

Something Wonderful

The end of the run of a show brings mixed feelings. For most, it is a feeling of relief that a show has completed its run and it is time to move on and get back to their normal lives. I do not know how many feel as I, but a run of six shows just does not seem enough. Sure we are not paid professionals but honestly, our little theatre does wonderful work and deserves every bit of the applause it receives every night. Not just the applause, but the acquaintances made during the 6 weeks it takes to stage a show is marvelous. Each production is different, the cast, the set, the crew, nothing is ever the same. You may get a mixture of cast members in subsequent shows, but each time I am part of a show I let each cast member become a part of me. Sharing each others triumphs as well as those times we are "pushed" in order to accomplish what the director as well as ourselves know we are capable of. It is just difficult to leave something that starts with an empty stage and grows into "Something Wonderful..." (a little tune from *The King and I*). Tonight, while waiting in the orchestra pit for my set change, I began to feel my closing depression set in (a day early but nonetheless there). I would not say that this happens every show, but definitely with the best of them. But, with the closing of one show usually comes auditions (at least) for the next show. So, tomorrow will be the final performance of *Little Women*, but looking ahead to July 7th I see auditions for *The Nerd*.

