**August 2 2019 – Succession**

I woke up early to the church bells calling the monks to prayer at 7:05 AM. There are three sets of three bells 15 seconds apart. Then a higher pitched bell rings continuously for one minute. This happens not only in the morning, but also at 12:05 PM and again at 7:05 PM for evening prayer. The monks are long gone, but the village honors their past and tradition with this quaint reminder.

Awake, I decided it was time to start walking again. It’s easy to stop the exercise routine, and difficult to get started. But I did it. My pace is just over 4 MPH so I try to do an hour since my physician said 4-6 miles per day is a good target.

I love the color yellow and the yellow sunflowers are spectacular in all their glory, though some less so as they mature and begin to hang their heads. So I have lots of photos from this morning’s walk in the country.

Arriving back in the village with 10 minutes more to walk, I decided to do a loop around the church. As I passed the back, I could hear the organ. Phillipe Lefebvre, one of the four principal organists at Notre Dame in Paris has a farm just outside the village and is now here most of the time. He hosts an annual concert and will perform this evening with a guest organist from Poland.

I went into the church to hear Monsieur Lefebvre practice and ended up helping two women who were there setting up chairs for the concert. When he quit, I introduced myself and told him of my desire to somehow get involved. I asked him if he knew Marilyn Mason, with whom I studied organ at the University of Michigan. He did of course as she had a global reputation. He told me, however, that she had died a few months ago. I didn’t know that and was saddened to hear it. She was a dynamo of energy and optimism with a terrific sense of humor and a contagious laugh. I enjoyed the little exposure I had to her. The last photo is of Monsieur Lefebvre at the small organ brought in for the concert.

So life goes on in this little corner of France. Like the drooping sunflowers which as they mature hang their heads low, life eventually comes to an end and the successors carry on.

PHOTOS: attached