

# theatre organ

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF THEATRE ORGAN ENTHUSIASTS

THE EDITOR NOTES . . .

**REMEMBER?**

Many a bold slogan, many a famous line, and many a tender love song begin with something to remember. Battles have been fought, wars started, and much violence has persisted because of unwillingness to forget. To most of us, to remember is not to recall alone. It includes recalling with a purpose, with feeling. The feeling that accompanies the memory establishes its outcome.

Occasionally something dramatic appears that catches the imagination of multitudes. This event can be a solo flight across the Atlantic. A hero overnight is taken into the hearts of much of the world and forever remains, dimmed only slightly by the solo flight of Time. An archduke may be murdered and start a war that embroils the entire world. Yet most of the world's happenings, even those that capture for a moment, pass into history or into oblivion.

Seldom, indeed, do we, as a people, see events clearly enough to permit our recognizing their value at once. We are inclined more to watch and wait until the sands of time have sifted and we shall see what history has destined.

Moods are recalled with greater fidelity than events. One remembers that a scene was breath taking, or that music was magnificent, or that a performance was inspired. Or one recalls that he was angered, hurt, or disappointed.

Time will fade brilliant colors, erode sharp peaks, and smooth out a landscape. It does the same to our memories. A mountain is still a mountain, even though some of it becomes the valley beneath. A forest is still a forest while many of its trees rot at the feet of others. Flowers wither into dust. Other flowers bloom with the next Spring, and again the air is a perfumed zephyr.

Memories are the stuff of which dreams and poetry are made. For the benefit of our present needs we recall the moods of the past. As an excuse for venting our anger, we recall unrevenged sufferings. With enough misery for the present,

we drift back in time to a moment when we were joyfully happy. We may do this in an easy manner, an effortless trip into an enchanted land. Unless it at one time lived in the heart of a man, no memory is possible.

Each of us is today the sum total of all his yesterdays. We can omit none, we may acquire no others. If these yesterdays once were happy todays, then their memories are recreated joy. If one cannot recall the past without the intrusion of unhappy thoughts then he knows again a sad today. With the passing of time go friends and moments that one would have live on forever. If one can say to himself, in whole truth, that he did what he could on that occasion to make a life happier, lighter, or easier; then he is rewarded again. To stand in this position, one must live today. He must take the hand that friendship extends to him now. He must say the comforting word while the ear still can hear it; he must bestow the kiss while the lips are sweetly warm.

Memories of lost opportunities will be with us always. Always we shall be able to look back and see a path taken in error. For someone who is now beyond our reach we shall review moments we could have brightened. We look forward to great things. We shall make restitutions for our thoughtless acts then. We may reflect images of the past in which we failed, when we withheld the effort needed to make the image pleasant. No matter how one counts his time, he lives only today. He may relive parts of yesterdays, adding their ingredients again into the events of today. But the kind word is spoken now or not at all. The hand not clasped now is rejected. In memory only can one reach back into the past. In action today one stores memories for tomorrow with happiness. This he can share forever without diminishing its pleasure to give or to receive.

Of Myself, Abraham Cowley said:

*I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,  
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today.*

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