but that's another blog...

I'm a bit concerned that this canker sore problem is something

that I might have to deal with from now on in my old age. Even though we think this latest canker sore outbreak was caused by hand, foot, and mouth disease, the doctor shrugged off our internet diagnosis since it's so rare in adults. So if he's right and it was just canker sores, it might be something that I'll have to deal with every once in a while, especially since it seems to be a hereditary problem! Let's hope not – my family can't handle the stress of anyone else being sick!

On a side note, please pray for my little nephew who was admitted last night into the hospital with croup. I'm praying that he gets well and that it's not H1N1 and that none of the other kids he was playing with (his brother and my kids!) last weekend get it. I'm really really hoping we can dodge some bullets this flu season since there are six of us, thus six open doors for viruses to come into our household. But for now, we're hanging tough (groan!) and ready to party this Halloween weekend. Don't worry – I plan on getting the house scrubbed down for all of you coming to the Halloween party! Can't wait!

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## **I think we need a lawyer....**

Some trouble with casting the latest show I'm in. At one point in time all of the roles were cast and everything was going well. I'm not sure what happened but we lost one of our male actors and one of the females. We had volunteers to take up the missing female parts, but we still need one more male. I'm sure our director is at her wits end.

The male parts available would be an lawyer for the court room all in Act 2. If that part wasn't desired, the new male actor

could play Mr. Macy and other assorted roles. We have about 4 weeks left for rehearsal, and are almost desperate for this. We have other actors with multiple roles, but because all of us are in the courtroom scenes, we can't take on this one additional role.

Hey, it is only about 40 lines. Anybody in the Williams County OH area want a chance to be on stage????

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## King In Ohio

I have recently started reading novels by Stephen King and I must say that they really are page turners. I have been considering them for a while and ever since I picked up *Carrie* from the library I have been hooked. Great character development, plot, and creepiness throughout. I have been working my way through pretty much in order of publication. I really liked '*Salem's Lot* (a terrific vampire nail-biter). *The Shining* just creeped me out (I have never seen the Jack Nicholson movie... I dunno if I will).

I am now making my way through the 1100+ page uncut, unedited version of *The Stand*. While spending a lot of time backstage in the last play I was in, I was only starting on the post-apocalyptic novel. An apocalypse brought upon by a strain of (now isn't this ironic) a superflu...OH, GREAT! The survivors of the epidemic make their way from various points of the country to Colorado. Some of these make their way via I-80/90 through my neck of the woods. Archbold, Maumee, and even little Columbia are mentioned. I am in the 800s so I am nearing the climax and good thing with the next play starting rehearsals Thursday night.

Intriguingly, one of Mr. King's short stories is no longer to

be found on the open market which only increases my desire to hunt down a copy. Following the rash of high school shootings in the late 1990s, the novelist himself made the decision to pull [Rage](#) from publication. The plot was a little too close to the tragic events.

Suspenseful, page turners all. I have seen a few of the other movies adapted from the books: *Firestarter* and *Christine* years ago; *The Running Man* (starring the Governator); *The Shawshank Redemption* and *The Green Mile*, of course. However, I rarely prefer a movie adaptation to the original novel.

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## I Have Gas

I know what you are thinking... and no... not that kind. This morning, I set out to complete my Halloween costume (still missing something I would have liked to add, but not essential). Ran into some old friends/former co-workers and chatted a bit and caught up and let them know that I have not completely disappeared from the planet.

I also bought my first Christmas gift for the menagerie of people I choose to buy for. Someone mentioned that they enjoy a certain fantasy book series so I looked for that. Then I realized that a movie was made from the series and luckily enough I found that. One down... several to go.

Just before I hit the city limits on my way home, I glanced at the dashboard. The little needle was in the red zone with very little room to go. I found the first driveway available, headed to the nearest station, and made it just as the little light came on. **PHEW!**

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# Great Weekend, Even if the Bears Didn't Play this Sunday.

I would usually write about the Bears today but since they didn't play Sunday I can enjoy writing about the rest of the weekend.

I had a GREAT weekend. I am a huge haunted-house fan... To me, a haunted house is **theatre-in-motion** – scene after scene of live (and interactive) entertainment. As with any theatrical productions, some of the actors were better than others and some of the “sets” were better than others, but all had their charms. *I cannot wait until our friends and ourselves can put on a haunted house in our area!*

But, by far, the best part was spending time with family and friends. My friends are just amazing. I can do anything with them and have a good time. It really didn't matter in the end if we were driving in the car eating Italian Beef (YUM!!), or wandering through a haunted house, or just waiting in an insanely long line – I was enjoying myself fully! As much as I HATE LINES (man, I HATE lines) I kept thinking to myself – how unbearable would this be without these guys! Standing there wasn't much fun in a conventional sense, but it was another experience we had together... And thinking about us standing in that line – now makes me smile. **I love my friends** (which makes living with my best friend awesome!).

After a night of haunted house action we got to spend Saturday seeing all of our family. Everyone! It was just one of the best days I can recall. It started with us being very late,

getting stuck IL traffic – ugh! Although stressful at the time, it actually is perfect – the in-your-face reminder of why we're so lucky to live where we do. Anyhow...

After the delay we got to see my (side of the) family. We had a delicious breakfast (that poor Lisa couldn't enjoy) and then visited at my Sister's/Mom's house. Spending this time with my family was just delightful. I had such a feeling of peace being with them and was just ecstatic to see my mother so happy and healthy.

From there we went to visit Lisa's grandparents. Her grandfather lives in a nursing home so we went there for the visit. The home was nice and they were both in good spirits, enjoying their situation as best they could. How wonderful is that! They're still appreciating the wonders of life – nursing home and all! They just glowed when they saw the great-grand-kids.

At Lisa's sister's house we celebrated her mom-and-dad's 40th wedding anniversary. It was a low key event that was very enjoyable. Kim & Tim are always great hosts and Lisa's family just eats-up our little ones. I just had a blast running and chasing the "big kids" (Taylor, Austin, Sammie, and Disney) and was completely exhausted afterwards. We then enjoyed a meal (yummy lasagna) together and played a bit more. After the meal we went to another haunted house. This time with Kim & Tim – Derek too. It was a very good haunted house; probably the best one all weekend. But I thought that by far the coolest part was seeing Kim & Tim out on a "date" together. They've had some rough times lately and it was just awesome to see them connecting and just enjoying one-another. Lisa and I both felt really great that we got to enjoy this experience together as two couples. It was a nice double date + Derek! And, Derek being along just made it better. He's no third wheel, he really made everything more fun! Like all of my friends, he always enhances every experience.

So – even though the Bears didn't play this weekend it was still the best! It was awesome. All the ingredients – Lisa (LISA!!), Taylor, Sammie, Disney, Christopher, Derek, Jamy, Megan, Mary, Mom, Caroline, Wilson, Ben, Gwyn, Lilly, Great Grandma, Great Poppa, Uncle Bud, Mother-in-Law, Father-in-Law, Kim, Tim, Austin, and Ryan + Italian Beef + Haunted Houses.

**A recipe for a great weekend indeed!**

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## **Ohh!! You didn't tell me**

you were going to kill it!!

Reliving a bit of my childhood tonight. I'm watching "It's the Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown". Of course I have a signed document, even though it isn't notarized.

Of course cartoons of the 1960's were sometimes written for adults as well as children. I remember watching these shows year after year, but my parents would also watch. When they stopped showing them as often, my wife and I got the Charlie Brown cartoons on Video. I'm not sure, but I think I've seen each show at least 20 times. It could be more, but I don't remember watching as much in High School or College.

Good shows, good humor make a timeless show.

Anyone have a favorite childhood cartoon?

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# Freedom And Jeff

I received another touching email forward, and I have to admit that I [snopes-ed](#) it because it sounded so fake. It's the story of Freedom the eagle and her friend Jeff – here is their story:

*Freedom and I have been together 10 years this summer. She came in as a baby in 1998 with two broken wings. Her left wing doesn't open all the way even after surgery, it was broken in 4 places. She's my baby.*

*When Freedom came in she could not stand and both wings were broken. She was emaciated and covered in lice. We made the decision to give her a chance at life, so I took her to the vets office. From then on, I was always around her. We had her in a huge dog carrier with the top off, and it was loaded up with shredded newspaper for her to lay in. I used to sit and talk to her, urging her to live, to fight; and she would lay there looking at me with those big brown eyes. We also had to tube feed her for weeks.*

*This went on for 4-6 weeks, and by then she still couldn't stand. It got to the point where the decision was made to euthanize her if she couldn't stand in a week. You know you don't want to cross that line between torture and rehab, and it looked like death was winning. She was going to be put down that Friday, and I was supposed to come in on that Thursday afternoon. I didn't want to go to the center that Thursday, because I couldn't*

bear the thought of her being euthanized;  
but I went anyway, and when I walked in everyone  
was grinning from ear to ear. I went  
immediately back to her cage; and there she was,  
standing on her own, a big beautiful  
eagle. She was ready to live. I was  
just about in tears by then. That  
was a very good day.

We knew she could never fly, so the director  
asked me to glove train her. I got her used to  
the glove, and then to jesses, and we  
started doing education programs for schools in  
western Washington. We wound up in the newspapers,  
radio (believe it or not) and some  
TV. Miracle Pets even did a show  
about us.



In the spring of 2000, I was diagnosed with  
non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. I had stage 3,  
which is not good (one major organ plus  
everywhere), so I wound up doing 8 months of  
chemo. Lost the hair – the whole  
bit. I missed a lot of work. When I  
felt good enough, I would go to Sarvey  
and take Freedom out for walks. Freedom would  
also come to me in my dreams and help me fight  
the cancer. This happened time and time  
again.

Fast forward to November 2000, the day after Thanksgiving. I went in for my last checkup. I was told that if the cancer was not all gone after 8 rounds of chemo, then my last option was a stem cell transplant. Anyway, they did the tests; and I had to come back Monday for the results. I went in Monday, and I was told that all the cancer was gone.

So the first thing I did was get up to Sarvey and take the big girl out for a walk. It was misty and cold. I went to her flight and jessed her up, and we went out front to the top of the hill. I hadn't said a word to Freedom, but somehow she knew. She looked at me and wrapped both her wings around me to where I could feel them pressing in on my back (I was engulfed in eagle wings), and she touched my nose with her beak and stared into my eyes, and we just stood there like that for I don't know how long. That was a magic moment. We have been soul mates ever since she came in. This is a very special bird.

On a side note: I have had people who were sick come up to us when we are out, and Freedom has some kind of hold on them. I once had a guy who was terminal come up to us and I let him hold her. His knees just about buckled and he swore he could feel her power coarse through his body. I have so many stories like that.

I never forget the honor I have of being so close to such a magnificent spirit as Freedom.

Hope

*you enjoy this.*

*Jeff*

Awww, that eagle sounds so sweet! So how did we get stuck with this big red jerk?



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## Quack Doctors

I know I promised to stop whining about my sore mouth, but it's amazing how little focus I have for other things when I'm not eating – all I can think about is pain and food, but sometimes I think about food and pain. The good news is that today when I woke up, the pain was loads less than yesterday. Today marks the first day of improvement since this thing began last Tuesday. But there is also bad news.

Even though I was feeling better, I decided to go to the doctor because this is totally and completely interfering with my daily life. I can't really talk, and it's really hard to chat with, guide, or discipline my kids throughout the day without being able to talk loudly. I can't eat, and I can't drink without pain, so my energy level is very low. So the bad news? The doctor told me it was canker sores after only looking at my tongue. He prescribed me "Meyer's Magic

Mouthwash", a concoction listed on a piece of paper unlike any prescription I've ever seen. It looked like a cooking recipe, and my name was scribbled on top and the doctor's on the bottom. I should have taken a picture of it, but I was so anxious to get it filled. The pharmacist used a word that I can't recall at the moment, but she basically meant that they were going to have to brew it up like a potion. It was going to take a few hours, at least.

I got through the day, made it back over to pick up the medicine where I learned that it would be \$308 and insurance wouldn't cover it of course. Needless to say, I am not going to buy \$300 mouthwash! I'm angry that the doctor shrugged off the internet diagnosis without so much as a look or a test for hand, foot, and mouth disease. I'm mad that he didn't give me anything for the pain and that the medicine he did give me costs so much. What a waste of time and money. I had better things to do today than to sit at the doctor's office – and who knows what else I picked up.

That reminds me, when I was at Walmart today stocking up on my favorite meal as of late, Equate shakes, I saw a lady wearing a medical mask. I wonder if she was trying to keep something to herself or trying to keep other viruses away? I wonder if mask-wearing will become more common as this swine flu business becomes even more serious?