

My life is in the theater.

I guess I really don't have much of a life now. My daughters are mostly out on their own, so I spend my life going from one show to the next.

I tried for and got a role in the show "Dearly Departed". I get to play Rev. Hooker. Fun name and a fun role. We just finished a read through for the show tonight. Three times on stage as this character and one more as another. Yep, multiple roles again. It should be a lot of fun. This will be a very fun show.

Not sure what I will be doing after this show, so I guess I just go with this for a while.

That Which You Take With You

Is only what you put into it. I don't know if it is the play, the cast, the character, the direction, but it is probably the whole lot combined into one that makes a production completely worthwhile. *It's A Wonderful Life* is so brilliant because it tells the tale of an everyman who is shown that one person can indeed make a difference to those people around him. I humbly submit that everyone involved in this production set out to and accomplished this in extraordinary fashion, Through all the hard work, goofiness, talent, and everything, each member of the cast, crew, direction team put their hearts into it and hopefully it came through in the splendid audiences we had each performance. If I made even one audience member hate my take on the "Evil" Henry F. Potter then I did exactly what I set out to do. As Mother Bailey so frequently intoned "You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch!"

I don't care what show it is, how many lines I have, or how long I am on stage, I ALWAYS find it so Darn hard to break away. Two weeks were definitely not long enough for this show. I loved all the carts, pictures (Jeff's portrait *Chance of a Lifetime* truly captured the image of Stewart and Reed). Even the card addressed to "The Evil One" from my Traitorous Secretary was beautiful.

Now... a few tidbits from the history of the movie, itself:

- Lionel Barrymore (Mr. Potter) convinced Jimmy Stewart to accept the role of George Bailey, despite Stewart's feeling that he was not up to it so soon after WWII)
- Mary was Donna Reed's first starring role.
- Lionel Barrymore also played Rasputin (hmm... something to shhot for?)
- Instead of "Auld Lang Syne" the original ending was supposed to be "Ode to Joy"
- The film was voted "Most Inspirational Film of All Time" and "Most Powerful Film of All Time" by the American Film Institute.

So there we have it... the end of a Wonderful Show with a Wonderful Cast, Wonderful Crew, Wonderful Direction and Producing, and most importantly... **WONDERFUL AUDIENCE! THANK YOU ALL FOR MAKING THIS TRIP TO POTTERSVILLE SO MEMORABLE!**

I almost forgot about the donuts in the wheelchair. If you missed them they were something which "George" will take with him.

The End Of A Wonderful Show

Well.. "Once again we have saved humanity as we know it. And the good news is they are not going to prosecute." (Anyone care to take a stab at that?)

Today wrapped up one of my favorite stage roles and experiences. Although I have become almost used to a one weekend run this year, it is going to be really hard to close the two week run of this show. The cast, crew, direction, producing for this Wonderful production was top notch. I got to work with two awesome friends I have made this year and a few others who were there at the beginning back in January. So thanks especially to Travis, Mary, Greg, and Dawn. Lots of laughs along with the hard work!

This afternoons crowd was superb! Potter kept drawing laughter from the crowd thanks to a few WCCT regulars. Such great accolades... seriously did I really deserve them? "George" even mentioned that he had a rough time during our first scene together. But one of the crowd mentioned that I was spot on in every aspect. Vocalization, presence, command, total characterization.

After peeling some tape off the stage floor and helping load some flats onto the truck, I went upstairs to the costume room to help organize a bit. A picture was taken that I will let the photographer share and that is as far as I'll go with that. Then, we had leftovers from our Friday night feast.

Closing thoughts in my next post.

A New Week... A New Goon

Well... Friday night began our final weekend of performances and this was another dandy. My goon had to take over the lights and sound, so I had to hire a new man. Good help is sooo hard to find. I am happy to say that my new employee did an admirable job... except for one moment when I had to crack the whip and prod him a bit faster by ad libbing a line. All of my friends and family who came tonight loved the show and again I was booed. As long as I know that it is for a good reason, then I think the jeers are almost as good as getting cheers.

After the curtain fell on our fourth performance, Mare led another small group on the nickel tour of the Huber. Including a few people who just moved to the area from Ft. Wayne where one of them worked at the glorious Embassy Theatre (I have not been there for years).

Finally, it was time to feast at the cast party. And what a cast party... catered Italian spread: lasagna, fettucini alfredo, bread, salad, and (as is typical) more than enough desserts. Leftovers for tomorrow. We presented Trav with his director's gift of a nice copy of *Tom Sawyer* among other trinkets.

There was one minor technical glitch. Somehow, during the off time, the sign that magically changes from "You Are Now In Bedford Falls" to "Pottersville" became damaged and did not work for tonight's show.

Once again, thanks to everyone: cast, crew, director, producer, and most of all.. Wonderful audience members for another tremendous show!

A birthday today

My daughter had a birthday today. She spent most of the day working. Her first birthday celebrated as a part of a married couple. I'm not sure if she got any presents today. I don't know if she had cake or chocolate. My gift to her is still with me until I get a chance to see her.

Even with all of this, and maybe none of that. I hope she had a good day. Happy birthday little girl.

Cold Winter Nights

A warm fire, hot drink and I guess I'm comfortable, but something is missing.

That second cup of tea is no longer needed or made. The choice of movies no longer discussed. My 6th Christmas without you. That is truly a cold winter night.

The Fun Kind Of Chaos

Last night's youth group was... interesting, to say the least. It was the last session before a 2-week holiday break, and the kids were as hyper as they could be! We had decided to throw the kids in my husband's group and my group a pizza party, but

last week, my husband had another teacher's group as well, so two 6th grade boys groups and one 7th grade girls group were invited. The kids ran in, ate pizza and drank pop (got all sugared up), and kept running around the room. Finally, we got them to sit down for a kid-friendly version of the party game Mafia (I've linked to it enough, if you want more info, you'll have to do some searching thru my blogs or just google it). Well, that presented a problem we hadn't foreseen: once the players were eliminated from the game, what were they supposed to do with themselves? When adults play the game, players get "killed" in the game and then are trusted to sit there quietly, observe and gather strategy for future games. Not the case with a bunch of preteens. The boys were trying extra hard to impress the girls, and they were falling all over each other like a bunch of buffoons. One kid even decided to record the Mafia action with his cell phone while he was closing his eyes – cheating, but you've got to recognize his resourcefulness. The girls weren't running around, but they were busy texting with their cell phones and shooting the immature boys dirty looks. It wasn't quite what we had in mind, but it was fun nonetheless and a great way to end our first session as youth group leaders!

Part of a Community

I read a short story yesterday in Sci-Fi collection I have. The story itself tied in with a famous work by another author and looked at the situation from a different angle. What stuck with me was a continued effort of the main character to figure out the origins of society. The whys and hows why we keep certain things and get rid of others. The eventual conclusion was that local communities influence what society, as a whole, deems important. For the Sci-Fi story, this was all

scientifically modeled to produce a way to determine the eventual outcome of certain actions.

Now it is interesting to me that sociologists do not yet have an accepted definition of the word community. The standard is a local group with a common interest or location. For sociologists, this doesn't help much. Today it is even more confusing. This is very easy to see, since we now have global communities, cyber communities or online communities. Of course, we still have local communities.

Then I started thinking of all the communities I have been a part of. Some have been a better influence than others. Some I still consider myself to be part of, others not so much. But do we ever really leave a community? I've run into people I grew up with, people who lived just down the street. Even those I don't run into have been influenced, for good or bad, from any interactions with me. And the same thing goes for me. People I've met have changed my life. Those interactions influenced choices I've made. By making those choices, I've influenced others I've been in contact with. Somewhat sobering thought, things I've done may now be influencing people I've never met.

And, I am a part of a few cyber communities. One of those is this blog. I wonder how many people take my words and somehow fit them in their lives. Could it be a movie review that makes them look up a show? A post about books I've read sends someone to the library? Or maybe a recipe gets someone to the kitchen to make an old family favorite. It is fun just to think about.

Of course, the one part of the communities I belong to where I had the biggest influence was my own family. I spent more time with them than any other part of the community at large. For good or bad, they've had me in their lives. That was some fun.

Now Why Couldn't We Have Taped This?

tonight, the cast had a brush up rehearsal. Necessary when you have a two weekend run to keep it fresh in our minds so it doesn't become stale. Well... it may not have become stale, but it was far from sane! It was just a fun, goofy time something that could have definitely made the gag reel of the DVD. No sets, no curtains, bare stage, and a cast full of clowns. Mr. Potter somehow became acquainted with some tinsel while getting himself from place to place *sans* Goon. George couldn't keep a straight face while being raked over the coals. Clarence and Potter continuing their quest for world domination in the sequel... who said the angel gets his wings? What a Wonderful time! **Bring on the final weekend!** But don't let it end too soon.

I Could Not Hear Much Of What She Heard

Quite a switch actually sitting and watching others perform on the gem that is the Huber Opera House. Joshua had his Jr/Sr High music program tonight. Sitting in the audience, I still am in awe what a treasure we have in our neck of the woods and not too long ago it was an eyesore. Both the band and choir directors made mention of the gorgeous venue and the delight it is to perform on it (I could not agree more!).

I must commend the decision for both the Jr. and Sr. High bands to perform together! That takes some bravery. I asked Joshua how often they all practice together. They only had two rehearsals together and for that they did not sound awful. I did enjoy "Sleigh Ride" with the whip crack and the horse whinney! "Coventry Carol" was good, too.

From what I could hear of the choir sounded pretty good, too. Unfortunately, only half of the soloist's portion of "Do You Hear What I Hear" could actually be heard. Then, suddenly, the microphone was turned on. The final two pieces, the choir's favorites, were the best. "Sleigh Ride" again and a jazzy *acapella* version of "Holly Jolly Christmas."

Following the combined High School band/chorus finale, I stood up and slipped all around the floor because a certain 6 year old accidentally spilled her popcorn.

Check out the classy shot:

✘ Tux which the music department provides. Not sure how I would feel about that but now I think it looks sharp. It sure beats having no dress code and having the few who show up in raggedy jeans and t-shirt (of course, SOMEtimes that is no fault of the children).