

# entertainment

■ **TRAVELLING:** Peterborough Singers return home

## Home and ready to go back to England

I miss England!

Yesterday I said, ever so maturely, that I felt ready to come home after our exhausting 10-day singing gig at York Minster, but that was just foolishness. Now I'm home and I feel ready to go back.

Admittedly, it is refreshing to walk down the street without having double-decker buses graze past you a mere three inches from your face. It's nice to know which coins are which without having to squint to read the inscriptions. It's nice to be in a place where train doors don't crush the passengers and duck excrement isn't standard sidewalk decor. Most importantly of all, there's something very comforting about having a functioning cellphone in my pocket instead of an umbrella.

But what's that you say? I won't be having porridge, bacon, eggs, hash browns, grapefruit and yogurt tomorrow morning for breakfast? What kind of barbaric new world is this? No pleasant youths asking, "Can I help?" or "Have you got it all sorted, love?" No 900-year-old architecture? No pence or tuppence? And no authentic British publican house at which to squander them at the end of the day?

It is horribly banal to be back among the familiar and mundane.



**Natasha Regehr**  
TRAVELLING

My grass needs cutting. My closets need organizing. My bills need paying. I left my music, and my musical comrades, at the Burnham St. parking lot a few hours ago when I disem-

barked from our final bus and headed home; and now here we are, each in our respective houses, recuperating from our journey without the reassuring presence of our abominably punctual British guides or our refreshingly easy-going fellow travelers. As our illustrious director said just moments ago in his "Mission Accomplished" email, "I am already missing you," and "life is going to feel a bit empty for a while."

Yes, we are bereft. We have before us a seemingly endless stretch of weeks without singing, shopping, or gorging on English delicacies. Our only consolation is the anticipation of our next rehearsal a mere 42 days from now - not in a Gothic cathedral but in our own familiar Murray Street

Baptist Church, where the architecture is less sensational but the camaraderie, and the pleasure of singing together, remains unmatched.

*Natasha Regehr is a member of the Peterborough Singers, and has been sending updates during the choir's stay in York Minster, U.K.*