

October 14-16, 2016 Hear & Now at North Bramalea Presbyterian Church

The trouble with being both the roving reporter and getting older is that I seem to forget all the good stories before I can write them down. And if I have a pen and paper close at hand people comment, “oh no, she’ll write about it, I can’t tell that story”. So what you are about to read are my feeble recollections of another wonderful weekend with some of the members of the Hear and Now. But then, if you are reading this, you were probably there, either in mind or body or spirit or all of the above.

This reporter missed the Friday evening dinner, but I understand that the restaurant was like an extension of the ball park, complete with cheers and groans, depending on how things went for the Blue Jays. With only 3 waitresses and 1 bartender, it would seem to me that service was probably a bit slow, particularly in the bar department. However, I also understand that there were lots of funny stories told (too bad I missed them, I could write more) and that a great time was had by all. Next year, this reporter will take an earlier flight. And, just in case you were hungry, there were about 100 different versions of grilled cheese on the menu, or so I was told.

Saturday started around noon, with a bring-your-own lunch in the church hall, followed by about 3 hours of rehearsal. It is always fun getting started, trying to remember the intros and convince the fingers to play the right notes and chords. Joining the usual suspects this year were the twins, giving great support to the bass line. At one point there was a modulation in the song, the band went up a semi-tone but one player, who shall remain nameless, went up a tone. Fun times for one verse, but all was well in the end. A new song, 10,000 Reasons, was added to the repertoire this year, part of the congregational songs, and it is a great tune. A certain guitarist was heard to comment that if the group was still together, this new tune would be representative of the current repertoire.

Afternoon snacks and dinner were at Laura & Tom’s home in Mississauga, a new venue for this event. The most popular individual in the room at times was Maggie the dog, who was lovely and welcoming, at least until a bunny appeared in the back yard that she was itching to chase. Fortunately, Phil came to the rescue of the bunny by chasing it under the fence, and quiet reined once again.

For some reason this year, there was talk of retirement plans. Tony seemed to have a couple of plans, including moving into Al’s basement and renting a room. He was also going to sit on his porch in a rocking chair and yell at the neighbourhood kids – until he was reminded that he did not own a rocking chair, and his house did not have a porch. Phil’s retirement plan may include a move north and buying and selling businesses, but nothing was determined yet; yelling at kids that cross his lawn might also be on the agenda. Arni wants to buy some Shetland sheep and maybe a female alpaca (Cathy didn’t seem to think the alpaca was top on the priority list). Al commented that Connecticut was not a retirement—friendly state and he would be looking to move elsewhere when the time comes, but not for another few years at least. Looking back on this paragraph, maybe it was only the band that was talking about retirement plans.

This reporter was not too sure why Claudia Tessler was so important to some, and what her couch was doing in Tom & Laura’s living room and those in the know did not seem to want to shed any light on the subject. And as for red underwear, turtlenecks and dickies, well, you don’t want to know apparently (or actually, they wouldn’t tell me). The fruit cakes sold by the Lion’s

Club were either tasty, or hard as rock, depending on who you were talking to, and there were many questions about what those little green hard bits were supposed to be. And why were the cakes so dark anyway? Girl Guide cookies came up in discussion, just before dessert arrived, and it was agreed that the recipe had changed over the years and not for the better. The consensus was that the mint cookies were better than the regular ones. If anyone has kids involved in selling cookies or anything else, go see Phil as apparently he buys such things by the box. And don't ask what the chocolate-covered almonds really are (ok, if you must, ask Phil).

Good times were remembered Saturday evening – Waterloo, Cornwall, Magog, Fransham's cottage, Camp McCauley. And then the picture appeared again, the one taken in the Lion's Club where we keep trying to remember who is standing beside whom. This reporter will find the list of the names we gave everybody a couple of years ago, and those present this year can figure out whether some should be rebaptized.

Sunday we had two services to sing, fortunately with the same music (we're old, can't handle too many tunes after all). Everyone arrived on time (no repeat from 2014, no new alarm clocks needed), we were expertly recorded by Kirkwall organist Eric (who really should become an honorary member of the group) and we had a first – a baptism. Really cute kid with beautiful sisters. Only one wardrobe malfunction (and Wendy missed it) and one false start. It was a beautiful morning, except for the rain.

Interesting comments heard and remembered:

- What is music? What is life (Arni)
- Is someone writing this down for me, I mean the pronunciation? I am a drummer you know.
- Brampton is the capital of smiles. ("Them's Bob's words", says Arni)
- Who let Robert Paget in the group anyway?
- We are done with the top, moving down (in a Saturday evening context, this was a little questionable)

Memorable new lyrics:

You're rich in love and you're slow to anger.
Your name is great and your heart is kind.
For all your goodness, I will keep on singing;
Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find
(Matt Redman & Jonas Myrinn)

So at the end of this wonderful weekend, as we *go now in peace*, remember that *day by day, love is but a song we sing*. One day, *we'll see that day come round* when you just have to *put a little love in your heart* and *the world will be a better place*. Each and every day that you can, *sing like never before*, and remember that *the kindness that you show everyday will help someone along their way*. If you can, *take a look at yourself and you can look at others differently*, with love and forgiveness. As we all know, and the tears on this weekend were testimony to that fact, *music is love and love is music*. Without the music from our past, would we be where we are today?

And now I've sung my song for you.

Attendees:

Al, Phil, Tony, Brian (Arni), Dave, Keith, Tom, Kim, Wendy, Cathy, Laura B, Barbara, Laura P, Jean, Richard, Sharon

Repertoire:

Prepare ye the way of the Lord / Day by Day

10,000 Reasons (** New **)

Put your hand in the hand

Get together

Put a little love

One man's tongue

Try a little kindness

A Gift of Song

Go now in peace

I believe in Music

Hymns:

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine

How great thou art

Brother, sister, let me serve you

We are one in the Spirit