

It Is Finished

Well, once again I was part of a great experience which started off a bit shaky but came off brilliantly. Sometimes I think that is the basis for many wonderful productions. You start off bumpy, have many highs and lows, but in the end (even moments before showtime) it all comes out fine.

Sunday night was to be our final rehearsal for the Requiem concert. However, the conductor was beside himself because there was no organist. The woman who pretty well organized the entire event was in the hospital and not expected to be released for two weeks. In the end, rehearsal was scratched with everyone hoping that our two hour rehearsal prior to concert time would be enough to polish the piece. Not to mention that the small orchestra accompanying the chorus would not be added until this evening.

Yet, everything came together relatively smoothly. The entire chorus was present (Lora must have signed herself out of the hospital as she said she would... but she looked fine). The soprano and baritone soloists were both splendid. The soprano (who is a freshman in high school) sounded positively angelic. No applause between each of the 6 sections of the piece (one small child made a sound in a silent moment). A well deserved standing ovation was received in the end.

Outside the performance space, several people commented that they could pick my voice out several times. Hoping that this was a good thing, I thanked each one. It is not usually a good thing to be heard above everyone else in a chorus. On the contrary, it is preferable for the voices to blend with each other. But who am I to turn down a compliment? Someone must appreciate my voice. Or have heard it enough to recognize it (good or bad? Guess it depends who is singing... me or the visitor from Liswathistan).