

My Name Is Jonas

No... nothing to do with the Jonas Brothers but more on the title in a bit. This evening, we gathered at my oldest brother's house with the fourteen of us and more extended family for the birthday celebration of my oldest (**14!?**) niece and **13** year-old nephew/godson. The kids hunted eggs when we arrived. Then some of us watched GOLF while others engaged in some Guitar Hero on the Wii. I actually amazed myself as I went head-to-head with almost everyone then had to go up against the household crowd. Elizabeth kept selecting the same song again and again and beating everyone again and again until she competed with her dad. I told them that I would just have to sneak out to the house while she was in school and practice... but as before, a little Wii goes a long way.

Birthdays mean cake and candles. I don't know why it took so long between the time the candles were lit and the blowing but I decided to test my wind strength. Honestly, I was sitting at the opposite end of the 6' table and blew all 14 candles out... not totally because they relit. I was thinking that the ice cream cake with peeps on top was going to melt before the candles were extinguished.

After the cake was wrapped up, someone had the BRILLIANT idea of playing golf on the Wii. WOW... wasn't it enough to sit and watch Tiger Woods hit a tree and others hit birdies (which kind, I still do not know) and bogies (why anyone would want to hit a poor dead actor is beyond me)? Needless to say, I was pleased when the 18 holes were done so we could return to Guitar Hero and Elizabeth's endless selection of [My Name is Jonas](#). At least on my turn, I was willing to try songs we had not done previously. And I did get to see a picture of John Truitt's adorable baby girl.

Watching Paint Dry

There are two sports that I really cannot stand to watch. I realize that this may put me in the minority especially in this area where it seems that both sports seem to have legion of fans (particularly in my own family).

The first is NASCAR racing. How anyone can sit for 3-4 or sometimes 5 hours at a time watching cars go around and around a track is beyond me. My mother regales us with stories of her youth and spending weekends at the area race track watching local drivers compete. I can sit through maybe an hour of televised auto racing before I excuse myself and do something more constructive. I do enjoy cheering for my favorite drivers. These are not the more popular stars including Dale Earnhardt, Jr., Jeff Gordon, etc. I chose to chose the most colorful name I can think of, usually one who is nowhere near competing. Names like Dick Trickle (Tricky Dicky or Trick Dickle as I used to call him), Hideo Fukuyama (I wonder if he is related to Chicago Cubs acquisition Kosuke Fukudome sorry if I insulted the new Cubs outfielder), or my new favorite... AJ Allmendinger.

My second favorite sport to fall asleep to is professional golf. Honestly, whenever I hear that someone hit a birdie I say... what kind? At a recent extended family gathering where everyone was gathered around the television quietly waiting for Tiger Woods or some other player to take a shot, I shouted **"THREE AND A HALF!!!!"** They were not amused. When I want to watch golf on television I stick with the classics: *Caddyshack* and *Happy Gilmore*. And if I want to play a good round, I much prefer going eighteen holes at the area miniature golf course.

Sometimes I really think I would prefer watching paint dry or

worse yet.... The multi-colored bar code test pattern on the television screen HAHAHA.