



The Taylor Times



The Newsletter with "Schmaltz"

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WITH POETIC LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

As rhyme marches on!

OMG! I'm awful late!
For the most important holiDATE!
I did not mean to let this go.
There's no excuse, not even snow
(Although we did get snow!)

So let's get down and quickly to it
Forget the fact I really blew it.
Here we go in shortened words
Maybe I'll avoid the verbs.
(I'm sorry that would be absurd!)

The music writing year began
With a brass piece, "The Age of Man"
For the Humboldt prize I did submit
Though no award would come of it.
I guess it didn't fit. Oh,... rats!
*(You thought I'd rhyme something else,
didn't you!)*

Then into months of non-distractice
And many nights of tuba practice.
My new Concerto would soon be
On concert stage for all to see
And the soloist was me!

When Ides of March arrived in Spring
I'd hoped the concert soon would bring
The satisfying end achieving
Though less than happy was I, much
grieving!
Yet folks whistled the tunes while leaving!

Then began an eight month stretch
With no new music, just a batch
Of older things, transcribe, or copy
To publish, clean up, make less sloppy
And better audio, not choppy.



A view southward from Cape Disappointment State Park



Can't pass up a good saloon at Bonnie Springs Ranch,
Nevada



Enjoying Le Village Buffet at Paris Las Vegas

But eight months with no new notes
Made chances of good works remote
Without something to get me started
Future music could be thwarted
With little decent stuff imparted.

And so a String Quartet I wrote
In order to refloat the boat,
Though just one movement to complete
A piece that near was obsolete,
Revived from years in the back seat.

In one month's time the piece was finished.
Now my resolve was undiminished.
And facing me just down the road,
A Piccolo Concerto that I owed.
For Eastside Symphony it was sowed.

Fast under way and going well,
This piece challenging my brain cells.
Most of the first and some of two,
The movements grow, the notes accrue.
By March I'm scheduled to be through.

Enough of music, where'd we go?
There was some traveling, you know.
Some air some ground, some near some far,
We sometimes don't know where we are
Until we find our guiding star.

In June to Long Beach, Washington,
A place that often sees no sun,
But on this weekend there it was...
The end to Winter... just because.
And so we found our Land of Oz.

With sand and sea and kites in flight
And tours of houses of light.
Through shoreline grass and hilltop trees,
Our hair mussed by the ocean breeze
With dreams of being retirees.

One July day we traveled north,
For blueberries we sallied forth.
Boxx Berry Farm in the north Sound
Has the most delicious ones around.
We soon came back with sixteen pounds.

In heat of summer, time for bakin'
Las Vegas was our destination.
Those August days are not the time
To journey to this desert clime
But it was fun, if not quite prime.



Boardwalking the shores of Long Beach, Washington



North Head Lighthouse, Cape Disappointment State Park



The Lizard of Oz

To visit one of Donna's friends
We braved the means to reach the ends
But also wandered all around
On mountain trails and in town.
So many restaurants we found.

Heard Blue Man Group, watched people play,
Though from the gambling stayed away.
At Fremont Street Experience
Saw many people try to dance
Along this long and strange expanse.

From Paris to the Red Rock's mountains
And Bellagio's dancing fountains
At one hundred and ten degrees
There was still much of life to sieze
In fact we didn't want to leave!

September saw a trip for me.
Chicagoland I went to see.
My forty-five year get together
In warm but gorgeous summer weather
With high school friends, some friends forever.

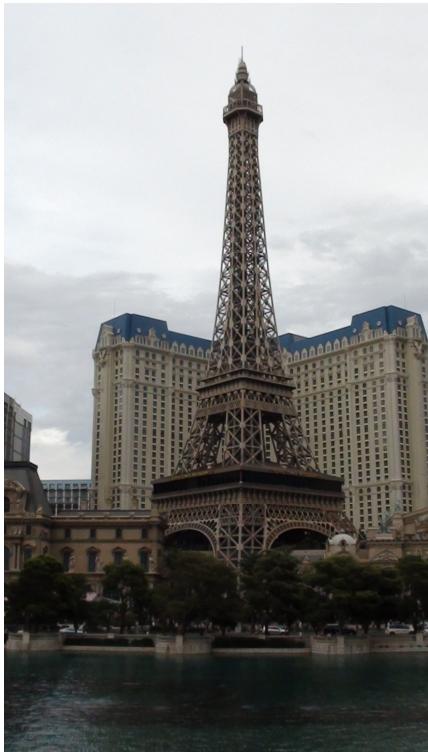
In October I was laid off,
The result of projects that were lost.
But not to fear, in just three weeks
An old employer, more help seeked,
So aulde acquaintance did I greet.

I penned this piece for a good reason,
It wasn't just the time or season,
But possibly because of years
I can't remember why, my dears.
Perhaps it was the wines and beers.

And now because of such short time
To get this out before the chime
Of "time's up" strikes the season's bell
I must refrain from words that tell
My personal greetings all too well.

So as we close on this good night
I'll cease to fret o'er that dark plight
And wish you all a peaceful year
Once navigating Christmas' cheer.
THE VERY BEST TO ALL, ye hear!?

Jeff and Donna



Las Vegas has an Eiffel Tower, too!



Why they call it Red Rock State Park, Nevada



Cute and wild burros visiting Bonnie Springs Ranch



Brothers Scott and Brad visited at different times during the summer.

Left: Scott and Natalia at the Boeing Museum of Flight

Right: Brad at the Chihuly Glass Gardens at Seattle Center



Glass "vegetation" in the Chihuly Glass Gardens



The Shuttle Trainer, Museum of Flight



Space Needle through a glass ceiling at the Chihuly Glass Gardens



Invasion of the fuzzy lobsters

