

How I Finally Made It as a Magical “Rock Star”

So, in preparing for the TAOM convention in Fort Worth—back in 2,000,000’n somethin’, our planning committee decided that we were desperate for at least one more entry in the “comedy magic” competition. I volunteered to do sommmething, if ever “push came to shove.”

So, about a week later, when “push” finally “came to shove,” I stepped up and offered to perform.

Let’s just say it was painful!

How painful was it? [You had to ask!]

Well, it was so painful that, among other low-flying reviews, one of the judges [who shall forever remain nameless—I think it was Scott Wells] gave me a flat out “O”! Can you say, “Oucccch”?

I can still say “Ouch!” [And, okay, it was Scott Wells, but who’s making lists and taking names, huh?] I emptied the convention trash for the next two days. No, I *was* the convention trash for the next two days, and Scott Wells, the custodian . . . [Just sayin’!]

For many months after that, I moped around our magic communities, my head tucked under my tail and just looking for more trash. I felt like, after that fiasco, the only prop in my magical closet by which I could ever amount to anything was a plastic trash bag and pointed stick. I never thought in my wildest imagination that “Doc” Grimes would ever reach “rock star” status in the Magic Kingdom, and, in fact, it wouldn’t happen for almost another twenty years.

But I finally arrived—just last month! “Tah-DAAAH!”

It happened quite unexpectedly. My wife and I were visiting my daughter and her family who live in a fashionable, gated community in Georgetown. In this lingering coronavirus context, for relaxation in the late afternoon after it cools off a bit, the younger parents like to load up their kids into the back of their canopied electric golf carts and go cruising around the neighborhood until dark, everybody smiling behind masks, waving, and calling out the other golf-carters as they all hum by.

One day, I was on my early morning walk when I spied a message in large, white, chalk letters, scrawled across the asphalt pavement in front of one of the golf-carters’ garages, “Tomorrow is



Doc Grimes



Scott Wells
Master Magician

Reece's eighth birthday!" "Wow!" I thought to myself, "that looks like an opportunity for some magic!"

So, the next morning, I packed my pockets, including a couple of thumbtaps, a deck of cards, and Martin Lewis's "Close-up Cardiograph." In a half hour, duly masked and standing at protocol distance, I met them on their driveway. Reece and her older sister, Reilly, joined their mom and dad. In moments, Reece's dollar bill magically morphed into a twenty, and I signed and tore off the resurrected Three-of-Diamonds/Ace-of-Spades and handed it to Reilly as a souvenir. They each seemed charmed enough.



The Rock Garden

The next morning, however, when my daughter and I began our walk with the dogs, we spied a curious little object on the edge of the rock garden at the end of the driveway. It was another rock, to be sure, but not just any ordinary rock. This one was a "gift rock" from Reece and Riley, painted with the Ace-of-Spades and Three-of-Diamonds and signed by the both of them. Talk about charmed! For several moments, I just had to stare at it to take it all in. And then, it hit me—I had finally made it! I had become—at least for them—a real, magical "rock star"!

Overnight, the mom and the two girls had taken great pains to create another one of their many colorful gifts to the community. Over the long summer, many of their imaginatively painted rocks have magically appeared to decorate the entrances of every home where kids live in the neighborhood, and this one was mine.

I took it back home and had it mounted and framed inside a classy, regal shadow box, today, one of the most prized possessions in my Magical Kingdom. Move over (but just a little bit), David Copperfield!

Just sayin' . . .

Doc "the Rock Star" Grimes



["U Can't touch This!"](#)