

Polly DOES Want A Cracker

I used to think that parrots had a secret pact to make fun of the many asinine humans who idiotically blurt, “Polly want a cracker?” every time they spot one of the beautiful birds. I’m not sure from where the custom originated, but I always thought it was a stupid, albeit irresistible, thing to say to a bird. But that sentiment changed last week when I actually offered our Scarlet Macaw a saltine cracker – he acted like it was the best thing he ever ate! He even learned the word “cracker” and was uttering it by the end of the day. And come to think of it, they have a Scarlet Macaw at a local pet store, and one of her favorite words is also “cracker”. So next time you see a big bird and you feel the temptation to say, “Polly want a cracker?” be prepared to fulfill what that bird probably considers a promise!

Just for fun, here is the earliest known reference to “Polly want a cracker” from 1937 – I dig how the mom parrot is a housewife complete with apron – clearly before the feminist movement ☐

The Next Karate Kid After The Last Next Karate Kid

Yep, you guessed it... ANOTHER REMAKE that does not need remade. Why, oh why can't people be ORIGINAL!?!? I did enjoy the first two *Karate Kid* movies... they went downhill after that. I wonder if Hilary Swank holds her turn as *The Next Karate Kid* in high regard.

I guess there are changes in the plot line: Work causes a single mother to move to China with her young son; in his new home, the boy embraces kung fu, taught to him by a master. Well.. single mother forced to move, kid embraces martial arts taught by a master. The fact that the master is changed to Chinese and not Japanese changes little. The fact that the stage goes to the Orient in the first movie instead of the sequel... well, maybe we will be saved from a sequel.

Looking at the cast list, I was shocked to see Jaden Smith (son of Will and Jada Pinkett-Smith) at the top of the list. I then looked at the creative geniuses behind the endeavor. Imagine my astonishment when I saw both of the Smiths listed as two of the **FIVE PRODUCERS?! Really... do we need 5 producers to make a remake of a 25 year old movie? Oh... and if you have been wondering what has happened to the long-forgotten (at least by me) Jackie Chan [look no further](#).**

So, lets see if Hollywood can bring us any good movies for the summer.

It is that time of year again...

I noticed that I was getting hit by a lot of search engines today. They were all finding the same post. Last year around this time I started to review all of the fast food fish sandwiches in our area. Guess what, there is a big search going on for fast food fish. A new fast food place opened in our area, so I may have to review the Sonic fish sandwich. But for now, I'm going to go in a different direction or TANGENT if you will.

Eating fish during lent? Why?? I did a quick search and found out it was more out of 'eating from the land' than skipping meat. Apparently (I'm not sure about this yet, the web is full of useless information too), eating fish derived from fasting. Apparently you could eat the food you gathered during a fast. This included vegetables, fruits and the like. It also included fish, since anyone could catch fish. Meat from other animals was the province of the well to do or wealthy.

Other sites have said that this developed to allow the working people something to eat with a high level of protein, just to keep their strength and let them keep working the fields. I'm not really sure about the why's yet, but I will continue to work on it. That question just got me curious.

And one more tangent... Easy fish recipe. Works for most firm fleshed fish (Salmon, catfish, ocean perch, red snapper, walleye, ect.)

- Aluminum foil
- Fish fillets
- Tomato slices
- Onion slices
- Salt

Pepper

Sliced garlic if desired...

Oil of choice or butter

Layer on foil (one serving per foil pouch) from the bottom up onion slices, tomato slices, fish fillets, salt, pepper, garlic, tomato slices, onion slices. Drizzle with oil or add butter pats. Close up foil. Cook...

Over hot coals 10 -15 minutes per inch flip about halfway through cooking time.

(open one and see if fish is starting to get opaque on the first side, flaky on the second side.) Or use gas grill, or cook in oven preheated to 375.

Wonderful stuff...

The best gift of all (non-religious)

Every year my darling daughters ask me what I want for Christmas, birthday and Fathers' day (or any other occasion where they feel the need to get me things), and every year I have more trouble coming up with things I want or need.

So I decided I would put it into words once and for all time. If you see one of my daughters, suggest that they read this. IF you are one of my daughters, pass this on to your sisters. If you don't know or never see my daughters, maybe these words can be used in your life.

What I want most from anyone, especially my daughters, is the gift of time. This can be given in many ways. A call to tell

me some special news in your day. Or a call just to say hi. Time spent putting together a project that you think I might like. Time spent with me doing something or nothing at all. I cherish all the moments I get to spend with those I love.

Time is something we never get back. Once gone it is gone forever, that is why I think that it is the best gift. It has no price, but immense value. You can not buy it, but you can give your time. It is a gift of the heart, and that my friends is a very good gift indeed.

To quote my last show (probably the only 'good' quote from the show) "Our time here on this earth is short, shorter than any of us can imagine." And that it is, spend it wisely, but please spend some with me.

A Voice From The Past

Usually when an unfamiliar caller pops up on the caller ID, I let the machine pick it up. Unless of course, the caller redials then curiosity rears its evil head.. Tonight, a friend I have not seen in four years phoned me. Mandie (I swore it was with no -e) and I worked together at Wal-Mart and along with Karen, were inseparable. I even confided in Mandie about my attraction to our other compadre... but, alas. And she even **shared** the same last name of the most attractive employee at Dunder-Mifflin (now Sabre) Scranton Branch.

Apparently since I left WM about 3 years ago (she left before that... even before the transition to Supercenter), Mandie has been asking about me from time to time (don't get any ideas... she is attached and we were never more than really good friends). Former co-workers have told me she has been in and said... "Where is Jamiah?" She does have my home phone number.

Tonight, she phoned and we talked for like 2 hours catching up. Her four boys are no longer the little ones I remember. Her oldest is now **14!**? The youngest, Ashton, whom I remember seeing a day after he was born is now 4! She also works with Squirmy! Small world!

Even smaller world... she lives in an apartment above a pizza shop very close to the Quarterline Cafe where *He Crossed That Line* just wrapped. So... we made plans to get together and have a movie night soon along with her four boys.

A special place in 'MY' acting hall of fame

One line in a response pushed me to write this post. I don't think I've written about it before, but I remember telling a friend or two, so if you've heard it before, just be patient with me.

Way back in 1997, somebody asked me for suggestions on shows for the play house to do. I was a rank newbie to the theater, but I gave a suggestion or two. The play at the top of my list was "Harvey". It seems that the playhouse did this show before, and they were not ready to do it again. Year after year, I suggested that show. Finally, after a lot of persuasion, and maybe just to shut me up, the show was scheduled for some time in 2006. I tried out for the show and was given the lead role of Elwood Dowd. A dream come true for me. I would have done anything on that show just to be able to watch it, but I was able to be in it. I was thrilled.

One thing did put a damper on that. My lovely wife died in 2003 and would not be by my side during the rehearsals and

production of this show. This was a bit of a stress for me during the early rehearsals of the show. Finally something changed. I needed some props for the show. One was the cards that Elwood was so fond of passing out, another a notebook of his favorite watering holes. And the third an billfold with some cash and other peoples calling cards. The little notebook, and many of the 'calling' cards belonged to my late wife. From that time on, I had a little bit of her on stage with me.

Then came my largest discovery. I was able to think of Harvey as my lovely wife standing on the footstool in the kitchen. This would have put her at the exact height needed for Harvey. So from the time of that thought, until the end of the run, every time I looked at Harvey on stage, I was peering into the eyes of my wife.

Many times she said she never wanted to be on stage. She never wanted any recognition for anything she did for the theater. She wanted to remain anonymous. Well except for in my eyes, she was never on the stage. Her name was not listed in the bios, but she was on stage with me for every performance. I gave my all to that show. I pushed myself farther than I ever thought I could. And every night I looked into the eyes of my wife, shared a drink or two and was finally able to say "Where have you been, I've been looking all over for you."

No matter what comes after that show, all things pale when in that light.

The end of a very long day

The day actually started some time after Midnight last night. Our director's gift cast party was held, and it was almost

mandatory attendance. It was worth the trip, because our fearless leader had some wonderful things to say about the show. The party was long and entertaining, but I got to bed very late (early???) and we had one more show to do in the afternoon.

The final show went as well as can be expected when one of the actors calls in sick at the last minute. Before anyone jumps to a conclusion, it was a real illness and not just sick from the party last night (ok, it may have been the food, but nobody else got sick). We had to cut the one scene that the person was in. Unfortunately, I was also in that scene. Life is full of disappointments.

My youngest and her grandparents were in the audience and seemed to enjoy the show. It is always fun to perform for family. I also had numerous people, throughout the run of the show, ask me if I was really a minister, or was I going to take that up as a new calling. Sorry folks, I'm an actor, I only play a minister on stage. Again I heard that this was the best I've ever done. My nature tends to think that people can only remember the last few shows they've seen. Surely I've done better on other roles? Oh well, as long as they enjoyed the show.

Finally, I took my youngest back to college. Just got back home. Definitely the end of a very long day.

Potty Training Celebration!

Ok, I know it might seem weird, especially to those of you who aren't parents. But in my family, we are celebrating a major milestone – 3-year-old Disney is officially potty-trained!!! In lieu of this triumphant moment (congrats to Disney but

let's face it, one of the best parts about this is that we only have to buy and change diapers now for ONE instead of TWO!), I thought I'd share a cute potty-training-themed email forward, here goes, and again, forgive me if you are not on the same page with me – potty-training kids is a big deal, and this is our THIRD success story!



THE POTTY

A LITTLE THREE YEAR OLD BOY IS SITTING ON THE TOILET. HIS MOTHER THINKS HE HAS BEEN IN THERE TOO LONG, SO SHE GOES IN TO SEE WHAT'S UP.

THE LITTLE BOY IS SITTING ON THE TOILET READING A BOOK. BUT ABOUT EVERY 10 SECONDS OR SO HE PUTS THE BOOK DOWN, GRIPS ONTO TO THE TOILET SEAT WITH HIS LEFT HAND AND HITS HIMSELF ON TOP OF THE HEAD WITH HIS RIGHT HAND.

HIS MOTHER SAYS: "BILLY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR A WHILE..

BILLY SAYS: "I'M FINE, MOMMY.. I JUST HAVEN'T GONE 'DOODY' YET."

MOTHER SAYS: "OK, YOU CAN STAY HERE A FEW MORE MINUTES. BUT BILLY, WHY ARE YOU HITTING YOURSELF ON THE HEAD?"

BILLY SAYS: "WORKS FOR KETCHUP."



Death, Murder, Love, and FUN!

Maybe you've noticed that at some point this winter, I began to blog less... I no longer write reviews about every movie, tv show or play I see – it mostly has to do with the fact that there just isn't time for me to sit at my computer uninterrupted long enough to do that – well, not if I want my toddling, climbing 18-month-old to stay safe anyway. But this Valentine's Day weekend of 2010 saw me venturing to two local plays, both involving fellow tangenteers, so I figured I could let Hubby hold down the fort long enough for me to write a quick little blurb.

First of all, let me say how thankful I am for my babysitter who worked overtime this weekend – she usually doesn't do weekends, and without her, we couldn't have afforded to support our friends at either show. Friday night's selection was *Dearly Departed*, a southern comedy about a crazy family coming together for the funeral of the patriarch. The show was hilarious, and my friend [justj](#) was very memorable as a fire n' brimstone type southern preacher. I have to say that my favorite part of the show was his other character however, a wheelchair bound man named Norval who is depicted as

practically a houseplant by his caregiver wife when she describes how she cares for him – which pills, what he can and can't eat, that sort of thing. But on stage, Norval was anything but a houseplant, and just depicted him with just the right amount of humor – not over the top, but not comatose either – I felt that achieving this perfect balance was much more difficult than it looked. It should come as no surprise that I absolutely LOVED the music in the show, and it was amusing for me to think about how much that must have irked the director (who had left a party we threw one time because there was 'too much country music' – even though the only country song I played was Travis Tritt's remake of the Eagle's classic 'Takin' It Easy, which I didn't even consider country, but apparently some would beg to differ) – haha. I need to find out what that Elvis song was in the second act; it was wonderful.

Saturday night we tried out a murder mystery dinner theater starring [Jamiahsh](#), and we had a blast! We rounded up some friends, and when all was said and done, we had a somewhat rowdy table of 8 with whom to enjoy the show. Without having to draw any sort of diagrams or assemble any calculative theories like someone at our table who shall remain nameless ☐ I guessed the murderer correctly and was entered into the drawing to win a prize – a free one hour massage! But I tore my ballot wrong, and my friend who was also the director felt it would have been obvious if she had chosen my idiotic-looking ballot to win the prize. I agree with her; it was my own fault, and I'm happy that another patron's experience was even more enhanced by his free massage. Besides, my hubby gives THE BEST massages, and they're always free! But we had a super time at the dinner theater, the food was good, and Jamiahsh was wonderful as the bumbling FBI agent who was trying to crack the case. I loved the relaxed atmosphere of the show with members of the cast joining us for dinner and chatting casually – although too casually at times, because several members of the cast came out of character at times

asking us if our questions were for their characters or for them “in real life” – oops. But of course ours truly Jamiahsh remained in character and professional at all times!

So bravo to many jobs well done on this weekend of community theater! Knowing that my days of keeping my kids out so late are numbered (especially judging by the way they screamed on the way home), I am thankful for every show I get to experience!

And wrapping up the weekend, of course, is Valentine’s Day, and that’s where the love comes in – hopefully the kids will fall asleep before Hubby and I crash so that we can snuggle and watch a scary movie – who needs chick flicks on Valentine’s Day?!? Hope you had a wonderful weekend!

A TaLi Lo Production

So ends yet another wonderful, memorable experience. TaLi Lo is a new non-profit production company in its infancy started by a true theatre lover with the help of her two sisters. I think this is just great. She plans to have stage extravaganzas periodically at the Quarterline Cafe. A portion of each ticket sale will go to a group of her choosing that is near to her heart. Two dollars from each ticket for *He Crossed That Line* is going to the county hospital’s cardiac wing.

As for the show itself, it was a delightful murder-mystery full of suspense, suspicion, and improvisation fun! The victim, Joe Coffee (the evening’s Elvis tribute artist) has been murdered. FBI Agent Herman Clueso (no relation) is called in on his first case after finishing 97th out of 103rd in his graduating class.

The Suspects:

- Miss Honey Dew... the 19 year-old widow of the 40 year old victim. Funny how she has no clue who the King of Rock and Roll is.
- Mrs. Lola Finkelmeyer... married to golf pro, Lester (Less for short, "Less is apparently more"). It seems that old Tiger Woods has been hitting 18 hoes (err. holes). A close school friend of the victim.
- Lacy Loveless... pregnant school mate of Joe and Lola. But all is not as it seems.
- Boobsie McGee another classmate of Lacy, Joe, and Lola. Seems to have very close ties to Lacy.
- Guido Zuckerstein... the owner of the restaurant where the murder took place. An Italian-Jew... mother Italian, father Jewish ("eh, This is a America"). Possible ties to organized crime and to Honey Dew.
- Brittawney Rockefeller Dinglesmoocher... yet another schoolmate of Joe, Lola, Lacy, and Boobsie. Apparently, a decendant of the Rockefeller clan.

Agent Clueso's (and the audience's) mission... to piece together the clues and determine whodunit and why. The clues come at a terrific pace while the characters and audience enjoy a sumptuous buffet until all the clues are announced and Clueso (in his ultimate wisdom, after just completing his training as an FBI agent after 5 attempts. He had a little trouble in weapons class!) announces who he believes the murderer is. Unfortunately, he misses is by "that much" and the real murder reveals him/herself only to be thwarted by the genius who is Clueso, Herman Clueso.

I had an absolute delightful time in my first improv show! Although, we were given the basic outline of the event, everything else was unscripted so you never knew what was going to happen. The culprit was not announced to the actor playing the role (and only to that actor) until just before the doors were unlocked each night. Thank you everyone in the

cast, to producer, director Lisa (not that Lisa), and all the audience members who joined in the fun.