

Yesterday in Heaven

'Hello John, Come in. This is Luciano, he's our Tenor Rep. He'll get you fixed up with music, introduce you to the rest of the tenors.'

'No, sorry, I sing Second Bass, rather badly, I'm afraid.'

'Not now, John. You're a Tenor now, honest injun.'

'Thanks, Pete. Oh, just before you go, is there a good golf course up here?'

'Yes, Christ the King's Gleneagles, you're on the tee at 8.08 tomorrow, partnering Slim Jim Baxter.'

'Of Rangers?'

'Yes, you two are playing Roy Orbison and Perry Como.'

'Really? Will I be good enough?'

'Of course, John, you're off scratch, now. No more duck hooks or Babe Ruth's to out of Bounds.'

'Pete, I need to confess something I did. It was really, really bad. I'm not sure I should be here at all.'

'No, John, all washed clean. Here, swallow this.'

'What is it?'

'It's a 'forget' pill. That's it, swallow it down. Good man. You're one of us now, one of The Elect.'

'Really?'

'Yes. And tonight, for your welcome treat, your dining at the Ritz with The Beatles.'

'Pete, who are The Beatles?'

Footnote: If you haven't seen the film called 'Yesterday', give it a try. A wonderful film. As we were leaving after a matinee showing, I said to Margaret, 'I think I'll go back in and watch it again'