

Promises, promises

Sigh. Never promise a post. It has been nearly a month since returning from camp, and still no post on camp itself. I guess I just don't feel like writing. I have wondered if I could make some extra cash by writing a book and selling it on Amazon in ebook form. Well, here is my answer- if I don't feel like writing a short blog post I certainly will never feel like writing a much longer work.

At the moment I am unsure what to write about camp. I can start with a summary and see where to go from there. I really didn't enjoy camp as much this year as prior years, but it was still the highlight of my summer. So what happened? Well, I will try to figure that out as I write. I do know that it was a day shorter than prior years. We were also rained out for a portion- all activities cancelled or moved indoors. I had a smaller cabin than ever before, but that should be a plus, right? □ Another change was- there was so much missing from prior years. Gone for the first time ever was an activity called counselor hunt where all the leaders hid around camp and the kids had to find us, trying to avoid being tagged themselves by a select few who were hunting *them.* Gone were the cabin video walkthroughs and awards for clean cabins. And of course some activities had to be cut because of the shortened camp week. One of those things I was really looking forward to- the talent show. Not enough slots for all the cabins since we were short a day. All in all, it just wasn't the same.

Well, this has been a negative post so far. How about what was fun about it? Well, I had a really good cabin. I didn't really know any of my five kids beforehand. I did remember having one of them in my weekend small group, but that's it. One was the brother of a 5th-grader I had last year (now 6th grade) who, like his brother, I have not seen since in the weekend ministry. One turned out to be the nephew of my small

group leader though I didn't know it at the time, not until he asked if I saw his nephew at camp. Yes, yes I think I did see him...

My junior leader was a freshman in high school- one of the youngest I have had. I think one other was his age. Get this though- his younger brother was also a leader, in a cabin with 5th-graders (my five were all 4th grade), just two years younger than him. I think the church has loosened the age rule a bit on junior leaders- just a couple years ago the rule was 11th grade, with the occasional special dispensation. This 7th grade leader was actually in my cabin in both 4th and 5th grade, as was another leader who I think may just meet that old 11th grade rule. Shows how long I have been doing this... While my junior leader this year was never in my cabin, he was a regular in my weekend small group when he was in 5th grade.

Well, I am officially tired of writing this post right now. I could just save it to drafts and finish it later, but I had better just hit publish so at least you have something to read for now. Coming soon- the return of Zorb, canoeing fun, and more. Until then!

Running Around + The Sound Delayed But A Miracle Is Due

Well... it has been an interesting few weeks going back and forth to the hospital and finally getting Dad settled at the home here in town. Amazingly, he seemed to be acceptable to the idea so that with work on his part and lots of love and prayers from everyone else, he hopefully will be able to come

home one day. We will take it as it comes and put everything into His hands. Really worried about both of them but I'm sure that everything will work out for the best.

Dad started his daily routine of 2 hours of Physical Therapy on Monday morning. This was a day earlier than expected with Monday being Labor Day; however, when Mom and I went out they were getting him ready to go. He does seem to be getting stronger physically. By Wednesday, he was sitting in a wheelchair and walking better (still with assistance from the nurses to get to the restroom). I am sure that this will be a long recovery for him but he wants to come home so he needs to put the work in! It wears him out but that is good for him.

Upcomin events... *The Sound of Music* has been pushed back to the 2013 season. In its place... *Miracle on 34th Street* another show I would love to be part of. I missed out on being in a production of it a few years ago when I played "a warped, frustrated old man." But, the show has a cast of tens or twenties so my chances of getting any role should be pretty good (even if it is a drunk Santa). Auditions are in a few short weeks so... let the fun recommence!

Just need to focus some good thoughts and prayers to my family, as well! And as always... thanks to my amazing friends and extended family out there for the prayers, fb chats, and impromptu fun times!

End Of August 2012

How's that for a creative title? I don't have much time to exercise my creativity these days; well, that's not true... In my daily adventures of running a household of 7 and caring for 5+ kids every day, I exercise creativity all the time. I need

to “fly by the seat of my pants” all day and find creative ways to combat boredom, disagreements and to provide a fun, stimulating and educational environment. But as far as written creativity... well, maybe someday I’ll have time to once again work on enhancing my writing skills.

Luke had his 9 month chekcup today. He is actually $10\frac{3}{4}$ months old, but we had to reschedule his appointment twice because of an injury (he’s ok now but had to get stitches in his pinkie) and work. He measured out perfectly for his age on all of their growth curve charts, and he was able to pass all of the physical tests with flying colors (picking up small objects, standing, clapping, etc). He weighs 19 lbs, 11 oz and is 29” long. He likes all kinds of table food, especially fruits and pasta. Nothing else really of note about the visit, except that he got his blood drawn and ate the band-aid after. I was wondering about the effects of wearing a band-aid on a finger that spends 90% of its time in the baby’s mouth, but they’re the professionals – or so I thought. I meant to take the band-aid off but alas, I didn’t get to it in time...

I was actually going to write more; I wanted to share the homeschool curriculum I wrote for the kids, but I was reminded why I don’t blog anymore. In just the short time it took me to type this, I had to stop more than 5 times to get kids out of the bath, change diapers, and break up fights... now I’ve been informed the baby is poopie and there is still a kid left in the bath, sounds like another one going back in... more later ?

Computer Course In The Tub

I have been debating whether or not to post on the events in my family that have occurred these past few days. Because I know and trust the family and friends who read and comment here, I feel entirely safe. I'm sure that it will at least (and most wonderfully) act as a prayer request. Wednesday night, my Dad had a seizure which prompted a call to 9-1-1 by me. Within minutes, Mom, Jeff, and I were on the way to our neighboring hospital. 2-3 hours later, Dad was taken to a larger hospital where they have a neurologist which is required of all first time seizure victims. By Friday, the doctors were still uncertain as to the cause of the event: his blood sugar bottoming out, another mini stroke (he had a major one 6 years ago), or other reasons.

He has been progressively going downhill; yet, he still knows all of us. Saturday afternoon, Mom, my siblings, most of the grandkids, and I were in the room. He was able to communicate but we could tell that he was not all there. He kept insisting that he needed an IV and a blood thinner. We were, at times, able to get him off that train of thought but I believe that seeing the blank monitor triggered its return.

Even the nurse, who came in to check his vitals, was unable to convince him for long.

Sunday morning after church, we received a phone call from the hospital that is a 45 minute trip away. Dad was really upset, confused, did not know where he was, and crying. After finishing breakfast, Mom and Jeff left and were on the way.

In some ways, he has not lost his entire sense of humor. The other day, he was receiving a bath from his nurse (he can do little unassisted but lay in his bed). He told us that "Liv" gave him a bath while her husband sat on the bed. Mom asked if he enjoyed it which drew a chuckle. To add even more veracity to the story, Jeff did see a Nurse "Liv" on the floor

who did indeed give Dad a bath.

When Mom returned this afternoon, she told us that “Dad is taking a computer course.” A bit surprising but sounded plausible until we were told that he had to go to Jeff’s to do his homework.

At this point, it is almost certain that Dad will not be able to come home for a while. Who can say for certain how long that will be? We just have to keep praying and put it in His hands. I keep remarking what a good thing it is that my four siblings live within a mile of us. However, I am still under the same roof and must take on even more of the household responsibilities which (while important) is not my main concern. Attempting to be a source of strength for my mother is going to take a lot from all of us. Knowing that we have a whole town (and more than that) who keeps saying that if we need anything speaks volumes. While walking to the post office this morning, I was stopped by no less than five concerned people. I was able to spend a few hours with my spectacular second family yesterday at a ball game. I just hope that we all can draw strength from each other and pull even closer together.

So ...whenever we are in need, we should come bravely before the throne of our merciful God. There we will be treated with undeserved kindness, and we will find help. (Hebrews 4:16)

Not just yet..

Okay you may ask, where is/are the camp post(s)? Well, in short, I haven't written it/them yet. As you can tell from the last sentence I don't know how many of them there will be. Work was quite busy over the last week and I really had little time for myself when I returned home, usually around 7-ish with photos to go through and upload. Aside from that my mother had an episode a little over a week ago that left her with a slightly fractured ankle and so I have been doing some extra work helping with that. Her ankle will be healing for about eight weeks (one down, seven to go...)

So how about some "small world" news? Not about me, but about one of our church's pastors? Both of the main pastors at my church are from Canada, though now have citizenship here. What do most boys growing up in Canada do? Hint- it's not baseball, the past-time of this country. Even I participated in that for a couple of years- one tee-ball when I was very young, and one as a very poor player in intermediate league because my best friend at the time played it. Interesting story there- he was on the best team in the league, I was on the worst. What do you think happened when we played each other? A classic case of overconfidence of course, so we won. The only game we won if I remember correctly. Oh, well. My interest was never really there so I didn't practice, got stuck in right field, and the only ball I ever hit was an easily caught pop-up.

But this isn't supposed to be about me. I am sure you have figured out by now that what most Canadian boys do growing up is play hockey. You know all professional athletes start somewhere, and the story of a hockey superstar intersected with the story of one of our pastors on a team together as kids. The reason for him bringing it up in his message was about teamwork, the body of Christ working together in their separate roles defined by spiritual gifts. The story was how

he tried and failed to score a goal on his own when a teammate was wide open to pass to. Wayne even came up to him afterward and asked why our not-yet-pastor didn't pass the puck to him. Oh, did I just give away the superstar? Even though I only gave his first name, I do believe that will be sufficient as all of you of course mentally added his surname. Being a very gifted player even at a young age, you know he would have scored that goal too. But anyway, just as not all hockey players are goalies or forwards, just as not all baseball players are pitchers, we in Christ are not all teachers, not all pastors, not all bearing higher-profile gifts. God has given us different gifts and we are, as I already mentioned, to use them together whether our gifts are onstage, backstage, outside, or wherever.

So... how has your week been? Camp post(s) still coming soon.

I'm Thinking You Might Like This

[Kids of 1995 Predict the Future of the Internet – correctly!!](#)

35 Years Later And Still Rockin'

Today marks the 35 anniversary of the death of Elvis Presley. A record 75,000 fans were on hand at Graceland for the

candlelight vigil held every year beginning last night. This morning, his ex-wife Priscilla and their only daughter Lisa Marie were interviewed side-by-side for the first time inside the mansion. Remarkably, Elvis' biggest fear was that he would be forgotten as quickly as his fame rose. Obviously, it can be argued that he is at least as popular today as he was in his prime.

Also highlighted in a 24 hour marathon is the Hollywood years. 31 movies made in only 13 years (in 1968 he made at least 4 movies). A few show what he could have become. Many are fun to watch while a lot are painful to watch and for him, personally, to make. This afternoon while sick in bed, I tried to watch *Double Trouble*. In one scene, he sings "Old MacDonald" to a 17 year-old girl who throws herself at him every chance she gets. I gratefully rolled over and went back to sleep.

This morning, I also heard a rendition of one of my 3 favorite Elvis songs performed as a duet with Lisa Marie and found a video of it to share. Almost remarkable how much daughter resembles father. Over the years, I have come to not only appreciate the power and heart that he brought to the more "meaningful" songs but to prefer them. What a loss at only 42 years of age.

A Post About Nothing

This post is about nothing because I should be in bed. I'm writing as a way to vent because I can't sleep. We've let our daughter have sleepovers pretty much constantly for the past 2 weeks. We've run into some of her friends and figured what a better way to end summer in a fun way than with some sleepovers, especially with these friends we don't see often.

Problem is, all these girls seem to lose track of the rest of the world when they're together. They run up and down the stairs like a herd of elephants (I am SO not going to mention this out loud – what could scar a sensitive pre-teen girl more than comparisons to the largest land mammal??), they giggle incessantly, and they BURST into our bedroom at midnight complaining of a scary noise. And that's what led me here. Having a group of kids burst into my room as I'm trying to relax with some quiet reading time at midnight apparently set off my adrenal glands – big time. It's now almost 1 am, and I can't even think of laying down again for fear of my quiet bubble being burst yet again. My adrenaline is pumping so hard; I feel like I've just ridden a roller coaster or like I'm about to deliver a speech. The kicker is, with little or no sleep, how I am going to be able to supervise 6 kids tomorrow – with one of them being a VERY exploratory 10-month-old?? I don't know how it's going to work. All because of a scary noise. Well, unfortunately for this group of self-absorbed 'tweens, they're about to find out that a long day with a very tired and grumpy Mom is *infinitely* more scary than any kind of noise or bump in the night.

Good luck, girls.

2 Decades Out

Saturday night, the Edgerton High School class of 1992 met to commemorate and reminisce on 20 **YEARS** of life following graduation. In total, 17 classmates (along with their significant others... well some with their s.o) gathered at Sam's Place. A golf outing had been arranged but those plans fell through which was fine with me (unless it was a round of mini golf). It was a special evening shared with some classmates I have not seen in 20 years. James is a 20 member of the military and a Navy Seal (took him three times to accomplish that but WOW!).

It really was a journey back in time as we shared memories as well as where life's journey has led us. I shared a table with Cousin Dan (and his wife Carla), Amy, and Angie (and her husband Trent). One of our memories took us all the way back to Mrs. Webb's Kindergarten class where Dan met with the paddle (for what I did not catch). He also mentioned that he wanted to have a book read to him so he brought one over to me.

I also caught up with Pastor Matt and Peggy (caught up is a loose phrase since we actually live a block or two away from each other). Matt did not know that I was a fan of the superhero genre. I was a bit shocked at this revelation since I have been for as long as I can remember and we discussed the finale to the Christopher Nolan/Christian Bale Dark Knight trilogy.

Following dinner, we remembered the three (or was it two?) classmates we had lost since graduation. Unintentionally, this turned into a rather humorous debate. We had a set of twins throughout our years and it was finally concluded that

one of them in fact did not graduate with us.

Then, we remembered one of the sweetest girls who we were all pleased to call classmate and friend. After receiving a kidney transplant, Heather's system ultimately rejected it and she passed away on July 19, 1998). Our hostess, Peggy, was able to locate Heather's mother who provided a picture and a poem that Heather had written especially for us:

"MEMORIES"

Hold a favorite memory,

Hug it to you tight.

Dream of it fondly,

As you drift to sleep tonight.

Don't let it slip away like sand through
your fingers,

You'll want to keep it close so that it
always lingers.

Memories

are

treasured

more valued

than gold,

They're

guarded

cautiously,

never to be sold.

Make the most of memories, they're
the best possession you've got,
just be sure you make happy memories
for they never can be bought.

LOVE ALWAYS, HEATHER

Finally, came the obligatory photo session (unfortunately?, I did not make sure that my camera had a SD card). However, a group photo was taken of the 17 of us.



17 Member of the Class of
1992



Just after dinner,
preparing for the
remembrance segment. You
can just barely see the top
of my head behind Peggy. :D

Overall, a fun evening of remembrance!

The theme song of camp

The theme of camp this year, for the entire summer actually among all the age groups, was war. The years switch off between two themes for 4th/5th grade age group but this is the first time I noticed the entire summer was the same theme. Anyway, this song from Passion 2012 was this summer's main theme song: