In spite of all the strangeness, more people showed up on the first Monday of October than on the first Monday in September. Peter might have done some more recruiting. But it seemed more likely, as in my own case, that the members of the September choir brought friends.

The sun graced the October performance, although its rays were lower and cooler than in September. After singing the first melody, Peter took his place behind us, giving us our own will with each song. The concert lasted half an hour. My friend couldn’t believe what was happening, though he saw and sang himself. His astonishment lingered even as we had drinks afterward with other members of the choir.

Darkness, clouds and rain hung over us on the November concert, but that didn’t prevent our ranks from further swelling. The overpass sidewalk was hidden under a carpet of bodies and sheltered by a ceiling of overlapping umbrellas. Peter started the first song, and again stepped back. The group managed the rest. We sang our hearts out before going home, and it was a thoroughly wonderful musical showing.

The December concert—nearly three weeks ago—was more impressive than the earlier concerts. Unlike the others, its success was for a moment in question, though it revisited each song. The group had grown yet larger. The four hundred singers stretched the full length of the overpass and filled the width of the sidewalk. Peter led off, then stepped back. But sometime during the third song—a thunderous clanking and a howling of brakes—interrupted us; a truck had jackknifed, and just below us cars wound up on each other in the tangles of a chain collision. Our stomachs hollowed.

Our voices faltered in the rain. Peter, flushed, rushed to the fore. As the siren climbed out of silence in the distance, Peter took off his shoes, stood barefoot on the railing, and began to sing, waving his arms like a conductor, urging us back to our vocal fortitude.

It was hard to tell what would happen. We could have remained songless, staring stupified at the mesh of metal and flesh below, or we could all walk off, horrified and mumbling to ourselves. Or we could start singing again. And strangely, we did just that. Loudly, strongly, badly we sang, even though the halted traffic couldn’t drown our voices. And soon we were singing for the troubled souls on the eight lanes below, and we sang for the skyscrapers, both those completed and uncompleted, and we sang for the rain and the moaning gray clouds. And we sang until the wheels started rolling again. But before we left, when Peter collected the lyric sheets, he handed us each a new card.

The Rush Hour Choir sings Christmas carols. December 24th, 8:00 P.M. All invited.

Thank You,
Peter.