

Sounds Organised

Festive Season, 2004



1/04

I occasionally play works by contemporary composers for two reasons. First, to discourage the composer from writing any more and secondly to remind myself how much I appreciate Beethoven.

Jascha Heifetz (1901-87) Russian-American violinist

Messiah*

The disappointment of a postponed concert was more than offset by two very good performances of Messiah. Our second reviewer, Jeanette Martin (alto), tells us how she saw it.

My earliest recollection of Handel's Messiah is of listening to the record as a small child in the lounge room with Mum and Dad. They were both keen choristers, as were my grandparents and other relatives of their generation. In more recent times, my involvement in the work has been as accompanist of several of the well-known movements.

In 2002, I attended the performance given by the Camberwell Chorale in Williamstown. I was sitting in the audience with my son, Jeremy, whose wife – Lisa Ann Robinson – was the Soprano soloist. Little did I imagine that twelve months later, this would be 'my' choir, and I would be participating as a chorister in my first performance of The Messiah!

I have been pondering the question of what it takes to create a successful performance of a work such as The Messiah. Firstly, of course, it takes the inspiration and dedication of a great composer such as Handel, to produce a work that contains both wonderful music and a profound message. Secondly, it takes commitment from the performers – from the conductor, to the soloists, orchestra and choir. Each has an important role to play that may involve many hours of study, rehearsal, individual

* A neologistic construction of 'Messiah' connoting a plurality. Any better suggestions?

Diamond Jubilee

In the scheme of human longevity, sixty years is a big deal. This year, not only does the Chorale turn sixty, but 2004 marks the completion of thirty years of leadership by our two Conductors, Herman Schildberger and Doug Heywood.

The Committee – indeed, the whole Chorale 'Family' – will be part of a glittering and sparkling year culminating in a very special Jubilee Concert in August. The concert will be a reflection of the Chorale's performances over its sixty years – and maybe even a portent of its future.

As part of a big team effort, we are seeking a number of things – for example, total commitment from all singers, sponsorships, and heaps of help. Interested in being part of the preparations? Speak to a Committee member.

practice and enormous concentration throughout the whole process.

Thirdly, a good performance involves confidence – confidence that comes from trusting in one another, in the techniques that have been taught, and in the conductor who holds it all together (and who, in brief moments of turmoil, pulls it back into line!!). Fourthly, it takes co-operation and teamwork in matters such as punctuality, concentrating in rehearsal, maintaining silence on stage, watching the conductor for instructions and cues, etc.

Fifthly, it takes courage. For some choristers, it is not easy to walk onto the stage in readiness for the performance to begin, or to look up from their music. How much more courage must it take from the soloists who do it alone, or indeed from the instrumentalists whose notes are 'out there' for all to hear? As we reflect on the performances, should ask ourselves, as individuals, whether we demonstrated the commitment, confidence, co-operation and courage and that such a work

deserves.

A performance that contains all of these ingredients can have a lasting effect on all those involved. The performers can derive a great sense of achievement, of excitement, and of camaraderie, as together they are involved in performing one of the great Baroque oratorios. For the audience, it can provide an escape from the mundane world, a message of inspiration, a taste of wonderful music, or a facet of annual tradition or ritual. In a sense, such a performance can have an even broader effect, as the message of hope filters from the participants to society at large, and provides a link between cultures and generations.

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The Committee wishes Chorale members, their families, and Friends of the Chorale all the best for the coming Year.

THINGS to NOTE in the Diary

★ **First practice**

Tuesday, 10th February, at St Mary's.

★ **Twilight Park Picnic**

Tuesday, 24th February, in the park near St Mary's

★ **Concert**

Sunday, 16th May, St John's Church, Burke Road, Camberwell.

★ **Concert**

Sunday, 29th August, Hawthorn Town Hall – 60th Anniversary Concert.

★ **Concert**

Saturday, 6th November, Williamstown Town Hall – Messiah.

★ **Concert**

Sunday, 12th December, St John's Church, Burke Road, Camberwell – Nine Lesson Carol Service.

★ **Christmas Party**

Tuesday, 14th December.

This is a preliminary listing, and further events, not least, social dings, will be announced in due course.

COMMITTEE STUFF

Concert Venues

The Committee has received a number of queries about Council support: namely, if the Council supports, then why don't we use the Camberwell Civic Centre for the Christmas Concert, at least?

Indeed, this support is there, and has recently been renewed at the same level. However the grant is not dependent on using the Civic Centre, which is no longer under the control of the Council. They have 'outsourced' (privatised) management of the Centre to Spotless, who hire it out and charge whatever they like for it. And that is, indeed, the problem: they charge \$2,070 to hire it on a Sunday, and for an evening rehearsal, would charge more than \$1,000. On the other hand, an organisation like St John's Church charges only \$400 in total, and attracts almost as large an audience. At the Centre, clearly, we would have had no chance of keeping within the budget set by the grant, especially since the concert must have free admission. Moreover, Council would not benefit from our holding it there, and they seem untroubled by the change of venue.

Choir Layout

We agree with comments about the inconvenience of the layout, especially for Tenors and Basses, and the question of modifying this, or finding other venues will be discussed at the next Committee meeting, on 1st February

If you have views about these or any other Chorale issues, we encourage you to talk a Committee member before the end of January.

Trip to the Bush

Bernadette Taylor (alto) and Anthony have, very kindly, offered their farm to the Chorale for a pleasant day's outing in the beautiful hilly country north of Moe (nearest town, Hill End). Transport may be by bus or your own car – that's yet to be decided. Later in March is the likely timing.

If you're interested, please ring Marie Wilkinson (Social Convenor) on 9807 8273, or speak to her at practice.. Whether it happens or not will depend on the response.



THANKS . . .

You may not know, but our President, Lionel Marks, has had a long interest in horse racing. The Chorale helped him celebrate his eightieth birthday, last August, by presenting him with a copy of the book, 'Phar Lap'.

In his letter of thanks, he said –

Would you please express my sincere thanks to the members of the Choir for their 'Good Wishes' on my 80th Birthday. Also for their generous Gift of a Book on Australia's Champion Racehorse, 'Phar Lap'. Because of my keen interest in Racing over many years, I know I will enjoy reading and re-living his amazing deeds on many race courses, and sadly his end when racing in America.

Good singing to everybody, hopefully culminating in a successful Concert on 5th September.

Lionel

When they're not Singing . . .

To most of us, the story below shows how little we know about the unexpected things our fellow choir members get up to – or have in the past. Doubtless, there are many other stories in the choir that would be of interest to members. So, talk to the editor about your own adventures, interests, jobs – or whatever.

AN UMPIRE REFLECTS

As a dedicated tennis player, in 1953, I attended a lecture on the rules of tennis and was encouraged to join the Umpire's Association. Over the years, Melbourne had many tennis events, not least, the Australian Open, a Grand Slam Tournament, and many, many hours were spent at Kooyong – from 9.00 a.m. till dark – umpiring on grass, often with only a few linesmen. This was all for the luxury of a meal ticket and a pass for the car park. For twenty-four consecutive years, all for the love of the game, I umpired at the Australian Open.

Other States often required umpires for their events – airfare and accommodation were paid – and this was a marvellous way of travelling all over Australia, many times. Yes, I watched the odd tennis ball – probably millions. Concentration was imperative over long hours, whether we were in hot sun or freezing cold. But we did enjoy every minute of it.

In 1981, the Code of Conduct was introduced by the International Tennis Federation. So it was back to the lecture room for study and exams to become an accredited ITF Official.

These days, umpires have much more control over bad behaviour: if, for example, a player disliked his racquet enough to throw it over the fence, you could do something about it. I was on court umpiring the day Vitas Gerulaitis was counted out for refusing to play.

The new Melbourne Centre was opened in 1988 and is a wonderful venue. Umpires now get paid per day, and official uniforms are supplied.

We had a list to help us pronounce the players names correctly. Another list – not a little one – contained unacceptable, offensive, or obscene words with their equivalents in many different languages.

For many years I was on the Tournament Committee for Tennis Victoria



Steffi Graaf in action with Denise presiding (in the Umpire's chair)

– something which required supervision, direction and refereeing of tennis, and squeegeeing tennis courts. While refereeing in Burnie, not so long ago, I saw Lleyton Hewitt. He was about 14, and had the requisite skill and determination to play well above his age group.

At the Australian Open Ladies Singles Final in 1989, I had the privilege of umpiring the match between Steffi Graff and Helen Sukova.

When Australia played the Davis Cup Tie in Melbourne against the US, I had the enormous responsibility of driving the courtesy car for the American players and officials. How, on earth, did I score that one?! The most amusing thing for me during that event was driving from Kooyong to a Collins Street Hotel and back – to fetch one tennis shoe for one of the players!

I suppose the best parts of those 26 years of 'professional' umpiring were the travel and the people. For better and worse, those exciting and demanding years finished in 1994, and I am now approaching forty years with the Scots Glen Singers, and am a Life Member at the Mt Waverley Tennis Club.

Denise Elston



That's Denise seated to the right of the Davis Cup. And, no, that's not Max Latham, bottom right.

COOK UP A STORM

of weight-loss programs with this unslimming SUMMER PUDDING

INGREDIENTS

- 8 x 1cm/½inch thick slices of day-old white bread, crusts removed.
- 800g/1¾lb/6-7 cups mixed berry fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackcurrants, redcurrants and blueberries.
- 50g/2oz/¼ cup golden caster sugar
- lightly whipped double cream or crème fraîche, to serve

PROCEDURE

1. Trim a slice of bread to fit in the base of a 1.2 litre/2 pint/5 cup pudding basin, then trim another 5-6 slices to line the sides of the basin.



2. Place all the fruit in a saucepan with the sugar. Cook gently for 4-5 minutes until the juices begin to run – it will not be necessary to add any water. Allow the mixture to cool slightly, then spoon the berries and enough of their juices to moisten into the bread-lined pudding basin. Save any leftover juice to serve with the pudding.



3. Fold over the excess bread, then cover the fruit with the remaining bread slices, trimming them to fit. Place a small plate or saucer directly on top of the pudding, fitting it inside the basin. Weight it with a 900g/2lb weight if you have one, or use a couple of full cans.



4. Leave the pudding in the fridge at least 8 hours or overnight. To serve, run a knife between the pudding and the basin, and turn it out on to a plate. Spoon any reserved juices over the top, and serve with whipped cream or crème fraîche.



World Encyclopedia of Fruit – Whiteman and Mayhew

Christmas and the Year well Celebrated

The hundred or so singers and partners who attended the annual bash were treated to a bright night of prizes, awards and camaraderie.

Breather

At the Christmas wind-up, the President paid tribute to Marie Schneider, senior member of the Chorale. She has announced a slowing down in her singing activities with us. We're not sure, but this probably means she'll sing every second note.

Marie was born in Yarram in Gippsland where her father owned a large dairy farm. She was the eldest of six children. Their cousins lived about a kilometre away, and the two families were brought up together by a governess.

However, for some years in her late teens, Marie came to school at Sacre Coeur in Melbourne. Leaving school during the depression meant that she then went home and helped out in the house and the farm. She was a fine horsewoman in those days.

She met Vic Schneider, and in 1941 they married and moved to Camberwell. When Vic was on Bougainville during the war, as an army dentist, Marie and her new baby went back to the farm and her sisters until 1945. Subsequently, she and Vic returned to Camberwell, and six more children arrived. She was a brunette, wore her hair in a snood, and sang beautiful songs.

As the time passed, she took up golf, and found it gave her peace and fun away from the children. Her handicap went down to 14, and even today it is 30.

When the last child was grown, she looked to choral singing to develop her musical talents. She has had immense pleasure in singing, particularly in the Concert Hall. She also is a faithful member of the St Dominics Church choir, has always been active in helping others, particularly through the church, and is a loyal friend.

Kristin Schneider (sop)



Schneiders x 2 . . .



. . . revellers x 13 . . .



. . . but there's only one Marie W. As ever, many thanks!



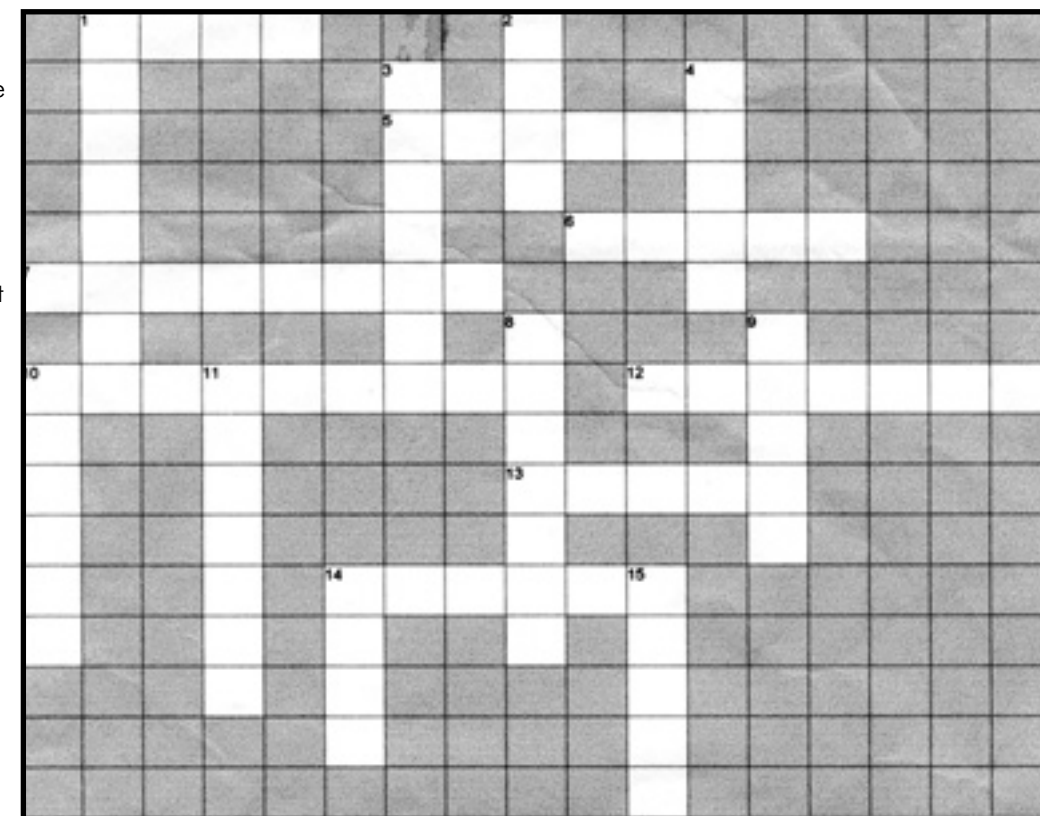
WELL, know y' musical onions, do ya?

ACROSS

1. the musical range of the lowest male voice
5. eight musical notes
6. a combination of three or more tones played together in harmony
7. the first and strongest beat of each measure
10. a device that beats time at a specified tempo
12. small note, means the note is optional
13. series of tones arranged in a sequence of rising or falling pitches
14. the refrain of a song or hymn after each verse

DOWN

1. the musical range of a male voice between tenor and bass
2. the musical range of the lowest female voice
3. the highest singing voice of women
4. the adult male voice higher than baritone
8. the smallest musical unit bordered by vertical lines
9. rhythm in music
10. a sequence of single tones, the tune
11. phrase or verse repeated at regular intervals throughout a song or poem
14. a symbol used to indicate the pitch of notes on the staff
15. the five lines and spaces between, on which music is written



Across. 1. bass. 2. downbeat. 10. met-octave. 6. chord. 7. 13. scale. 14. chorus. Down. 1. baritone. 2. alto. 3. soprano. 4. tenor. 8. measure. 9. meter. 10. melody. 11. refrain. 14. clef. 15. staff.

"Introducing" Douglas OAM

This article appeared in the Hamilton Spectator, late in 2001.

Loving life through loving music

While I chat with Doug Heywood, musician and choral director for Channel Nine's Carols by Candlelight, his bull terrier, Rupert, scuffs at our feet, chews up pieces of paper and occasionally barks.

"When I got him he was an extremely vicious dog. He was going to be put down," the former Hamiltonian explains, brewing up a cappuccino in his Williamstown kitchen. "He'd been beaten and badly treated. For a long time he wouldn't let anyone come in the door."

Because I'd managed to enter Doug's home unscathed, I asked him whether he'd had to train Rupert to ensure the dog didn't send unsuspecting guests to the casualty ward.

"Oh, no, no," Doug smiles. "I didn't train him. I just loved him."

And that, in a baton flourish, is 60-year-old Doug's philosophy on music and life. Whereas a corporation like Nike says 'Just Do It', Doug says, 'Just Love It'.

Surrounded by music

Since his early days in Hamilton, the man now recognised as one of Australia's leading conductors and music educators, has been surrounded by music and music lovers.

Doug, himself an accomplished baritone, gets a constant buzz from watching professionals and amateurs alike, enjoying their music. Stories rise up out of his conversation like the voices in the many choirs he's directed.

Doug tells of struggling to learn traditional Greek music's unique rhythms.

It all came together for him when Tsionas, the hulking Greek composer with whom he was working, picked him up and danced him around the room.

"It was great . . . Bup pup pup pa, bup pup pup pa!"

Doug loudly imitates the rhythm they danced to, while Rupert barks at the strange noise filling the kitchen.

He tells of working at a CAE music camp and watching a socially reticent elderly woman, after years of attending the camps, finally get up to sing a solo. At a later camp the same woman reached a high A note – and jumped around the room for joy.

Great moments

"They're just great moments to be involved in," Doug says, with the smile it appears is rarely missing from his face.

He tells about being choral director for Carols by Candlelight since 1988, working with Ray Martin, Peter Wynne and Geoff Harvey. He loves watching the crowd build up on the lawn, young and old faces in expectation. He even enjoys the logistics of pulling together the more than 200-strong choir and helping organise the star performers, the orchestra – and the weather.

"We were all looking at the skies last year," he says. "But the good Lord smiled on us . . ."

Then there's his latest appointment, as musical director of the Melbourne Welsh Male Voice Choir (which has visited Hamilton).

"It's a great bunch of fellas. All ages get up there and they just love singing. They're quite a different choir; the Welsh do all their program from memory which is a tremendous achievement because they've got quite

a huge repertoire, but it makes the learning process slower."



He's also the musical director of the Victorian State Singers; a 100-strong youth choir. Eight years ago, the Kennett Government set up an initiative to promote music in Victorian public primary and secondary schools. The Victorian State Singers formed as part of this, and the initiative culminated in a performance.

1500 singers

That performance is now bi-annual. In combination with 1,200 dancers and an orchestra, Doug directs 1,500 young singers in the Melbourne Park event.

"This year's is called Shine," he tells me. "It's something I have a real love for because it involves young kids, and they form a little community amongst themselves. It's just a great joy to see so many young people with so much talent up there performing like real pros." Doug's also been the Camberwell Chorale's musical director for 25 years. He established the Camerata Orchestra and was for nine years musical director of the Caulfield City Choir. In 1983, he helped form the 320-voice Victorian Concert Choir.

"The concert hall had just opened, and it was – and still is – an expensive place to hire," he says. "Some of the choirs I was working with said why don't we form an occasional choir and get people to pay \$10 a head."

The non-auditioned community choir was born. Doug remembers fondly its first performance.

"These people from all walks of life singing in the concert hall as a mass choir . . . it was a great occasion; you can imagine the energy those people had."

Much to his joy, love of music has also flowed into his son, Thomas's, life (Doug was married to Joan, but is now separated).

"He's a brilliant musician. Better than his old man. He's established an international reputation on the pipe organ," a clearly chuffed Doug says.

Tough times helped

While Doug's always outworked his passion for music, tough times in his early 50s helped him appreciate in greater depth his life enriching gift.

From 1942-1952, the first 10 years

of his life, Doug lived in Hamilton, in a house on the corner of Portland and Digby Rds.

"When the Welsh Choir visited Hamilton, I went to have a look at the old house, to see how big it was, but the bloody thing had burnt down," he says.

Doug began his musical career as a choir boy at Christ Church Anglican Church. The Heywood house was always full of music; flute, cello, piano and, of course, singing.

"It was just a great time – and there were lots of other families around like ours," Doug remembers.

"George Brentnall used to play the violin; he had the music shop in Hamilton. He lived up in French St; a bit of a rogue and a great carver of wood. He used to make violins and chairs; a very interesting man."

His mother Marjorie Heywood was a talented opera singer whose singing could be heard on 3HA in the 1940s. Doug shows me a photograph of his mother when she was younger; a stunning woman with lily skin and auburn hair.

"The Italian Opera came to Australia in the early '50s and Mum was involved with it," Doug remembers. "They wanted to take her back to Italy with them! But because she was a single mum with two young kids, she couldn't go."

Doug's father died in a New Guinea POW camp. So Jack Hawkins, Doug's grandfather and Hamilton Police Sergeant, became one of the key male role models in this self-confessed rebel's life.

Gray St floods

"I remember once there were floods in Gray St," Doug says. "My Mum couldn't find me, but I'd wandered off to a Salvation Army pie night."

When his brother John, a violinist, won a scholarship to study in Melbourne, the Heywoods moved to Williamstown.

"I went to Willy (Williamstown) High. But I was a rebel and left school when I was 15. At the end of fourth form they said, 'Douglas, please

don't come back'," he says, smiling and lowering his voice to a whisper. "I said, Okay, if you don't want me, I won't."

Attempting to follow in his grandfather's patrol boot steps, Doug soon applied for the police force.

"I was a quarter of an inch too short . . ." he says, recalling the days when police officers had to be at least six-feet tall.



He landed a job as a PMG (now Telstra) technician and sang opera at night. By 1966, he'd become principal of the National Theatre Opera Company and one of Melbourne's most respected baritones. However, an incident which occurred during one opera led to Doug obtaining the qualifications necessary to move into music education.

"This snob came up to me and said, 'Oh, so what do you study?'," Doug remembers, imitating the gentleman's nose-in-the-air voice. "I said, 'I'm a telephone worker. I just sing because I love it'. He said, 'Oh, so you mean you don't study formally?'"

Doug laughs and recalls how he'd have liked to have raised a finger in the chap's direction. But instead the incident raised his Irish Paddy, and he went back to study mature-age

matriculation.

"I've been in full-time music since the '70s," he laughs. "So I suppose I should thank that person, shouldn't I?"

Doug graduated from Melbourne University with Bachelor degrees in Education and Music Education (Honors). He was Director of Music at Norwood High School for 11 years, and lectured in Music Education at Melbourne University until 1995.

But in that year, Doug, along with more than 50 per cent of the department's staff, was made redundant.

He went suddenly from a solid income to scraping for employment. While it was tough at the time, he looks back on the experience as helping him appreciate afresh what he'd always known was important.

"You learn so much about people working with community groups . . . you keep learning; about other cultures and the way people see things," he says.

"People get involved because they want to, and there's this great spirit of wanting to achieve something, no matter at what level.

And they're not in it for the money, or ego. There's a lot of good things that happen in our society."

Certainly a different attitude to life than the utilitarian one often espoused as part of economic rationalism. And Doug seems perpetually on the look-out for the good things in life. He recently read in a magazine about a Russian couple who'd just celebrated 100 years of marriage.

"He was 126, she was 124", he says, gog-eyed. One of the elderly woman's quotes has stuck with him, inspiring him in his music career.

"She said, 'The first 50 years of marriage were the hardest'," Doug recalls, laughing. "So I've done the hard part of my career. We live longer these days and I hope I'll be doing for the next 60 years what I've been doing for the last 60."

Loving life through loving music.



 *Messiaeh*
... continued from front page

And so to the specifics of our performances in Williamstown and Camberwell. The consensus seems to be that they were successful in many ways. On the whole, the voices blended well, in spite of the difficulties of positioning the choir at St. John's. The orchestra was magnificent both as support for the singers and in its own feature movements; we were privileged to have the services of such fine musicians for two performances in twenty-four hours. I'm sure the highlight for many was the stirring rendition of 'The Trumpet Shall Sound', featuring bass soloist and trumpet.

Certainly there were a few mishaps, but that is always a possibility in live performance. Did we tell the story? As a choir, we were provided with many reminders to do so – in rehearsal, through Doug's remarks to the audience during the performance, and through the orchestral accompaniment, which so vividly captured the emotions we were to convey. Perhaps this is one element to which we could pay more attention.

My first performance of The Messiah was indeed memorable, and made all the more so by the attendance of my parents who first introduced me to the work. Long may the tradition continue.

Reviewer, Jeanette Martin, sings Alto/2nd Soprano with the Chorale. She was, until recently, Principal Repetiteur with the National Children's Choir of Australia. She now teaches piano five days a week in schools, which leaves her Tuesday evenings free to rehearse with us.

Another Review of a different performance of **THE MESSIAH** at the Cleckheaton Town Hall

Most people will at least have heard of The Messiah, but have you ever been to a live performance of it? One such performance was being given in Cleckheaton Town Hall many years ago and old Cuthbert Briggs from Liversedge thought he might like to go. He tried to persuade his wife to go with him but she wasn't too keen.

Nay, Cuthbert lad, tha knows it's nowt in my line. Gi' me a bit of comedy or a singsong on t'end o' Blackpool Pier, no; tha go thisen, and tell me abaht it when tha comes home.

So Cuthbert went on his own. He had no idea what to expect. In fact, he had never heard of The Messiah, it was just that he fancied doing something a bit different from his usual Saturday night visit to the Sun Inn.

When he got back home, Cuthbert's wife was all ears. 'Come on then, tell me all abaht it'.

"Ee, well" said Cuthbert, "It were all reyt, but not quite what I expected. There won't a lot o' movement on t'stage. In fact, there won't a lot o' room on t'stage. It were full o'singers. Ah'd bin sat there a bit, when in comes a load o'fellas, carrying fiddles. Then they brought in t'biggest fiddle ah've ever sin. It were that big, they 'ad to wheel it in on castors, an' a little chap rubbed it's belly wi' a stick, an' you should 'ave 'eard it groan. It sounded like a cow w' t'croup. Well, all t'fiddles joined in an' made such a racket. Then they settled dahn an' it all went quiet. After abaht a minute, in comes t'Messiah; well, ah think it were 'im, because everybody clapped, an' all t'fiddlers stood up to welcome 'im. He were a dapper sort of a bloke, all dolled up in a white westkit wi' a red carnation in 'is button'ole. Yes, ah'm sure 'e must 'a bin t'Messiah. Then 'e picked up a little stick an' started wavin' it at everyone on t'stage. They were all starin' at 'im, wondering wot were up. Then they started to sing.

"They'd not bin going long before they

were fratchin' like cats. They wanted to know who were the King of Glory. First one side said HE is t'king o' glory and then t'other side said HE's t'king o' glory, and then they went at it 'ammer and tongs, but it fizzled out in t'end. Then there were a right ter do about some sheep as 'ad gone astray. Some o' t'singers must a' bin partial to a bit 'o mutton, because they kept singing. 'O, we like sheep'. Personally, I likes a bit of well-done steak, but ne'er mind. Well, ah think as them lost sheep must a belonged to one o' t' singers, because 'e stood up an' sed every mountain and 'ill should be laid low. Good', ah thought ter missen, 'if they flatten all t'mountains, they'll be sure ter find t'sheep 'as 'av gone astray.' Then t'organist started up an t'band joined in, and by gum, they seemed to be getting mad o'er summat. T'way they were sawin' at them fiddles, ah were expecting 'em to fall apart.

Then after tha, all t'women stood up to sing. Believe me some on 'em were a bit past it, by looking on 'em; they must a' bin 80 if they were a day, an' they sang 'Unto us a child is born', an' all t'fellas shouted 'wonderful'. Ah thowt, 'It's a bloomin' miracle!' Then they all composed thesens a bit, and sang abaht a woman called Joyce Greatly. Ah'd never 'eard of 'er, but apparently she's a daughter of Zion, whoever 'e is. Ah were gettin' a bit fed up b'now. Ah'd bein sat for nearly two hours, when all of a sudden, ah gate cramp in me leg. Ah jumped aht' o' me seat, an' d'yer know? Everybody else jumped up at t'same time. They must 'av had cramp same as me. Then t'choir shouted 'Hallelujah, it's goin' ter rain for ever and ever'. Well, ah'd never thowt ter bring me brolly, so ah thowt ah'd best get off 'ome afore it started. So, seein' as 'ow ah were on me feet, ah reckon I'd 'ad me money's worth. Anyroadup, it were a good do, but ah do hope they find them lost sheep.

... via the O'Briens

