



# THE PAPER RACE

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE KANKAKEE RIVER RUNNING CLUB SINCE 1979



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Thank you to everyone who ran or volunteered at this year's Kankakee River Run. Special thanks to our sponsor **Chicago Dough Pizza** for all of their hard work and delicious pizzas. Please be sure to think of **Chicago Dough** when you think of pizza!

### Memories of the LaSalle Bank Chicago Marathon

By Daniel Gerber

It's an event that can strike determination and pride in most people who have participated. I remember waking up early every Sunday morning to head out to the Kankakee River State Park to prepare for this event. I began my training, beginning at 12 miles and gradually working up to 21 miles of continuous running. I enjoyed meeting the other runners and walkers along the bike path, seeing Jeff and Marcia's Lonergan smiling faces; hearing Rich Olmstead say he thought he'd never see me out here this early on Sunday; or seeing Kenny Klipp or Dan Gould and the rest of the KRRC doing their own Sunday ritual. Did you know that if you start at Davis Creek and run all the way to the other end- to the archery range and back again which is 21 miles, it is possible to see 52 squirrels, 7 rabbits, and 2 deer? I did one morning when I got bored while training and decided to keep track while I ran.

The morning of the event, I was determined not to miss the metra train as I had a couple years before and had to run a marathon before the marathon to try to make the race on time. Two friends from work, who were also running, were waiting for me on the metra as it left the station for Grant Park. The trip was quite eventful as the train was packed with both runners and spectators and war stories flowed like the Amazon, with yours truly adding to the flow.

It's hard to describe the feeling of exhilaration when the horn goes off to start the race and you begin to make your journey of pain and determination with 40,000 other runners over 26 miles. The only thing I can say is the race organizers need to make the porta potties look like trees at Lincoln Park because it seems most runners preferred to use a tree to relieve themselves- yours truly may have been known to use a tree or two in his time also. Being a Cubs fan, when I do the Chicago Marathon I normally like to wear some Cubs baseball attire- not so much because I love the Cubs so much (even though I do) but as a result of the positive reaction I get from the rowdy spectators you encounter between Belmont Ave. and Addison. But countering that is the slightly less positive feedback I encounter a couple hours later when we run past U.S. Cellular Field- home of the White Sox. But any kind of feedback is good feedback while you are running 26 miles. I love all the bands and celebrations each part of Chicago has to offer the runners as they make their way through each district toward their goal at the finish line. At the beginning of the race the runners are full of energy with a lot of yelling, jumping up to touch the banner you pass under at the beginning of the race, and a lot of comradery. As the miles wear on, you can see and feel this energy being slowly sapped away and by mile 22 or so when a lot of runners have hit the legendary "wall", there is nothing but stone silence and sweat and determination to complete the goal. Some people's minds play tricks on them too. My friend from work, Lemont, running in his very first marathon told me when he saw the last mile marker, even though his legs were drained, he decided to give it one final kick. He said he felt like he was flying along until he saw some girl pass him and she was walking! But the dragon at China Town, the Spanish dancers in Pilsner, Elvis on Broadway, the cheerleaders at University of Ill. Circle Campus, and of course the male cheerleaders with their hairy legs along with countless bands and the kids slapping you "five" as you run by help keep the adrenalin going. One year while running the marathon, I especially liked the show girls along Clark Street doing a rather raunchy routine, they were starting to look pretty good until another runner beside me noticing my interest started to chuckle and said, "They are cross dressers from the gay bars here on Clark." I think I picked up the pace very noticeably for a while after that! This year, the showgirls were absent, but we were entertained by the "Village People". I still picked the pace up anyway, non-the less. The racecourse was slightly different

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this year than in years before. For one thing, it extended farther north to Addison (deeper into Cubbie land which is a good thing). We also ran the last 2.5 miles on Michigan Ave. instead of Lake Shore Drive. I kind of missed not running through the tunnel at McCormick Place like we used to on Lake Shore Drive. When you hit the tunnel, you knew you were going to finish even if you had to crawl. The entrance to the tunnel looked like the gates of heaven opening up to me, but once in the tunnel, it was dark like I was in the other place- where bad runners go! But Michigan Avenue had many more spectators and they were very vocal about how you were definitely going to reach the finish line. Don, my other friend from work told me he had a little over a mile left to go, but he was just plain beaten. He began to walk, with his head down and spirit broken. Some lady, who he'd never seen before, carrying a sign began to yell at him to get running and that he wasn't going to quit. He said she ran after him all the way to the next water stop with that sign ready to wack him with it if he started walking again. Don said that he ran the rest of the way to the finish line with his spirit revitalized.

Even after 7 marathons, when I cross the finish line, it seems like all sorts of different emotions try to surface at the same time. It is one of those things that I can't describe; you just have to finish one to see what I mean. I would recommend a marathon to anyone who wants to challenge his or her body, mind and sole. With my medal around my neck, I head back to the gear check tent, to reunite with my friends with my spirit feeling like William the Conqueror, ready to take on any challenge but my body saying maybe tomorrow! If you have never attempted a marathon before, I hope this article inspires you to try one some day. If you have done a marathon, I hope that maybe you relived some memories from your own marathon, just as I have while typing this. But for now, see you at the races!

# Nov.-Dec. B-days!

NAME	B-DAY	AGE
Andy Baldwin	11/06/88	16
April Frost	11/11/79	25
Kari Livesey	11/22/55	49
Judy Manthei	11/04/47	57
Peggy Baldwin	12/23/83	21
Jack Dorn	12/27/45	59
Lindsey Grace	12/21/84	20
Daniel Hall	12/15/62	42
Mark Lesyna	12/23/51	53
Eric Loferski	12/30/70	34
Jeff Lonergan	12/11/54	50
Valerie Pop-Brandt	12/21/64	40
Randy Rahrig	12/03/58	46

## THE STARTING LINE

KRRC MEMBERS OF ALL ABILITIES MEET AT THE KANKAKEE RIVER STATE PARK(PARKING LOT ACROSS FROM HEATED BATHROOMS) AT 8A.M. FROM JUNE THRU OCT. AND 9A.M. FROM NOVEMBER THRU MAY TO RUN AND SOCIALIZE ON OFF-RACE SUNDAYS. INDIVIDUALS MAY VARY THE STARTING TIME BASED ON DISTANCE THEY INTEND TO RUN AND THEIR PERSONAL OBLIGATIONS. BRING A RUNNING BUDDY AND JOIN US!

Nov. 25<sup>th</sup>, Thur., Turkey Trot 3 Mile, 9a.m., Oglesby, IL John Steele (815)223-7922

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>, Sat., Turkey Burn 5K Run, 9a.m., Kankakee Boat Club, Kankakee, IL Chuck Parsons (815)932-8003  
Andy Furbee (815)584-1765

Dec. 12<sup>th</sup>, Sun., Jingle Bell Run 5K, 9a.m., Shapiro Developmental Ctr., Kankakee, IL Phil Angelo (815)933-4935(H),  
(815)937-3382(W)

Feb. 6<sup>th</sup>, Sun., Winterfest 5K Run & Fitness Walk, 1p.m., Small Park, Kankakee, IL Charlie and Joyce (815)949-1551 or  
Ken Klipp (815)937-1958

## THE FINISH LINE    GET ALL YOUR LOCAL RACE RESULTS AT [HTTP://RACEX.TRIPOD.COM/](http://RACEX.TRIPOD.COM/)

### 10/31 Bill's Beer Run 5 Mile, Sarasota, FL

Dan Gould    36:38    3AG

### 11/7 Lake to Lake 10K, Lakeland, FL

Dan Gould    46:16    1AG

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## INJURIES, RAINY DAYS, Deja Vu, by Charlie Grotevant

Monday, November 1<sup>st</sup>, and outdoor farming activities are washed out. Harvest is finished for us, but some fieldwork remains. This gives me time to lament on yesterday's injury at Allerton Park Trail Run. The readers of the newsletters of Kankakee, Lake Run, Starved Rock, Prairie State, Kennekuk, and Second Wind running clubs have been subjected to my submittals throughout the years, sometimes telling of rewarding experiences such as this year's Boston Marathon or the 2002 Great Comebacks Award, but more often chronicling various injury situations during my 21 years of running.

Yes, I've shared the scourge of plantar fasciitis, Morton's neuroma surgery, IT band downtime, lost altercations with farm machinery, and the joy of running a marathon in 1995 with a very sore Achilles tendon resulting in a partial tear by the finish of the race. But I finished upright! That's one time when I was on the wrong side of the paper-thin line separating mental toughness from stupidity. I think stupidity prevailed yesterday at Allerton.

A beautiful day for the trail run on Halloween Day. Many running friends for me to pursue rivalries with. Especially the young ladies in their thirties and forties who give me great competition. The absence of the Judge, Dan Gould, was also noted. Dan doesn't do trail races and he doesn't do winters in Illinois. The wimp left for Florida on Thursday.

The 500 plus runners were off with the gun. The trail was soggy from recent rains, and covered with a multitude of fallen leaves. The Second Wind volunteers had sprayed orange on most of the thousands of tree roots we would run on and around for the 5.5 miles. Only one water stop this year. My definition of a water stop on a trail run is any place I have to stop running to wade through or walk around water. I run better on roads than trails, and each year Allerton is a tune-up for Canal Connection the following weekend. Avoiding injury on the trail is always on my mind. I see more lady rivals at the start than men. Amy Cople, Carol Pratt, and Tamara White always give me excellent competition. I rode with John and Bob Pool. John and Bob Steele, and Jeff Lonergan also give me good competition.

Amy always jets away at the start. Carol is just ahead, and Tamara passes me before the mile mark. I'm remembering Canal Connection when Carol and I sprinted to the finish last year with her winning by a stride. And Carol and Tamara both cleaned my plow at Steamboat this year. Next Sunday, At Canal, I'll give them the proper pay back for not respecting their elders. NOT!

Just past the 2 mile mark, in a relatively clear area of the trail, I turned my right ankle terribly, probably on a tree root beneath wet leaves. The pain was immediate. After a minute or two, the pain subsided, and I began to walk, limping badly. After a few minutes of walking, I attempted to run. It didn't hurt any more than walking did, so I ran with a limp (that's a no-no!). John Steele, Bob Pool, Jeff Lonergan, and others pause as they pass me and offer assistance.

I kept on the trail, and kept running because that was faster than walking. It was ugly at times, but I finished under 50 minutes, and after gathering some refreshments, drug my already swollen leg to Bob's van.

Tamara furnished an ice bag for the ride back to John's farm near Thawville where I had left my pickup. I had planned on running my chisel plow when I got home, but my mindset refocused on seeing a Doctor regarding the ever swelling ankle.

A phone call to the Health Alliance nurse. After hearing of the grotesque swelling of my ankle, she instructed me to the ER at Carle Hospital for X-rays and examination. An hour later Joyce arrived at home from her day's work at the annual dinner and bazaar of the Cabery United Methodist Church. She was in need of rest, but dutifully accepted the challenge of driving me to the ER.

X-rays, followed by the Doctor consultation. He said I should not be alarmed by the term "fracture". The x-rays clearly showed 2 fractures of the ankle, but because of the amount of calcification, they must be from prior injuries, not from today's mishap.

"When had the ankle been fractured previously?" he inquired. "I've never received treatment for an ankle injury." I replied. Things sometimes get hurt from farm work, and adding 21 years of running to a lifetime of farm work abuse, I recall several instances of sore and swollen body parts. "Did I run through or work through the previous fractures?" I inquired. "Yes, the evidence shows you did."

"The treatment for a fracture without a bone dislocation is the same as for a severe sprain, so it doesn't matter if it is recent fracture or a prior one." the Doctor added. "A support device, ice, painkillers, and two hours of daily elevation until the severe swelling subsides. But, I want you up and about as much as possible to speed the healing process. A week or two of limited activity and in four to six weeks, things should be mostly healed." "I'm happy it's only a sprain and not a torn ligament", I replied. The Doctor promptly declared the ligaments were indeed torn, that's the reason for the severe and grotesque swelling and the intense pain when he had touched different areas of the ankle.

And yes, the Doctor asked what I had done immediately following the sprain. I replied that I had resumed running as soon as possible because it was quicker to cover 3 miles running than walking. He only smiled, while shaking his head knowingly "You runners always feel compelled to prove your toughness." "I think the stupidity overwhelmed the mental toughness today." I countered. He smiled in assent and sent the nurse in to send me on my way. As Joyce was driving me home later that evening, she inquired if this was a message that I should help with the church dinner each year, rather than running at Allerton. "Yes", I replied, I was already thinking of God's message to me when I was limping on the trail. Unless a miraculous recovery occurs this week, I'll be helping Joyce serve pizza and cookies at the Canal Connection on November 7<sup>th</sup>.

May all your injuries be minor, and may all your runs be fun. See you at the races.

## THE CITY VISITS THE COUNTRY by Charlie Grotevant

We recently had an experience on our farm directly related to my many years of running. For those more sophisticated than us, it may be 'no big deal', but I do want to share a bit of the event with you. As many of the readers of this publication know, I was the recipient of the 2002 Great Comebacks Award in recognition of my active lifestyle since ostomy surgery in 1983. The annual award is sponsored by Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America (CCFA) and the ConvaTec Division of Bristol-Myers Squibb.

2004 is the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary for the Great Comebacks Award, and a 20<sup>th</sup> reunion is scheduled on November 19<sup>th</sup> in New York City. All the living recipients are invited to the event, and a video profiling four of us is being prepared for showing that evening.

In mid-September, we agreed to allow a video production company to come to our farm to prepare a 6 minute video regarding my active life after ostomy surgery using farming and running scenes as well as interviews with Joyce and myself. Additionally, a 1 minute commercial for ConvaTec products will be made. The commercial will be for the use of ConvaTec sales staff as they make calls to health product retailers and medical professionals.

Little did we know the magnitude of what was about to happen on our farm! At 3:30 on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 26<sup>th</sup>, Scott, the director, two cameramen, and the producer of the commercial footage arrived at the farm to survey the surroundings and plan for the video shooting on Monday and Tuesday.

We had combined the headlands and taken 48 rows off of the sides of the 75 acre cornfield adjacent to our house the previous week in order to have a suitable area for corn harvesting video footage. Our farmstead sets an eighth of a mile north of the Kankakee-Ford County line on the 16000 W. Road. We also combined the short rows of corn south of our buildings to the county line giving an open view of our farmstead from the county line road. I showed the machinery in our farm shed to the crew, and offered the use of any of the equipment for their purposes.

We spent a couple hours visiting as they did the preliminary planning for Monday morning. I asked if it would be appropriate to invite four of my 'mostly retired' running friends to participate in some of the running video footage. After some discussion, the answer was NO! Sorry, Dan, Gary, Larry, and John. Hey, I thought it was a good idea.

On Monday morning, the traffic started arriving. Actually, upon going outside at 7:00 AM, I discovered an equipment van with a sleeping driver in the far drive near our house. The cars and vans then began arriving with nearly the whole crew here by 8:30. The "lighting crew", based in Aurora, had a 16 foot enclosed truck to carry their equipment. They also had carpenter talents and supplies to build things with.

As the day unfolded, we found all these lively folks had interesting backgrounds. The youngest was Katie, a Junior at DePaul University majoring in Digital Photo Imaging. She is carrying a full academic load this semester, and working a day or two each week with the Aurora based team. Katie plays on a club rugby team and annually runs the Indy Half Marathon.

Kimberly, our make-up person, arrived from Chicago. She really 'spiffed' me up, as we hope to see when the video is available to us. Kimberly's primary client is Channel 32 where she is able to trade with others to accommodate special projects such as ours. She also does make-up work for performing artists, most recently for Tim McGraw at the Tweeter Center.

The sound and teleprompter guys were Chicago based, and as with the others with a city background, were amazed by the farm fields, and the quietness of our country home. Nimisha, Marketing Director for ConvaTec and her assistant, Hillary, arrived for the two days from New Jersey. The BMS staff photographer also arrived on Monday to take pictures throughout the day.

Mick and Ann arrived from Los Angeles to produce the video for the November 19<sup>th</sup> occasion. They had been with Capitol Records for 13 years, producing videos prior to leaving Capitol in 1999, and forming an independent company producing documentary films and videos for Public Television and working with health product companies on special projects such as this one.

Ann is from northern England, and has been in the US 20 years. Mick, former Yale football player and 1969 graduate, served 7 years in Marine Corps as an officer, including a tour of duty in Vietnam. In 1972 he was stationed in Washington, DC, and served as commander of the Marine Corps Honor Guard and as an aide to President Nixon. After resigning his commission he has been involved in a variety of things, including gaining a master's degree in Journalism, and serving as road manager for several musical groups.

The producers' duties would be to put all the film clips and sounds together to make the desired final product for Bristol-Myers Squibb. They offered suggestions to the director throughout the two days of shooting. Dale, the producer of the commercial footage, came from New York, as well as his assistant, Susie, a former professional ballet dancer. Susie maintains a daily workout regimen including a two mile run.

This brings Scott, the director, into the story. Early forties, and a New Jersey native, Scott was in charge of everything during the two days. He told where to position the camera, he ordered more light or less light on many scenes, told me what lines to say during the commercial portion of the shooting, etc. etc., and was able to do all this in a low key manner.

It was very evident Scott was quite experienced and had the complete respect of all involved. When the cameras were ready to roll, he told me what to do when he said "ACTION". The word I most enjoyed hearing, especially during the running segments, was "CUT". *Continued pg. 5*

Perhaps I should mention that the previous day, September 26<sup>th</sup>, I had run the National Heritage Corridor 25K at Channahon and my body was a bit beaten up from the effort. I had covered the 15.5 miles in 2 hours, 18 seconds and finished 73<sup>rd</sup> of the nearly 300 finishers. Monday should have been a rest day from running. But not to be because of this commitment.

Scott's company, based in Philadelphia, has the contract with Bristol-Myers Squibb for their advertising video projects. The current television commercial featuring Lance Armstrong promoting the cancer fighting drugs of BMS is Scott's work.

19 people in 13 vehicles in addition to Joyce and myself! Our farmyard was full. Catering for noon and evening meals for both days was provided by the production company. Dan Gould came by on Monday afternoon to take pictures of the happenings. Later that day, our children, after their respective work-days had ended, stopped by as observers. On Tuesday Dan returned with wife, Pat, to take more pictures, and continue dialogue with the very interesting visitors on our farm.

Monday, September 27<sup>th</sup> was an exceptionally beautiful day for outdoor activity. Sunshine, light breeze, and temperature that would rise to the mid-seventies. Farm attire for the first segment. But no advertising on my cap or any other items of apparel. Joyce located a suitably colored seed cap, and removed the logo. That satisfied the director.

Our 3½ acre farmstead consists of 4 grain bins at the north flanked on each side by a machine shed. Our house is 200 feet directly south of the grain bins. One camera was positioned directly north of the grain bins at our farmstead, and the second camera was positioned on the roof of a grain bin on the west side of the 16000 road, one eighth mile north of our bins.

An hour and a half to properly position the cameras, and for the sun to be in the right position. I then drove our combine down the road to the north end of the field, and harvested 8 rows of corn while driving south with the cameras rolling.

After unloading the grain tank into a properly positioned wagon, I shut down the combine, and was awaiting further instructions. Dave, the lead guy of the 'lighting crew' asks in wonderment "How does that do that?" referring to the shelled corn in the wagon and pointing to the standing corn. "Things rotate, shake, and blow, that's all" I replied. "Could I get inside while it's doing it so I can see it happen" Dave asks. "No way" I reply, "not even a mouse could survive the journey alive."

Now, time to run for a while! Change of clothes and more make-up. Kimberly asks: "Do you sweat a lot?" "Only when it's hot or I'm vigorously working or exercising". "I'll use an anti-perspirant in your make-up because they don't want you sweating in the video." "Do whatever you need to do", I replied. I'm usually proud to be a sweaty runner, but 'no sweat' is the order of this day.

Katie drives me to the half-mile fence line north of the cameras, and hides the van from the cameras in the cornfield. She has a walkie-talkie to tell me the call to ACTION. She lay in the road ditch, behind a culvert, hidden from the cameras, and gives me the cue. I had previously asked Scott the speed he wanted me to run. I gave him a range of 6 to 10 miles per hour. He chose the 7-8 mile per hour range, which suited me because of my somewhat sore legs.

After that run is completed, Scott has Katie drive me ¾ of a mile north for another run to the cameras. Now, its time to take the camera down from the grain bin and locate it at the side of the 16000 road on a level area. More running scenes, but only 100 yards at a time for now. This'll be easy, I'm thinking. Little did I know at that moment that I would run the 100 yards at least 25 times.

I was fitted with a battery pack for a microphone clipped to my running shirt. I was to deliver two short sentences in precisely 7½ seconds while running. I talked too slow, I talked too fast, I talked too loud, I took my eyes off the camera, I didn't start talking at the precise place I was to begin, etc., etc.! Finally, after we got the timing to a satisfactory level, we continued running and saying the lines, only now with emphasis on different words with each take. They wanted several versions for the producers to choose from.

One of the times I took my eyes off the camera was because I saw the caterer arrive at 12:30. I was very hungry by then, but we kept on running and filming until nearly 1:30. Oh, yes, they heard my stomach growling when reviewing some of the sound tracks, so those were thrown out. As we finished this segment, we did a few 100 foot runs with the sound guy running beside me carrying a long-boomed microphone getting the sound of my feet as they hit the road.

After a brief lunch, a change into a shirt and jeans for an interview segment in our house. More make-up for me, while the light crew was busy blocking out the sun coming into the house from two windows and setting up reflectors to send sunlight into the house through two other windows. It was very fascinating to see all the preparations involved to get things "just right".

Back to farming attire. I was to climb the ladder onto the combine and say another 7½ second segment as I reached the top of the ladder. Scott didn't like the location of the safety railing and mirror. They were blocking part of the view he wanted. "Can you come in the door on the other side of the combine?" he inquired. "No, the only door is on the left side." "Can we take some of that 'stuff' out of the way?" "Yes", I replied, "part of the safety railing unbolts and the mirror will also come off." And the workers immediately removed them. Again, 20 or more takes of this action.

While preparing for the combine scene, the workers assembled a device called a 'trolley' consisting of a framework with two pipes on which a camera could be rolled along while filming. The crew borrowed shovels and rakes from me to level the ground and clear the corn stalks from the area. They used wooden wedges to level the apparatus. The camera traveled nearly twenty feet each time I climbed the combine ladder for this scene.

Then the camera was set up to film me climbing the ladder to the top of a grain bin. No microphone, but we do 8 or 10 climbs. Just think many people have health club memberships to have this kind of fun.

*Continued pg. 6*

Time to run again. One camera in our farmyard aiming to the south. Katie takes me east on the county line beyond the standing corn to begin running while hidden from the camera. The image is of a runner suddenly appearing from the edge of a cornfield. Several takes of this action.

Now, as sunset approaches, one camera is set south of our farmstead at the intersection of the county line road and the 16000 road. Katie, again, takes me to the east, past the crest of a hill, where the van cannot be seen, and then, on cue, I run towards the camera. Only 3 runs for this scene.

The camera is now turned towards the west. Katie takes me beyond the crest of another hill, more than a half mile west of the camera, and again on cue, I run to the camera. The scene shows the runner coming down the hill, with the hedge row in the background and the sun touching the horizon. The last scene of the first day!

Joyce then took an opportunity to give some of the city visitors a combine ride as she took off a couple rounds of corn. Lots of 'ooh's and aah's' from the interested riders.

Tuesday's weather was much windier and cloudier than Monday had been. Most of the filming would be indoors featuring interviews with Joyce and me. Getting ready took most of the morning. Rearranging of furniture, setting up cameras and sound equipment, and all kinds of work for the light crew, both indoors and outdoors.

Our living room was completely consumed with equipment. It was nearly impossible to gain access to the bathroom and bedrooms. However, various members of the production crew needed to be in and about the house with us, and they were, some sitting on the floor. The interviewers were in one of the bedrooms and their images were displayed to us via a teleprompter as we looked into the camera focused on us.

Complete silence was required for the interview sessions. All cell phones were off and our house phone was taken off the hook. When Scott said "SILENCE" followed by "ACTION", you could hear a pin drop.

We were well into the interview when the caterer arrived at 12:30. "Do we stop and eat now?" I hopefully wish. No way! After the noise subsided from the caterer's arrival, we resumed interviewing. By 1:00 PM the sound guy was starting to hear the growling sounds from my stomach. We finally broke for lunch.

More interviewing, only at the dining room table after lunch. An hour or so to rearrange all the equipment and begin this segment. Joyce and I were involved in this interview and sometimes dialogued with one another as the afternoon unfolded.

Then to finish the two days, we changed into farming attire, and went outdoors. I was to drive a farm tractor pulling a grain drill (used to plant soybeans and wheat on our farm) beside the standing corn to the east of our house. One camera was set up in our house office, on the 'trolley' device, to shoot through the office window, showing the back of Joyce standing on the house deck, and looking towards the cornfield.

On cue, I drove the tractor past the house as the scene was captured. Oh, yes, the crew, under Scott's direction prior to the filming, hung clothes on our clothesline between the house and the cornfield. Katie learned something that afternoon she hadn't picked up in college. She learned how to hang clothes on an outdoor line in a blustery wind. Clothes dryers are certainly a staple of city life and college life. Welcome to another world, Katie!

One more combining scene. Scott was wondering about positioning Mark, the lead photographer, on top of the combine cab as we combined corn. I promptly shot that idea down, telling him that "if a mouse cannot go through the running combine alive, I'm sure Mark would never make it if he loses his balance". I sat in the 'buddy seat' next to Joyce as she harvested a round of corn. Following my advice, Mark took a position at the top of the combine ladder, directly outside the cab. Yes, the railing had been reinstalled from Monday's action. Because of the windy day, Mark was literally eating dust the entire round. Welcome to real 'farm life'!

Now the final scenes. Joyce and I walked along the standing corn north of the buildings, admiring the corn, and holding hands as we walked. We did several walks and then the crews started the gathering process of loading equipment and preparing to depart. Joyce gave additional combine rides to any who wanted the experience.

The Chicago area crew ate and departed for home, to be ready for whatever scheduling was on their calendars for the remainder of the week. Several of the out-of-staters, as well as Dan and Pat, visited after eating until we were all ready for a night's sleep. It was a very interesting evening as we gained insights into the lives of several so different from ours. Fond, and in some instances, emotional farewells were given by all.

We reflected on the happenings of the two days as the evening wore on. Most of the crew was at our farm for over 12 hours on Monday and Tuesday. Many hours of actual camerawork went into producing a 6 minute video and a 1 minute commercial. The look, feel, and flavor of the final product will be determined by the respective producers. And their final product will need to receive approval from ConvaTec.

Our two days with a glimpse into 'fantasyland' was indeed an interesting experience. We gained insights into a world we had no previous knowledge of. And we are equally sure many of our guests gained insights into Illinois agriculture and rural life they had no prior knowledge of.