

# Too Close To Home

Crazy night here last night!!

Our 6-year-old, Samantha was up late, and since she was the only one of our 4 kids still awake, we decided to spend some 'just parents with Sammie' time and play a game. Dad had sunk one of our ships in Battleship when we heard a series of pops from outside. Following our instincts to take cover, we went into the interior of the house away from windows, where we discussed what we heard. Had we spaced on the date, was it New Year's already and someone was lighting off fireworks in celebration? No, my husband said, there is only one thing that sounds like that, and when he put it that way, I had to agree – it was gunfire. After we decided that it couldn't really have been anything else, we called the police, who told us there were already officers on scene. We got our police scanner hooked up (who said I don't need a police scanner to keep tabs on small town action?), and we continued to sit in the hallway and listen to it. Soon we heard the unmistakable churning of the LifeFlight helicopter (we live blocks from the hospital), and we wondered if it was related – we would have more info in the morning. The police scanner just had mild chatter about officers responding and trying to find the "suspect's ID". They found his cell phone, and an officer was told to see who the suspect had called. Not getting any useful info, we went to bed, and my husband woke me this morning with the info that he had heard on the big city Toledo news – a shootout had occurred in our small town, only blocks from our house, mere feet from our friends' house.

Turns out, a man had shot at the police station and then drove down to the park, where he shot at the police who chased him. The police returned fire, which explains the series of 6-8 pops we heard. The man was then LifeFlighted to a bigger hospital with life-threatening injuries. That was all the info in the newspaper, but when I did a google search this

morning on the man's name, something interesting came up: a memory page for his daughter who died in a motorcycle accident in our town (this family was from a town 25 miles away) last spring. I remember that case: a man was driving a speeding motorcycle, and when police tried to pull him over, he gave chase. He eventually lost control of the motorcycle, and it crashed, killing his passenger when she was ejected from the motorcycle. From the research I did on the internet this morning, it seems that the suspect from last night's shooting incident was the father of the victim in the motorcycle chase case. Perhaps he was upset with the way police handled things last spring, so he shot up the police station and led them back to where his daughter was killed – the shootout took place at the same scene.

Tragic case all around, and we are reeling from yet another so-called 'big city' incident that seems quite out of place here in our small Utopian town. I went to the shooting suspect's Facebook page, and there are several Christian activities on it. Perhaps in his grief for his daughter, the man lost faith in letting God handle things, and that is another aspect of the tragedy. Thank God that no officers or bystanders were injured, and I'm going to pray for the recovery and physical and emotional healing of the man and his family.

[Here's a link to the news story.](#)

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## **Busy Weekend**

I will blog about that soon, but I will just say for now I was in Southern Illinois the entire weekend, or driving there or back. Monday I had my usual busy day. I tried to blog

yesterday but the allergy pills I took for my headache just zonked me out. I must say, for a new position with higher pay I certainly don't feel those newfound funds. I guess another \$500 car bill last month and \$300 for an eye doctor visit and contacts will do that. That in addition to the medical insurance I finally purchased and the property tax bill I am trying to save for. None of this will keep me away this weekend, or keep me from spending money, mind you! I have plenty for that.

So what has been going on? Well, my boss has been taking some time off because her brother was critically injured in a motorcycle accident (or some sort of motorized scooter I'm told, as if that makes a difference. Last I heard he was in a coma and they were going to take him off the pain medication to see if that would shock his system enough to wake him up. Yikes. In addition, her father was admitted to another hospital shortly after, though I forget why. So I am covering for her as best I can as far as technical things go. I was on the phone for awhile this morning trying to get a couple of our people in Florida up and running- this while training someone on the handheld computer who is back with us after leaving some months ago before his training was complete. Oh, and I just learned today another employee of our company was involved in a motorcycle accident, and her father had a medical problem (a heart attack in his case) happen at the same time as well. □

Now I have learned my brother is extremely upset about some damage to the classic Mustang sitting in our garage. Apparently someone, probably me I suppose, put a ladder in the wrong place and some boxes just happened to fall on the ladder, causing it to fall on the car. My brother was ranting on the phone yesterday and today with my mother. One of the

unfair things he brought into play were our Christian values, as if we were purposely trying to cover it up. Really? Christian values? How about not making an idol of worldly possessions to a point where you yell at your mother for over a half-hour in three calls (which she had the grace to not just hang up on) and threaten to “disown us” if we don’t fix it? My nephew, who is the actual owner of the car mind you, has made an assessment of his own that it can’t be fixed for less than many thousands of dollars due to the tiny dent (I couldn’t even find it) being in a bad spot. He said he won’t make us pay for it, but I asked him to find out some time how much it really would be. Lovely, we need our roof reshingled and new windows, but now we might have to pay to have a tiny dent fixed.

So... In more positive news, I have made an appointment to audition at our local professional theatre. My day to go is June 12. I need to get a new headshot done somewhere (hopefully they don’t cost too much) and I need to write a new résumé. More importantly, I need to come up with a monologue. I expect I will sing a selection from my usual song from the Secret Garden, [Race you to the Top of the Morning](#), but I’m not sure about the monologue. Someone has recommended I do something from Oliver! since I played Fagin a few years ago. A site, [musicaltheatreaudition.com](#), says I should **not** use an accent unless specifically asked to and I couldn’t imagine playing Fagin without one, so I don’t know. I do know that since the song is dramatic the monologue should be comedic. Many other tips involve knowing what one is actually trying out for, but I am trying out for an entire season, and one show is even listed as “unknown musical.” The song and the monologue have to total no more than three minutes, so I have my work cut out for me- but at least I have a couple of weeks. Any recommendations anyone?