

School For Bullies

I think it would be rather difficult to be the only male cheerleader in a relatively small school system. However, even after being bullied to the extend that he received a broken arm for his pains, Findlay, Ohio sixth-grader Tyler Wilson has no plans to give up on it. His trials have met with national press as he and his mother were featured on Good Morning America this morning. He has also received phone calls and visits from male college cheerleaders. And although Tyler has stated that he has been threatened with another broken arm, he has no intention of sitting on the side lines.

GOOD FOR HIM! YOU GO DUDE!

As I learned long ago: Find something you are good at and do it the best that you can. Wise words... wonder who came up with that.

Not the GMA clip, but you get the gist of it. One thing the clip does not mention. After Tyler got home with the broken arm, he told his mother that he tripped over a curb and landed on his arm. Just like a sixth-grade boy.

Edgerton Bombed

It seems we have been inundated with storms, storms, and more storms for the beginning weeks of the summer. Our little area has been relatively lucky... UNTIL Wednesday night. I was fortunate enough to get off work in time to go to the City Band concert (more in that later). I got home around 9:15. I went out to the beauty shop to finish cleaning. At 9:30, here go the sirens (**AGAIN**). Looking out the window, there wasn't a lot to see at the moment so we decided to step outside and see what we could see. In the west, we could see the sky lit up up lightning. However, as our neighbor pointed out, it was eerily silent: no birds, no mosquitos (I noticed that myself).

A half hour later, I felt a rather large raindrop and decided that was enough for me. Thirty seconds later, the power went out. So... my brother, his wife, and two kids, my sister and her two little ones, my mother and I all headed to the basement. Someone failed to get batteries for the flashlights or the radio so Dad was upstairs lighting candles. The rest of us lit our way into the chamber of secrets armed with cell phone illumination.

Around 11, we headed back upstairs. The corded phone in the kitchen rang. A neighbor was just informed that the town hall had been hit. Dad and a neighbor went up to check it out.

The night was so dark that they could not see any sign of damage. Our side of town was completely black.

By this time, the excitement was over. Everyone decided to stay the night and hope that there was no damage in the morning. It gets hotter than... upstairs with a fan/air conditioning so I slept on the couch. About midnight, a car pulls up and someone comes in. Still not being able to see, I shouted "Who goes there?" "It's me!" Well... that helps a lot! It was our oldest sibling who had been out driving, surveying the damage. And HE had power at his house. Go figure.

The next morning, I walked around a bit before going to work. Limbs, branches, trees toppled. The east wall of the Flea Market wiped out. VERY noticeable now... the gaping hole in the 120+ year old former town hall. It really looked like a missile went through it! Also gone was poor "Clem" the one casualty of the war. He had been standing guard in front of the building for years whether he was in the courtyard or in the middle of State Route 49. I am too young to remember his transfer from the road, One of our fine firemen was injured while he was outside rolling up car windows... nothing life threatening but a broken femur.

At work all day, we joked out the condition of the town hall debate. For the last few years, the historical society had been wanting to purchase the condemned building, restore the second floor opera house from yesteryear, and create a museum dedicated to the town. A worthy ambition to be sure. But where was the money for this undertaking to come from? Well, I guess that debate was settled Wednesday night.

Like many storms, it is just amazing the spottiness of the devastation. Indiana Street was definitely the hardest hit. Two blocks north along North Michigan Avenue, I found a small branch lying on the ground. Family safe... could have been so much worse.



town hall



sign from
the bank
across from
town hall



what's
left of
"Clem"



a new
window into
town hall



clem's old
home buried



flea market (former True
Value store) across from town
hall)

The strange thing the weather "experts" have yet to assess the situation fully and state unequivocally what caused the damage.

Think Big... Be Bigger!

Another aspect of the first dramatic lead role kinda snuck up on me in the days leading up to the opening. It just seems that whenever I set out to do something new theatrically or musically I can feel the hand of my guardian angel on my shoulder. I even make a point to visit Emily's graveside at these times. And I have come to the realization that I KNOW she would be really proud of my accomplishments as I am, she would also be advising me to more. I still think that her voice was coming through as I told Beth that I "need to be BIGGER" although I know that the director was primarily addressing my fellow female actors. I was not joking. But all three kept insisting that I did not need to be bigger than I already was.

To that end, I am beginning a search for a vocal coach in this area. Not just ANY vocal coach. They need to be willing to PUSH me, be as demanding as I am on myself. I have to be able to trust that they will do that! Any ideas? I have been without a vocal coach for almost 3 years. A mentor I have and I am forever grateful for that. I just need someone to help develop my theatricality even more. Who knows to where it will end? Perhaps to get that first big musical lead in community theatre (my next goal) ... maybe even BIGGER... AND THEN... **BIGGER THAN THAT!** And not because someone told me I should or should not but because **I told me**. Sounds like a challenge issued to myself. However far it takes me is my decision and as a sage once told me... "The Sky's the Limit!" Not that I would hesitate to ask for any help would be great.

Eileen Escapes Fightin While Having A Pina Colada

This morning before leaving for work, I was listened to our local [Classic Rock station](#) to see if I could listen and win. Thursday is the Three Songs with a Theme in which you listen to the three songs in their ENTIRETY. I listened to the first song then by song two had the solution. While the final song was playing, I put the station's number up, waiting until the song faded, and hit the talk button. **BUSY SIGNAL!?** And Mr. Brigle came on and said... "Let's see if we have a winner." Sure enough, we had a winner. Someone must have been a little quicker on the draw than I.

OK... test your musical expertise and tell me what these three songs have in common. I can offer no more than your name and answer to be posted on my blog... but isn't that reward enough?

1. "Kung Fu Fightin'"
2. "Come On, Eileen"
3. "Escape (The Pina Colada Song)"

In the past I have won a few prizes: a gift certificate to an area coffee shop, and two CDs (the soundtrack to one of the *Scream* movies and one by Daryl Hall and John Oates that must have been their attempt at a comeback). My mother won a phone-in contest years ago. Her prize? A trip on the Jet Express that ended at the end of the season. The end of the season being that very weekend. Unfortunately, she was not able to use the prize.

It's THAT Time Of Year!

Shortly after this blog post is published, the countdown timer on my site will change – but that's a great thing. It used to count down until the [Chicago Cubs](#)' first game of 2009 Spring Training, but since that game is TODAY (!) that countdown timer will soon be edited to count down until the first real SEASON Cubs game of 2009 – YIPPEE! So here's to hoping the Cubs win today (and every day!), even though it's just spring training!

Now I have to go see if I can find the first game of spring training on a tv channel in the rural expanse of Northwest Ohio! GO CUBBIES!!!

Astonishing

Tonight is our final run through of *Little Women* before we have an actual audience. Last night, the director wanted us to have a night to relax and get some much needed sleep... so we pretty well had a walk-through of the first act and the first scene of the second. The whole production is phenomenal from the period costumes and set to the lighting design (thank you again [justj](#)), to the excellent cast (every performer on stage brings life to their character). We even have two members of the cast who double as musicians in our small orchestra pit. That takes an extreme amount of talent especially when the main musician jumped on board about two weeks ago and is just going to be a freshman in college in the fall.

Following our rough rehearsal of a week ago, I must say that everyone involved has kicked it up at least 10 notches and everything has fallen into place. I have been asked if I was

going to be in another local groups production of *The Music Man* later this summer. In deciding between the two, I decided to audition for *Little Women* and see what happened. I am much more familiar with *The Music Man* but said this is something I had never heard before... is that a good thing... going with something new and little known instead of going with the traditional? Do casting directors judge by how many big name shows you have been in or look for the unusual? But, I can honestly say that *Little Women* has been an absolute thrill to be part of. And anyone who lives in or near our little rural Northwest Ohio vicinity should check out the website for the [Williams County Community Theatre](#) and come and see this spectacular show. It is definitely one NOT TO BE MISSED.