

Richard Weiss is a former Member of Parents Without Partners, Inc. and Former President of Greater Northeast Chapter #582, Philadelphia. He may be contacted at [RichardPWeiss@aol.com](mailto:RichardPWeiss@aol.com)

### **Has Anyone Seen the DJ? By Richard Weiss**

I have always enjoyed attending PWP dances, even when I became responsible for running them. When the Parent Social Director resigned, I took over the functions of planning and running our adult social activities, as we did not have an Administrative Vice President. The President fills in for other board positions if the AVP position is open. Lucky me!

For several months, I ran dances, booked DJ's and reserved dance halls. Finally, however, I had appointed two very industrious and dedicated committee people, AnnaMarie and Caroline. At last, I could take a deep breath and relax at the socials, at least to an extent; these new committee people ran the next several dances without any problems. Because of this and because they found enough volunteers to run these affairs, I looked forward to being able to relax at the upcoming dance, free from the responsibilities I had recently acquired.

Friday finally arrived and nothing would get in the way of a good time - or so I thought. I looked forward to my chapter's open dance; this was one night I was going to party! I finished my dinner and watched the evening news before I got ready to go out on the town. I was about to change into my evening attire when the phone rang. AnnaMarie sounded frantic on the other end. This was unusual for her; she was always calm and well grounded. I asked her to slow down so that I could understand the problem. "Rich, we don't have a DJ for our dance," she stammered. She told me that somehow our signals got mixed up with the DJ and he had booked a dance with another PWP chapter! My heart began to race when her words registered with what was left of my mind. Our dance was scheduled for 9 p.m. and it was 8:05!

Adrenaline kicked in, and the yellow pages flew open. I did not have time to question why our DJ had booked another event the night he was supposed to show up for our dance. All I recall is my asking AnnaMarie to call every DJ listed in her phone book and that I would do the same. We were to call each other in the event we found a DJ.

I proceeded to make more calls than a phone solicitor, to anyone and everyone who might be available to DJ at our dance. My hands were shaking, causing me to push the wrong buttons on the phone, several times. I still made an astronomical number of calls, despite having to hang up and retry on several attempts, one after another. Reserving a DJ for a dance, weeks in advance, was hard enough, but we needed one in less than an hour. Because of upcoming holidays such as Christmas and New Years Eve, booking a DJ was even more of a challenge. Time was running out. By the time I exhausted all leads,

leaving messages and my number on about a dozen beepers, the chapter dance was scheduled to begin in 25 minutes. We expected about 200 people to show up for our open dance as our event was advertised in a variety of local papers as well as on our website. As I was ultimately responsible for the event, I imagined 200 angry people surrounding my apartment building with an ample supply of tar and feathers. I faced a Borg vessel while commanding my tiny shuttle. Warp drive was down and resistance was futile!

Suddenly the phone rang. It was a DJ! He told me that he was available for the evening but needed his payment up front. After I arranged to meet him at a nearby diner, I called AnnaMarie and told her that I had found a DJ and was meeting him to sign a contract for his performance at our dance. She told me that she would let everyone at the dance know that the DJ was running a bit late but would be there shortly. In other words, she would use stall tactics. Next, I leaped into my car, stopped at the first ATM machine I could find, withdrew the DJ's payment from my own account (and, hopefully quickly reimbursed by the chapter) and rushed to the diner. I completed the agreement and payment with the DJ, and he let me know that he and his group would be at the dance as soon as they got their equipment together.

By this time, it was heading toward 10 p.m. I arrived at the dance and met AnnaMarie at the door. She was a bit nervous and told me that the DJ still hadn't arrived. Others in the crowd of what must have been at least 150 people asked me what was going on. I assured them that the DJ was running a bit late but should be here any minute.

The tension mounted as it was well after 10 p.m. and there was no DJ. Surely, this could not have been the evening I so ardently looked forward to. This was an evening I hoped would pass as I felt myself slipping into the woodwork. Suddenly, to my relief, the DJ and his crew arrived! I greeted all of them with a big handshake, and a smile that filled the entire room. The cavalry came through, just in the nick of time!

When I signed the DJ's contract, I had no idea whether he and his group would be good or not, and as you might have guessed, that wasn't my main concern at the time. However, to my amazement, he quickly made an emotional attachment with the crowd and seemed to know exactly what everyone wanted. He had a real talent for getting everyone involved in a conga line as well as other line dances, and kept everyone occupied as well as entertained. Since he and his group arrived late, he stayed well after the time he was scheduled to leave. Everyone had such a great time.

What began as a complete disaster turned out to be one of the greatest dances my chapter ever held. A nightmare of sour lemons produced an evening of sweet lemonade. It turns out that I got to enjoy myself and relax at the dance after all! I believe that the struggle I encountered, against the odds, to assure that everyone had a great time added to my appreciation of the event; this was one evening that I will surely never forget!

Send inquiries regarding Parents without Partners to [pwpphila@hotmail.com](mailto:pwpphila@hotmail.com)  
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