

88 Minutes

We finally saw the movie [88 Minutes](#) the other night. I don't know what we were so busy with when it came out in the theaters, but we somehow didn't get around to seeing it then. The reviews were so unfavorable that I forgot we had missed it; I guess I just wrote it off. I've learned time and time again to go opposite what most reviewers say, so I don't know why I let them get to me this time..

So anyway, the movie is about a very well known forensic psychiatrist played by [Al Pacino](#). A serial murderer he testified against is hours away from execution when Pacino receives a phone call saying he has 88 minutes to live – tick tock tock. Much action and plot twists ensue, and at the conclusion, I found myself very satisfied with this movie as a thriller – something I can't say about the last few thrillers I've seen. There are a whole bunch of characters, and the movie manages to make all of them interesting and VERY suspectable. What surprised me was my ability to keep them all straight – that is usually something I have a problem with when watching movies – I tend to mix up characters especially when the actors playing them look the slightest bit alike, and I also have trouble remembering names. Although I can't put my finger on what was different about this movie, I was able to differentiate between all the characters; not only remembering who was who but their names and relationship to the main character – rarities for me. Adding to my enjoyment of the movie was the fact that it kept you on the edge of your seat, and its many plot twists and turns kept you guessing and didn't come out too cheesy in the end, which can sometimes ruin a good action movie. Al Pacino was good and believable in his role, though believe it or not I don't think I've seen him in anything else. [Lee Lee Sobieski](#) and [Amy Brenneman](#) also rounded out the supporting cast with strong performances. Overall, a very good action suspense film and I would

definitely recommend it to fans of the genre. Others who might enjoy it are true-crime buffs and CSI fans.

The Fourth, Fireworks, and a False Alarm

We had a wonderful Independence Day – happy birthday USA! Went to the local airport where they have a fly-in breakfast every year. There are lots of planes to look at; some grounded, some taking off and landing... and they even have a few that give rides. My middle daughter, the daredevil, was the only one who wanted to try an airplane ride, and she went up by herself! My husband doesn't like to fly, our older daughter is scared of everything including her own shadow, and I've developed a fear of flying over the years that left me frightened for my daughter on her airplane ride. But it turned out ok, she had a blast, and the pilot and other people there were very surprised that she was so unfazed for a 4-year-old going up in an airplane for the first time by herself. I'm really glad she got the opportunity to do so because I really don't want to pass down my fears to the kids. Seems our oldest somehow got the fear of flying, but its hard to tell from where since she is afraid of EVERYTHING. Maybe I can convince her to go up in our friends' plane next time he comes to visit... though that won't be any time soon because he was actually on his way here a few weeks ago and had engine trouble. Had to set down in South Bend and the airplane has been out of commission ever since... oops. At least nothing catastrophic occurred.

At night on July 4th, we spend the evening at the country home of some friends for a barbecue and fireworks. It was really

nice chatting under the stars between the cracks and pops of the fireworks. I'm so glad we were able to have fireworks on the 4th because one of the things I just cannot get used to about rural life is their affinity around here to celebrate Independence Day with fireworks in late June. It drives me crazy because my birthday is on the 3rd of July, so my whole life it's been birthday and fireworks together, and that's the way I like it! And speaking of birthdays, they turned the barbecue into a birthday celebration for me... it was SO nice! It was supposed to be a chance for us to get together, and I kind of invited ourselves over because my husband has had fireworks sitting in our garage that he's been waiting to use for years, but we couldn't find a place. So when they mentioned last week that their son likes to blow off fireworks on the 4th at their house... opportunity knocks. But then they got me a birthday cake and presents (including such CUTE little boy outfits for the baby and also some things just for me), and it was all very nice. So thanks so much to everyone who reads this blog who was there – it was lots of fun!

Saturday we took the kids swimming at a local hotel's pool since my husband has a business acquaintance staying there and had a meeting. I love being in a pool while pregnant – all the extra weight just melts off and I can't describe how wonderful it feels to actually be able to move my legs again... though I'm still paying for it today with soreness... but oh well, I think this is what I can look forward to from here on out – and it won't be long, at least that's what I keep telling myself. I really thought it wouldn't be long Saturday after I went swimming because I started having contractions. We were about ready to go to the hospital when I got up and walked around and they stopped. I think after being in the pool all day, I was so hungry and thirsty at dinner that I ate and drank a lot and just filled myself up too much... my body wasn't ready to sit down I guess and when I did, muscles began to protest. Such fun. But I did learn something... after I finish this blog I better go and finish packing my hospital

bag... just in case!

waste of time and gas

As a few of my blog readers already know, the meetings I attended this evening were very short. In my opinion they were as waste of my time and gas. I imagine if we were to get compensated for gas on these meetings (ha ha), there would be less of them, and they would accomplish something. That will never happen of course.

If it were not for seeing friends of my during and after the meeting, I would have said something there. I drive over 10 miles to get to the meeting, and I don't make that trip lightly anymore. Any trips I make into town have dual purpose. I'm going to carefully consider dropping my committee membership. I mean it isn't like we get anything done at these meetings. I've been to more meetings now than in past years, and I only recall one thing getting done at these meetings. The producers and directors of the shows for the season were selected at one of them. I think that was the first. Every other order of business could be done by email, or phone calls. I really don't see the point.

The more I write, the more I feel compelled to leave the committee. I guess I could just stop going. According to the rules, if I miss too many meetings, without letting someone know, I should be kicked off. Hmmm, nah I'll just quit after the end of the year. I don't need to be on it next year at all.

Genius At Work


This evening I took a jaunt to our local community theatre for a combined play reading/production meeting. I believe that the entire meeting lasted 45 minutes and in those 45 minutes all I recall accomplishing is finding out that work we have done for nearly 3 months has gotten us nowhere man. In May, we were to submit by the end of June a proposal for the 2009-2010 season. Fine, we do that; HOWEVER, the board who was to vote on our proposal did not meet to vote on our proposal. In fact, it sounded like one (maybe even two) of our proposals would be nixed. One of the reasons presented for one of the shows to be axed is because an area high school may be doing it. Why should this matter? We are not a high school putting on an annual play. I still hear people comment that they do not know of the existence of a live community theatre house even from those who live in the town. High schools present shows to perform, mainly, for parents and grandparents (with some exceptions). Community theatre attempts to perform for a broader audience: the theatre-loving audience... not just those people who come to see a show to see junior on stage. It's also nice when it can attract more non-traditional audience members.

My question is this: If we are to ax a show because a high school may be doing it in the same season, then are we to survey each school in the area to see if any of the shows are identical? Who acquiesces and allows the other group to do the show?

Another issue was addressed on choosing directors for shows. I was floored when I heard that another person wanted to direct a show that someone else was planning and ready to submit for approval. How unfair?! A person who was

concentrating on independently bringing a show and then all of a sudden someone else wants to direct it? This of course was one of the other possibly axed shows. I just don't know, but it sounds like we have a lot of geniuses at work here.

A Blunt Instrument

[Casino Royale](#)  was the first Ian Fleming James Bond novel written back in 1953. Since then, the movie rights have been tied up in legal matters and just recently joined the ranks of the official Bond movie series. The 2006 movie was essentially a reboot of the franchise. It introduced a BLONDE Bond in Daniel Craig who I am having a hard time warming to. Hopefully with a new adventure arriving in November, he will grow on me. In any case, the latest movie opens in traditional fashion with a pre-credit sequence which illustrates Mr. Bond's first two kills... thereby granting him his Double-0 status. That is about as similar to most films in the series as it gets. This film is considerably darker but no less entertaining than the rest.

The plot of the movie concerns Bond and a female treasury agent (Vesper Lynde) on the trail of a weapons financier, Le Chiffre, who has a rather disturbing physical abnormality. Bond is entered into a literal life and death Texas Hold 'Em tournament with the villain. The hope is to defeat Le Chiffre and force him to aid the British government in exchange for protection from his creditors.

I found the character of Bond to be quite interesting. He is not the seasoned super spy who has been out in the field thwarting the evil plans of countless bad guys. Instead, he is careless, untried, and has an enormous ego making M question her decision to promote him to 007. Along the way, Bond learns

an important lesson in the espionage game both from experience and from the advice from his superior: "Trust no one."

As usual, the action sequences are quite thrilling to watch. One of the most memorable scenes (in fact one taken directly from the novel) involves 007 being tortured by Le Chiffre in a way which would seem to decimate his manhood forever. In true form, Bond is able to make a quick though painful quip. Also like any good Bond film, is the double entendre and suggestive character name. Ms. Lynde's cover identity is Miss Tiffany Broadchest.

Although dark in tone, *Casino Royale* does provide enough heart-pounding action to satisfy. I'm not entirely sure if this was a total reboot of the series. I hope we have not seen the end of original supporting characters like weapons master Q or flirtatious secretary Miss Money Penny. *Casino Royale* ALMOST took itself too seriously.

Fireworks On The Fifth

...and not a very good thing. Yesterday at work, I noticed that the energy drinks in the cooler were starting to freeze. I informed the manager of this and she said she would check it out. This morning, I go in at 8AM and what to my wandering eyes should appear but a cooler with red slushie all over the bottom and glass door. Most of the drinks had frozen and burst all over. I was surprised that the glass door was in one piece. What made me think of fireworks? While I was cleaning out the cooler, I heard this popping sound that sounded like a firecracker exploding. I turned around and there was another can split open. Unfortunately, this happened the morning following a wax job on the floor. Sorry for whoever did that,

but it did not look too bad after I cleaned up the mess and ran a mop over it. I was told that the cooler is fairly new (about 6 months old). I asked if there was not a temperature control on the case. There is but the problem happened before and the temperature gauge was adjusted to no avail. Can we say warranty issue? The maintenance guy who "fixed" the problem previously suggested turning off the case, letting it defrost, plug it back in, and keep an eye on it. Who wants to drink defrosted soda or energy drink? I enjoy a good slush as much as the next person but not so much cleaning slushie out of a cooler after it explodes? ☐

I thought I was done...

One more post about Little Women.

We left a good portion of 'stuff' on stage after the Little Women tear down. It belonged to various people and places that the director, and set designer knew. They came back this morning to load up a truck with these items. I volunteered to help move it.

After figuring out how to get the various large pieces out the door, and moving all the small stuff into the truck the job was finished in under 1/2 hour. The director of the next show (The Phantom Tollbooth – Children's Theater) was there helping, and getting design help for her show. So our theater will be seeing the designs of a very talented person two shows in a row. I think it is too bad that these shows aren't part of our regular season and will not be up for any awards. I may have to talk to someone on whatever committee decides on that sort of stuff. Maybe we could come up with a special award. This of course depends on what the set looks like for

the Children's theater □ . I'm sure it will look great.

In any event, look for more post on the up coming production, I'm in it again doing lights and sound. My complaints, comments and praises will be here.

The Lights Filled The Sky

Ok... so I am a few minutes late posting a 4th of July entry, but I had an absolutely wonderful end of my day. I started out by putting in a fun-filled 10 hour day at work. Somehow for the most part it went by relatively fast especially when we had those few major rushes when I had 4 people in my line with carts and needed to call for reinforcements. Finally, the shift ended and I got to rush home (not before I overheard a few opinionated people loudly complain that we were closed already). Clearly marked on the door that we would indeed be closing at 6PM and it was 6:05 when we stepped out.

I ran home, changed into some other more comfortable clothes and headed to the country home of some other theatre cronies where we congregated, had a cookout, and enjoyed watching the sky light up with some very cool fireworks. I missed our local display last weekend for some strange reason. They usually run them the SUNDAY before the hoilday. This year, they decided to have a two day celebration and had the fireworks on Saturday night. However, I think the display presented tonight was quite exceptional and rivaled some of the best I have seen produced in our local park. I think the only thing missing was some great accompaniment of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* with its thundering cannon or John Phillip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *Liberty Bell*, *Washington Post*, or any other grand march Maybe next year we can have the sound system

hooked up. But the chance to congregate with a large group of friends to celebrate our freedom, a birthday, and the coming birth of a special guy was such a thrill.

Happy Independence Day!

Several years ago my church had the choir sing on 4th of July weekend, and this is one of the songs. I pray that as you reflect on the freedom we have here in the US, you will reflect especially on the freedom we have in worshipping as we please. There are many places now where there is no such freedom, and there will be a day that we will all have to go underground for a time before Jesus takes the world back from Satan once and for all, as God promises.

[Godtube]https://www.godtube.com/view_video.php?viewkey=fd28e0f6fcdffbcdd760[/Godtube]

Well finally good night folks

Tigers won, and I'm going to get some sleep. Being in the eastern timezone, I hate these West Coast games.

Oh yes, this is post 100.