

Going Batty
by
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It was my worst nightmare. I was out in the yard at dusk impersonating a ranch hand on our newly purchased property in Jefferson Township when I suddenly heard screams coming from our house. I knew my wife who is a blackbelt and devotee of martial arts instructor Ted Cibik of Leechburg could handle herself well in attack situations. She was as tough as they came. But something was seriously wrong.

As I raced toward the house, the shrieks grew louder and more chilling. I could now hear our young children bawling at the top of their lungs as well. I could only imagine the worst.

My adrenalin was flowing as I grabbed a pickax which was on my path en route to the house. I could hear my heart beat as I ran faster than I had in two decades. I broke the screen door as I clumsily flew in. "What the heck is going on," I yelled as I searched for my family. Over in the living room my wife was huddled over our kids. "Get it! Get it! He's trying to get us!" she cried out.

Just then a large object the size of a 747 buzzed over my head. Totally confused, I swung my pickax wildly trying to impale whatever this was. As I did massive interior damage with my exterior yard tool, it dawned on me that the intruder was a bat.

Regaining my senses I knew this job was no match for my pickax and me. This was a job for Super-Dad. I heroically ushered my wife and kids outside reassuring them that Super-Dad would take care of everything and there was nothing to fear.

I rushed to the garage to transform into Super-Dad. Donning my Steeler helmet and sword, ok tennis racquet I returned to do battle. My terrorized kids watched anxiously. "Would the bat get Super-Dad?" they wondered.

Laughing in the face of danger, I mustered what little athletic ability I had left in my creaky body. Fortunately the backhand I hadn't swung in years came back to me naturally. And with one swift textbook stroke, I got the bat.

All right, he flew out the door after I missed. But that didn't matter to the kids. They knew Super-Dad had saved them yet again.

"Wow Dad, you're the man, dog" said my oldest daughter as she gave me a bear-hug. Dog?

I'm baaaaaack. It's been six long years since I was a regular community columnist at the Valley News Dispatch. You may remember me as the Legendary Internet Banking Dude of Apollo fame. Since that time I've morphed into an entrepreneur and Super-Dad.

Yep in that time for whatever reason, the good Lord took pity on me and brought me the most wonderful woman in the world, my wife. As humility was never my strong suit, I never thought I'd find a person that could make me better than what I was. Wow, was I ever wrong.

Along our journey we had three wonderful children that includes a true miracle that I was privileged to write about in this paper on Christmas, 2004. I never take a day for granted. They have given me such love and inspiration. I consider myself the most fortunate man on the face of the earth.

And as for being an entrepreneur, my wife told me that I would never be what I always wanted to be unless I took the risk to try. She sacrificed a good bit to help me make it happen. I worked hard and started a CPA firm that has supported us well enough to be able to move to a wonderful new home with a barn in horse country.

Now it's my turn to help my wife live her dream. You see she is a horse whisperer. A champion reiner, she can ride with the best of them, umm as long as there are no bats around.

I know I had a cult following of dogs and canaries in my previous stint. I promise to work on that.

It's great to be back.



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