

Get Me To The Church On Time

No... not for my own wedding. My cousin and her boyfriend were married today and my brother and I were the vocalists. Last night, he went to a karaoke bar and went home with no voice...GREAT!!! Thankfully, he was better today and at least made it through his song and the two songs we sang as duets. For some unknown reason, I seem to get nervous singing at functions like weddings and I do not know why. I stand in the choir loft high above the congregation whose backs are to me. So it is not as if I could be seen. Maybe that is it. I need to be seen. However, I am sure it sounded fine (no one ran from the building covering their ears).

Moments of the ceremony were hilarious. My 3 year old nephew served as ring bearer and the groom's young niece was the flower girl. When the time came for the pair to process down the aisle, they were nowhere to be seen and the organist was getting near the end of the piece. All of a sudden like a shot, two little people come running down the aisle arm in arm. Honestly, the other attendants could have learned a thing or two about how to walk down the aisle.

During the ceremony, the little ones were all over the place. Noah kept dropping the pillow he carried up... luckily the rings were not on it. Then, they were constantly wandering around smelling flowers having a fun time. I think the priest was just as amused.

More hilarity continued at the reception during the cake cutting ceremony. Rich smeared a whole slice all over Charnel's face (WTG... welcome to the family). All Charnel managed was a little dab of frosting on Rich's nose, forehead, and chin. Probably because she could not see him to get him any better.

So, anyway, another relation sent on her way to married life.

I am starting to feel the pressure here.

UPDATE: To read more about the pre-wedding adventures follow the link [here](#)

The sweet life...

It's maple syrup time in our area. While we don't have the size and number of stands (sugar shacks) as Vermont, we have a few. Our local groups (family run businesses) have an annual pancake and sausage breakfast (with real maple syrup, of course). Today was that day.

My family (daughters, grandparents, son-in-law, boyfriend, other friends) all went today. We road the wagon out to the sugar camp and watched them boil down the sap. We road a horse drawn wagon. We ate syrup, pancakes, and sausage.

You should be told that my daughters are all older. The youngest is 16 and the oldest 26. We've been doing this almost every year for about 9 years. This day just keeps getting bigger and bigger. My wife and I started going when we wanted something close, easy and different for the girls to do. I now have enough knowledge of the maple sap gathering and boiling that I could make syrup if I had the trees and inclination. I haven't learned anything new for the past few years, but I will go again next year, and the year after that and so on. It is a wonderful day for family and now friends. Of course the syrup, candy, pancakes and sausage aren't bad either.

So maple syrup producers, I will see you next year when the sap runs.

Return To Shaffer Value

All riiighty then. Tonight, I started a new old job. It seems I was in the right place at the right time last week when I went into my local grocery store to fax my resume to a few possible job locations. It seems that the store was in need of some part time help as most of the school age kids were going to be involved in sports this spring. So, I said until something more lucrative came up, why not.

Old job you ask. Yes, because the grocery earned the nickname "Shaffer Value" after my two older brothers, my mother, my younger sister, and myself worked there at some point. I will not say how long I worked there initially (at least 4 years). The funny thing was, the minute I walked in today, they had already received a phone call for a reference for me. Unfortunately, none of the employees I worked with previously were there to take the call. They gave me a glowing review from personality alone since the person calling did not understand that it has been many years since I graced the store with my services.

Some things had changed while many others seemed to have remained basically the same. The minute I walked into the stockroom, I was totally shocked. Gone were the piles and piles of overstock which had previously been there to be worked and reworked until they could not be worked anymore. There were two small stacks which contained items for all four aisles (yes, a four-aisle grocery). I could have only imagined having such a nice backroom in my day.

The cash register was also much more advanced (from my previous days, anyway). Before, the store only accepted cash, checks, or paper food stamps. Now we take credit (debit, too),

food stamps are now done electronically, and WIC is accepted, as well. Plus, they have scanners which we did not have. The store has finally gotten out of the stone age.

One thing did draw me into reality. The stock boy working there who is a senior in high school is someone whom I remember being brought in by his mother when he was a baby. Of course, the lady running the register when I arrived today used to change my diapers so I guess it is all relative. So... until something better comes along... Few may remember the days when it was known as Shaffer Value, but it will do. I know there are people who remember the space being the local movie theatre.

Tis the season to be Mary

Ok... it is not Christmas time. However, as we are under a dreaded Winter Storm Warning I felt like talking about one of my favorite Yuletide movies. As I was playing Scene It with my niece earlier this evening, this question was raised: "In the National Lampoon Vacation movies, what was the nickname of Clark Griswold's son?" Of course anyone who has seen the misadventures of the Chicago suburban family knows the answer: Rusty.

Christmas Vacation is my favorite of the four films (yes, there were four... let us not forget the travesty that was *Vegas Vacation*). It shows the hapless Griswold clan as they do their best to entertain their whole extended family (both sides mind you). Everything from chopping down the family Christmas tree to the reading of "A Visit from St. Nick" on Christmas Eve. My favorite scene from this classic has to be Clark hanging from the eavestrough attempting to staple lights

onto the roof. I can imagine my father doing the same thing... even attaching his coat sleeve to the roof and sliding down with the collapsing ladder.

One nitpicky bit though. Speaking of Rusty (as well as Audrey, the daughter), they seemed to age differently in each movie. The young man seemed to decrease in age between *European Vacation* and *Christmas Vacation*. Rusty was played by Jason Lively (?) in Europe and by Johnny Galecki (before he was cast as Darlene's boyfriend on "Roseanne") at Christmas. I often wondered why the change in age. It's not as if Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid could decrease in age. Just a minor quibble to an otherwise hilarious holiday tradition.

All In The Family

Ok, OK, **OK!!!!** Some people may get sick of me talking about this (hopefully not many) but for the past month the [Bryan Times](#) (a newspaper in rural Northwest Ohio) has had a feature entitled "The Love of My Life." Various people have commented on their spouses, families, other people, and a few have described activities they enjoy. While I have yet to find that special female, I would find it very difficult to distance myself from the theatrical world. There is just something so magical about stepping onto a stage and transporting an audience into another place and time and allowing them to see into that world for a brief moment. I believe that the goal of any performer should be to entertain. However, there are times when the people on stage have the power to move and to educate an audience.

The magic of theatre is not limited to the performance. The sense of camaraderie people feel who have been in multiple

shows together creates a sense of family. There is set building, set unbuilding, rehearsals, show planning committies, and countless other aspects of preparation to undertake. Most important of all (well... maybe not) come the parties!!!!!! There does not even need to be a reason to have a party just a chance to get together and play games (Balderdash is a good game, “spizzerinctum” anyone?). The spizzerinctum at the party emitted a very strange odor. I dunno... can spizzerinctum have an odor? Yes, but of course.

But no matter if you are willing to stand upon a stage in front of 10 or 10,000 audience members, work behind the scenes, or just sit in the audience there is always a place for everyone in the theatrical family. Not all of us can paint a wall and make it look pretty.

pictures

I am learning how to add pictures to my posts – hopefully! This is a picture of my girls:

