



# The Taylor Times



The Newsletter with "Schmaltz"

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Seattle, Washington

## A VISIT TO PARADISE

I reserved the condo at Paradise Village in Puerto Vallarta for the week following Thanksgiving this year. Frequent flyer miles on Alaska Air provided my transportation and I was able to rent an additional night to get a full eight days in Mexico. Of course I took the golf clubs along and used them several times. Paradise Village finished its new golf course earlier this year and in October, hosted the World Cup semi-finals for Latin America. This should attest to the quality of *El Tigre*.

But PV Resort itself is becoming too big, too commercial, and too American. The Mexicans enjoy it because it raises their standard of living and provides a lot of jobs. Walking the long sandy beaches and swimming in the ocean are great ways to relax and enjoy the sun, but the flavor of true Mexico gets lost in the mall across the street. I had wanted to play golf at the new Nicklaus course in the hills above Puerto Vallarta, but the World Cup finals were being held there that following weekend and the course was effectively closed to the public. The adjacent Weiskopf course was terribly busy and not worth the effort to try to play. I justified renting a car for two days because of what a taxi would have cost me to get up to the golf course and back, but even though I didn't play I was able to make use of the vehicle to get away from the resorts and a little closer to real life.

Only a few miles north of Nuevo Vallarta (PV's location) is the town of Bucerias. Make no mistake, it too, is a resort town, but it thrives in the Latin

American culture and has not yet been taken over by developers from far, far away. Its crude yet quaint style had been recently battered by Hurricane Kenna, a category 4 storm that made landfall little more than 30 miles to the north only a month earlier, and evidence of nature's destructive force was both easily found and surprisingly absent. The beachfront lost its share of restaurants and accommodations, yet just a few blocks inland only eroded streets seemed to speak of the chaos. I enjoyed a peaceful late lunch while watching the waves



*Overlooking the Bay of Flags and Punta de Mita*

wash ashore and listening to the Mariachi's at the next table.

Paramount for the week was golf at the Four Seasons resort at Punta de Mita. The point defines the end of the Bahia de Banderas (Bay of Flags) and the course straddles it so that some of the holes face the bay and others face the open ocean. There's plenty of sandy beach along the coast there, but being more exposed to severe weather conditions those beaches have had to

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## ***Paradise Village***

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infiltrate the various rock formations which take the brunt of the waters' whims and provide a breathtaking backdrop for the well kept venue.

It's rather interesting to note that I was given the opportunity to "increase my membership level" (i.e. buy more time share) at Paradise Village and actually gave it some serious consideration before spending the week. The accommodations are well built and immaculately kept, activities abound, and conveniences are plentiful, but by the end of that time I had nevertheless decided that once every four years is probably sufficient. I think I need

to put Machu Pichu on my travel list. There's no condo there.



*The real Mexico. A village off the beaten track.*

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## **AND THE BANDS PLAYED ON**

It's been a great year for music. Last fall I had joined the Highline Community Band and enjoyed the reinvolvement in playing. Shortly after the beginning of this year, I was called upon to substitute with a brass quintet, the Black Diamond Brass, and found myself thrown back into small ensemble performance as well. I'd had a few rehearsals with them, but was then no longer needed until suddenly one Sunday morning when I got a call asking if I could play that Tuesday night. I hadn't performed in a small group in 30 years and had not rehearsed all the music we would play. I wouldn't even be able to get the music until late that afternoon. I'd only been back at the instrument for a year and only taken a few lessons for a couple months. Talk about your butterflies. I was more nervous than a fly at a frog convention, and quite honestly, the performance did not go very well, though very few people in the audience would have recognized that. But with that first job out of the way, things would rapidly get easier and better.

During one of our rehearsals we had a substitute trumpet player sit in with us. Turns out he was a member of another very unique ensemble called Brass Band Northwest, and asked if I'd be interested in giving it a try. Previously, I'd had the

chance to do the same with another brass band but turned it down because it was too far away to reach after work. This new band, ironically an offshoot of the other, was sufficiently close to give a try. And what a wonderful experience it turned out to be.

Brass Band Northwest is a first-rate all-volunteer band that boasts a plethora of extremely well qualified performers. The group is based on the original brass bands which developed in Britain many years ago. Brass bands are approximately 30 members, and consist of E flat and B flat cornets, flugel horn, E flat alto horns, baritones, euphoniums, trombones, B flat and E flat tubas, and percussion. The full brass sound can be enormous and rich, or soft and subtle. This group has provided a truly remarkable and unique experience for the performers and listeners alike. Check the group out at [brassbandnw.org](http://brassbandnw.org). A thorough account of brass bands and their history can be found there along with our schedule and some sample recordings. Watch for our performances on the radio with internet simulcast. There will be one coming up Monday, January 13.

Meanwhile back at the ranch the Black Diamond Brass had been continuing and the performances becoming much more comfortable and fun. And adding to all the enjoyment this year has been the

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## FESTIVALS AND FUN

There have been few major individual events to punctuate this year with excitement... no earthquakes, tidal waves, or visits from relatives (is that all one category?)... but there have been a significant number of activities which, when summed up, may equal one or two. Festivals and fairs... fun and frivolity. The Fremont Fair, the University Street Fair, the Bite of Seattle, the Tall Ships Festival, Kla-Ha-Ya Days, the Western Washington Fair, also known as the Puyallup (pyoo-al-lup), and the Nibble of Des Moines to name those I can remember offhand. The Tall Ships was probably the most interesting, and at the same time, possibly the biggest rip-off. Though



*The Europa docked at Lake Union for the Tall Ships Festival.*

there was no admission charge, tours of the largest boats (and no, they really didn't qualify as ships) cost too much to justify simply walking around on the decks. Still, it was a pleasant, sunny, summer afternoon and I'd ridden the bicycle to get there. It was a good time.

Brass Band Northwest played at the Kirkland Waterfront Festival, Kla-Ha-Ya Days in Snohomish, north of Seattle, and twice at the Redmond Saturday Market. The Black Diamond Brass did Burien's Strawberry Festival and the Nibble of Des Moines. Does this all sound busy enough for you? It does for me.

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acquisition of a new tuba, this time a top notch instrument with a huge sound. Any brass players out there will understand the difference between loud and large... the tuba you all read about last year would play just as loud but could not play as large.

And after all is said and done, music is still the great love that it has always been.



*The Two Towers. On the right, last Christmas' acquisition, the 3/4 Yamaha Y103B. On the left, the new Miraphone S386, full-size, four rotary valve. Notice any difference?*

## PHOTO ALBUM



*This shot taken while waiting for the Southworth Ferry on the Kitsap Peninsula after playing (poorly I might add) in a company golf tournament at McCormick Woods.*



*Fall colors in Lincoln Park*

## Dad's 80th Birthday

I don't think he wants to talk about it, but Dad celebrated his 80th birthday in October this year. Scott and I were able to get to Florida for a few days and though our coordination was not the greatest, requiring four trips to the airport in five days, all the efforts were well worth it. Dad's been struggling with his various ailments for quite a while and we all commend him for his strength in dealing with it and are always glad to hear when there are improvements. He's a great

dad and I love him.



## HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Through the many struggles and challenges we all find ourselves facing, it's good to consider that there is a plan God has for us all. It's difficult not to fight it when we think our own plan is better, but it can be a great relief when we finally do. It is my wish that God's plans work miracles for all of you in this new year.



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OOH-  
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PICK  
ME!



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YES,  
WALLY.



NO ONE?