

# Saturday Night's Alright

maybe not for fightin' but good times. I wanted to go to church at 4 at one of our sister churches. However, I had forgotten that the 4 o'clock mass is no longer in existence after the recent twining (or tripling since it involves three churches). I wanted to attend the Weekender this to show my support of one of my former castmates: Andrew who was in *Idol Night* and *School House Rock* with me. Tonight's offering was a mixed bag of Broadway tunes performed by a group of young adults. Pretty good for their age. I must say that Andrew has improved much in the past 2 years... a very deep bass which is developing very nicely. His rendition of "I Am I Don Quixote" was one of my favorite numbers of the evening. He also sang "Send in the Clowns" from *A Little Night Music*. At first, I thought... oh great. Not that I am not a big fan of the song (I think it is one of Sondheim's masterpieces) but I have heard it so many times. However, when was the last time I heard it sung by a guy? Not often.

When the group of performers took the stage, I asked Megan..."Where's Andrew?" I did not recognize him at all! Gone was the beard and longish hair I had become accustomed to. He looked that different!

The rest of the performances were good as well. A very strange arrangement of "Someone Like You" from *Jekyll and Hyde*. A choral performance of "Bui Doi" from *Miss Saigon* (good but [Mr. Whatever's](#) rendition was better... not biased here, Chris's performance just brought chills both times) and a few songs from *Songs from a New World*, a show I am not very familiar with. And the Little Theatre was just packed... hopefully, the free will brought in a few dollars.

Once again... great job Adam, Jason, McKenzie, Preston, Andrew, and Jessi. Plus, Patti's job as accompanist was no small feat. Some of those songs had to be killers to play!

One more post from the evening later... stay tuned. Different Bat Time, Same Bat Site.

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## Kids In America

Upon accepting the invitation of again accepting the position of Manny, I was warned of problems that might present themselves on the 9-10 hour trip in the minivan. I am so happy that very few of these problems reared their ugly heads. Thank goodness for planned parental necessities. The three girls were equipped with their own bags of goodies for the long trip both to the East and back home again. We also had a large bag of DVD's to watch on the player in the car. I also brought a few kid-friendly Disney movies and Chitty Chitty Bang Bang (one of my favorite movies growing up; sad to say the transition to the stage did not go as well).

Basically, I only remember the occasional statements of "are we there yet" and the like. The extremely long voyage across Pennsylvania had to be broken up to prevent melt-downs and I'm sure the adults enjoyed our happening upon [Bellefonte](#). In the dark, it seemed to be deserted but as we approached downtown there were cars, and several restaurants, many of which were some variation of a pizza shop. Funny that it was close to State College, home of Penn State University. We decided to stop at Mama Lucretia's... pizza, pasta, cheesesteak all of which were very tasty (unless that was the hunger talking).

I must comment on the eating habits of one of the kids. "Goose" frequently made the comment that "Beeber" would have an order of paper with a side of plastic. The eight-month old will find anything to put in his mouth to indulge in: napkins, plastic bibs, straw wrappers, anything: typical. Just watch

your plate; if he spies anything within reach, he will get it! After eating, most of the time a great majority of it ends up on the floor around him.

Back in the car for the remainder of the long jaunt, the kids all took naps. Taylhis also rested for a bit. I did my best to stay awake to ensure that C was still alert and going. Thank goodness we had some music going and comedy. Listening to some Miss Saigon and Assassins seemed to make the time go a bit faster. I also learned that one of the songs from Jekyll and Hyde was cut from the final show. I saw the musical in Toledo a few years ago and saw that Bring on the Men was missing. I thought perhaps touring companies might have cut the song, but it was taken out prior to the Broadway run.

Finally, after the less than an hour announcement turned into a bit longer, we arrived at our hotel around 1.30 AM. Constuction, police cars everywhere, drawbridge, lots of obstacles... AH travelling!! I LOVE IT! Especially when I am not driving ☐

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## **Spread Your Wings And Soar**

Boy, I am just now beginning to see that this blog can be therapeutic as well as entertaining. These past few days have been really tough but I am finding that with the support of some of the "bestest" friends I have ever had, grieving and remembering one of the best people I have ever known is bearable. I know that I will repeat myself so bear with me. I have already told you that Emily Curtis was much, much more than a music teacher to me. The last few years of her life, she gave up at least one of her lunch periods a week TO ME. I would go to school for a voice lesson on Tuesday mornings.

Sometimes we would use them for other things as well. Upon arrival, I would always ask how Amanda and Jonathan were doing. Being the proud mother she is, Emily would boast about their latest accomplishments. On one occasion, she told how she and her daughter had just gone to see *Jekyll and Hyde* (WITHOUT ME!!! ☹ ). While Jonathan was at West Point, they would travel to NYC to see shows at least twice a year. One of my lessons was mere hours after Jonathan was sent to Iraq. I asked her if she wanted me to come that morning. She told me that she needed ME more that day than I needed her; just to hear me sing? I even called her at 10pm on a school night to tell her that auditions for an area production of *Joseph...* was in two days. "Get your butt (ok...maybe not that word, but, I like to keep this a family site) over here TOMORROW!!!"

The last show of mine that she came to see was *The Odd Couple*. Following the Sunday matinee, my crowd of admirers gathered at the Dairy Queen across town. When I entered the restaurant, a group of at least 10 rose to their feet and applauded all led by Emily. It was then that she again reminded me that I should not limit myself to musical theatre alone but to "spread my wings and soar" and to "not hide my light under a bushel basket". Definitely, one of my staunchest supporters and biggest fans.