

Countdown to Saturday – You need to eat?

This is very different from my other experiences with college. The two daughters that went to college lived at home and did not need to furnish their own meals. I went to college and there was a cafeteria on campus. The meals were paid for in my tuition. Not so with my youngest. The students live in furnished apartments and they have to fend for themselves as far as food goes.

So off I went to the store to get a few essentials for living. A few canned goods, some dry foods, snacks, a wastebasket, cleaning supplies and other necessities. At least she won't starve the first week into school. Tomorrow after we get here moved in, I will pick up some of the perishables. Milk, cheese, fruit, meat and frozen burritos (one of her favorites).

I'm not sure how it will work out with four girls in the apartment, but they will have to make a go of it. I'm sure more things will be needed as the weeks go on.

Tomorrow morning it is packing up the truck and heading off to the college.

Life is an adventure isn't it.

At Least She's (Physically)

OK

There's really not much to say about the following article – someone did something extremely stupid, and I thought I'd share. At least no one was seriously hurt...

CAR SET ABLAZE AFTER JOLIET WOMAN USED LIGHTER TO CHECK GAS CAN LEVEL

By Lee Filas | Daily Herald Staff

A 27-year-old Joliet woman is suffering from second-degree burns after using a lighter to check the fuel level in a gas can she was filling while the can was resting inside her car.

Police officials said the woman drove into a 7-11 gas station at 1609 E. Cass St. at about 10:30 p.m. Tuesday night and climbed out of her car.

She then placed the gas can on the passenger seat of the vehicle, pulled down the nozzle of the pump, and began filling the can.

About halfway through, the woman ignited a lighter to shine some light on the gas can, apparently to see how full the can was, officials said.

The can ignited from the lighter's flame and exploded, setting the vehicle's interior ablaze, officials said.

After the fire started, the woman pushed the car away from the gas pumps to apparently ensure the fire didn't spread to the gas pumps itself.

Officials said, when police and fire officials arrived on the scene, the car was located about 5-feet from the pumps and was completely engulfed in flames.

The woman was transported from the scene to Silver Cross Hospital in Joliet with nonlife threatening injuries to her

wrist and thigh, authorities said.

And is it any wonder why it doesn't list the woman's name? I can't decide if it's a nice thing that the press spared her the humiliation or if they should have included her name so the rest of society can watch out for her! I don't really understand how someone could do something that dumb, and then turn around and remember to push the car out of the way so it didn't ignite like the gas can!

Thank God there weren't any kids in the car!

Random Night Of The King

On a random note, I decided at the last minute to kind of theme-up game night a little bit last week. I went to the library to find some background music to put in the kitchen CD player during game night, and the first thing I found was a Garth Brooks Greatest Hits collection – and not one of the two that I owned back when I was a huge fan – one of the reasons why Garth Brooks became intolerable, what a sell-out. But he has some really good songs, and I thought it'd be great to hear some of them again. Realizing I've tortured enough unwitting souls with my love of country music, I looked through the regular music. But it was the adult section of the library, and I had two of the kids with me, so I was in a big hurry and all I could find was an Elvis greatest hits collection. Thinking about it on the way home, I remembered a recipe I had come across months ago and put aside – Elvis' favorite sandwich in a cookie. What was Elvis' favorite sandwich? Peanut butter, banana, and *bacon*. So I made the peanut butter, banana, and *bacon* cookies, we rocked to Elvis, even though he ruined more than a few people's careers in the [Mafia](#), I think. I didn't come across anyone all night who was

ecstatic about my Elvis cookies, but they were more for the experience of emulating Elvis (this would have made a fun dress-up version of game night, haha) than they were for people to find delectable. I, for one, found them tasty, but not great. I'm not a big cookie person anyway, and I found the combination of bacon and banana quite interesting, though in a good way. Coincidentally, I found out that 3 days before our game night was the 32nd anniversary of Elvis' death, so it ended up being a tribute of sorts, I guess. I like the idea of themed game nights once in a while, especially if it doesn't require much extra dough (pun intended) or work. How about we light up the comment board with suggestions for possible future game night themes?

*** – Here is some bonus footage – the Elvis cookie recipe. Enjoy and let me know any alterations and feedback you have!

From the article where I read about it:

“Go with your gut – not your head – on this one; the combination of peanut butter, bacon, and bananas really is delicious.

ELVIS COOKIES

Makes 30 cookies

1 cup smooth peanut butter

1/2 cup packed light brown sugar

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1 large egg, lightly beaten

1/4 cup all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 cup crumbled cooked (very crisp) bacon (about 6 strips)

1/2 cup diced firm banana

Heat the oven to 350F. Line 2 baking sheets with parchment paper. (I did some research because I didn't want to buy many extras like parchment paper, so I just greased a cookie sheet with margarine and it worked fine. So in place of the parchment paper, lightly grease a cookie sheet.) In a large bowl, combine the peanut butter, brown sugar, and granulated

sugar. Use an electric mixer on medium to beat until well combined. Beat in the egg until just combined and set aside. In a medium bowl, whisk together the flour and the baking soda. With the mixer running on low, add the dry ingredients, scraping down the sides of the bowl as needed. Gently mix in the bacon and the bananas, trying not to mash the bananas. Using slightly wet hands, roll rounded teaspoons of dough into balls and place on the prepared baking sheets, leaving about 1 inch between them. Dip the tines of a fork into water, then use it to flatten the cookies until they are about 1.5 inches around. Bake on the middle rack for 11 minutes. Cool the cookies on the baking sheet for 2 minutes, then remove with a metal spatula to racks to cool completely.

NOTE – a guest commented that he wished there was more bacon!

Countdown to Saturday – Checklist

scissors – check

scrubs – check

Stethoscope – check

coveralls – check

boots – check

white leather shoes – check

hoof pick – check

id – check

thermometer – check

I have to be missing something don't I? If we get everything packed we should have everything. Just a few odds and ends. Food, other necessities. We should be ready to go early

Saturday Morning. I'm sure there will be something missed, but it is only an hour drive. An hour in a different direction from any other family members, but still only an hour.

I still find it a little hard to believe that my youngest is old enough to be heading off to college. Then again, I didn't think my other daughters were old enough to get married. Sad thing that their mother was not alive to see any of this. A lot has happened in the last 5.666666 years. Yep, this Sunday is 5 and 2/3 years since that lovely lady left this earth. Graduations, marriages and happenings both happy and sad., life has been moving along.

Poult's

I actually ran out of room in my previous post to talk about my little ones, my non-schoolers, so it's time for an update!

The baby, soon to be toddler, Christopher (we call him Beeber since that's what his big sister used to call him) is getting so big and is now probably closer to toddler than baby ☐

He walks while holding onto things, and climbs onto anything within reach! He has recently learned where his tongue is, and if you ask to see it, he will stick it out – awww! He still loves most kinds of fruits; his favorites are strawberries, peaches, pears, and oranges, but he really doesn't like cantaloupe nor tomatoes.

Disney is just about the sweetest thing imaginable. Of course, she is still 2, so occasionally she gets loud, whiny, and insistent. But she is a very thoughtful little girl, and a very unselfish 2-year-old. Case in point: the other day, the girls made macaroni necklaces at our church carnival, and a piece broke off of Sammie's after we got home. Sammie was

launching into a tantrum, when all of a sudden, Disney jumps off my lap and starts to take her own necklace off, saying, "Here Sammie, you can have my necklace." I can't imagine any other 2-year-old capable of such sweetness! Add that to her little pageboy Buster Brown – as Carol calls it ☐ – back-to-school haircut, and she is a living doll! Oh, and I forgot to mention, Disney is much admired by her older sisters for her ability to whistle!

Having the two of them together during the day is so fun! A lot of busyness and some mild frustration, but only because of the many messes Beeber makes and the fact that they're both still in diapers. I really need to work on Disney's potty-training. She has her little potty and likes to go in it, but it's not always a priority for her... One of the secrets to harmony in a family with more than a couple of small children is *divide and conquer*. My children are so much better behaved when they are broken into groups of two or sometimes even three. It's really neat to give each sister the chance to be the BIG sister, and Sammie the Kindergartner gets her chance with Disney in the morning before her afternoon Kindergarten, and Disney gets to be Beeber's big sister while the two older girls at school. Back to school time is so fun, and my oldest daughter is really excited about attending her first football game Friday night! I was a little hesitant to let her go; especially after Wednesday evening when I hung out with a pack of 10 seventh grade girls (a new endeavor of ours – we will be leading youth groups on Wednesday nights! More on that later; I'm still grasping the um, entirety of the situation). Seeing that my daughter is only 3 years away from the ages of these boy-crazy, cellphone-obsessed, "like"-spewing, makeup-toting 'tweens tempted me to buy the **totally [awesome house on the way to Fort Wayne](#)** and lock my 9-year-old daughter in the top of the turret!

But I love where I live and wouldn't dream of leaving, no matter how cool that house is (or how far it would leave us in

debt). The bottom line is, my daughter is a great kid, and I have to learn to trust her to hold her own – she's not going to be *that* type of kid! She acts mature and logical most of the time; helping her little sisters and brother and she deserves to get away from all the little kid stuff in our household to step out with her friends. Perhaps volunteering with this (insanely girly) group of girls (have you ever noticed that if you close your eyes, you can mistake a group of pre-pubescent girls for a gang of wild turkeys??) will prepare me for what's ahead with my 4 home-grown tweens and teens. At least that's what I'm hoping...

(In case you're wondering about the title of this blog post... Poults = baby turkeys. I have 3 daughters and one son. Within a decade, my house will no doubt sound something like a turkey farm!)

Countdown to Saturday 00PS

Ok, I really forgot something. Or should I say we forgot something.

Since my youngest does not have her driver's license, I knew she would eventually need an official ID. Oh well, I found that out today when we tried to set up a checking account for her. Hmm, one more thing to do and only two more days to do it in.

This could have been done earlier, but it wasn't.

Short post in keeping with other short posts to mark century posts. #400

I Can Play On My Trombone

One of the many things I look forward to at the beginning of the school year is to check out the fresh faces of the new faculty of my alma mater, particularly in the spot that seems to be a revolving door as of late. Let me say that from experience and word of mouth the previous band director will not be missed. However, the new director had to jump in quickly as days after her arrival, she had to get the band ready for the Festival of Flags parade. A group of 20 marching down North Michigan Avenue doing the best they could under the circumstances.

Reading the new instructor's bio in the hometown scandal sheet makes me think that she is very ambitious and hopefully will stick around long enough to bring some of these goals to fruition. Miss Reardon is a Sandusky native who graduated from UT. She plays the trombone, cello, piano, and sings. Very well versed. One of her goals is to bring musical theatre back to the EHS stage. AWESOME! It has been several years since Emily and I (can't remember who the dramatic director was) brought the "Nifty Fifties" to the stage. More of a revue of car tunes strung together by a flimsy plot, but fun.

Good luck to the new musical maestro!

Countdown to Saturday – Tuesday already?

And we still need the bloody scissors... (that's the British use of bloody.) I was able to find a very expensive stethoscope, but the 5 1/2 inch Lister bandage scissors are not available locally. If I knew they would get here on time, I would order them online, but I didn't think of that sooner. These should be available at the school before classes start. I hope so. I still have one or two places to check, but the time is limited.

Scrubs are still in transit (as far as I know). I hope they get in soon too. I would like to make sure everything is in place.

Other than getting all the ducks in a row, things are moving along. The countdown continues...

Teach your child to read??

I was listening to the radio in the car and I heard a commercial for a reading program for kids. It sounded like you sat the kid (under 5) in front of the TV and turned on a video. The 'mother' was happy that she didn't have to do any work!!!

While I'm all for getting kids to read early in life, I am totally against sitting the kid in front of the TV to have them learn? What ever happened to reading to your children? What ever happened to children reading to their parents? I remember reading many stories to my girls. We read almost

every day, from Dr Seuss to the Narnia series. Did it help? I can only say that the girls all like to read.

If I hear the commercial again, I will try to post a link. I want to make sure what I hear was correct.

J'ai Besoin Dix Bonbons

I have posted numerous times about my favorite teacher, role model, etc (it is very nearly the first anniversary of her passing). Tonight at work, I had a surprise when my high school French came into my line. "Bonjour, Professeur Peters! Comment allez-vous?" She looked really well. A few years following my graduation, she had some health problems. She asked me if I was still a Star Trek/Star Wars fan. AH, she knows me so well. I made flash cards of French vocabulary in the shape of the NCC-1701 ("No bloody -A, -B, -C, Or -D"). We would get bonbons or other rewards for creativity. I told her that I have been doing plays around the area over the last several years. She has seen pictures in the paper but has yet to come to any.

One of my favorite parts of French class was the video contest. I believe it was a countywide (or maybe even longer reaching than that) contest in which classes could submit short skits to be judged for prizes. How I wish YouTube was around back then. I did not think to ask Madame if she kept any of the videos. Anyway, the senior year video Nicolas, Thomas, Jean, and I made was by far our most hilarious. It was a cooking spoof in which we made *lapin a la moutarde* (or... rabbit in mustard sauce). Think the Swedish Chef (or Julia Child it was French after all) meets the Three Stooges and you pretty well get the idea. Whoever decided to give me the role

I undertook, I'll never know but... it was memorable to say the least.

What a fun trip down memory lane!