

The Wind Began To Switch...The House To Pitch

As a youngster, I always loved watching a good ol' fashioned thunderboomer. Lightning flashes, rolls of thunder, wind, pounding rain, power going out, nature in all her fury, a symphony for the senses. I still do enjoy watching them as long as I am not driving in them. The conditions all day seemed to forecast such a storm sometime. Temps in the 90s, warm wind, just the right conditions. At work, the Krispy Kreme deliveryman informed me that there were tornado watches out and calling for up to quarter inch hail. Shortly after, the sky began to darken. When I got off my shift, I walked home changed clothes into something a lot cooler than jeans and a polo shirt and went uptown for dinner. While eating, the tornado siren sounded announcing the spotting of a funnel cloud. We got up and went home; but almost as quickly the storm had passed. A larger town to the south of us was not so fortunate as they had downed power lines and power outages all over. We had extended family members come "just in case" with kids from 2-13 (I think the 13 year old was more scared than any of them). If I had been their age, I probably would have made noises to instill further fear into them but I guess I am beyond that (but thinking about it entered my mind briefly). Sad to say that the storm here was not much to write home about, but fun to imagine... no need to head to the basement and break out the flashlights for some fun in the dark. DRAT!!!

It's HOT!

For a few days now and a few more days to come ☐ the temperatures in our region have been over 90°. For a pregnant woman of my girth, it is proving disastrous. I am so lathargic – I don't feel like doing ANYTHING, including eating! The house is a mess, and the kids have been cooped up because I've been cooped up in the a/c. It's not the best a/c though because we have window units, not central air, so it's still hot! Luckily, the kids are going on vacation with their Grandma and will get plenty of stimulation next week. After that, I have to hope and pray for an arctic streak until I deliver the baby in mid-July or we won't make it. Since I'm sitting here doing nothing, just as I want, I decided to post this poem as a distraction to myself in lieu of the heat. It's a poem by Shel Silverstein, and I had to memorize it in 5th grade. While I no longer have it memorized, certain lines keep running through my head as I sit here and boil. Enjoy and stay cool!

It's Hot!

By Shel Silverstein

It's *hot!*

I can't get cool,
I've drunk a quart of lemonade,
I think I'll take my shoes off
And sit around in the shade.

It's *hot!*

My back is sticky,
The sweat rolls down my chin.
I think I'll take my clothes off
And sit around in my skin.

It's *hot!*

I've tried with 'lectric fans,

And pools and ice cream cones.
I think I'll take my skin off
And sit around in my bones.

It's *still* hot!

The Day The Lights Went Out In Wally World

While at work today, one of the customers I frequently assist ask me if I had heard what happened at the Wally World where I used to work. Apparently, the electricity went out yet again. Speculation was that someone had hit a light pole with their car. Anyone else care to elaborate? I just found the whole thing rather humorous because I had been there and done that as an associate at least twice. Once a few years back when we were still a regular store and again in the wee hours of the morning last summer at the new supercenter. Each of those times were quite boring. Standing in the back in the Electronics department in the dark with only a flashlight can be quite tedious. I do remember amusing myself by trying to scare other associates by sneaking up on them, tapping them on the shoulder, then shining the light at them.

The first instance was memorable because I was severely reprimanded for having wheelchair races with other associates while waiting in the dark. Which harkens back to a cashier meeting I once attended in a pair of sweatpants and sweatshirt. Apparently, this was not suitable attire for a Customer Service Manager at 7 AM on a Saturday morning when you are not otherwise scheduled. Aside from that, the person who addressed the issue to me was a member of management who

had nothing to do with the situation. I seriously considered wearing my tuxedo with top hat and tails to the next meeting.

Morat Meets The Little Womans

HELLO EVERY PEOPLE!!! Today after a seeing strange man person at work at food store, I a go to the Mount plier to see some Little Womans at their practice. I a also meet a strange person called a Braxton Prendergast who is a just a evil man. He a has a very evil laugh and a evil sounding voice. He is a very evil man altogether. He a tell me he come from a very rich family from Hungry country. A country of Hungry? They have a no food? I so sorry; Braxaton must have a stolen all the food from the country and a make every people hungry, yes? I a not know.

I a also make acquaintance of a Professor Bhaer. He a very strange also. He a supposed to a come from land of Germs. He a supposed to have a Germ Man accent. He instead had a Irich broke. Some person a tell Professor man that he not like the Irich accent. Morat, he a say Liswathistani accent but no. Mr. B he say no Liswathistani accent. Wooly Sheep... excuse please.

Then a come part for evil man person. Mr. B he a say that Braxton was a very melomandactic... OH I A NOT KNOW THE WORD (melodramatic Morat.. JS). He a must know that other man I know I a met long time ago... Dirt Sneak? Is a dat his name (Dirk Sneath, Morat... his name is Dirk Sneath...AHHHHHH). But lady in audience who I know say Braxton was very bad, too (that would be Carol, Morat). I a tell you this man person is very strange, he a keep yelling at me. So I a say good night every people and lots of a gefilte fishes for all!!!

Tevye No Longer

I had my ultrasound yesterday, and something occurred that has left me in shock; that's why it took me a day to blog about it...

My doctor is a female who has 3 sons. Actually, 2 of her sons are the exact same age as 2 of my daughters, because our dr. was 9 months pregnant when she delivered my 4-year-old, and she was on maternity leave when her replacement doctor delivered my 19-month-old. But anyway, during my ultrasound yesterday, she was talking about how her other dr. friend came to visit over the weekend, and he has 4 daughters. He was wistfully throwing around a football with her sons and she was talking about how into sports girls are in this area, trying to console her friend because he didn't have boys. She was telling this story because we have 3 daughters and one on the way, and my husband is starting to feel like the character Tevye from Fiddler on the Roof who is famous for having 5 daughters. So anyway, the dr. gets to the point in the story where she's talking about lots of girls in our area being active in sports. All of a sudden, she kind of pauses, then she goes, "wait a minute... what's this?" Seems the ultrasound had picked up a certain little "bleep" on the radar that hadn't appeared on the February ultrasound... Seems our little Lyndsey or Evangeline is going to be Christopher Vincent instead!!!

It's especially funny because my dr. has a reputation in the area for being wrong about these kinds of things. I've heard stories of at least 5 of her patients' babies whose gender was predicted wrong; including one from the delivery room nurse I had when I delivered my second daughter. I am glad this "misdiagnosis" happened now rather than at birth,

otherwise our firstborn son would be going home in pink – after 3 girls, pink and purple onsies are all I have! And in the past 24 hours since I found out, I've been looking around the house, noting how easily and unnoticeably we've emerged ourselves in pinks and purples over the years. We have pink blankies, bedsheets, clothes, stuffed animals, doll's clothes, furniture, carpet, curtains, pillows... the list goes on and on and on.

We are ecstatic; we've never had a little boy in our house, so it should be interesting to say the least. And my greatest wish of course is for a healthy baby anyway, gender is not a concern. But now that we know he's a boy, I do feel kind of lost. I've never had a boy baby before, and I had gotten into a sort-of comfort zone with my girls... I even had a nice system worked out with their clothes. The clothes that my 19-month-old was growing out of weren't even getting packed away in the basement – I was just keeping them around for the new baby to use! My girls are close enough in age where I was just putting all their clothes in one closet, and they would make the transition to the next size seamlessly – I thought I had it all figured out! The good news about the clothes is that my sister has graciously offered us the use of her boys' clothes. She has a baby who will be $2\frac{1}{2}$ months older than baby Christopher, so if we can keep the transportation line open between her home in Illinois and mine in Ohio, we shouldn't have to put our baby boy into any pinks or purples.

And that reminds me... I got my husband to promise me (somehow, we have both forgotten how!) somewhere between the last 2 baby girls that if we were to ever have a baby boy, I would get to name him Christopher after my husband. Now that it's a reality, he is getting cold feet about the name, but I am not letting him out of this one! People have suggested using Christopher as a middle name, but Vincent was decided upon way back in 1999 when my husband's father fell ill and passed away – I was pregnant with our first child when he was diagnosed

with ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease), and we agreed that when we had a boy, he'd have the name Vincent... little did we know it would be 9 years later!

So anyway, I just wanted to share our happy news with everybody... Doctors can be wrong, and it seems our family is the latest victim of our doctor's reputable gender inconsistencies. And here is the poll we took way back when in February (before our first "gender revealing" ultrasound – or so we thought!) of some of our family and friends' predictions. It was just for fun, no prizes or anything, but the people who thought they were right really were not (including our whole family except Taylor – good job, T!), and vice versa!

Gender Prediction – Feb. 2008

GUESSES:

Mommy – g

Daddy – g

Taylor – b

Sammie – g

Mary Beth – b

Great Grandma and Great Pa – b

Shirley – g

Keith and Trudy – g

Linda – b

Jamy – b

John – b

Elizabeth – b

Jenny – g

Tracy – g

Gerry – g

Tim and Kim – g

Austin – b

Sharon – b

Lilly – b

Vickie – g

Kristen – g
Sue – b
Megan – b
Carol – b
Grandma B – g
Cathy – b

12 guesses for girl – 14 guesses for boy

FEB 11, 2008 – ULTRASOUND / DR. says IT'S A GIRL!!!

JUNE 3, 2008 – ULTRASOUND / DR. says IT'S A BOY!!!

Four legged furry friends...

Yes, a post about dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbit, chinchillas and all the other furry animals we share our homes and lives with.

I have a house filled with small animals. 1 dog, 1 rabbit and 7 chinchillas. Over the years we've had mice, hamsters, guinea pigs, and one hedge hog. I was never really a pet person, all pets in the house were my wife's or daughters'. Our little dog was a working dog. He was for part of his life a hearing-ear-dog. After my wife died, he quit that job, and just became a grump. But at times he can be a very good little dog. Because of who he is and what his job was, he does hold a special spot in the house (right behind the couch).

The chinchilla is probably the softest animal around. While they are usually very active and inquisitive, some of them will sit still for some cuddling time. Some like to be petted, some don't. I think they're as picky as cats.

Rabbits are also very soft animals, and will generally sit

still for a while to be petted. They will let you know when they are done with it though. You generally find yourself with a wet lap.

The other little furry pets all have good points and bad, but they can bond and will bond with people. I'm not sure why that is, but it has happened in this house.

Now most of the animals in this house are coming to the end of their natural lives. I'm not sure if this house will ever be without pets, but the years with these pets is slowing going to pass. Dogs and chinchillas will both live 15 years or so. The oldest may be past that, I'm not sure she was old when we got her. The rabbits can live about 10 years, so our little rabbit is almost there. I'm not sure what we will do when the last little furry friend is gone. That can be thought about later.

These little friends have meant a lot to this family, and sometimes even kept us sane.

A Place Where Nobody Dared To Go

Instead of giving the whole laundry list of nominees for the Tony Awards to be presented on June 15, I will touch on a few of the biggies.

BEST MUSICAL

[Cry-Baby](#) (the latest 1980s movie to be turned into a huge musical extravaganza a la Hairspray)

[In the Heights](#)

Passing Strange

Xanadu (have I not mentioned this before? Amazing... and no... it is not about the home of the future)

BEST PLAY

August: Osage County

Rock 'n' Roll

The Seafarer

The 39 Steps (based upon the Hitchcock movie of the same name)

BEST REVIVAL OF A MUSICAL

Grease (panned heavily by the critics... thank goodness for the reality series that cast Danny and Sandy)

Gypsy (Patti LuPone gets her Turn as Mama Rose)

South Pacific (the clear-cut favorite in this category... still find it amazing that this is its first revival)

Sunday in the Park With George

BEST REVIVAL OF A PLAY

Boeing-Boeing

The Homecoming

Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Macbeth (starring Tony nominee Patrick Stewart)

BEST BOOK OF A MUSICAL

Cry-Baby, Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan

In the Heights, Quiara Alegria Hudes

Passing Strange, Stew

Xanadu, Douglas Carter Beane

BEST ORIGINAL SCORE (MUSIC AND/OR LYRICS) WRITTEN FOR THE THEATER

Cry-Baby, Music & Lyrics: David Javerbaum & Adam Schlesinger

In the Heights, Music & Lyrics: Lin-Manuel Miranda

The Little Mermaid, Music: Alan Menken; Lyrics: Howard Ashman and Glenn Slater

Passing Strange, Music: Stew and Heidi Rodewald; Lyrics: Stew

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A LEADING ACTOR IN A PLAY

Ben Daniels, Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Laurence Fishburne, Thurgood

Mark Rylance, Boeing-Boeing

Rufus Sewell, Rock 'n' Roll

Patrick Stewart, Macbeth (who was a well-established star in the Royal Shakespeare Company long before becoming Captain Jean-Luc Picard)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A LEADING ACTRESS IN A PLAY

Eve Best, The Homecoming

Deanna Dunagan, August: Osage County

Kate Fleetwood, Macbeth

S. Epatha Merkerson, Come Back, Little Sheba

Amy Morton, August: Osage County

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A LEADING ACTOR IN A MUSICAL

Daniel Evans, *Sunday in the Park With George*

Lin-Manuel Miranda, *In the Heights*

Stew, *Passing Strange*

Paulo Szot, *South Pacific*

Tom Wopat, *A Catered Affair*

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A LEADING ACTRESS IN A MUSICAL

Kerry Butler, *Xanadu*

Patti LuPone, *Gypsy*

Kelli O'Hara, *South Pacific*

Faith Prince, *A Catered Affair*

Jenna Russell, *Sunday in the Park With George*

What surprises me is the Best Original Score Category. Is it original to have the score from a movie possibly with a few extra songs added to be considered? Two of the musicals listed are indeed movies turned into Broadway shows. I guess [Young Frankenstein](#) was not original enough to warrant a nomination. I really need to find a copy of the 1980 movie *Xanadu* to see if it was really as good as I remember because it might help to explain why it seems to have gotten so many nominations. Or the Johnny Depp starring movie *Cry-Baby* that I do not remember at all. Will this become the next *Hairspray*? So much for originality.

[Premium Seating and Tickets to Sold Out Events](#)

“New” Kids on the Block?

Does everyone remember this boy band from the 80's? I remember them well because being a young preteen girl at the height of their popularity meant that their marketing was pointed directly my way. I went to 3 of their concerts, had my bedroom wallpapered in New Kids posters, and had everything from tapes (for younger readers – that's what we played music on in those days), buttons, t-shirts, books, magazines, and stickers to trading cards, shoelaces, and even a Joey McIntire doll. Yes, it was ridiculous and more than a little embarrassing. But girls will be girls, and the group had a clean-cut, boy band image, so my parents willingly obliged my fanfare.

You may have heard that the band has reunited. Yes, I'm serious, and yes, I'm talking about now, in 2008, when the members of the group are over the age of 30 and some are pushing 40. Why now, you ask? Probably because pop culture has a way of recycling itself. They often resurrect fads decades later when people who were kids at the time of the fad can now enjoy them again as adults (now that they have their own money to spend) and share them with their own kids. They did this with a number of fads from the '80's – My Little Pony, Cabbage Patch Kids, Strawberry Shortcake, Transformers, Star Wars, Indiana Jones, and now, The New Kids on the Block. What perplexes me most of all about this whole thing, is that they didn't change the group at all. They are out there, singing the same songs they sang as teens and early twenty somethings, about dating girls and “Hangin' Tough”. They are attempting to perform the same dance moves they made popular decades ago, and results are not pretty. I was one of the biggest fans of the group way back when, and now I say they're terrible. I don't like the music anymore (it was of a genre they used to call bubblegum pop – and it's definitely the type of music you grow out of), they sound terrible singing it, the

lyrics are ridiculous, if not downright creepy, coming from near-middle-aged men, and the dance moves are horrible. They are actually going to tour this (circus) act come fall.

So why now? Why do we need an updated version of New Kids on the Block? Actually that's not even right. There's nothing updated about this group except their ages. Everything else is EXACTLY the same! An updated version would be better musically and probably make a whole lot more sense. There's what I talked about earlier – the fad revival tactic. I guess that's why they did it. But I find it amazing that they found enough people who thought this was such a good idea that they made it happen – including the 5 original members of the group. Some have gone on to mildly successful movie or solo music careers. Some have raised families. But how someone got all 5 to agree to resurrect the New Kids on the Block circa 1991 is astounding.

If you don't believe me about how terrible they are or if you just like to watch train wrecks in action, check this out. Help me figure out who looks more ridiculous – the group or the fans. This video is part one of three, but you'll only want to see the first part, if that, trust me:

To Do

This seems a little strange to me, but the other day my husband suggested that I should put everything into my blog. Every to-do list, shopping list, etc. Anything I'm putting into my computer should be in my blog, he says. I'm a person who makes a lot of lists. I've even been known to make a list of the lists I need to make! It might sound dorky or anal, but it makes me feel better and more organized – I'm a busy person with a terrible memory, so any way I can feel a little closer to keeping my head above water when daily life becomes overwhelming is worth trying for me. And often I do so with lists. So, upon the advice of my husband, a person whose knowledge of everything seems to know no limits (and no, I'm not being sarcastic!), here goes – hope it doesn't bore you too much, but here is my To-do List for when Grandma has my kids for just under a week – an event I am anticipating so anxiously that it seems to have SLOWED the passage of time... We were going to take a trip to New York, but we declined it because of gas prices and in favor of getting things done around the house, sigh. Besides, I don't know how a woman who is 35 weeks pregnant would fare walking around such a big city! Such a shame, though, it's the LAST time we will be kidless for a long period of time because Grandma can't fit 4 kids into her car to take them all at the same time ☐

To Do While Kids Are Gone

RELAX!

clean game closet

organize kids room – clean out their toys, add toddler bed,
create play room

hook up hose

clean out laundry basket o' junk

clean out playpen

~~wash baby's clothes~~ – (now that we just found out we're having a boy instead of a girl, I have no boys' clothes to wash!)

pack away Disney's clothes (now that we won't be needing them for the new baby!)

fix pipe in upstairs bathroom – and the light that got broken and flooded because of the pipe!

Three days, three meetings

No, not *that* kind of meeting. I mean meeting three students from my church. I should add that none of them were in my class but rather I sort of just ran into them. Two of them approached me, and for the other I recognized his name and approached him. It started with graduation rehearsal the other day. They were going through the names and I heard his. I recognized it immediately. After all, I was his AWANA leader one year in addition to the 4th/5th grade ministry. Okay, that doesn't entirely mean anything as I didn't remember another such student right away who is one year younger than him and helps out in the ministry. Anyway, once I heard it I looked out for him and he was sitting in one of my (well, the teacher I was subbing for anyway) rows. I talked to him a little. I asked about his sister too who is two years younger. Now, sad to say I don't remember a lot of the girls but his sister... let's just say I had a reason to remember her. Something she will grow out of if she hasn't already.

The next meeting was the next day when I subbed for a librarian, who also helped out in the computer lab. There were four classes to come in that day, pared down to three when one of the teachers canceled. I sorted books when I wasn't helping students at the computers. Now aren't you glad

I didn't actually write about this assignment yesterday? The three of you who still read this blog would have gone down to zero! ☐ So, in the afternoon a third grader asked me if I played the doctor in the drama at church. Of course I told her I did, and not only that, but I would see her in fourth grade this weekend, even though she will still be in third grade for another week at school.

Finally, just today I ran into yet another one. She was in one of the four fifth grade classes I was not subbing in (five total at that school! ☐). She saw me in the hall and asked if I worked in 4th/5th grade at my church. When I said yes, I of course told her I *wouldn't* be seeing her there this weekend since she is no longer a fifth grader there, but a part of the junior high ministry. She was a little disappointed in this- I know I would, knowing I would have to attend regular worship from then on! True, now I willingly go and enjoy the service but I know at age eleven I wouldn't and didn't when I served as an acolyte once in awhile at the church I grew up in. And that was only an hour-long service. At my church now the service is half again as long.

Three students in three days- who would have guessed? Of course this doesn't beat the three students in one **day** a month ago, but still. As for my day today, as I said it was fifth grade. I corrected work with them, watched over their work on some projects in the morning, did some teaching in the afternoon, etc. The principal and I watched a few students play *Rock Band* in music. They were pretty good. Then he came and watched *me* teach science. About a topic I knew little about (cold/warm fronts, high/low pressure zones). Sigh. I hope he wasn't too disappointed, but then I'm sure he understands a sub will not necessarily be an expert in anything taught during the day. The students were pretty good. A few had their minds on other things during silent reading, but hey, summer's almost here.