

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 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.

Waiting, and more waiting

My daughter, her husband and their children are on their way home. It is a long drive from Ohio to Mid Florida. I talked to them when they were north of Lexington KY and then again when they were north of Macon GA. From what I can determine that was about 12 hours of driving. They have 6 to 8 more hours to go. The father in me is waiting for that call to say they made it safely.

I'm not sure if I worry and fret more than most parents, but sometimes it does feel like I do. Then again, I am worrying for two parents.

My wonderful holidays will be complete when my daughter and her family make it home. Then I can worry about the more mundane things. Like daughters in College. Or daughters who just got married. Daughters who have been married for a few

years. Do they have what they need? Are they doing well. Are any of them sick. Is there an alligator in the back yard? ☐

Yes, I love my children. All of them. The girls I helped raise, and the men they picked to join our family. I'll continue to worry and wait.

Ring in the New Year

I was supposed to celebrate the New Year with friends. My daughter and her family were supposed to head out from Toledo last night. This did not happen. They had to get some service on their vehicle and this delayed the packing for the trip. A late dinner and some traditional New Year's Eve food was shared with my daughters, sons and Grandchildren. It was another wonderful evening with family.

I was disappointed that I was not able to spend the evening with friends, but I was able to spend time with my family. I don't get to spend as much time I as I wish I could with any of my daughters. Any time I get to spend, I enjoy with all my heart. I try to spend as much time as possible with them. I was able to spend four additional hours with my Florida family. I JUMPED at the chance.

I had no games with friends, but a granddaughter sitting on my lap while watching "Muppets' Treasure Island". No streamers, party poppers and noise makers, but hugs from daughters and grandkids.

Family and the New Year. I'm not sure if there is a better way to bring in good luck for the coming year.

A Not-So-Cynical Look At The 2009 Holiday Season

I was thinking about our family's 2009 holiday season, now come and almost gone already, and I was envisioning words to describe this wonderful season, despite the fact that this year ours was peppered with unpleasant familial dramatics. But about a week ago, I made what was a conscious decision to pull myself up from the depths of despair I had fallen into after losing a beloved family member just one week before Christmas. So, in my good humor, I chose 24 of the best words to describe my holiday season, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. Here goes...

Avatar – Saw it and actually liked it, despite my typical sci-fi reluctance. But I liked Avatar so much that I'm really hoping the timing and budget work out so that I can see it again in 3D at a more technologically savvy theater.

Big Family Christmas – We traveled to Illinois on Christmas Day and got to take part in a huge gathering of my husband's large extended family. His 92-year-old grandmother, who speaks with a thick east-coast Connecticut accent (and who smoked 3 packs of cigarettes a day from age 16 until age 70!) told many of her infamous stories that had everyone in stitches! After hearing one of Monie's stories, I could have used the words Blue Boob for B, but I will spare you those details... ☐

Christ Was Born – We went to a beautiful church service on Christmas Eve to celebrate and reflect upon the entire purpose of the Christmas holiday.

De... There are two words that come to mind for this letter

based upon certain recent events in my life, but I'm not going to go there; this is to be "A Not-So-Cynical Look..." blog post. So here, D will stand for Dumbledore, since I'm almost halfway through my first Harry Potter book and lovin' it!

Elf – My favorite holiday movie, and we actually had time to watch it this year! It, unlike a few other favorite Christmas experiences, did not lose any magic this year. I still felt that warm and fuzzy "Christmas Magic" feeling after I watched this movie – I'd pull it out more often, but it's not the same unless it's Christmas!

"I love smiling; smiling's my favorite!!" – Buddy The Elf

Friends – We are so blessed to have such wonderful friends, and I can't thank them enough for the things they did and just for being there during this bittersweet time.

Grandparents – We were able to visit 3 of our grandparents this holiday season! Even being in our 30's, we have 3 surviving grandparents among my husband and I – we were blessed to be able to spend time with all of them this year!

Homemade spaghetti – Best. Christmas. Gift. EVER!! My mother-in-law sent us home 4 huge frozen batches of her out-of-this-world spaghetti sauce! AND a large bag of grated Asiago cheese. AND... something I'll save for another letter...

Ice – Drove through plenty of it to reach IL and get back to Ohio on Christmas day. Luckily, traffic was light and travel for us was smooth and safe. The kids were good as gold and slept for the majority of both drives.

Jill – Screwed us over again! This little story begins with Walmart. Since this is "A Not-So-Cynical Look...", I won't go off about Walmart, but I will simply state the facts: the pump in our windshield wiper cleaner fluid dispenser stopped working after the last time we got an oil change at Walmart. We didn't really need it until Christmas night, when we were driving past the city of Chicago, and apparently smog + snow =

some sort of disgusting pollution paste. So visibility is limited, and we still don't know exactly what happened since we've driven this route dozens of times, but basically the express lanes on I-90 seemed to suddenly dissolve into city streets. So now it's 10:30 on Christmas night, and we're wandering around in the city. We can't see out the back of the car since there's tons of Christmas presents, and we can't see out of the front of the car because of the pollution paste. This is where Jill comes in – and she directs us straight back to I-90. Only problem is, our van can't just jump guardrails; we needed an entrance ramp, and Jill was only directing us to streets that crossed over the expressway and didn't actually intersect with it. So we crossed bridge after bridge, and we criss-crossed I-90 until one of those streets had an entrance ramp. Then Jill freaked out and tried to get us off of the expressway again, but she got her power button pressed – we knew our way from there.

Kalachkies – I have a fun memory of a Christmas years ago when my forgetful Polish grandmother was sitting in her wheelchair, instructing my equally Polish uncle and myself how to make kalachkies, a usually delicious Polish cookie. The end results were inedible and referred to as “hockey pucks”. This year at Christmas, my husband's cousin made homemade kalachkies – real ones, no hockey pucks, and they were delicious! Thanks Lilly!

Late night drive – One night, we took the kids out in the car in their pajamas with some snacks, and we drove through the snowy countryside to a town about 30 minutes away for a drive-thru lighted display that's just wonderful. Late night drive could also refer to my husband's and my peaceful drive home (after the unscheduled tour of the city) while the kids were asleep all the way from Illinois to Ohio – nice.

Mashed Potatoes – My mother-in-law is a great cook! I guess it's been awhile since the last time I had her mashed potatoes, because I didn't remember how they tasted. But I

told her the truth after Christmas dinner – they were the best mashed potatoes I’ve ever had!

Noodles – My mother-in-law’s spaghetti sauce also came with EIGHT pounds of whole wheat gourmet organic pasta! I love whole wheat pasta – it actually tastes better, and you don’t get the pasta-stomachache / horrible stuffed feeling that can accompany pasta over-indulgence.

Onions – One of my favorite holiday dishes is creamed onions, and it was a nice surprise to see this dish on the Christmas buffet. Fortunately for me, my husband can replicate the taste of his mother’s creamed onions – yum!

P.A.S. – Pompous Ass Syndrome – my poor brother-in-law is a victim. Enough Said.

Quiet – With 4 kids and Christmas celebrations spread out over 2 weeks, there really wasn’t much of this.

Revenge – My brother and sister-in-law gifted our kids 3 little gumball machines. Cute, but not when you realize how many gumballs needed to be pried out of our candy-obsessed toddler’s little hands, for one thing. Who would give little kids gumball machine gifts? Wait, isn’t that what we got her 3 kids last year?!? I’m all for re-gifting; I really think it’s a smart thing to do. But maybe next year I’ll choose our Christmas gifts more carefully...

Snow – It’s been snowing on and off for a week and a half here in Ohio. The Chicago area was unexpectedly blanketed with about a foot of snow on Saturday – thank goodness we left for Ohio on Friday night!

Turkey – We ate it and it was good.

U-Turn – see “J” – Jill the GPS. Besides the time we were lost in Chicago, Jill caused us to make at least one other U-turn on this trip.

Vile – Odor in Gary Indiana – I don't care what the Music Man had to say – Gary Indiana STINKS! Literally!!!

Weather – I was worried about it all week, but thankfully, it didn't impede our journey in the slightest.

X-changing gifts – Ok, that's too generic? What else could X stand for, the rating of Monie's Blue Boob story? We x-changed gifts many gifts, and that's all I'm going to say.

Yellow Puppy – When our friends heard about our family's heartbreak, they gifted us a gigantic (stuffed) dog. This cute puppy's headband wouldn't even fit on my head, and she wears a sweater that could probably fit me – or at least all 4 of my kids in it together... so cute and so thoughtful, and the kids LOVE her!

Zoo lights – With everything that was going on during this December, I'm so thankful that we were able to make it to one of our favorite Christmas destinations this year – the Toledo Zoo for their Lights Before Christmas displays. Beautiful lights in a peaceful atmosphere, and if you get there early enough, you can see some zoo animals, which is probably my favorite thing to do in the whole world!

Hope you had a Merry Christmas, and best wishes for a great New Year!!!

All about family

On Christmas my four daughters were together for the first time since my 3rd daughter got married. This is the first time my 3 married daughters and their husbands have been together. This is the first time I got to spend some time after

Christmas with my youngest grandchildren. The first Christmas I got to spend with my 2nd son-in-law. The 6th Christmas without my beloved wife.

My three oldest daughters have been married for 3 years, 2 years and the last daughter 6 months. My first son-in-law was the only son-in-law to meet my wife. I think that he was very lucky to have this opportunity. He got to meet the a main ingredient of his wife's personality. The girls all get some of their personalities from this wonderful woman. Some they get from me. My son-in-laws have a very good chance to get to know me. I'm not really shy at who I am.

We will have two more opportunities for all of us to be together. It is family that gives me they greatest pleasure. Playing with my grandkids makes me feel younger. Talking with my daughters allows me to stay a dad. Being with my son-in-laws allows me to 'hang out' with the guys. That was something I didn't get too many chances to do with 4 daughters.

I can't wait for the next 3 days to start. I get to spend more time with my family. They are wonderful to be with.

Christmas Traditions

Celebrating Christmas could include food, family, friends, and gifts. Additional Family traditions could have a mandatory attendance to a Christmas Eve Service.

Our family traditions have been ongoing since the day after Thanksgiving. That was when it was 'allowed' to start thinking about Christmas. We could start to break out the Christmas music, movies and decorations. The stockings were hung up, with care, by Dec 6th. Small gifts, some candy and maybe a bit

of fresh fruit would fill the stocking. Usually a Christmas ornament would arrive in the stocking, and it could then be hung on the tree.

For the past few years, most traditions have gone by the wayside. As a family we would still hang up the stockings on 6th, small gifts would be placed there. The Decorations of the past just don't make their appearance. Certain things still show up. We watch many versions of Dickens' 'A Christmas Carol'. There are the many other Christmas movies. And as my children grow up and start their own lives, they get to start their own traditions.

Families expand and contract. Traditions come and go. To share life, love, troubles and sadness are ways to bypass all traditions. In that sharing we find peace and hope.

To you and yours in this season. May you find what you need and have what is required. Merry Christmas.

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 there 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.

3 shows in the book.

Sunday afternoon show and more family showed up. They really seemed to enjoy our attempt to entertain. We had another good crowd and show today. It always amazes me the energy the actors get from the crowd. When the audience gets into a show, it seems the show gets better. That is how it was this weekend. A series of good audiences and fun shows.

This morning I spent some time getting new tires for my truck. While I was expecting to get new tires soon, I was hoping to be able to shop around a bit. I wasn't pleased to be forced into getting new tires before I had that chance. But the happenings of yesterday my choices just a bit. There are very few places in the boondocks that are open on Sundays. So again, my hand was forced. Such is small town life.

But getting the tires did allow me to drive my youngest daughter back to college after the show. I like the time I get to spend with my daughters, so it was good to get the tires today. Oh well, the truck does need a bit more work. The miles I put on it tend to wear things out.

Starting Thursday we have our final run of 4 shows. I hope they all go as well, and I have few vehicle problems.

On the way to the show.

It started off so well. I was leaving just a bit early so I could get some gas and other necessities. Oops, a mile from home I noticed that I forgot my boots. Important item for the play, so I had to turn around.

Back out for the second time, still early, but without as much leeway, I heard a funny noise from my truck when I turned a corner. Thinking I had something stuck, I got out and noticed that my tire was flat. ARRGH.

No problem, I have AAA... I called my daughter to say I would not be able to pick her up and got out my AAA card to call for service. Dang it expired in November. Why don't I remember the bill. I must have missed it.

Not to worry I can change a tire. Oops no flashlight, I couldn't find the jack!!! I couldn't see to change the tire. The countdown to the play was running fast. Call my daughter to pick me up!! Slowly move the truck to a safe location. And hope nobody tows the truck away before I could get the tire changed.

Show turned out well tonight. My oldest and youngest daughters were in attendance. As much as I love having friends in the audience, it is special when I get to entertain my family. Unfortunately, I was not able to spend as much time with them as I would have liked. I still had a tire to change.

Found a light, a jack and the lug wrench. A few chilly minutes later the temporary spare was in place. I was ready to go home for a cup of warm tea.

Tomorrow is another day, and I will have to see if I can find someplace to get some tires before the 2:30 show. So now I know what Santa is getting me for Christmas. I don't recall asking for that.