

*Performing Art*  
03-25-2013 by Harry Zinkelbach

Irma Bombeck, humorist, housewife, wrote late in life, “When I stand before God at the end of my life, I would hope that I would not have a single bit of talent left and could say I used everything you gave me.”

The individual recognizing their talent know what they were meant to do in life is already in them. They make using that talent their real life. Talent may not come easily, but grows spontaneously, almost without end. Talent is a natural gift; success comes from developing it.

Talent is not genius, but that place inside the person where what they like to do, meets what they want to do.

Talent and exercise.

Talent, in the biblical tale, buried in the ground did not increase. The moral, talent must be exercised to grow. As in the moral, it is a gift, not given equally, but is that treasure on which to center a life.

Each in this gathering certainly have a series of given talents, writing being chosen.

To maintain and develop that performing art, it must be exercised. Not long ago a few at Windsor Gardens established a weekly meeting to write, then read that to the others.

The writing, reading, audience, is each needed.

The thought, on a chosen topic, read aloud in the author’s words, becomes a shared life.

How often have we listened to a reading, had the narrator stopped, edit on the spot. Reading aloud is an editing process, admired by the listener.

So this Monday morning, as in the last twenty plus years, a coterie of bodies, eyes attentive, ears accepting, mind analyzing, consider others’ thoughts.

Today considering Performing Art, each will be better prepared for the next chosen topic.

At some point in this hour, each will add their contribution, having poured their talent into the confines of 500 words, using the chosen gift they cherish, and again, refine by use.

And confirm, I used every talent given me.

