

I know you...

A date with the familiar happens all the time, déjà vu and all that. I think we can all think of more than a few times that has happened. Today I was in 6th grade science, a field which has sort of been a goal of mine for teaching. As part of the lesson plan, another teacher would come in for two of the classes and pretty much take over. This being a good thing of course as I don't have much experience with the applications they were using on a computer project (iMovie, iPhoto, Photo Booth), nor did I even know anything about the project. Anyway, I looked at her name and thought to myself, "isn't she...?" When it came time for the first of the two periods we got to talking and sure enough, she was the sub-caller for another district I once worked in. Apparently she got downsized last year when the district went to a computer system (*hmm. looks like I can sign up in that district again if I have to keep working as a sub...*) and so she got a job in the district I was in today.

But this wouldn't make for a good blog entry if she was the only one. During one of the classes I was handing out new textbooks and I came across a familiar last name, so I asked the student if his dad worked at another school I sub in. Yep. I told him I subbed for his dad a couple of times. Well, then a *third* coincidence happened. Well, possible coincidence. I was afraid to ask this time and push the odds. She had the last name of someone I went to school with when I was in 6th grade. Now this has happened to me before, one at a time anyway, in other schools- which is only natural given the fact that I grew up in this same area. I have met my share students whose moms or dads I went to school with or whose parent I've seen elsewhere, like a professor at a local college.

Slightly related to this I just remembered I had one student with the last name of Fogerty one time. I joked about her

being related to [John Fogerty](#), of [Creedence Clearwater Revival](#) fame if you don't know him, and she said he was her uncle. She was serious too; either that or a good actress. Anyway, I wonder who I will meet tomorrow?

Skating On Very Thin Ice

I was debating on which blog to write this post. I, personally, have had enough of filmmakers making the same movie over and over again and attempting to make it a sequel. There has been Cruel [Intentions I and II](#) (based on the film [Dangerous Liaisons](#)). It even had the same characters but played by different actors. Last night, [The Cutting Edge 3](#) premiered. I did not tune in as I have seen the [first movie](#) at least once (and that is enough, thank you). The first movie starred D.B. Sweeney (a B-movie actor if there ever was one) as a hockey player who either is passed his prime or is injured. Somehow, he becomes the partner of an Olympic-medal hopeful figure skater (Moirra Kelley). What follows is as predictable as any [Dirty Dancing](#)-esque movie could be. The two meet, argue, attempt to work together, fall apart, get back together, and finally perfect their routine enough to compete. Did I mention that they also fall in love... how predictable?

OH... forgive me please. [The Cutting Edge 2](#) features the daughter of the characters of the original. It seems she has the same dream as her mother and meets and falls for her headstrong, stubborn skating partner. I'm sure that it is as brilliant as the first movie... only the character names have been changed (or most) to protect the integrity of the first movie.

Unfortunately, I could find no synopsis for [The Cutting Edge 3](#)

to compare the plots of the trilogy. However, I can provide the following as a possible scenario:

A former hockey pro reluctantly agrees to become the partner of a stubborn, self-centered Olympic figure skating hopeful. Sexual tension begins to rise as they struggle to go for the gold.

Strange, but they seem like a case of been there, seen that, and seeing that was not so great. So enough of Hollywood rehashes posing as sequels even if they are direct to video or made-for-television. At the very least, [Grease 2](#) attempted to be a completely different story... but that is another turkey.

When Forwards Are Addicting...

I'm talking about email forwards. And just about everyone knows someone or is someone (even if they won't admit it) who just can't seem to resist forwarding EVERY forward they get to EVERYONE in their address book. I've mentioned before that my mom's neighbor from about 5 years ago *still* forwards me stuff... and it's not like I knew them all that well to begin with. They just got my email address from a forward list one time (I think), and just forward every forward to everyone they know – and some people they don't know, apparently. I get about 3-5 forwards in my email per day from various people. I don't read them all – who has time for that? Some of them I pass along, and others I don't. I always feel a little guilty when I do pass them on though because there is a slight chance they could contain viruses or just be incredibly annoying to those poor people I do send them to... So, with my apologies ahead of time to those who don't like it, here is a link that I got as a forward the other day. It links to this

really fun and addicting mini golf game that my husband and I have had lots of fun with. So far, my top score – well it's golf, so my low score is a 42... holes #14 and #18 kill me every time. See what you think: <https://www.ibogleif.dk/spil/flashpil/minigolf/minigolf.swf>

[swf]https://www.ibogleif.dk/spil/flashpil/minigolf/minigolf.swf[/swf]

Oh, yeah, and DO NOT open this at work – I do not want to be responsible for getting anyone into trouble on the job! I know I can't put the game down... enough of this posting, the baby needs a diaper change... I'll change her after one more game, just gotta play while holding my nose...

If Music Be The Food Of Love, Play On

This afternoon two communities who are usually big rivals came together to honor someone who has touched the lives of quite possibly every person who either lived in either town or attended school in Edgerton, Ohio. Emily Curtis grew up in Edon but has taught music in Edgerton for 27 years at all levels (junior high, high school, and, most recently, elementary). Last year, she was stricken with leukemia and is in Columbus at the medical facilities on the OSU campus undergoing treatment. Through it all, she has been the same tough, strong, stubborn woman she has been for at least 20 years. She has given so much to everyone not only in this area but worldwide. Since 09/11/01, she has spear-headed a Troop Care package program sending supplies to the armed forces in

Iraq and all over the world. The program has sent tons of necessities and has received numerous plaques, letters, and medals for its generosity.

At the benefit, there were thousands of dollars worth of donated items in a silent auction. Ohio State and Michigan memorabilia, beautiful artwork, Edgerton apparel, too much stuff to even begin to describe. School children danced and sang. Mrs. Balsler, who started her teaching career at Edgerton 40 years ago, has generously taken Mrs. Curtis position for the year. A second grader sang "Rainbow Connection" and sounded like he should have provided the voice of Kermit the Frog in the "[Muppet Movie](#)."

There are just so many personal levels on which I could write about my experiences with Emily. She is one tough cookie and will push you until you have reached your potential. During my four years in high school, she arranged for the band to travel to Chicago to see [Phantom of the Opera](#). We attended a performance of Annie in Toledo as we were just beginning to stage our own production. Speaking of our production of [Annie](#), I originally auditioned for the role of Daddy Warbucks. The day after tryouts, I was called over the PA to report to the band room. "OH, LORD... what have I done now?" I was asked to read for the role of Rooster. Read a bit of dialogue, sing "Easy Street," and CROW. Emily and the drama director told me then and there that I had nailed the role of Warbucks, but they thought I would do even better as the villain.

In November 2006, I played the part of Vinnie in [The Odd Couple](#). This was the first time I had been in a non-musical play since 1991. Two people were instrumental in my decision to try out (aside from myself that is). I called Emily the night before auditions and asked her what she thought. She has told me for years that I need to let my light shine bright (among other things) and that she knew I would do well. And following the Sunday matinee, she told me "Who is it that has been telling you for years to stop limiting yourself?" Thanks Ma

Horton Hears a ZZZzzzz...

Took the kids to see [Horton Hears a Who](#) today. Ok, so the title of the blog is a bit misleading... it wasn't really boring. I am just so tired that I'm 2 for 2 in the falling asleep in the movie theater tally this week. I actually liked what I saw of the movie. With the exception of my 3-year-old running up and down the aisle, I enjoyed the experience. It wasn't totally her fault though; we went to an Easter egg hunt this morning, so she had LOTS of sugar coursing through her veins, which is why she was extra-hyper and running around the movie theater. Once we flushed the sugar with plenty of non-sugary fluids, I was able to relax and enjoy the show – after a trip to the bathroom, of course. It should actually be called a candy clean-up since they pick candy up off the floor; it has nothing to do with Easter eggs or hunting. Still fun though, I'm just saying.

Before the movie started, I found myself wishing I had read the book, just to see how close the movie is to the book because now I have no idea. But as far as Dr. Suess movies go, this is the best one I've seen. Then again, I HATED [The Cat in the Hat](#), and never saw the live-action version of [How the Grinch Stole Christmas](#), so there's not much to compare it to in that respect.

The movie is about an elephant named Horton who lives in a jungle in what must be a fictional place because to my knowledge, there aren't any jungles that have both kangaroos and elephants as indigenous species. I know, it's just a Dr. Suess movie and I'm probably reading too far into it, but I can't help but think of that sort of thing. And judging by Horton's ears, he is an African elephant, not an Asian elephant... ok, I'll stop. So anyway, Horton hears a Who. A

Who is actually a type of teeny-tiny person that lives in Whoville, all of which is located on a speck on a clover. The rest of the story is about how Horton tries to save Whoville from a conniving kangaroo (played by the brilliant [Carol Burnett](#)) intent on destroying it. I don't usually like when I know the big-name actors voicing roles in an animated movie – it kind of distracts me, which is what happened when I heard [Jim Carrey](#) as the voice of Horton. His voice also made the Horton character seem less cute to me, but I did like Carol Burnett as that scheming kangaroo. And, hearing [Steve Carell](#) as the mayor of Whoville was not distracting at all – he is even good at voice-over acting – is there ever a role he'll butcher? Watching the opening credits, I noticed a plethora of recognizable actors lending voicework for this movie; among them: Jim Carrey, Steve Carell, Carol Burnett, [Will Arnett](#) (from Arrested Development), [Seth Rogan](#), [Isla Fisher](#) (from Wedding Crashers – she was surprisingly good as a cartoon voice), [Jonah Hill](#), and [Amy Poehler](#).

It's a cute movie that's perfect for the whole family, even though my 3-year-old asked about where the princesses were until the last 10 minutes of the movie. When it was over, she did say she liked it, sans princesses and all. There are some jokes for the parents that will go over the kids' heads, and that's always enjoyable in a kids' movie – although I could have done without the kangaroo saying, "This is the jungle; we can't behave like wild animals." – just WAY too cheesy, think I've even heard that joke before somewhere else! I loved how the Mayor of Whoville has 96 daughters and 1 son – someday I might know what that is like! Is that in the book I wonder? It seems almost too clever to be an add-in for the movie... Either way, I will have to go borrow the book from the library to see how close the movie followed it, but I have heard that the book is pretty closely followed. I've always liked Dr. Suess, and it's a shame he's not still around to gift us with any more of his work or to see his creations come to life on the big screen.

Winning Isn't Everything

While having a few minutes free today, I flipped through the endless array of nothingness which is television (especially on a late Saturday afternoon). I happened across the game show "Greed." One of the multiple choice questions was: "Which four of the following has won a Best Actor Oscar." The six possible answers were:

Al Pacino
Robert Redford
Paul Newman
Michael Douglas
Tom Cruise
Nicolas Cage

The question got my head spinning about controversies in the category. George C. Scott refused the award for his portrayal of [Patton](#) because he did not like the way in which the character was presented. Marlon Brando refused the award for his role in one of the most acclaimed films in motion picture history, [The Godfather](#), in order to protest the mistreatment of Native Americans in motion pictures. Those are two of the most notable controversies in the 80 year history of the Best Actor award. Are there any others?

As for the question itself, I had to check the veracity of one of the correct responses. I was absolutely sure of one of the actors until it came up wrong. I was even certain of the role for which I was sure he had won. See if you can guess the correct four.

Come On, Get Happy

The last job I would ever even consider having is a school bus driver. Not only do you have to put up with crabby, rowdy children for up to two hours a day while trying to get them safely to and from school, you have to put up with their guardians. My mother drives a school bus. She is up at 6am every morning. She drives a morning route, a kindergarten route, and the afternoon route. Last Tuesday NIGHT, the grandmother of one of these tykes visited our humble abode. It seems that her car was totally ruined and completely undrivable after my mother backed into it with a bus that morning. The woman stated that she was outside in the yard at the time of the incident. Yet she did not attempt to stop the bus or call the school or police after she watched the bus damage her vehicle. Not only that, but who would wait until 9 o' clock that night to do anything about it. Plus, if the car was damaged as badly as it was claimed to be would the bus driver or kids not have noticed hitting it?

The next day the sheriff's department came to the house to investigate. Apparently, the victim's automobile was not nearly as damaged as everyone was lead to believe. To make matters seem funnier or more ironic, the woman is the mother of the rather plump boy who broke my sister's arm in phys ed nearly 20 years ago when he sat on it while playing scooterboard hockey. It does not take a genius to realize that you should report an accident immediately after it happens and not 14 hours later.

What's in a name?

I had accepted a grade 1/2 assignment for today due to the trouble I had earlier in the week getting jobs. It's slightly below my comfort zone because of the 1st grade students. However, had I not taken it I wouldn't have this to write about! Well, it's not much of a topic, but it is a little different. Not much really goes into naming kids these days in Western culture. We choose a name usually because we had a relative with that name, there was a role model with that name (such as in the Bible) or we just like the sound of it. Once upon a time, and still in some cultures names carry meaning. But that's not what this post is about. It's also not about people who try to change names for [special recognition](#).

What it's about is why some parents choose to give their kids names that, well, just don't fit... I once read a story about new guardians who would go to court to get kids' names changed because their parents cursed them with ridiculous names, like the drug-shot parents who named their daughter Cocaina (guess which was their drug of choice?) or the parents who [tried to name their child Friday](#). The name itself may not be ridiculous, but rather given to the wrong gender. I mean, do such parents regret having the "wrong sex" and give them the name they picked out anyway- like the parents who really wanted a boy so when they had a girl they dressed her up like a boy until she was to start school (and were mystified when she refused to put on a dress for her first day of school)? Of course there are some names that go both ways, at least the shortened version like Chris, Alex, Terry, etc. And I am still getting used to **Leslie** and **Cameron** being both male and female names. However, some just don't work. Can you imagine a girl named Matt or Mike? Or a boy named Elizabeth or Jessica? Well, you may have to have some Hispanic blood to understand this one, but a boy in the class I was in today was named [Guadalupe](#). That's right. Named after Mary in the Bible as **Our**

Lady of Guadalupe (well, an [apparition of Mary](#), but I won't split hairs). Apparently a very popular name for girls (click the name for more information). Why?? This is just setting up this boy for future problems with schoolmates. I predict that by the time he is in Junior High he will be going by his middle name, whatever it is, assuming that it too isn't a girl's name. I really hope it isn't for his sake.

Not enough links for you in the above post? Try out [these unusual names on Wikipedia](#). I had forgotten that Nicholas Cage had named his son Kal-El (you know, Superman)!

What a Day!

We had our annual board meeting dinner banquet last night, and it went well; dinner was delicious. However, we didn't get home until late, and as I already posted, the kids have been having trouble settling down at night, so we didn't get to bed until very late. Today was no exception with the early morning whisperers, so I did not get much sleep last night. I was planning on napping today, but it didn't happen and the following is a lengthy explanation of why:

We made the rare decision to go out to lunch. We never do that because my husband never gets a lunch break from work. But our local bowling alley was advertising the best reuben sandwiches in town, thru St. Pat's day only, of course (even though I've heard reubens were invented by a Jewish person, go figure), so we decided to take a lunch break to check them out. The sandwiches were excellent, and it was well worth the trip, UNTIL...

It all began when 2 of our 3 dogs decided to follow us out the door and into the car. Since it's nice out, we figured, why

not, let them come with for a change. When we got to the bowling alley, somehow, and I'm not going to place blame here – except to say that it wasn't MY fault, I wasn't driving ☐ – the keys got left in the car. It would not have normally been a problem. We live in a nice safe area, I really don't think someone would have stolen the car, especially since the dogs were in it – wait, the DOGS were in the car, and they jumped on the power lock button and LOCKED the doors with the KEYS INSIDE THE CAR!!!

So, like desperate idiots, we stood outside the car, trying to coax the dogs back onto the UNLOCK button this time, but to no avail. So, we went into the bowling alley and called the taxi company, of which there is only one in town. It was busy, and busy, and busy again, but luckily the owner of the bowling alley knew the taxi guy, so he tracked him down at the bar he owned (!) – all the while so nicely using his own phone because (surprise!) our cell phones were BOTH locked in the car with the dogs. Luckily, I had sense enough to bring my purse inside with me, so throughout the ordeal at least I had diapers and a stash of toys and candy to occupy our toddler. Finally got ahold of the taxi, and he's on his way when I realize that the garage door opener is in the car, along with the house key, and of course, all the doors in the house are locked! So the taxi picks up my husband (I really don't know why we didn't call a friend – we blanked at the time and couldn't think of anyone in town who would be home during the day. In hindsight, we thought of 2 people of course, but too little, too late), and I'm waiting at the bowling alley for 40 minutes, wondering how he's going to get into the house. At this point, I knew it was going to be too late for me to get a nap for the day (sigh), and it's becoming clear that the baby is really in need of one and soon! I was just out of candy and toys when my husband the hero walks thru the door, holding the extra set of car keys. Turns out, he found a window to crawl through that we had never fixed – I guess thank goodness for that! When we got into the car, we

were like, what is that AWFUL SMELL – something like a dead fish! WARNING – THIS IS EXTREMELY GROSS!!! If you want to know more about this (must be a dog-lover and have a strong stomach), see explanation of canine anal draining [here](#). Otherwise, you can just take my word for it, we had to shampoo the car carpet when we finally got home. I also stashed a spare set of car keys in my purse – now I just have to make sure my purse is with me at all times because sometimes, I leave it in the car. What would happen if the spare set of car keys is locked in the car?!? Tomorrow will be better, I'm sure, it's the community Easter egg hunt, and a Saturday, we might go see Horton Hears a Who at the movie theater also – can't beat that!

How to get caught at robbery

Okay, not school- or church- related, but if you really want a connection this was done by two young adolescents. What is the number one way to get caught and arrested for attempted robbery? [Just hold up a police station. Unarmed.](#) Words cannot *begin* to describe the actions of these two, so just click the link and read on.

In any event, at least they *were* unarmed. If they actually had weapons it could have ended up far worse for them.