

nightgown, with my hair in curlers and cream on my face, I was very thankful for that Texas blackout. To my disbelief, Gordon entered the room, and I heard him taking off his socks and shoes. Before I knew it, he had climbed into the far side of my king-sized bed, mumbling, "Goodnight, sweetheart, I'll be gone by the morning. Weird smell of smoke in this room, eh?" I tried to fall asleep, slightly uneasy knowing that Gordon's head was lying a few inches away from my pillow. Suddenly I felt him jump out of bed. "What next?" I thought. "Is he having to use the bathroom every few minutes after all those beers and margaritas?" "I forgot, my guitars are in my own room," he explained, zipping up his leather jacket. "I'll be back in five minutes." Sure enough, a few minutes later, there was Gordon banging open the door with his two guitars. I eventually fell asleep and woke around nine to find a pile of ashes in the bath, an empty bed, and no guitars. Had I dreamed it all?

At breakfast Gordon looked a little sheepish and inquired if I had slept well that night. The band, busy wolfing down their scrambled eggs, paid no attention to the loaded question. Later I wondered if perhaps Gordon himself had been afraid to be alone in the dark. Whatever his reasons, I thought it most chivalrous of him to have kept me company. The one night Gordon Lightfoot and I shared a bed was not quite as people might have speculated!

On my birthday, July 11, we had just arrived to play at the Saratoga Springs Performing Arts Center. While I was having lunch in a restaurant with Gordon and the band, a beautifully lit birthday cake approached us, carried on high by two smiling waiters singing "Happy Birthday." "Oh, Gordon, you shouldn't have!" I exclaimed. "No, it's nothing to do with me," he insisted, as the cake drew near. "Oh, how sweet of you guys," I said, addressing the band, who looked puzzled, until the creamy concoction headed straight past us to the very next table! Gordon must have felt badly that my birthday had not been acknowledged; he excused himself from the table for a few minutes. Later, beside my dessert plate, I found a little wrought-iron cannon about four inches high. "Where did this