

# The Sun WILL Come OUT!

I have it on good authority that tomorrow will be a beautiful day. I just don't listen to the weatherman! It wouldn't rain on my parade! I got to sit in with the Bryan City Band at rehearsal (the director found me a suitable tuba, thank you!) and conduct my piece. He asked me before rehearsal began how I was going to start. Holding the tuba, I held one hand up and started going one, two... down, up (down beat is one, up beat is two). But how was I going to set the tempo for the band to follow? Get it in your head, give a little suggestive beat to the ensemble and BRING IT!

A few of the selections were familiar. Richard Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* is a piece I remember ALL TOO WELL from high school and it was no easier tonight than 18 years ago. There was medley of music from the 60s. A lesser known (to me, anyway) J.P. Sousa march called *Fairest of the Fair*. And a variety of others.

My moment had finally arrived. As I made my way from the back of the band to the podium, I was given an impromptu introduction. I took my place behind the conductor's stand with the baton. I gave the tempo, gave the down beat, and... nothing. I forgot to BRING IT! Try again. It worked! It was such a thrill. WHAT A RUSH! You darn well bet ya that I will not fail to bring it tomorrow night. Just keep the beat alive.

Well... let's hope I get some friends, [WCCT](#) fans, [BCB](#) fans, AND FAMILY! there tomorrow night. But, once again, it is Jubilee week on the square so come early and bring your chair/blanket to sit on!

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# The Lights Filled The Sky

Ok... so I am a few minutes late posting a 4th of July entry, but I had an absolutely wonderful end of my day. I started out by putting in a fun-filled 10 hour day at work. Somehow for the most part it went by relatively fast especially when we had those few major rushes when I had 4 people in my line with carts and needed to call for reinforcements. Finally, the shift ended and I got to rush home (not before I overheard a few opinionated people loudly complain that we were closed already). Clearly marked on the door that we would indeed be closing at 6PM and it was 6:05 when we stepped out.

I ran home, changed into some other more comfortable clothes and headed to the country home of some other theatre cronies where we congregated, had a cookout, and enjoyed watching the sky light up with some very cool fireworks. I missed our local display last weekend for some strange reason. They usually run them the SUNDAY before the hoilday. This year, they decided to have a two day celebration and had the fireworks on Saturday night. However, I think the display presented tonight was quite exceptional and rivaled some of the best I have seen produced in our local park. I think the only thing missing was some great accompaniment of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* with its thundering cannon or John Phillip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *Liberty Bell*, *Washington Post*, or any other grand march. Maybe next year we can have the sound system hooked up. But the chance to congregate with a large group of friends to celebrate our freedom, a birthday, and the coming birth of a special guy was such a thrill.