

## An Important Message....

Mark Twain once wrote, "Everyone complains about the weather, but no one does anything about it." What a wonderful, literal look at Mother Nature as well as an excellent metaphorical interpretation of life in general. We really have no control over certain dominating forces, no way to prevent life's inconveniences or to dodge it's hidden surprises, no more than we can avert that unwanted, thunderous picnic shower. Take the drummer whose summer plans made his smile widen, his eyes twinkle at the prospect of great gigs, vacation plans, and traveling with his bandmates, his friends. Now here he sits, eyes still twinkling and smiling (this time from the Percosets), remote control adhered to the fleshy palm of his right hand, the *Price is Right* theme song dancing in his head. What's left of his hair is matted to his scalp, oily, and crinkling the pen on his forehead has lost it's original fun. His right knee is swollen with pain, wrapped and braced, an eight-day beard itching his face. It wasn't in the forecast, no, it certainly was not. Even he realizes it's not the end of the world, things could always be worse. But just an ironic twist of fate transformed into a temporary set back. Just like the rainstorm on your Sunday plans. It's frustrating indeed, the weatherman said nothing about it, and the unexpected discouragement makes you ponder.....why? But rooted in your soul is the answer. You just have to pull it out and look at it once in a while. Hell, we've already discussed it here. *Take it when it comes, accept it while it's here.* And as the drummer saddens alone in his room, ominous clouds selfishly begin to block the sun. With everyday, hope is new, and with a little hard work and determination, there is no doubt that soon, very soon, he'll return.....just as the once dark sky begins to clear.

I would like to thank everyone who sent me uplifting E-mail and good wishes. It's nice to know that some of you actually noticed I wasn't there! My recovery from unexpected knee surgery is coming along, painfully, and I hope to return as soon as I am physically able. I thank Jimi (for all his calls and concern), John and Steve for their understanding and the extra effort to work in my fill-in (Greg, I hear you're doing great!) and Tim. My best friend since 1978, we have never not played together, and his realization that this is certainly hard on me, lying on my back thinking of The Menus performing without me. He's done everything possible to make this situation easier for me, and that I'll never forget. Thank you, my friend. I'll see ya all very soon.

Brandon "Spike" Ryan  
The Menus drummer since 1983