

Owning a 'Vette

[Derek's post on driving sports cars around the car lots made me remember my years of wanting a sports car myself.](#)

Back in my youth, I think that was yesterday, I wanted to own a Corvette. Not just any Corvette, but one of the original Stingrays. I liked the 1963 Split Window model, but any of them through 1967 were fine for me. I would have done almost anything to get one of these cars. (almost...)

Then, as luck would have it, in the summer of 1978, I was able to purchase my very first car. It was a 1964 Corvette Stingray. A friend of mine (work associate??) was getting rid of his old Corvette and was selling it cheap. My first reaction when I heard the price was disbelief, and then the question came up: "WHY???". It seems that he had a bit of trouble with the car. One was really high insurance cost, and another was that he lost his license after getting too many speeding tickets. He could not drive the car. The third and most important thing was that, while getting his last speeding ticket, he blew up the engine. Yes, I did say blow up. Pieces of it went through the front hood. Now at that time, I had a '66 Chevy Impala. The small block V8 in that car was a perfect fit for the engine compartment of the '63 'Vette. Not the same displacement, but it would power the car until I could get another engine.

Money paid, we had to wait until Monday to transfer the title, and for me to get a trailer to tow the beast home.. All was right with the world until that next Monday. The look on my friend's face said a lot. Somehow the deal just wasn't going to happen. He gave me back all my cash and told me a very sad story. That weekend, he was in his barn fixing up the holes the engine pieces put in the hood. He had said he was going to do some of this, so it wasn't unexpected. Through some stroke of ill luck, or spontaneous combustion of chemical soaked

rags, his barn and all of the things inside burnt to a crisp. The only thing left from the Corvette was a twisted frame and some remains of the wheels. Since his barn was still insured, he thought he could get some money from the twisted Vette wreck. So he gave me my cash and I lost my first chance at owning/driving a Corvette Stingray.

Later that summer, I did purchase another '66 Impala in hopes that I could get enough good parts from the two of them to make one decent looking car. That never happened, but that is another story...

I finally did own a 'Vette. Shortly after College, I went out and bought my first 'Brand NEW' car. It was a 'Vette. Unfortunately, it was not a Corvette, but a Chevette...

A New Challenge

So, today I am auditioning for what will surely be a most challenging play! *Miracles* is a very dramatic play focusing on a father, his teenage daughter, and her teacher. After reading the script (Twice) which was so kindly provided to me by the director, I thought it very thought-provoking but with a few moments of lightheartedness so as not to make it totally heavy. There is even a bit of singing and dancing (not too much dancing... of course if I'm cast that could be one of those light moments, right?!).

Hopefully when the play is presented in May, a huge crowd turns out. Small dramas generally are not big crowd magnets but sometimes they are the most rewarding for both performer and audience. I think it is well written and the subject is very touching. And who say challenging can't be fun as well?

Drivin' a Porsche

I think I spelled that right. This job of mine allows me to drive all sorts of interesting vehicles. Before this, I had never driven a Mercedes, BMW, 'Vette, Mustang, or Lamborghini. Wait, I *still* haven't driven a Lamborghini. Oh, well. I haven't driven a Jaguar either, but our company serves two Jaguar dealers, so you never know... Today it was a Porsche. It must have been a low-end Porsche because the dealer was trying to sell it, a [2002 Boxter](#), for just 16 grand, though they might change the price because they removed it from the windshield while I was there. In any event, it really doesn't matter what cars I drive since I don't really get to drive them as they are meant to be driven. If I were to drive them that way through their parking lot, or take them out onto the street, I would shortly be out of a job... ☐

But how about that training I mentioned? Well, the Florida team hired someone from around here, and so he started training here. Normal training takes several weeks, but he's to go to Florida next week, so we're trying to cram as much info and practice into him as we can in the few short weeks he has. He has actually been doing a pretty good job learning. Though it doesn't help him to have to miss days like today due to another job, like today. Too bad- he missed out on the Porsche... ☐

I started him off on the handheld a week ago, though another trainer gave him the rundown on it first. I was actually the first one who he followed around, and on his first day of

training I did teach him the basics of the job, but then I worked from home for the next two days so he went with someone else- the one who trained me in fact. So back to the handheld- he did make mistakes, but surprisingly not a lot. When he last went with me Monday, I only had to correct a couple of things. He has really picked up on the photography too. At this point he essentially does one of the jobs (handheld or camera), I then look over his work and let him know what he missed. Then I do the other part. All he is going to miss is the practice, practice, practice I went through before getting my first store. But still, he should do well in Florida, though it is yet an emerging market so I hope he can find other work too to sustain him in the meantime. If not, well the warm season is starting and the town is on the coast, so...

Fixing the mailbox

It seems like every winter I need to fix the mailbox. The force of the plowed snow seems to bend it backwards and loosen the very stone it is set in. I realize that I could have gotten one that needed a 4x4 post to set it up, but I settled for one that allowed a spike to be driven into the ground. For a couple of years it worked too. But after it got pushed back during one heavy snow fall, it was never the same.

I guess I should see if there are any new improvements to the mailbox selection. I'm not really set on getting one that needs a big post. I've seen too many of those not move and have the whole mailbox destroyed by the plowed snow. Hmm... This year, I think I will just get a fencepost and drive it into the ground next to my old box. I can then attach my mailbox to this new post. It may not last forever, but maybe it will last

until next winter. I guess I really need to wait until the ground is completely thawed out don't I. That is good news, one less thing I have to worry about today. ☐

Almost Time...

Well, baseball season is almost upon us finally, and I'm really starting to get the itch – not that I'll be able to watch many games anyway since when we're actually home to watch tv it's dominated by Noggin and the Disney Channel... but I can dream, right?

So the other day, I did a search on youtube.com for "Cubs baseball" so I could give my son an early taste of what he'll hopefully enjoy watching with me all summer. I found a gem of a song by Steve Goodman, a grammy-winning artist who passed away from leukemia at the age of 36. Mr. Goodman was a die-hard Chicago Cubs fan his entire life, and sadly, his favorite team never made it to the playoffs during his lifetime. They appeared in the World Series in 1945, 3 years before Goodman was born, and then they clinched the Eastern Division title for the National League in 1984 – securing a place in the post-season just 4 days after Steve Goodman passed away.

I always knew about Steve Goodman from the awesome song, "Go Cubs Go", a song they play at Wrigley Field after every Cubs win. I seem to remember hearing the song over the intercom at the end of a school day one year when I was growing up – principal must have been a Cubs fan...

But anyway, in addition to "Go Cubs Go", Goodman penned and performed other musical works of art; some about the Cubs, some about Chicago, and some about neither. Here is the one I found today and enjoyed, however bittersweet its title and

message "A Dying Cubs Fan's Last Request". I chose to post this version of it, rather than the one that shows Steve Goodman singing it on the rooftops of Wrigley – that's just too sad.

And just so that this post doesn't end on a down note, here is the old favorite "Go Cubs Go" – let's hope this is the year the Cubs make Steve Goodman proud!

Night Of Nightmares

Last night, I had the worst dream I've ever had in my life. I didn't realize it was a dream while I was having it, but I remember waking myself up on purpose anyway – it's difficult to explain, as many aspects of vivid dreams usually are.

The gist of it was – a member of my family (who in real life has been estranged from the family for 25+ years) was buckling my kids into her car for a sleepover. She began doing so at a frantic pace, which alarmed me, so I called it off. But before I could do anything, she was pulling out of my driveway with the kids, and I was screaming at her that this amounting to kidnapping and I was calling the police. She didn't stop. My two older girls found their way home, but she still had my younger two – they're 3 years and 20 months. Meanwhile, the pre-planned game night at our house (but it didn't look like our house) was beginning to take shape as guests were arriving. A friend from college (who I haven't seen since) shows up with my cousin (the kidnapper's daughter) as his date, and she is sullen and seems really angry. We manage to get out of her that her mother hasn't been herself lately and somehow come to the conclusion that she is intending to commit a murder / suicide. Where the police were at this point, I don't know, but for some reason, I couldn't go out and look for them myself, and I was inconsolable. It was the most helpless, panicky, horrible feeling I could imagine, and I had to watch my parents watch their daughter go through this as well – the whole thing was just awful. Even though I didn't know it was a dream, I squinched my eyes shut and woke up – thank goodness. It was one of those where I woke up out of

breath, my eyes darting around my bedroom. I realized it had all been a dream, and I suppressed the urge to get up and have a reassuring look at my kids – what good would it do to interrupt their sleep? Besides they'd be getting up soon enough – I could see the light starting to come in through the window. But when I looked at the clock, it was only 1:45 am! What the heck? I had felt like I had a full night's sleep! For once (and I honestly can't remember the last time I felt like this) I felt well-rested and actually *wanted* to get out of bed – and I didn't want to put myself in the position to have another horrible nightmare. So I laid there and mentally composed my blog post depicting my terrible dream, and I was able to fall back asleep. The dream I had next was actually quite a comical episode involving a (non-threatening) alligator in a restaurant. When my alarm went off hours later, I was back to normal – tired as can be, not ready to get up...

There must have been something going on last night because my 5-year-old told me about a nightmare she had had involving a circle of chicken pox.

So was that light coming into my room at 2 in the morning the light of a full moon? Do full moons cause nightmares or vivid dreams? I know my family and friends in law enforcement tell me that they are extra busy and have some of their most interesting calls on full moon nights, but now I remember driving home last night and seeing the moon – and it wasn't full. So why was it so bright in my room last night? Most nights I can't see without my flashlight, but last night I could see easily – I had just assumed it was the sun rising until I looked at the clock... that one's a mystery that remains unsolved.

I have some guesses as to where certain parts of the dream came from – I had been reading *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* before I went to bed. Could my dream have been my own version of a boggart (a magical creature from the series

which is a shape-shifter that takes the form of its intended victim's worst fear – ie, something bad happening to my kids)? And I was listening to an old Don Williams song in the car yesterday ([If You Could Read My Mind](#)), which reminded me of a time when I was a little kid and Don Williams was playing as we were heading to my aunt's house (the kidnapper in my dream). I don't know why my college friend suddenly appeared or why he was dating my cousin, but the game night significance could come from the game night we have scheduled for tomorrow... just a few theories; I think the bottom line is obvious – dreams are WEIRD!!!

(and this is unrelated – but as I was looking for the Don Williams song, I came across this wonderful version of [In The Ghetto](#) by both Elvis and his daughter Lisa Marie Presley – a posthumous duet. I've made my youtube references as links in this post rather than videos so as not to force anyone to watch/listen to anything if they don't want to)

Just Lucky I guess?

Today was a day to realize that I have a wonderful family, very good friends and life, while not perfect, isn't too bad.

Over the years, I've had quite a few rough times. Some worse than others, but most of them were "the worst that could happen" when they occurred. During all of those times, I've been lucky to have a wonderful safety net. That net included the above mentioned people.

So on this St Patty's Day, I leave those in my safety net this thought.

May you have warm words on a cold evening, A full moon on a

dark night, And the road downhill all the way to your door.

Tick-Tock/Blah Blah Blah

I have been watching *American Idol* less and less. Somehow, it has lost a lot of the appeal that it once held. I have watched enough to learn that Northwest Ohio native, Crystal Bowersox, is one of the early favorites. Good for her! I have also watched enough to know that Ellen Degeneres has yet to become comfortable in her judging capacity. She definitely has taken over the void as supreme cheerleader vacated by Paula Abdul... maybe a bit too much. Enough about that because I really can't say too much with the amount I have seen.

I will comment on the act that was part of the results show tonight. A "Breakout" artist of the new year, Ke\$hia (that's how it is spelled) performed something. Hot off the heels of her 6 million seller, "Tick Tock," she came on stage and performed "Blah Blah Blah" and that is what it looked and sounded like. Or maybe I could not hear the lyrics because I was too busy laughing at the audacity of the spectacle. It really made me wonder where she broke out from! I think I'd rather hear "Pants on the Ground" but I think that has had its 5 minutes of fame. The video on youtube just did not do the hilarious performance tonight justice. I'll look back and update the post. It is definitely one that needs to be seen to be believed. Honestly, I never understood the need to fill an hour with something that can be done in less than a half hour.

Here is Crystal taking on the Creedence Clearwater Revival song "As Long As I Can See The Light."

And now for the moment tangenteers have been waiting a good 15 hours for...

Triangle

Here we go, another movie review – have you seen or even heard of a movie called Triangle (2009)? It's not a mainstream movie; it only got about 5,000 votes on imdb.com

But my husband and I watched it the other night, and we both really enjoyed it – so much that I found it worthy of a little blog post.



So where do I start... because as a reviewer on imdb.com so eloquently said:

How to talk about "Triangle" without giving anything away? It's a puzzle equal to that which the movie presents its audience because this isn't your standard horror movie.

I think that is very true about this movie – it's one of those that is a puzzle all the way through, and while many of these types of movies end up disappointing me in the end, Triangle is the exception. It's a movie where I could see the viewer getting more and more out of it each time he or she watches it, and I will definitely try watching it again. If you're interested in a real puzzle of a movie, check out Triangle – but **don't** read too much on imdb.com about it first. And

especially, **DO NOT** watch the trailer. It's better to watch it going in cold; knowing almost nothing about it, which is why I didn't say much in this "review". I will only say that I recommend it as a very different type of movie-watching experience. After you've seen it, you will want to read as many discussion boards about Triangle as you can; it's really interesting to ponder the... well, just see it, then we can talk ☐

And one more interesting thing about Triangle – as I was reading the discussion boards, I came across comparisons between Triangle and an old poem called [The Rime of the Ancient Mariner by Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#). It seemed very strange to me that I had completely forgotten that I read The Rime of the Ancient Mariner way back when in school until I was reading about it the other day, which is when details of its plot flashed in my mind like déjà vu – an interesting thing to happen, considering the themes of the movie Triangle...

It's a love/hate relationship

I've often wondered about the time change we go through. Why change the clocks for part of the year so it stays lighter longer in the evening. This really does nothing to the amount of light we actually received during the day, just how much we are awake for. For me, I wouldn't mind if they just kept the time the same all year round.

I like the fact that I have a little more daylight to do somethings after work, but my astronomy hobby doesn't like the fact that it takes so long to get dark. I sometimes like not having to drive into the sunrise in the morning, but give it a few weeks and I'll be driving into the sunrise a second time

this year. That actually makes 4 times a year that the sun is coming in so low that the visor doesn't help, too bright for no sunglasses, but not bright enough for my dark pair. I don't want to miss the deer that like the dawn to move from place to place.

And I often wonder, why am I more tired during this week. Getting up an hour earlier? I don't get any less sleep, but then again I don't get anymore. But I get tired earlier too. Is it all in my head? Probably that is it. That is where all my sleep problems lie.

So, until next November we have daylight savings. I know it never saved me any daylight. I get up when I please, or when the alarm rings, and stay up until all hours. Heck, I work most of the sunlight away anyway, in my dark windowless cubical...