

Nancy Gray

When I was growing up, classical music was one of those things that was "good" for you. I grew to enjoy a great deal of it, but there was still something forbidding about it - maybe it was the recollection of the illustrated faces of the Great Composers in the kids' encyclopedia we had. Beethoven looking pretty scary, guys in powdered wigs and frowning guys with long hair. It was Richard Gale's stories that accompanied his choice of music that brought these people home to me, with their money problems, family conflicts as well as personal triumphs. Geniuses I could relate to! Hector Berlioz, that wild and crazy romantic, was probably my favourite.

I haven't even mentioned Richard's voice, which would have been wonderful reading the phone book. Nor his choices of lesser known, but still gorgeous pieces. It was the stories that stuck with me. So, yes, thank you, Richard.