

bored and lonely

I am sitting here on the couch, all alone and bored. Tony is at work and Amie is out celebrating her one month anniversary with her boyfriend. I have done two loads of laundry, plus folded the loads that Amie had done a couple of days ago. I don't mind doing laundry. It is actually one of the few chores that I don't mind doing and don't need to be in a cleaning mood to feel like doing. I wonder if that made any sense to anyone else besides me. Oh well, I am just in the mood to write.

I am no longer head cashier at Goodwill. I was getting so stressed from that, so instead, I am part time cashier and part time production in the back just so I can get the hours I need. This week and next week, I am going to be getting over time. We are short a two cashiers. I am the only one right now, the other two cashiers are actually the head cashiers. One of our cashiers is on medical leave and the other one was promoted to head cashier to take my place. Last night I stayed two extra hours just to help catch things up so they wouldn't have so much to do with closing. Though I am not sure how my hours will be once they hire people to replace all the ones we need. We have hired two of the four positions we need. Next week I will be training the new cashier, which could be interesting.

Tony has applied for an internship for some computer thing in Hicksville. I really hope he can get that so he will finally have experience. I know for him to get a good job for his major, he will need experience and we would have to move to a bigger city. UGH! I really don't want to, but I would, for Tony. I love the small towns. I guess I will always be a country girl at heart, but Tony will eventually find a job, I am sure of that, and we will move.

On a happier note for me, my little baby kitten is turning one

on Wednesday. Well, it isn't exactly a happier note. My baby is growing up! I don't want her to get older. She is supposed to stay my little baby forever! Betsy said she will always be my baby, and she will. She is my spoiled baby and she knows it. She is still so playful and cute! I know that eventually she might calm down, but it seems so unlikely with her. Padme is not one who likes to sit and cuddle unfortunately, though Darth and Beru make up for that. She sometimes sleeps next to me at night, but that is few and in between. She reminds me of me when I was younger. ☐

The First Time I Had To Call Poison Control...

...was today, and I hope it's the last. I have 4 kids, the oldest of whom is 10 years old. So I've been doing this kid thing for more than a decade, pretty much a third of my life if I shave off a couple of years, which I'll gladly do. My older kids are girls, so why am I not surprised that the boy is the one who prompted the call to Poison Control. The good news is, everything is fine.

This morning, Beeber (an affectionate nickname for my son Christopher because this is what his older sister called him when she was 2) was out of my sight for just a few minutes – I think I was cleaning up some sort of mess he made as usual. In the back hall we have a pet cabinet (which will now be moved) where we keep leashes, dishes, rawhides, etc. Back by the pet cabinet, I found an open, empty package from a dog's heartworm pill. It was opened neatly, and it didn't look like it had been opened by a 21-month-old expecting to find candy. I checked his breath and his teeth (the heartworm medicine

looks like a chunk of dog food – I would think if my son had eaten it, then some would be stuck on his teeth), and there were no signs that he had eaten it. Perhaps the last adult to give the dogs the medicine had put an empty package back in the cabinet. Or, knowing my son, he might have just fed it to the dogs. But I had to call Poison Control to be sure; the chemicals listed on the box sounded frightening. Poison Control said they didn't expect a problem, which I thought was a strange response but a better one than I had hoped. I thought they would at least tell me warning signs of trouble or something, but I'm just glad they gave the all clear and that we didn't have to make a trip to the ER or worse.

Ah, Poison Control, the number every mom should know: **1-800-222-1222**. They are very calming, friendly, and they can actually speak English unlike a lot of places that we call these days, so don't hesitate to call them if you think your kid might have gotten into something they shouldn't have. Better safe than sorry!



Daily Bread

My Daily Bread spoke to me today. [Our Daily Bread](#) is a little book that contains small daily devotions. I keep mine in my bathroom; that way I can flip through it while I'm bathing a kid, or, er, whatnot. Lately I've been struggling with being overwhelmed by back-logged home repair and organizational projects that I know I really shouldn't waste time and energy worrying about. Some people would say 'just do it' – then I'd be less overwhelmed as the things start to get done, but with

4 kids, I just don't have the time (see my post about [Poison Control](#) and you'll see what happens if my kids are left unattended for mere minutes), and I'm tired all the time and also kind of lazy. So anyway, I'm trying to just let go and not think about my To Do list, and here is the Daily Bread for today; maybe it will help others in my boat too:

It's been a long, cold winter, and I am eager for warm weather. I'm tired of seeing bare trees and lifeless brown leaves covering the ground. I long to see wildflowers poke through the dead leaves and to watch the woods turn green once more.

Yet even as I anticipate my favorite season, I hear my mother's voice saying, "Don't wish your life away."

If you're like me, you sometimes hear yourself saying, "When such and such happens, then I will . . . or, If only so and so would do this, then I would do that . . . or, I would be happy if . . . or, I will be satisfied when . . ."

In longing for some future good, we forget that every day—regardless of the weather or our circumstances—is a gift from God to be used for His glory.

According to author Ron Ash, "We are where we need to be and learning what we need to learn. Stay the course because the things we experience today will lead us to where He needs us to be tomorrow."

In every season, there is a reason to rejoice and an opportunity to do good (Eccl. 3:12). The challenge for each of us every day is to find something to rejoice about and some good to do—and then to do both.

*Just as the winter turns to spring,
Our lives have changing seasons too;
So when a gloomy forecast comes,
Remember—God has plans for you. —Sper*

Every season brings a reason to rejoice.

Just trying to add a little more info

If you notice on the right hand bar, there is a new widget. I'm looking through all of my pictures to see if I can find animals that will represent various moods. After I catalog those moods, I hope to find a way to easily switch them to my current frame of mind.

Maybe that will give you an indication of what was going on in my head during the latest posting. I won't guarantee that it will reflect past posts, just the most current.

IF, and that is a big if, I get this working to my satisfaction, maybe I will share.... Right now it is only a text widget. Not at all what I am working toward, but I like the pictures.

Am I A Denzel Fan?

I've heard a lot of people say they are Denzel Washington fans, and I didn't really get it. But then I watched [Inside Man](#), and I enjoyed it. I then saw [Book of Eli](#) in the theaters, which I really liked a lot, and it's become one of my husband's favorite movies of all time.

Last night we watched the 1998 movie [Fallen](#), also starring

Denzel, and it was one of the best crime-thrillers I've seen in a long time. As usual with these types of movies, I hesitate saying too much because I don't want to ruin anything for anyone. Let's just say that I highly recommend *Fallen*; especially if you like the genre; especially if you like Denzel. Always intriguing; at times it was genuinely creepy, though never gory, and most importantly, it did not leave the audience distracted with guessing possible twists – just a good crime drama which left one waiting to see what unfolds next. John Goodman, James Gandolfini, and Donald Sutherland all provide excellent performances rounding out the acting roster. At one point, there was an expression on Denzel Washington's face that was utterly perfect for the circumstance at hand, and that's when I realized that I was starting to become a fan of his acting. If you would have asked me before today who my favorite movie actor is, I would have said Tom Hanks. I loved *Forrest Gump*, *Splash*, *League of Their Own* and *Toy Story*, and I thoroughly enjoyed a host of other Hanks films: *The Terminal*, *Castaway*, and *Big* just to name a few. Hanks' diversity, comedic abilities, and every-man qualities make him fun to watch. So after thinking about all these great movies again, I guess I would still maintain Tom Hanks as my favorite movie actor, but because I judge movies more from a whole-picture perspective, Denzel's films are starting to catch my eye – he knows how to pick 'em!

I've seen *Bone Collector* (push-knob car locks have never been the same), but it's been a long time, and I don't remember much about the movie except that I liked it (and those darn push-knob car locks). So now, being a Denzel Washington fan, I will have to watch *Bone Collector* again.

So the point of this post is? See *Fallen* – it's good. And we have SO broken the stinker movie trend around here. Hallelujah!! And thank you Denzel!

Look To God's Rainbow

Early Sunday morning a very young lifelong family friend passed away peacefully in his sleep. No one really understood what happened only that Marjoe is now at peace. Today, Chad and I went to the visitation and consoled our lifelong family friends. Mary was our baby sitter for years, a fact she reminds us of quite frequently. Christie is a year younger than I so we were quite close growing up and worked together at Shaffer Value... now she lives in Buffalo, NY with her husband. I do not know the two boys as well as I would have liked but know that they were raised by a strong, God-loving mother. After marrying Victor, she inherited two additional adult girls to mentor.

Tuesday night, Megan and I went to see *Date Night*. Even I thought I was not totally myself. As always, I had a great time but Megan kept asking why I was so quiet. Only after I got home did I realize how much Marjoe's passing had affected me. Never before have I realized how fleeting life is. Death knows no season; knows no age. We may question God's choice in taking someone "too soon" but in reality he is in a much better place. Thirty one years... WOW!

Mary has always been and still is one of my favorite people. Not only was she able to raise 3 kids by herself, working in a factory to provide for them but she has always been there for everyone! And she herself was adopted at the age of five months by Ginny and Hinie... everyone's grandma and grandpa. I still remember his Highness coming into the store looking for his Homemade brand cigars. My cousin, Christie, and I would always keep an eye out for him and hide them before he got in the door!

In 2005, Mary fulfilled a lifelong dream by having a book published of many of the poems she has written over the course of her life. [God's Rainbow and My Dream](#) is not only a collection of her works but also autobiographical in nature illustrating her strong, tremendous faith. She also publishes an editorial in the town newspaper weekly.

So... although his life was too short... may Marjoe find peace in his new home.

A new day

In my life, while I remember the big events, it always seems like little things make a big impact. Yesterday it was an unexpected email that sent bits of my little world into a spin. Today it was being able to see pictures of my far away kids, and phone calls to the 3 other siblings.

The sun was out, there were new and interesting events today. So it was a good day.

Of course I realize that it wasn't just that one bit of email that I received. My mood has been missing a bit of jocularity. And it wasn't just the few things I mentioned today that brought a bit of sun back into my mood. It just seems that the little things pile up and pile up until they become one big thing. And that last little thing upsets the whole thing. The final straw on the camel's back. The final pebble or snowflake that starts an avalanche. You just never know.

And of course I wonder, what little thing will start me moving again? And which direction will it push?

In a smile, I saw all the things I would ever need or want. Now, all I want is to see is that smile again.

Looked Big to Me

Oh come on, don't you like quizzes? I know all of you loved quizzes in school [dodges tomato]. Seriously though, only one taker? Come on lurkers, you don't have to comment, just check out the videos two posts below and take the easy quiz. No grades here, nothing to go on permanent records if you answer wrong. Just step right up and give it a try! Answers in one of the next couple posts. ☐

This week someone from Florida flew down to train with me on the use of the handheld computer, something that the office there was apparently never trained on for some reason. He was placed in a hotel near me, right across from my church in fact, and is riding with me all week wherever I go. I have to tell you, this guy is on fire for Jesus. Like me, he serves in children's ministry at his church which is apparently set up slightly different from mine (and many others) so he has kids from ages 6-11. Perhaps he was sent not just to learn from me, but the other way around too. I invited him to my small group last night and when there, he didn't just sit back and listen, but was actively engaged in the discussion. It was interesting to learn that like another in my group, he is an Annihilationist, one who believes that there is no active eternal torment for those who don't accept God's offer of salvation through Jesus, but instead they are simply destroyed. His children, of course, still have eternal life in Heaven. Myself, I would love for this to be true but I

know I must be careful to not try to read this into the scripture if and when I study this topic in detail. One of the things I have thought is that **if** God has chosen ahead of time those He is going to save (part of the Calvinist doctrine, I'm not sure about this interpretation of Scripture), that is we can only come to Christ if God calls us, and if He calls us we cannot fail to come, if this is true then it would seem to be wholly unfair, and seemingly against the nature of God to not just deny us eternal life in heaven (more than fair for our rejection of Him) but to purposefully send us to be actively tortured by the one who was given the boot from Heaven for his rejection of God's authority. Of course, if we do have any say in the matter as Scripture **also** seems to say, then this argument falls flat- we deserve what we chose.

Anyway, I have gotten far beyond the point of this post. So today, we joined my coworker Rene again, and we practiced with the cars Rene and our other trainee were working on. He is slowly learning, but is enthusiastic about it. In fact, he is enthusiastic about everything- a very positive outlook. Well, on our way home, when about to turn on route 14, we noticed a thick plume of black smoke rising. I didn't think too much about it, but as we drove, an ambulance and a fire truck headed in that direction. About 15 minutes later we passed it just outside (I think) Barrington- I didn't think it would be that far away and the area the smoke, now worse, was coming from looked really big. However, we still couldn't see what was actually happening. We drove through the thin layer of smoke that reached the road, but that was it. I figured it would be in the news, but so far I couldn't find anything. Well, it looked big enough for news to me. I just pray for all involved.

I also pray that my car does not need an expensive repair. The "service engine soon" light just went on today and it is in the shop now to be looked at tomorrow.

Sometimes things happen

I'm in a bit of a funk today. Actually, I should say this afternoon and evening. The morning and early afternoon were just fine. Then I got a bit of sad news. That sent the rest of the day into a tailspin. I'm not sure why this happened, but it did. Anyway, I was hoping that by typing this up, my mood would improve a bit.

Life gives us constant reminders that it is a fleeting, temporary thing. How we deal with that those reminders help make us who we are. I just wish I wasn't reminded so often, and that those reminders didn't bring back all of the other reminders I have had.

Life lived to its fullest gives joy to all who share it and sadness to those left behind after the life is over.

A smile shared can lead to friendship. A tear shared can lead to trust. A friend you can trust is worth all the wealth in the world.

There are many people missing from my life and I miss them

all.

Discovery And Other Developments

I think the best way to delve into the character of Tom Hudson is through repeated read-throughs. In fact, that is what the past few weeks have been rehearsal wise. There is so much still to discover about his character: where he came from and where he will be by the journey's end. How will he get there and why will he be where ends up? Next week, we begin the actual blocking. Since most of it will be derived from the actual stage directions, I now need to start looking at them a bit more. Although I have yet to be in a show in which blocking is totally dependent upon what is written in the script. Each of the three characters say a lot but even without the italicized movements, we all can tell that it is going to be a physical and (even more daunting) emotional workout.

Tomorrow nights rehearsal has been pushed back to Thursday so it gives me a few days to look and think about both the spoken as well as the non-verbal attributes of the character.

Actually, I am pretty impressed with my start in line memorization and that is before I have felt the need to type out or record them. Just reading alone or at rehearsal has given me a good grasp on it for the time being.

And now that it is after 12:30AM, I believe it is time to stop with the emptying of my brain and give it a rest. I really think this show is going to be another special one.

Hopefully, we can get a large number of people to come and

see our little three-person show. I really think that the story is very profound and needs to be told! So different from ANY play or character I have ever before been part of because the events are certainly plausible and heartfelt.

There comes a time for light theatrical fare and then there is a time for more serious drama. So glad that I knew I wanted to be part of it since January. Never hesitated just hoped I would be cast in it!

Mark Your Calendars NOW!... May 21-23... Huber Opera House