

MRS MALAPROP (a/k/a Sheila) SAYS GOODBYE TO BERNARD

So the time has come to bid Bernard fair play. I must say that when he denounced that he was leaving us after more than a decadent, it did cause a bit of a Ferrari. Well, it was beyond our apprehension; in fact, it almost caused some choir members cardinal arrest. Because, let's face it, he's given us unparalysed service and there's become a bondage between us all now. Really! – we altos are like those American girls...the car-dashboard sisters. But...TVS won't let all this change upset our apple tart...no, we don't want dysentery in our ranks.

There's a lot to thank Bernard for. He's taught us to look up from our music stores at him; how to elongate our bowel sounds; how to improve our annunciation and dictation; and how to breathe properly using the diagram and the pictorial muscles...and he's never been bad-distempered with us; he's always been really kind and diplodocus. Let's face it, he's been the epitaph of patience – and, as we all know, patience is a virgin.

Then, of course, he's given us practice exercises. Yes, who'd have thought that 2 toads totally tied trying to trot to Tetbury would just trip off our tongues so neatly that it would become a sort of cat-phrase for us? What's more, our fortfolio of music now includes pieces we sing without Peter's accomplishment – you know – Acapulco!

So now we wish Bernard well as he moves on. His spell with us will go down until time immortal in the anals of TVS history because he's really kept our eyes to the grindstone. But now, like a rolling pin, Bernard gathers no moths...and his time here will become water over the bridge.

We'll miss his antidotes about all his musical experience...and the way he imports musical inflammation to us...which, of course, ignobles us to sing better.

So as you leave us, Bernard, the world is your lobster, and we say thank you as you turn your detention to a new faecal point. But we're glad you'll be staying in compact with us...so it's not goodbye but hors d'oeuvres...and I hope you'll forgive any Miss Marple-isms I may have made here...oh, and by the way, these last two concerts have been, in my op-onion, your absolute tour de France! – leaving us feeling like la crème de la menthe...even though we know this hasn't been the pineapple of your career!