

to beat a hasty retreat from the stage without doing a proper check or he risked being mobbed by excited fans. The promoter assured us that the sound men could set the mike levels themselves. Back in the change room, I zipped up my lacy cream dress, trying to control my agitations over our aborted sound check.

I will never forget the agonizing feeling of having to walk onstage to play for twelve thousand restless kids who had been rained out and were not anticipating an opening act. To my horror, as my fingers struck up the first chords of "Asturias," no sound came through the speakers. I leaned into the voice mike to say, "Good evening, everyone," hoping to explain that the sound system needed to be adjusted, but nothing could be heard except my own tiny unamplified voice, which in a stadium built for thousands hardly made it to the first row. "Just keep on playing, honey!" the engineer yelled. I could see Lightfoot running around the speakers shouting at the technicians. Valiantly, I played on with a sinking heart as the audience shuffled uneasily and a few whistles could be heard. Why, instead of "If You Could Read My Mind," were they being subjected to an inaudible classical guitarist? How thankful I was that no one could read my mind at that moment!

After an excruciating eternity, the massive speakers boomed forth with my chords and the audience relaxed. Once the set was over, I groped my way off-stage, blinded by the super-trouper lights. What a total catastrophe! Gordon was already striding onstage to the loud cheering of fans as I hid in the locker room ready to burst into tears, convinced I had just ruined my career. Even Gordon's words of comfort later that evening did nothing to console me. Fortunately, this mortifying scenario was never repeated. The many concerts Gordon and I shared were well received, with very few technical hitches. After that Denver disaster, however, I always raced onstage first to make sure that my microphones were working.

We played so many different cities on both sides of the border, including Philadelphia, Traverse City, Peterborough, Hamilton, Montreal, and Boston, that tours dissolved into a blur of Lear jets,