



Kemptville Players Inc.

The Cue Sheet

November 2014

RUMORS

by Neil Simon

Directed by Diane Miller, the production since the August 21st auditions have come a long way. With less than two weeks to go before the first performance, the set is being constructed and painted, costumes are in the final stages, lines have been memorized and the final tweaking to blocking is being done.

The cast in alphabetically order

Laura Drover, Ellen Fawcett, Winston Kinnaird, Jim Lamb, Diane Miller, Cathie Raina, Barb and Ted Stiles, Sandra Tobin and Steve Wendt.

A **Dress Rehearsal** will be performed on Tuesday, November 18th at 7:30pm in the North Grenville Municipal Center Theatre. The cast and crew would love your presence as they get ready to hit the stage. So let's encourage them and come see them on Nov. 18th.

The play will be performed at the Theatre from November 20th to the 23rd at 7:30pm except on Sunday Nov. 23rd when it will be a matinee at 2:00pm. Inform your neighbours or friends about this hilarious farce.



Did you know that Santa Claus is coming to town in the Kemptville Santa Claus Parade? The event goes on Saturday Nov. 15th and starts from Holy Cross School starting at 1:00pm. And best of all, the cast of Rumors will be in the parade. So when you see them, give them a big cheer.

Time for a bit of humour

A teenage boy had just passed his driver's test and asked his father for use of the family car. His father said he'd make a deal with his son: "You study the Bible a little, and get your hair cut. Then we'll talk about the car." The boy agreed.

Six weeks passed, and the father said, "Son, I can see you've been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you didn't cut your hair."

The boy replied, "Dad, I've been thinking about it. But Samson had long hair, Moses had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, and Jesus also had long hair."

"Sure," the father said, "but did you notice they walked everywhere?"

Mark your calendars for Wednesday, December 3rd, as the Kemptville Players will be celebrating with a traditional Christmas Dinner and fun afterwards. There will be a General meeting at the same time but promises to be short. The event will take place at the IOOF hall. Further information will be forthcoming.

When Jim Wrong, a long time resident of Kemptville, passed away last year, he left part of his estate to KPI. Jim and his wife Mollie were avid supporters and rarely missed one of their productions. Even after Mollie's passing, Jim kept coming to KPI's plays. In memory to Mollie and Jim, seats B16 and B17 in the North Grenville Municipal Theatre have been engraved with their names, an area where they frequently sat. With Jim's financial contribution to KPI, it made it possible for his funds to sponsor the fall play of "Rumors"

Democracy is alive.

Davis Jermacans, husband of KPI member Andrea Jermacans, ran in the recent Municipal elections for Ottawa Council in the Osgoode Ward. Davis was not successful but he should be congratulated for the insight he had in trying to better his Ward and his city. Isle in the Review and Kemptville Players are proud of Davis. Well done Davis.

It's not too late

If you are in the mood for a variety of plays, then Kingston is where to go. The Eastern Ontario Drama League (EODL) is having their One Act Festival at the Domino Theatre and hosted by them. On Friday evening, Nov. 7th, there will be a session of three plays by three different groups who belong to EODL. A further session on Saturday afternoon by another three groups and a final session on Saturday evening where nine groups over the weekend have put in one act plays.

As of Wednesday, Nov. 5th, there were still tickets available. To purchase, call Lily or Bob Baird at 613-546-3415, and the price is \$20 for each session or \$55 for all three sessions. The One Act Festival is always a joy to attend and very entertaining. For further information look at Domino Theatre's web site.

Remembrance Day

In light of what occurred in October with the murder of two of our Canadian soldiers, as well all those who have died to make our country free and what we are today, It is hoped that every able person across Canada attend one of the thousands of ceremonies on Tuesday, November 11th.

Local Theatre

October and November is alive with plays and almost every week, one can see a new play. Community base theatre is at it's best.

A story came across the computer some time ago, it is a bit long but worth reading, here it is to share.

Crabby Old Man

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in Moosomin , Saskatchewan ,it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meagre possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the St. Louis Association for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this little old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem winging across the Internet.

Crabby Old Man

*What do you see nurses? What do you see?
What are you thinking When you're looking at me?
A crabby old man Not very wise,
Uncertain of habit With faraway eyes?*

*Who dribbles his food And makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice 'I do wish you'd try!'
Who seems not to notice The things that you do.
And forever is losing A sock or shoe?*

*Who, resisting or not Lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding The long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse You're not looking at me..*

*I'll tell you who I am. As I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, As I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of Ten With a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters Who love one another.*

*A young boy of Sixteen With wings on his feet.
Dreaming that soon now A lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at Twenty My heart gives a leap.
Remembering, the vows That I promised to keep.*

*At Twenty-Five, now I have young of my own.
Who need me to guide And a secure happy home.
A man of Thirty My young now grown fast,
Bound to each other With ties that should last.*

*At Forty, my young sons Have grown and are gone,
But my woman's beside me To see I don't mourn.
At Fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children My loved one and me.*

*Dark days are upon me My wife is now dead.
I look at the future Shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing Young of their own.
And I think of the years And the love that I've known.*

*I'm now an old man And nature is cruel.
'Tis jest to make old age Look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles Grace and vigor, depart.
There is now a stone Where I once had a heart.*

*But inside this old carcass A young guy still dwells,
And now and again My battered heart swells.
I remember the joys I remember the pain.
And I'm loving and living Life over again.*

*I think of the years, all too few Gone too fast.
And accept the stark fact That nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people Open and see.
Not a crabby old man Look closer See ME!!*

**The best and most beautiful things of this world can't be seen or touched.
They must be felt by the heart.**

Paul Rochon
Secretary
KPI