

Fun Rehearsal

Not that they are not all fun, but our next to final rehearsal was more of a chance for the cast to just hang out, eat some pizza and cookies which **I DID BAKE MYSELF!** and run through the show unencumbered by technical stuff. I had planned to bake up a batch of Toll House to take. However, I decided to do this yesterday since I had to work today and did not get done with my shift until it was time to head to the Huber. I was amazed that the cookies lasted this long particularly when there were a bunch of kiddies here yesterday after school dismissed 2 hours early for a parent/teacher conference session. My warning of one cookie a piece must have worked wonders. Of course, I did divide up a small bowl for home and still had some left to bring home.

When I arrived at the theatre, I was immediately asked if I had read the reviews from the two of three papers from Sunday night. Apparently, I personally had quite a glowing review. One publication remarked:

the wonderful Jamiahsh (who can speak volumes with a simple gesture or raised eyebrow)

The second paper noted that my performance was “stunning, once again.”

All I can say is “**WOW!**” I did chuckle a bit as I sat and read them. But overall, both reviews were quite complimentary and made the anticipation that much more palpable.

All I can say is that I am extremely humbled and thank God that He has bestowed upon me a great passion, appreciation, and talent for the stage. There really is no other place I’d rather be (unless it be with a great group of friends and family). I honestly and truly do believe that that is my calling. Sounds humble, doesn’t it? ☐

I did however, draw a blank on one line (sometimes, I wish we had a videographer to record these moments for a gag reel)... having too much fun on our fun night, eh?

I can't taste anything...

I've been under the weather the past few days with a cold that just wouldn't give up. My nose has finally stopped run 24 hours a day, and my throat is allowing me to talk with a normal voice again. No fever, no body ache, just headache, sore throat and a nose that wouldn't quit.

The worst part about all of this is that I lost my sense of taste. I realized with the stuffed nose, it would be cut down, but it is almost non-existent even today after my nose cleared up.

Went to a Oriental buffet today with my daughter and everything was bland. All the chicken dishes tasted the same. The lo mien was ok, but I think I liked the texture of the noodles. I couldn't taste spice, salt or other flavors. I wasn't sure if this was the restaurant or not. They had sushi bar, so I had some of that. Every piece I had tasted just like the one before. The ginger had little zip. The wasabi just cleared my sinuses more, but it had no flavor. Then I realized it wasn't the restaurant. If ginger slices and wasabi have no flavor, it has to be outside of the food. It has to be me.

For someone who likes to figure out all of the different flavors that go into making food taste good, this is almost worse than the being sick part. I never lost my appetite, but the food since last Wednesday evening has not had any appeal. If this goes on much longer, I think I will have no problem losing weight. Why eat when everything is missing its flavor?

Here are some funny things that are happening with my taste buds:

Cola tastes like lemon-lime drinks tastes like slightly sweetened carbonated water.

Orange juice, cranberry juice, grape juice and sugar water all taste the same.

The only thing that made fish and chicken taste different was the texture.

Potato chips aren't as good if you can't taste the salt.

With no taste going on, mushrooms are nasty.

Noodles were ok, but I wasn't expecting a lot of flavor from them.

Tea tasted just like it should today, before today with no sense of smell, I was drinking hot water.

If this lasts too much longer, I will have quite a list.