



Chicago Parrot Head News

Volume 16, Issue 9

Midwest Caribbean
Association

Club Hotline is open
630-729-3156

September 2009

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From the Captain's Chair



Billy Brehm—President
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Captain's Logbook

Tenth Entry: September 16, 2009

Woebegone that dreary August, if not for the laughter and joy brought about by the shows of shows amongst our own backyards! This new month be challenging as we sail on sailors into our busiest time to raise a few

doubloons fer the purpose! With so much to do, me hopes Ye never falter in yer convictions and join the rest of the crew as we help those that need it more than we. And as in true pirate democracy, it be time to cast the ballots for the Officers that will continue to guide this ship as we sail the smooth waters! Lest we not forget, that we as a family have grown by the by, and now it is time for recommitment to our brethren. This be the month to renew as a member of this vast armada and let's raise a glass and celebrate what we have done in the last year, and what we have as yet to accom-

plish! Keep the wind in yer sails, follow the tides, and with our new friends on board with the old salts, navigating couldn't be easier with ye all!

*Slainte',
Bloody Bill
The Pirate King*

Whatever the job, the important thing is not to be deterred by inexperience, elaborate instructions, or old timers shaking their heads. Jump right into it and, one way or another, you'll muddle through.

- George Cadwalader

**Next Month's Meeting:
Halloween Party**

**MY FAVORITE CONCERT MEMORIES
FEATURING GUMZ IN PARADISE**

**Memory Walk—#1 Parrot Head Team
in the Nation (as of printing)**



**PARROT HEAD
OF THE MONTH**

**Cocobowl
October 3rd**



KRISTIN'S KORNER...Kristin McFadden—Secretary

Hi All!!!

Was it a great concert season or what!?!?!

And to celebrate this year's concert season I decided to dedicate Kristin's Korner to just that. Many of you did a fantastic job turning in your homework this month...I'm proud of you!! And so here it is....

"My favorite concert memory....."

Jenny Marren

Since we have been to many concerts over the years it's hard for me to pick my favorite concert memory. One that stands out though is from quite a few years back when we went to Tinley. Our seats were considered to be obstructed view by Ticketmaster, but we were pleasantly surprised that they turned out to be really good. The temp had to be close to 100 degrees that day. It was so incredibly hot and humid out plus with being under the pavilion we were sweating like crazy. For some reason I have never been able to acquire a taste for beer (but other drinks are fine) and that day a cold beer actually tasted good to me!

Aymee, The Pirate Momma

My favourite concert memory was DEFINITELY FREAKING OUT as I heard the first few bars of YELLOW SUBMARINE !!!!!!! ANYONE who knows me well enough knows that my eclectic musical taste ranges from "ABBA to Zeppelin, Buffett to the Beatles" ! So, this was righteously TOO DARNED COOL !!! I am sure I looked a sight as I was flipping out during the song... I jumped up and down, screaming, flailing my hands around and just plain ole went CRAZY !!! (Not to mention, we even got Rocky Raccoon !!! GOOSEBUMPS !) I seriously think Bubba has a liking for Sir Paul because he sure got the high part at the end of RR down perfectly. :) Okay, thanks for the memory goosebumps.... What a great concert !

Terrie McClain

The look on my husbands face when his gas powered blender actually worked...and sharing the margaritas with new found phriends!

Julie Hardesty

1.First Toyota Park concert - sitting on the picnic tables after everyone had gone in and listening to the music on a beautiful evening with good friends after a great day of food, fun and frivolity. 2. Second Toyota Park concert - Debbie and Kevin Andrews being driven off into the sunset on the golf cart. Kinda appropriate since they left that Monday for Phoenix. 3. Alpine Valley - Sitting underneath Cam and Ty's canopy in the drizzling rain, watching the bus get pulled out, the second time.

Jeremy Biros Can I do one least favorite? :-)

My (least) favorite concert memory was when I was carrying 3 very large, expensive beers back to our spot. The security guards in charge of blocking the stairs to the lower level got side-tracked, so I thought it would be a good short-cut...as did many other people - especially the guy who was in such a hurry that he pushed me down the stairs. Ahhh yes, I lost all 3 large, expensive beers and got some very nice bruises on the left half of my body. It must've been God's way of keeping me from getting too drunk. Could've done without the bruises though. My favorite memories? The seemingly endless supply of beer, tasty burgers, and brats, going against Tiffany in the 3 table-long flippy cup, and finally being close enough to see the stage at Alpine.

Micky O'Connor

My favorite concert memory is....that I actually got to SEE one this summer!!! Ooooooh, I get by with a little help from my PHriends! Thanks and hugs!

Marty Kuklinski

"My favorite concert memory is...." Not remembering the concert? LOL!!!

Beth Boudreau

Seeing Jimmy at the Riverbend in Cincy this year and seeing all the boats on the water "tailgating" and listening to the show.

Yet more of Kristin's korner...

Art Comings

Alpine – before the ParrotHead club. The “Singin’ in the Rain” concert. Paul and I got tickets and went together. Mary Ann needed the van (with the handicap plates), so we went in Paul’s Toyota pickup. I forgot my handicap dangly. And it rained all day. We were there early afternoon. Parked low down in the field – about 10 cars from the fence/impromptu men’s room. We grilled on Paul’s hibachi – under the truck – on the side AWAY from the gas tank. During this time, park security came by and told us we couldn’t grill there. We said OK; we won’t. He went away happy and we ignored him. At least it wasn’t hard to put the coals out.

Finally the concert. It started with Jimmy and Fingers on cherry pickers above the pavilion, singing to the “lawn people”. Watching the crowd sitting in a downpour just to hear them really juiced Jimmy, Fingers, and the whole band. They gave the show of their life! Best show I’ve ever seen. (But that is only somewhere around 20 or so.) I remember seeing a leak in the roof dumping enough water to put out a major fire – and landing near Tom and Janet – who said the shower added a unique aspect to the evening.

Afterward: My asthma was still a new experience. I found out if I walked with the crowd up the left side walk (past the beer area) I could keep up, since the crowd was going nowhere fast. We finally got back to the truck. I had my brand new portable nebulizer and desperately needed it. Now to get out. After an hour or two, traffic slowed to the extent that we thought we might have a chance to get out. We knew if we stopped in that muck and mire we’d never get started again. We made it about ¼ of the way out of the field before we got absolutely stuck. After a long wait – around 5 a.m., two tow trucks got to our area. They were asking \$100 to winch us out. We only had \$85. The guy thought about 15 seconds and said OK. The first truck winched himself into the lot (hooking to a light standard). He got us over the first ridge and part way there. We went a good 20 to 50 feet on our own before stopping again. The second truck had to winch us to hard ground. (If I’d remembered the handicap dangly, we’d have been able to park on the hard ground and would have been asleep by now!) The sun was up when Paul dropped me off. He was nice enough to bring my stuff into the house while I headed for my real nebulizer. It was still the best Buffett concert I’ve been to! My socks, until the day they gave out, still carried the memory of that night – the Alpine mud would NOT wash out.

Kat Whaley

My favorite concert moment was when standing in line to get my wristband for the field the person in front of me turned around and gave me a free ticket for the 4th row. So I actually got to sit for the entire concert in the 4th row with some super nice people. It was by far the coolest thing to ever happen at a Buffett concert.

Thanks,

George Borisov

Being a newer Parrothead member, the best thing about last nites concert is meeting the members of M.A.P.A. At first I felt at unease, but in no time, I felt at home and part of the family. I know in time I will get to know them and others more and really enjoy the company !!!!

Teresa Carter

My favorite concert memory was the first time I saw the "One Love" video that was played at "recess" transition into the live performance on stage. Very cool!

Kristin McFadden

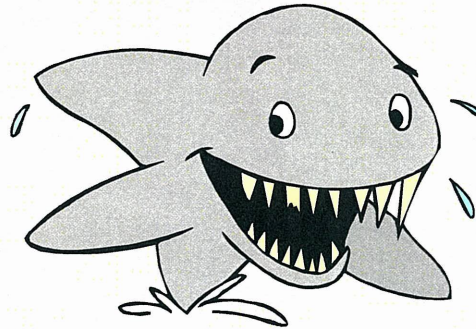
It was the night of the second Toyota concert. I had left the tailgating party at 2:15 to get my hair done...yes, that's right, get my hair done....Bill was at the firehouse and had left his new car in the driveway. The kids were....gone. I pulled Bill's car up as far as I could to the backyard, turned on Radio Margaritaville, and poured myself a drink. I sat on the deck with my drink and cranked up the volume just as the concert began. I imagined all my phriends there, having a blast, and I was there, too....in spirit! I danced right there on the deck, all by myself in the dark, and sang every tune. I even ran to the garage for a few remaining decorations I hadn't plastered to the port-o-potties and decorated the back steps! I listened to every note of that concert....picturing JB on stage....having a blast!!!!....just by myself!

Gumz in ParrotDise (A Shark's Tale)

Dee Tropp

My name is Gumz and I'm a shark. Oh, not the big mean kind of shark that bites people's legs off and spits out what's left (yeah, I've seen the old movies...we sharks get a bad rap...) I'm just a nice little pink and yellow rubber shark that my people acquired down in the Virgin Islands one year. And they talked me into coming home to Chicago with them, conveniently forgetting to tell me about a nasty little thing called WINTER! But I can't be too mad at them. You see they have a peculiar disorder that makes them do strange things. They are what you call... Chicago Parrot Heads. Now, Parrot Heads are a strange breed indeed. They wear flip-flops in cold Chicago, and flowers around their necks. They wear shirts that pay tribute to libations like Margaritas, and to beach bars in places like Key West and the Caribbean. Most of all they worship at the altar of some old dude named Jimmy Buffett. Jimmy plays music and sings about islands and rum and boats and beaches and best of all...SHARKS! And all the Parrot Heads raise their drinks high and sing right along. They sure do like to have fun. But everything else they do pales in comparison to the goings on of...drum roll please...the Alpine Valley Buffett concert. Here is my story of what happened at this year's installment. **The morning of August 29 dawned cold.** Freezing-your-ass-off cold. But I bundled up and joined my Parrot Head friends in a place called Elmhurst, to wait for the buses that would take us all to Alpine Valley. Well, the buses were delayed so what do you think those Parrot Heads did? They set up a Bloody Mary bar! At 8:00 in the morning, I tell you. Positively indecent. By the time the buses rolled in, they had gone through a significant amount of alcohol and were all pretty ok with the delay. So we loaded up the buses with all the accoutrements of tailgating, and with about 9 billion little cups of a peculiar substance called jello shots. No sooner had the buses rolled out that they started passing beers and jello shots around. Did I mention that it was 8:00 in the morning? What were these people thinking? **In any case, I'm not sure what jello shots are, but they sure did like them.** And heck, us sharks will eat anything so I figured I may as well indulge in a few myself. And they were damn good, indecent hour of the morning notwithstanding. Talk was that the yellow ones were pretty deadly...but I was somewhat partial to the Pina Colada variety myself. In any case, the time passed quickly and the buses made their way into Alpine Valley, where the real fun began. Oh, yeah. As we neared the entrance, I looked out and saw millions (so I'm not a math person) of cars and buses in line to get into the park. Holy cow, I thought. My Chicago Parrot Heads were hoping to get a nice big spot together and were even planning to send out their leaders with bribes (bribes, I tell you - and they think sharks are bad!) for the parking guys to ensure that we would get more than a few feet of space. Well, maybe the bribes worked and maybe not...but just wait till you hear what happened. The parking guy waved our first bus over onto a nice grassy space at the bottom of a little hill. The tires were spinning round and round but that bus wasn't going anywhere. **So the Parrot Head men, fortified by all those jello shots, decided they were going to get out and simply push the bus out.** Oh yeah, that couldn't miss, could it? Well, it quickly became evident that THAT plan was not going to work. What to do, what to do? Meanwhile the parking guys decided that

maybe they better not put any other large vehicle there. So they waved our second bus over onto another grassy area on higher ground. Since no one could be put in between, we ended up with an area the size of a football field between our buses. And we were right up against the trees, which worked out well for more than one reason throughout that day, as you will see as my story unfolds. Now I know that I'm just a little rubber shark from the islands, but I've been around, you know? And yet I sure was amazed by what I saw that day. There were boobs flashing left and right. Boobs! Real ones. Can you believe that? And at one point some big old guy walked right up to the top of our hill and starting peeling off his clothes...all of 'em! He must have been pretty cold, because he put them back on pretty fast. (I think I heard the word "shrinkage" batted around, but I couldn't tell you what that meant.) Maybe it was the collective roar that went up from the crowd. **I distinctly heard cries of "AAHHH - my eyes!" all around.** Then there were some guys from Sheboygan or some crazy place that had built a pirate ship and towed it



out there. I just don't get people. Don't they know ships belong on WATER? Didn't anyone notice this was a FIELD? Geez. If sharks were that dumb I bet Jimmy wouldn't sing about us. There was lots of great food, prepared by our world-renowned grill master himself, and all kinds of drinks, which just kept on coming. And those little jello shots somehow found their way off the bus and kept getting passed around too. **Did anyone remember that one of our buses was STUCK?** Was I the only one concerned about this? Apparently so. By late afternoon, let me tell you, there

were some mighty wobbly Parrot Heads out in that field. But back to the trees. Let's see, how do I put this delicately? Ok - the porta-potties had long lines all day, so the Parrot Heads of the male persuasion decided they would forgo using them and simply...hmmm, delicately...ok, they just started peeing in the trees. Delicate enough for you??? Personally, I think the Parrot Heads of the female persuasion were somewhat jealous, because they were stuck waiting in those lines and using those increasingly gross porta-potties. Well, biology made me a shark, so you can't argue with the parts you get, right? The other benefit of the trees was that they kept the cold wind at bay. What makes people crazy enough to live in these cold places anyway? Well, the evening came and the bewitching hour neared. All the Parrot Heads started heading on into the concert. And as luck would have it, that's when the rain started. And the rain continued, pretty much right up till the concert ended, but do you think any of those Parrot Heads had the brains to come in out of the rain? Not on your life. You'd think they didn't even notice. That Jimmy guy was up there playing all their favorite songs, and they were singing along and dancing around like a bunch of crazy people. They were hugging strangers and high fiving everyone around them, like this was really fun or something. **I was starting to think that there was really something wacky in those jello shots, because how else could people act that way?** But then...something big happened. The first thing I noticed was a few odd notes coming from the stage. All of a sudden the crowd got quiet. The hugging stopped. The high fives stopped. Wow, I thought. What's up with this now?

Continued on Page 5

From Your Cruise Director —Karen Boylan Karen@chicagoparrotheads.com



This suggestion came up at Trader Todd's after the memory walk so we were going for it. Saturday October 10, 2009, We are going to tackle the World's Largest Corn Maze (28 acres/ 11 miles), but don't let the size scare you. The maze is designed in sections of smaller mazes so you can do as much as you want and then get out easily. The smallest part has quiz questions to help guide you through and usually takes under half an hour to complete. Finding all the checkpoints is the challenge!

We will gather at Richardson Farm at 6:00 p.m. (earlier if you like but our table is reserved at 6) and can stay until it closes (11 p.m.). Cost is \$11.50 for adults, \$10 for those 13-18, \$8.50 for keets age 5—12 and keets under 4

free. When we are not trying to find our way through the maze we can take a break at our reserved picnic tables & enjoy a campfire. Richardson Farm also has an observation tower overlooking the maze, 50 ft. slide, three bridges in the maze, pedal carts and tractors, goats to feed, wagon ride to smaller 5 acre maze all for free. For sale are pumpkins, mums, concessions, glow sticks and flashlights. (OR STOCK UP on blinkies from our Club Booty Chest. Wear comfortable walking shoes, dress for the weather, bring chairs and snacks for around the campfire.



This giant maze is located at Richardson Farm, 9407 Richardson Road Spring Grove, IL 60081 **To get there:** Spring Grove is on Route 12 about 6 miles west of Fox Lake. Spring Grove State Bank is at the corner and also a strip mall with bar, restaurant, etc. Turn north on Richardson Rd. and go about 2 miles to our farm. **OR:** Travel Route 173, 6 miles west of Antioch or 5 miles east of Richmond. Watch for our signs and then turn south on Richardson Rd. about 1 1/2 miles to our farm. Richardson Rd. is across the road from a subdivision entrance, which is Michigan Dr. www.richardsonfarm.com

Mark your calendar for Saturday October 24. for our "Hair Raising" Train Crawl. This will be a WIG train crawl, so take advantage of the Halloween items in stores to find the perfect attire. We will board the train in Aurora at 11:20 a.m. and head East making stops all along the BN train line. Our purpose for this party is the American Cancer Society. To raise money we will be playing poker along the way. Details and Itinerary in Next Month's newsletter.



GUMZ (cont.) Did they finally realize that it's pouring rain and they're all freaking soaked? Are they coming back down to reality, and will they finally get the hell out of here and into someplace DRY??? Oh, no...that wasn't it. What did happen was that all of them suddenly put their arms up into the air. They pointed their hands together at the top of their heads. And boy, did they look dumb. Then it dawned on me. They were pretending...are you ready for this one? Pretending to be SHARKS!!! Well, if I had my doubts about Parrot Heads before, this one clinched it. Jimmy was up there hopping around on the stage yelling about fins. Fins! He told them to put their fins left. Then right. Then left, right, left, right, back and forth and **they kept waving their pseudo fins left and right in a way that no self-respecting shark would EVER behave.** WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THESE PEOPLE? Now I'm all about cultural diversity. I've been living with people for a while and I gotta tell you...if they weren't all crazy, they would go insane. And THAT is my final word on this subject. But hey, wouldn't that make a catchy tune...I should mention it to Jimmy. Maybe he can work it into one of his songs. Finally the night ended...but what an ending. The Parrot Heads weren't happy when Jimmy left the stage so they hooted and hollered until he came back out to play one more song. So he started playing a song that I understand some dudes from England made up a really long time ago...like maybe a hundred years ago. It was about a submarine that was painted yellow and had lots of people living inside it. Does that make any sense to you? Me neither...but what do I know about being underwater? I'm just a freaking shark! Well, all those Parrot Heads must have thought they knew more than me, because **all 35,000 of them were singing along at the top of their lungs in the pouring rain, this whole song about a yellow submarine. I thought I was going to jump out of my fins.** But as all things do, it came to an end at last. Jimmy finally left the stage for the last time and slowly the Parrot Heads made their way out of the stadium, through what looked like a war zone of wet blankets, rain ponchos, empty plastic glasses and assorted other belongings that had been left behind in the rain. My Chicago Parrot Heads found their buses and lo and behold, the stuck bus had been unstuck by some guys that were clearly stronger than the Parrot Head men. Ha! So they boarded the buses and pretty much all passed out as they wound their way back to Elmhurst. The Alpine adventure of 2009 had ended. Since the bus driver and I were probably the only ones left awake on the way home, I mused over the events of the day. Yep, I thought, people sure are strange creatures...and Parrot Head people are the strangest of all. But I gotta admit...don't tell 'em I said so...but I kind of like them. And if they want to take me to Alpine Valley again next year, I just might not say no. In fact, I'll practice up on some of Jimmy's songs...and since he likes those guys from England maybe I'll even suggest one for him. I got a great one about an Octopus's Garden! The End ... (till next year...)



Todd McPencow

Todd@chicagoparrotheads.com

The Pirate Hood Page

ser'in' me rum t' take from the rich an' help the needy

As I sit in my cabin off the port side with the portholes open, wind blowing gently and some sailing music on, I prepare myself for what is a busy charity month (and few days). Some of our events will have passed, quite successfully I'm sure, by the time we meet at our regular port ' call, Elmhurst Public House. But more awaits us me fellow pirates! So uncork the rum, spit-clean your glass, pour generously, drink some and serve even more!

MEMORY WALK 2009

As of this writing we have 25 walkers and almost \$6,000 raised for the event. Amongst our phellow Parrot Head groups across the country we are ranked 2nd to those smarmy New Englanders. I sense that a raid is due on them (or maybe your neighbor's piggybank to garner more donations as they count as long as donated by the end of the month). Be sure to be so kind as to serve them some Rum prior to pilfering!!! We also rank 3rd in Chicago after the Alzheimer's Association (at \$55,000) and Sunrise Senior Living (at \$9000). Sunrise specializes in those with Alzheimer's. Perhaps next year we'll invite them to Party In Parrot-Dise 2010.



MISERICORDIA HEART OF MERCY FAMILY FEST

Yes once again many of our members spent several of their hours pouring beer. How's that different from any other time of the year? Well, it mostly was poured for other people at the Misericordia Heart of Mercy FAMILY FEST on the North Side of Chicago. This is their annual HUGE fundraiser to benefit Misericordia South, North and Heart of Mercy Village. As of this writing the following people were signed up to pour beer: Grillmaster Kurt, Mike Bresnehan, Donna Perry, Bev and Rick Kleinman, Doreen Warner and Steve, Dawn Fekete, Keith Cross, Bill and Dee Troop. THANKS to everyone for volunteering your time for this wonderful cause.

ENVIRONMENTAL PROJECT

Who wants to Lei your Charity Director? OK now that you've gone screaming from the room, thrown up a little bit in your mouth or are looking to make me walk the plank, let me explain?

For our environmental project this year we'll be Lei'ing the finishers of the Chicago Beachathlon down at North Ave Beach. How's that environmentally related you ask? Well for one, the lei's will help hide the scent that emits from one after running 4 miles along the lakefront along with 5 Beach Obstacles. More importantly, proceeds from the Beachathlon will go to 1 % For the Planet (onepercentfortheplanet.org). 1% For The Planet has become one of the largest contributors of environmental causes throughout the world. Since 2002, 1% For The Planet has inspired members of the business community to contribute 1% of sales to environmental groups around the world.

So if that's the purpose, where's the party? How fun is it to Lei someone? What if you were Lei'ing someone while dressed as your alter ego Pirate? It is TALK LIKE A PIRATE DAY. Afterwards we'll continue the fun at Traders Todd, where we can play some bar games with 1% of the winnings going to 1 % For The Planet. To sign up please email your Pirate Hood: todd@chicagoparrotheads.com



COCO BOWL 2009

See our Social Page for specifics but know that while you're parting and paying your annual dues we'll be raising funds for the Neo-Natal Center at Good Samaritan Hospital. We have several members who work there. Peggy, Michelle and Jen but in addition to supporting the good they do, here's what else our money will help accomplish:



Good Samaritan Hospital's state-of-the-art Level III Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU) provides tender care for newborns who require extra attention. The NICU's goal is to provide family-centered, developmentally appropriate, safe and compassionate care in a supportive environment for the baby and family.

One way we create that environment is by encouraging the parents to become involved in the baby's care. That means the family (partner, baby's grandparents) are welcome at any time. We also encourage the family to participate during our morning rounds, during which our multidisciplinary team discusses the baby's plan of care. And, if a new mom finds herself wanting to be as close to her baby as possible, we have mini-apartments located across the street from the hospital that she may rent one week at a time for a small fee. All this ensures she remains an essential part of her baby's health care team.

Membership news from Pirate Mama Aymee...



Aymee—Membership
Aymee@chicagoparrotheads.com



!ALOHA PHriends !

DUES ARE DUE! If you are not going to Cocobowl and you joined the club prior to July 2009 You need to renew your membership by October 1, 2009. \$25 Individuals, \$35 Couples.

Mail a Check to the club PO Box or use paypal by sending to the email address payments@chicagoparrotheads.com

We have some NEW PHLOCK MEMBERS to recognize this month of August !!! Please take a moment to Greet them with a warm **"Aloha !"**

Michael Davids, Bob Niedzwiedz, Jody Hines,
Bob Clauser, and Larry and Linda McLaughlin

Mea Culpa if I missed any New Members this month... you will be posted in next months' Newsletter, there was some confusion this past month.

Growing older but not up... Big Birthday wishes to.....

Vince Stevens ~ September 17th

Scott Larkins ~ September 19th

Michael Roby ~ September 19th

Vicki Boucher ~ September 23rd

James Paoletti ~ September 24th

Jeff Beck ~ September 26th

Scott Durano ~ September 26th

Stephen Lisowski ~ September 29th

Dee Tropp ~ September 29th

Ann Schmoldt ~ September 30th

Jim Duddleston ~ September 30th

Terry Slade ~ October 1st

Carol Eichelberger ~ October 7th

Debbie Banaszak ~ October 9th

George Bork ~ October 10th

Don Van Hulle ~ October 13th

Aymee Zimmerman Dellutri ~

October 14th

Candy Smothers ~ October 16th

Jean Motal ~ October 17th

Beth Dee ~ October 18th

Bob Dunbar ~ October 22nd

ALL HANDS ON DECK !!!

Please don't forget to sign up for our Birthday list !

Please point your browser to:
<http://www.birthdayalarm.com/dob/4413319a1886359b363>

When Birthday Alarm asks for your name,

please add PARROTHEAD in the first name line **BEFORE** your name. Also, feel free to add any Anniversaries if you'd like !

YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE ANY SPAM FROM THIS SITE !!!

If you do not feel comfortable using the link, please email me with your NAME and Birthday/ Anniversary info and I will add you to the list without Birthday Alarm.

Thanx !

Aymee@ChicagoParrotHeads.com



**THANKS SO MUCH TO ALL
AND I WISH YOU
A RAG~TOP~MONTH
Always, Pirate Mama Aymee**





PARROT HEAD OF THE MONTH

TERESA CARTER

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO PARROT HEADS? I've been a member since March 2008.

WHAT IS YOUR HOMETOWN and WHERE DO YOU LIVE NOW ? I was born and raised in Jeffersonville, Ohio and I now live in Downers Grove. Along the way I've also lived in Columbus, Miami, Pittsburgh and Austin.

BUFFETT'S MAKIN' MUSIC FOR MONEY, WHAT DO YOU DO ? Right now, not much! I am officially the Chief Financial Officer of our company, RecipeComparison.com, but that doesn't take much of my time. I'm a CPA who hasn't been working (for money) since moving up here at the end of 2006 and I'm currently serving as the landscape maintenance crew, housekeeper, cook (ha!ha!), dog sitter, handyman, etc. for the Carter residence and as personal assistant to Mr. Carter. So far I haven't been fired!

HAVE YOU BEEN TO KEY WEST ? No. But I went to college for a year in Miami. Does that count for anything???

IF YES, HAVE YOU STUMBLED OVER TO LOUIE'S BACK YARD ? Someday I will.....

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BUFFETT SONG ?

Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE LYRIC FROM ANY BUFFETT SONG ?

Yesterday's over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long...

HOW MANY BUFFETT CONCERTS HAVE YOU BEEN TO ?

I'm going to have to think about this one....well over 10.

WHAT'S ON YOUR CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE ? I like mine with lettuce and tomato, mayo, ketchup, pickles and I definitely need those french-fried potatoes!

BESIDES BUFFETT, WHAT OTHER KINDS OF MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO ?

I love classic/southern rock (the Eagles, CCR, the Allman Brothers) and some of my other favorites include Jack Johnson, Iz, and Jake Shimabukuro.

IF YOU COULD MEET ANY PERSON, LIVING OR NOT, WHO WOULD IT BE AND WHY ? Well, I'd love to meet Jimmy and find out how he has managed to create all that he has (the music, the stories, the books, the marketing empire!).

WHAT IS IN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR ? Micky's box of tape, paper clips, string, etc. from Party in Parrot-dise (Hey, Micky, could I please give these back to you at the next meeting?), an ice scraper/snow brush, and the normal things that come with the car like the spare tire, jack, etc.

FAVORITE DRINK ? All of them.

FAVORITE MOVIE ? I don't really have one.

FAVORITE BOOK ? *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupery is my favorite book. It is a reminder that we must always remember what is important to ourselves, even if it isn't what's important to others... especially those pesky grown-ups!





WHERE IS YOUR ONE PARTICULAR HARBOUR ? It probably has to be the little beach town of Mexico Beach, Florida. Our extended family vacationed there every summer (my grandfather started taking his kids there in the 50's and we joined as we all came along), my grandparents retired there and my mother now lives there as well. I have so many fond memories of that beach. It has always been the place that I've gone whenever I've needed a quiet escape and to work through whatever was troubling me at the time. It's always been my sanctuary.

WORDS TO LIVE BY? *Breathe in, breathe out, move on...*

WHAT'S THE STORY YOU'RE STICKING TO ? There exists somewhere a photo of me with two of my brothers when I was about 5 years old and I have a halo over my head. Really! It happened! I can't explain why we can't find the photo now.....

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO YOU ABOUT BEING A PARROT HEAD ? The most important thing to me is the camaraderie I feel being part of a group who shares my passion for everything that Jimmy writes and sings about--the beaches, bars and boats, and all the good times that go along with them.

September/October 2009

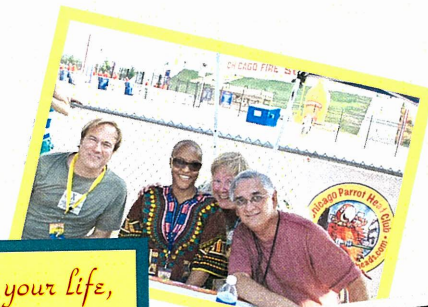
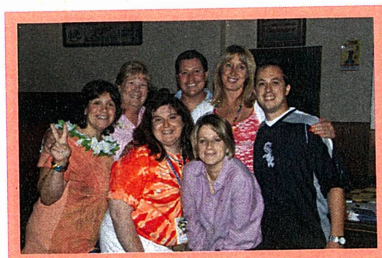
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			16 Club Meeting Elmhurst Public House 7:30PM	17 One Particular Harbor CIP/Downers Grove, Frank Whiting	18	19
20	21 Karaoke with Quinn CIP/Downers Grove	22	23	24	25	26
27	28 Karaoke with Quinn CIP/Downers Grove	29	30	1	2	3 COCOBOWL FOX BOWL 
4	5 Karaoke with Quinn CIP/Downers Grove	6	7	8 One Particular Har- bor CIP/Downers Grove, Frank Whiting	9	10 Corn Maze in Sugar Grove See Page 5 
11	12 Karaoke with Quinn CIP/Downers Grove	13	14	15	16	17
18	19 Karaoke with Quinn CIP/Downers Grove	20	21 Club Meeting/ Halloween Party Elmhurst Public House 7:30PM 	22	23	24 Train Crawl Departs Aurora at 11:20 a.m. 

October 3, 2009 COCOBOWL

For complete details on times and locations, check either the club's website calendar www.chicagoparrotheads.com or the individual band's websites. Links posted on page 7.

Jean Motal is our Editor in Chief but before printing the crew did some edits of their own to the newsletter.

Please join the crew as we wish happy sails to Jean and John Motal as the set out for their Harbor - Arizona. Good Luck on Your Move!



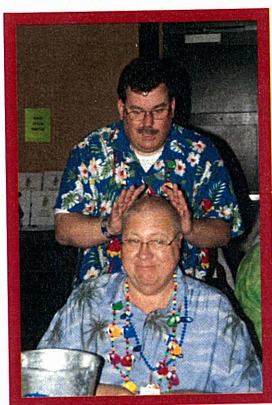
People important to you, unimportant to you, cross your life, touch it with love and carelessness and move on.

There are people who leave you, and you breathe a sigh of relief and wonder why you ever came in contact with them. There are people who leave you, and you breathe a sigh of remorse and wonder why they had to go away and leave such a gaping hole.

Children leave parents, friends leave friends, acquaintances move on, people change houses, and people grow apart. Friends love and move on. You think of the many whom have moved into your memory. You look at those present and wonder.

In God's masterful plan of lives, He moves people in and out, and each leaves a mark on the other. You find that your made up of bits and pieces of all that have touched your life and you are more because of it, and you would be less if they had not touched you.

John & Jean thank you for touching all our lives - your friends in the Chicago Parrot Head Club!



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The Midwest Caribbean Association/Chicago Parrot Head club is a Not For-Profit organization whose purpose is to assist in community outreach programs and to provide for its members a means of social interaction for people interested in Jimmy Buffett's music and tropical spirit. Any general questions regarding our club, contact

Aymee@Chicagoparrotheads.com or write us at

MCA/CPHC, PO BOX 6313, VILLA PARK, IL 60181

Club Hotline is open: 630-729-3156 Or visit our website
www.chicagoparrotheads.com

Chicago Parrot Head newsletter is a monthly publication. If you have any information on an upcoming event you would like published, or a review of a current event, please contact Jean Motal the Communication director. No later than the second Friday of the month.

jean@chicagoparrotheads.com

**Midwest Caribbean
Association**

PO Box 6313

We are on the web, check us out
www.chicagoparrotheads.com.

