

This is the way Linda recalls her musical story and her part in the concerts. .



I Guess Timing is Everything. . .

When I was a little girl, I loved to sit in my dad's overstuffed TV chair and watch old movies, especially those whose themes centered on musical entertainment, featuring singers like Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, and Jane Powell. I longed to be a grown up lady and wear those gorgeous show dresses and have a sultry voice that would break a man's heart! Daydreaming, I could imagine myself being the young understudy, expectantly waiting off-stage for her big chance to be discovered.

You see, music was a big part of my life while I was growing up. My father, Keith Weeks, was a professor of music at Cal Poly College, a then small polytechnic school of 300 all male students, situated in the hills of San Dimas in Southern California. The family lived in a very spacious faculty house on campus and in our enormous living room my father would occasionally rehearse his student bands and vocal groups as well as bring in professionals from the local community, My sister, Donna, and I would perch on the steps leading down from the T.V. area to that room and, with rapt attention, listen to all kinds of music, ranging from cowboy tunes to sacred, to classical, to Broadway and jazz, often learning the lyrics to songs whose meaning was far, far beyond our youthful understanding. We were probably ages five and six when we little blonde Weeks girls surprised our parents with the strains of Cole Porter's "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." We would chime, "If your goil don't respond when you flatterer, tell her what Tony told Cleopatterer! Brush up your Shakespeare, and they'll all cow

tow.” “*Thinks thou?*”(Donna, would ask) “*Yes, they’ll all cow tow,* “I would respond.



As it turns out, it was a long, loooong time of waiting in the wings as “understudy” before I performed on the big stage for real. By this time, I was five years post divorce from a thirty-year marriage during which music had been on hold in my life. I was living in Santa Cruz, California and, through a series of fortuitous events and connections, found myself traveling on the coat tails of Glen Rose, who was touring in Arizona with shows which featured the music of America’s great songwriters--the same music that had been poured into my ears as a child. Glen and I had recently become a couple, and he wanted me to tag along for company. Occasionally, Glen would bring me out front during one of his warm-up performances to add a song or two. It was easy for Glen to add me to these shows as he had already discovered that I knew how to sing virtually all the tunes he was performing by heart.

This particular night for me, however, was no small event. We would be performing at the 3000-seat Sun Bowl amphitheater in Phoenix. Glen had made arrangements to fly in two female guest vocalists from our hometown

in Santa Cruz, California to fill out his usual one-man show. We arrived at the amphitheater only to discover that the venue had been moved to a mere 700 seat indoor auditorium because of a chance of rain. Because of the smaller venue, audience members were scrambling to the new location, vying for seats and filling each row to capacity, while other folk were being turned away at the door. We were sold out!

The mood for the performance was electric. Backstage, I was preparing to put on the modest black dress I had worn at the other venues, thrilled that I had been included in the big show. If that weren't excitement enough, Glen suddenly knocked on the dressing room door to ask if I could take over for one of the other singers who had canceled at the last minute. He wanted me to step in to perform her songs as well!

I was dumfounded. I reached for my dress, but then caught sight of the missing singer's evening gown hanging alongside my simple dress. It was an evening gown, a sparkling royal blue and green sequined floor-length sheath, off-the-shoulder-and-split-to-the-thigh. With a nod from Glen, I slipped into its full length, pulled up the three-quarter length satin gloves, donned strappy, spike heeled-shoes (borrowed from the other singer), wrapped myself in a white feather boa, and stepped out from the wings, singing Cole Porter's "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To....."

The rest of the evening was a fantastic blur, followed by a standing ovation for all. It was truly a night of magic for this then fifty-five year old "little girl" living out her long held childhood dream. Yes, timing is everything! Thank you, Glen Rose!

