

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Value placed on culture measures a city's soul

The measure of my childhood was not in the richness of our possessions, but in the wealth of music, art and drama that we shared at home and in our community.

In 1979, I moved here from New York City and joined Orchestra London. We performed on many stages, in schools, churches, temples and nursing homes. I've heard squeals of joy from developmentally challenged children in response to our music. I've seen tears stream down the cheeks of seniors when a particular melody evoked memories of a cherished time. In 1990, lupus ended my career, but I felt proud of my former colleagues in Orchestra London when they performed benefit concerts for the London Food Bank.

My violin is silent now, but music continues to express everything that fills my world, bringing me closer to my community and to God.

No doubt many children will grow up loving the arts. The very human need to express oneself is irrepressible. The culture of a community is the measure of its soul. The children of our community are the beneficiaries of our present-day priorities -- they are the future of our culture and our personal marks on the world to say we have been here.

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