



Friday Focus 10/07/22



I haven't been this excited about a Friday since last Friday.

FRIDAY FOCUS:

Happy Friday! Depending on your perspective, this issue of the Friday Focus may be a breath of fresh air or completely annoying. My philosophical side, partly by request and partly due to my own frame of mind this week, is on sabbatical. Brace yourself!

Why does Mr. Hase never correct advanced math assignments on Friday night?

- It's unsafe and illegal to drink and derive.

Why were Mrs. Jensen's eyes crossed on Friday?

- She was struggling to control her pupils.

Mrs. Storbeck is a stickler regarding homework and proper grammar. Imagine her reaction to this note she received from a parent:

- Billy didn't do his homework last night. He will never do it again.

Why did Mrs. Walsh's freshmen eat their homework?

- It was a piece of cake.

What do Mrs. Buchmiller and a plant have in common?

- STEM

Mr. Storbeck is a unique gardener.

- All his plants have square roots.

Mrs. Dockter, here's one to help your sixth graders remember how to spell pterodactyl: Why can't you hear a pterodactyl in the bathroom?

- Because it has silent pee.

What did Mr. Weinmann's right eye say to his left eye?

- Between you and me, something smells.
- When you see Mr. Weinmann please don't interrupt him. You may notice that he has 'A Lot' on his plate.

Mrs. Ketterling doesn't believe anything Adam says.

- She knows he makes up everything.

Mr. Adam couldn't get into his classroom this morning.

- His keys were on the piano.

Mrs. Olson tried to convince my son to go to college.

- He claimed he had a million degrees.

The custodians think remote learning is a great way to keep the school clean.

How does Mr. Prom get our Hornets to school and back home each day?

- The school buzz.
- He also has trouble meeting the expectation of "no child left behind."

It was so cold this morning that Mrs. Lemer and Mrs. Zerr had come in early to get all the book jackets out of storage.

There was no school lunch on Friday. That morning the cooks were arrested for beating the eggs.

I told Mrs. Armstrong I didn't understand why we had French instead of Spanish at HHS.

- She said French is just Spanish spoken in cursive.

During an observation in Mr. Storbeck's class I found it hard to tell if he was teaching history or math. He told the class Henry the 1/4th invented fractions.

If you volunteer for an event and your advisor says, "Good, I already signed you up." You might be in FFA or FCCLA. (Sorry Ms. Free, Mr. Deck, and Mrs. Walsh. Maleina thought it was funny.)

GOOD ARTICLE / RESOURCE:

Click [here](#) for Mr. Rask's History test questions and answers.

THE PRINCIPAL'S PRINCIPLES:

Mom: "Wake up, son. It's time to go to school."

Son: "But why, Mom? I don't want to go."

Mom: "Give me two reasons why you don't want to go."

Son: Well, the kids hate me for one, and the teachers hate me, too!

Mom: "Oh, that's no reason not to go to school. Come on now and get ready."

Son: "Give me two reasons why I should go to school."

Mom: "Well, for one, you're 50 years old. And for another, you're the principal!"

THE COUNSELOR'S COUNSEL:

Since we are apparently keeping things "light" this week, let's take a moment to appreciate the healing power of laughter. Here is a [link](#) to an article from Mayo Clinic regarding the scientific evidence of the benefits of laughter.

But allow me to share two short personal experiences that have shown this to be true in real life.

Exhibit A: Several years ago, my family was traveling to MA. We got to Minneapolis when a certain member of our family (who shall remain nameless to protect the ~~innocent~~ embarrassed) realized his anxiety meds were still in ND. There was a great deal of concern about how we would all survive the next few days until the medication could be mailed to us. Fast forward two hours. After following TSA regulations to remove shoes and other items (including belts), we all went through the metal detector. No-name walked through and raised his hands as instructed...at which

time his pants plummeted to the ground! Unsure if he could lower his arms without permission, he stood rather awkwardly and uncomfortably in his skivvies for quite some time. After he gathered his pants and his wits, laughter like I've never experienced bubbled out of all of us. The following 24 hours contained a continuous stream of hilarity as the story was retold and the scene was "reimagined." Somehow the laughter created a natural high that got him through the days with no medication in a way we could not have imagined.

Exhibit B: Just three weeks ago, I went to Duluth with some friends. I was having a bit of a hard week, and I was feeling down. Outdoor activities seemed like a good start to cure the blues. The resort we stayed at had some fast slides down the side of a "mountain," and the best way to get to the top with your tube was to hop on a moving walkway that pulled you to the top. It looked easy enough. Just grab a giant tube, step onto the moving track, and arrive safely at the top. No problem. (Note: Looks can be deceiving.) My friends stepped on first, and they were halfway to the top when I stepped on. I cannot explain it, but for some reason I could not stay upright on the belt. I stepped on and nearly fell. So I tried again, doing quite the dance as I fell off again. Third time's a charm? Unfortunately not for me! The poor kids behind me were nearly sent rolling back down the hill after my tube swung wildly into them. I was laughing so hard I could hardly catch my breath, and my friends were doubled over laughing as they watched my "graceful" dance from above. I did finally find my footing... sort of. And I made it to the top alive—barely. The laughter continued for hours as we relived the spectacle. Again, I witnessed the incredible power of laughter. My heart was light and my brain was joyful for several days afterward, and the change was immediate and strong.

I believe that many times laughter really is the best medicine. So let's take some time this weekend to do something silly or lighthearted and enjoy a good laugh. It truly is good for the soul (and the brain, and the heart). And after all...if you can't laugh at yourself and Mr. Gross, who can you laugh at?

SIX WORD MEMOIR:

Thank God it is Fry Day

THREE MOST IMPORTANT WORDS:

It is Friday!

THINGS THAT MAKE YOU GO “Hmmmmm?”:

Always enjoy Friday. The next will always be a sadder day.

THAT’S PUNNY:

My priest only laughs at Good Friday jokes.

GUESS WHO was texting me and I’ll buy you coffee next week?

Guess Who: What are Thursday pants?

Mr. Gross: Have I really done you such a disservice? Thursday pants are the pants you wear every Thursday. They match any shirt. Thus, no thinking about what to wear on the eve of jeans day. Thursday pants essentially create a second Friday each week. Thursday pants are life changing. I recommend business casual khakis. I am sorry. I thought you knew.

Guess Who: I wear Thursday pants every day.

ON THE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK:

Not much that matters until Friday (except on Wednesday and some sporting events on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday) . [It’s all on the calendar right here.](#)

LOOKING AHEAD:

Only ten Fridays until Christmas break!

IMPORTANT:

A bit of research into why Friday is such an important day revealed some very interesting tidbits. My favorite - POETS Day. Click the link below to learn more than you ever wanted to know about POETS Day.

Friday: Frigg's and Freya's Day

GREAT QUOTE:

Every Friday,
I like to high
five myself
for getting
through
another week
on little more
than caffeine,
will power,
and
inappropriate
humor.

Nancy Hoffman

