

ramifications of accepting such an offer, but after much vacillation realized that I would never know the consequences without actually playing the shows. Two days later I arrived, with much trepidation, in Minneapolis.

Gordon was wonderfully kind, striding on stage to introduce me to the audience. "Here's a girl from my home town of Toronto, Canada, who plays beautiful classical guitar and looks like an angel," he spoke into the microphone, as five thousand people listened in silence. His petrified "angel" was frantically trying to warm her trembling hands on a hot-water bottle, attempting to calm her pounding heart, and wishing she were anywhere else in the world but in the wings of Northrop Auditorium at that moment. The next minute, Gordon was beckoning me onstage. I tried to force a smile as the deafening thunder from ten thousand hands welcomed me. Playing "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin," "Campanas del Alba," "Rumores de la Caleta," and "Sounds of Bells," I realized that my fears had been unfounded when the crowd gave me a tumultuous ovation.

For the second show I felt more relaxed, and Gordon brought me out to take additional bows at the end of his set. The great reviews in next day's papers reassured me that it had been a wise decision to accept. "There'll be more concerts for you soon," Gordon promised. I flew back to California bursting to tell Cal of my triumph before a "pop" audience.

In May 1975 I was contracted to play with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra and quickly learned the piece they requested, *Fantasia para un Gentilhombre* by the great Spanish composer Joaquín Rodrigo. Unfortunately, there was not enough time to study the concerto thoroughly; never having played with an orchestra before, I was not even sure how to interact with a conductor. CBC Radio was taping the performance — my first CBC broadcast! I was terrified at the prospect. We had two brief rehearsals, which only made me furious with myself for not being more prepared. In contrast to opera singers, ballet dancers, and even concert pianists, guitarists are solitary creatures who never indulge in music coaches. Once our