A Collection of

Songs and Poems

By Tye Noorda

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Brigham Young University
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Dear Children and Grandchildren,

I did not start or manage successful companies or help establish charitable foundations like your father or grandfather, Ray Noorda, did. So I do not have a lot of newspaper clippings, magazine articles or video tapes that describe or show great accomplishments that were beneficial to the lives of many people and the business world. My contributions have been comparatively small, but I have tried to do some things which I felt would be beneficial to the lives of others.

After I graduated from high school in the small town of Moroni, Utah, I moved to the big city of Salt Lake. I did secretarial work in the daytime and worked in a boarding house in the evenings for two years until I finally had saved enough money to start attending college—if I continued to work for my room and board. Then I learned that my father could no longer do all the physical work required to work on the farm, but he could get a job selling and delivering some products—if he had a car. I learned there was a used car he could buy for $550. I knew he didn't have that much money and after a restless night's sleep, I decided I could wait another year to go to college and I mailed him a check for $550, which I believe was the most helpful and best investment I have ever made.

I'd like to explain why I believe my decision to invest in my father was not just helpful to him but was also the best investment I have ever made. Five hundred and twenty-five dollars doesn't seem like a lot of money now, but sixty-two years ago it was enough to pay for my first year of college.

I seem to have been born with a desire to be an actress, but because I had to travel to and from school by bus, I couldn't ever get involved in any after-school activities. The only stage I had, on which to perform, was our back yard and the only audience I ever had was our chickens who would gather around me in a circle and watch and listen to me—as long as I kept throwing them wheat.

The Church had a big annual event each year in which several stakes would get together for an important program and each stake would have a member of their stake speak. Our stake had been assigned to have a young woman from their Young Women's program speak. About one week after I had made my investment in my father I was invited to represent our stake by giving a speech on "The Glories of Latter-day Saint Womanhood." I was thrilled and frightened. I couldn't figure out why, with nine wards in our stake, I had been chosen to represent our stake. Each evening after work I would try to write a speech but I couldn't write anything which I thought was good enough for this important event. Then one night about a week before this big event, I decided to go over on the front steps of our church and "pray for help." I didn't get any great idea right after I prayed but while I was walking

home it was as if a voice was speaking to me which said, "Your speech should be in the form of a prayer." I went home and wrote my speech in less than an hour.

I gave my speech and received many complimentary comments. Two of the comments I have never forgotten. One was from a member of the First Presidency of the Church who had conducted the meeting. He came to me afterward and said, "That was an excellent speech. Who helped you write it?" I said, "Nobody." He said, "I thought you were a speech major—but someone told me you hadn't attended college yet. You must have had some help." I finally told him about my praying on the steps of the church and the "your speech should be in the form of a prayer" message I had received while walking home. He stared at me for a few seconds then said, "So who helped you with it?" I answered, "The Lord." He stared at me for a few more seconds and then said, "Don't you ever forget that." I never have forgotten it.

That night I felt quite happy until I started thinking about not being able to attend college and take some speech and drama classes. Then I remembered another complimentary comment I had received after my speech—from Maude May Babcock—who had been the head of the Speech and Drama Department at the University of Utah for about forty years and was now retired. I thought maybe she was now teaching private lessons. I called her and she agreed to give me some lessons. After my second lesson, Miss Babcock told me I should be in college majoring in Speech and Drama. I explained to her that I had planned on starting college next fall quarter but something happened and I was going to have to wait another year. She said, "No, you are not going to wait. You are going to college at the University of Utah this year. You are going to come and live with me." Which I did for two years while I was attending college in the daytime, working part-time some evenings and getting a lot of speech and drama training from Miss Babcock at night.

My "investment in my father" really paid off well. I was able to start my college education as planned—under superior living and learning conditions.

I came from a musical family and I had always enjoyed speech and drama classes and fortunately I had some experience working in a modeling school and participating in some speech and theatrical events prior to attending college. After I had been in college for two years Miss Babcock had some physical problems which required her to move to the East Coast. My friend Zaz Vorka, who had a modeling school in Salt Lake City's largest hotel, Hotel Utah, suggested I come and live with her—which I did for about two years and then moved with her to New York City where we lived and did modeling in a beautiful hotel, Hotel Victoria, until Zaz needed to return to her home in California. I then returned to Salt Lake City and my secretarial work—which after the learning experiences I had had while living in New York City, I was happy to do.

Then one Monday, fifty-seven years ago, Marilyn, a former college friend, finally convinced me to go on a blind date that night with her boyfriend who would be graduating with him from the University of Utah on Tuesday night. The friend's name was Ray Noorda. I then also dated Ray on Wednesday night, Thursday night, Friday morning, Friday afternoon and Friday evening prior to his leaving for the East Coast on Saturday morning to start working for General Electric the following Monday.

I learned a lot about Ray during the next year while we were corresponding by mail and telephone. Since I was a secretary for the Guidance Center at the University of Utah. I had access to college records from which I learned Ray had been a very outstanding student who had also worked and helped his family and others while attending college. If you are thinking "We know our father and grandfather was a smart and helpful man but what did *you* do and how have *you* helped others?" that is what I am going to try to tell you.

When I was a child and while I was attending grade school and high school, my family lived in a little town called Freedom which was five miles from the mormon ward to which we belonged. Both my parents had strong testimonies as to the truthfulness of the Gospel. My mother was a branch Relief Society president and my father did home teaching and other priesthood assignments, but for a few years we couldn't afford a car and so very often we didn't get to go to church on Sunday. I remember crying some Sundays because I couldn't go to Sunday School. It was a sad but also a lifetime blessing because I have felt blessed during most of my life because I was living where "I could go to Sunday School" and that in whatever environment I lived, I remembered the words my mother had taught me when I was just a child to always include in my nightly prayer: "Bless me so I will never drink, smoke or swear."

Wherever I have lived, I have always been grateful for the opportunity of being involved in Church activities and in trying to help others realize the importance of the Gospel by writing or directing a skit or road show or helping the youth write and deliver speeches which often seemed to increase their self-confidence and testimonies. I also felt I had been helpful to another if after I had given a lesson to the sisters in Relief Society of the Young Women in MIA, someone would comment that they needed what had been given in come special part of the lesson. Another church involvement which I really enjoyed was directing the music in Junior Sunday School or Primary and helping with children's programs. Since I was raised with a lot of music in my home, I had received many important messages from hymns and if I couldn't find a song which related to a subject being presented, I would sometimes write a song.

I have a strong testimony that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was established by God for the latter days and I believe we should all be grateful for the special blessing of having been born to parents who were members of His church or to have been given the opportunity to have been taught the Gospel by mormon

missionaries or other members of His church. But because we were given a special blessing we were also given the tremendous responsibility to attend church meetings, study the scriptures and be obedient to the teachings of our prophets and church leaders so we will be worthy to receive temple recommends. We can then have the spiritual experiences which are felt while we are attending temple sessions and performing, in proxy, ordinances for worthy spirits who did not have the opportunity for temple blessings while they were still living on this earth.

After your father (and grandfather) was semi-retired, he was no longer working or traveling on Saturdays, so we decided Saturday would be our Special Date Day and our special activity would be attending a temple session together. We really enjoyed these dates. If for any reason we could not go on Saturday, Ray would ask, "What night can we go"?

I am now eighty-three years old and I am missing your father and grandfather. But it is my daily prayer, and I am sure it is also Ray's, that I and all the members of our family will humble ourselves each day so the Lord can lead us by the hand and we will have the gift of the Holy Ghost with us so we will desire to take care of our mortal bodies and avoid that which will do us or others harm. Then we can be given the spiritual strength to deal with daily challenges, help others and have the blessings of knowing that the Church is true and the desire to follow the Prophets so we will have even greater blessings while living on this earth and eternal blessings too. Then one day members of our family can each be part of an Eternal Family, and all be together with Ray forever.

-Mother and Grandma Noorda

On the following pages is a copy of the talk, "The Glories of Latter-day Saint Womanhood", which I wrote sixty-two years ago after praying on the church steps in Salt Lake City.

After finding and reading my speech, I thought about how much so many things have changed in the last sixty-two years. But one thing which has not changed—and never will change—is the need for all of God's children to keep His commandments and daily seek prayerfully for His blessings that they may be strengthened physically, mentally and spiritually; that they will recognize and choose not to yield to destructive desires and temptations.

THE GLORIES OF LATTER-DAY SAINT WOMANHOOD

The glories of Latter-day Saint Womanhood are felt very strongly in the hearts of all Latter-day Saint girls and women, and because the things of the heart are the things about which we pray. I have chosen to give this talk in the form of a prayer. The prayer of a Latter-day Saint girl reaching maturity, who, thinking back over her childhood and adolescence, pauses to thank God for his blessing and guidance in the future.

Dear Father, as the time approaches when I must lean less and less on others and make more important decisions for myself, I would like to thank thee for the foundation, Thy Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has given me on which to stand. For as the foundation of a building determines whether that building will stand sturdy and strong, defying all storms; or weaken, crumble and fall; so the foundation of a woman, the teachings of her youth, determines whether that woman will develop to the fullest extent physically, mentally, and spiritually; or yielding to temptation will weaken, crumble and fall.

I'm thankful that I was born in a Latter-day Saint home with a wonderful older brother and Latter-day Saint boys and girls for friends—for in this environment my vision was never dimmed by cigarette smoke, my sense of hearing never injured by profanity, and my sense of judgment never deadened by so-called stimulants.

I'm thankful for the mother who taught me to pray, the mother who taught me God was always near and ready to help whenever His children called, whether the need be great or small.

I'm thankful for the father who taught me, by example, the Word of Wisdom, the wonderful Word of Wisdom, which after telling us how to live gives us the great promise that if we obey we shall have health and strength of mind and body. We "...shall run and not be weary and shall walk and not faint…and shall find…great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures…" (*Doctrine & Covenants 89:19-20)*

I'm thankful for the many teachers in Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual who gave so freely and willingly of their time to teach the priceless little things which go into making of the important big things, and each righteous teaching is priceless; for as no price can be placed on a human life, so no price can be placed on anything which goes toward making that life better.

I'm thankful that I belong to a church of opportunity; a church in which all members have a chance to serve and express themselves, and a church which

established in the hearts of its youth the desire for only the highest standards of social entertainment.

Because of the love and happiness I remember in my home, perhaps the thing I am most grateful for is that I am sealed to my parents for time and all eternity and that I have the knowledge that the wonderful family relationship I had on this earth can be even more wonderful and glorious in heaven.

I ask Thee now to bless me that I may so live that I will be worthy of being with my parents in the hereafter, that I will be worthy of the blessings promised in my patriarchal blessing, that I may go forth each day needing no other stimulant than the freshness of the morning with the opportunities it provides, and even though at times the nights may seem dark and dreary and I may feel quite alone, may I seek no other consolation than the consolation of prayer.

Bless our boys, dear God, who are far away from home fighting for what we believe to be right; may as many come back to us as can possibly be spared. But even though some may not return, even though some may be killed and their bodies lie in all the dirt and filth that is war, bless their souls that they will remain pure and clean, never marring the Priesthood to which they belong.

As for us girls, may we live so we will be worthy of those righteous boys when they return; that we may join them in sacred wedlock and raise families to Thy liking; that together we may so live that the light of Thy Gospel will shine forth so brightly that all the wise and humble men of the earth will turn and follow it as those wise, humble men followed Thy light when Christ, Thy Son, was born.

May we ever seek and be guided by the inspired advice of our Church authorities, I ask in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

A Brief History of My Song and Poetry Writing After I Was Busy Being a Wife and Mother

Ray and I were married fifty-six years ago in Salt Lake City, Utah. Following our wedding we moved to Philadelphia where Ray was working for General Electric. For the next thirty-three years we lived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Lynn, Massachusetts; Schenectady, New York; Phoenix, Arizona; Charlottesville, Virginia; and Tustin and Cupertino, California. Ray was very busy traveling and working in the computer business and for a few years I kept busy doing secretarial work in the daytime and relaxing and enjoying theatrical and speech-related activities in the evenings.

Then I got a new work-assignment: giving birth to and taking care of five children: 4 sons (John, Alan, Andy and Brent) and 1 daughter (Val Marie). I had a full-time job in the day-time and not always "just relaxing experiences" in the evenings or during the night. I was grateful for the opportunities I had to relax while working on church-related activities while the children were sleeping or some of them in school. I always got very much involved in ward and stake entertainment programs. I wrote some skits and road shows and I taught classes in Relief Society and MIA. I also was very often the chorister for Junior Sunday School or Primary.

When I was teaching the youth or adults I would usually try to find some poetry for my lesson and I discovered it was often faster to write an appropriate poem for the lesson than find one. Then, after I had been a chorister for a while, I realized that the youth might listen to a poem but they probably wouldn't remember the message. But if that same poetry was put to music which they sang a few times, they would learn every word and have a permanent message stored in their little brains. So I decided to look for an appropriate song and if I couldn't find one which contained the message I felt they needed to remember, I'd write one and sometimes when I was having some strong emotional feelings about something that had happened to me or someone else, I found it relaxing to write a song about the emotion.

The following pages list some of the songs and poems I wrote for various purposes.

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PART I:
SONGS IN PLAY
"EXPERIENCE"

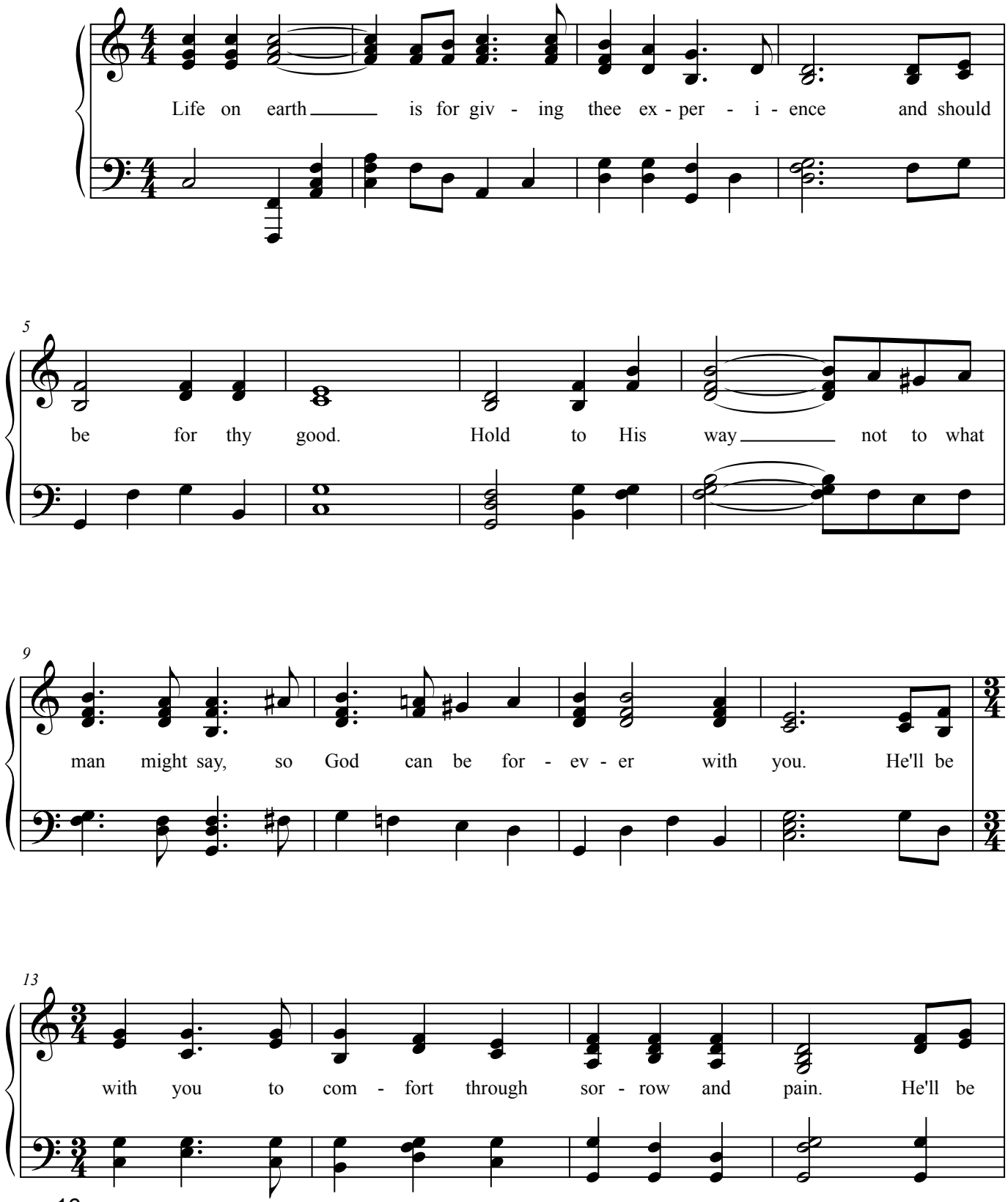
When I was living in Tustin, California in the late 1970's I was asked by a stake president to try to find or write a play, maybe a musical, which contained some important Gospel messages which could give many of the youth in the stake an opportunity to perform. I couldn't find a play or musical which seemed appropriate, so I started prayerfully considering the new experience of writing an LDS musical.

I thought about various experiences which had affected my life, the lives of my children and the lives of other young people in the Church whom I had taught and directed in speech and drama activities for many years in various locations and what messages might be of most value to them at this time. One night I recalled two very powerful quotations in the Doctrine and Covenants: "All these things shall give thee experience and shall be for thy good" (122:7), and "Therefore, hold on thy way--fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and ever" (22:9), and Elder Neal A. Maxwell's book "All These Things Shall Give Thee Experience" and a quote from Elder Marvin J. Ashton, "What we do with what happens to us is more important then what happens to us."

I decided to write a play about "Experience" but we moved from Tustin to Cupertino, California and then to Utah before I ever got, what turned out to be a musical, completed. It was finally performed at SCERA Showhouse II in Orem, Utah, in 1999.

Experiences

Tye Noorda



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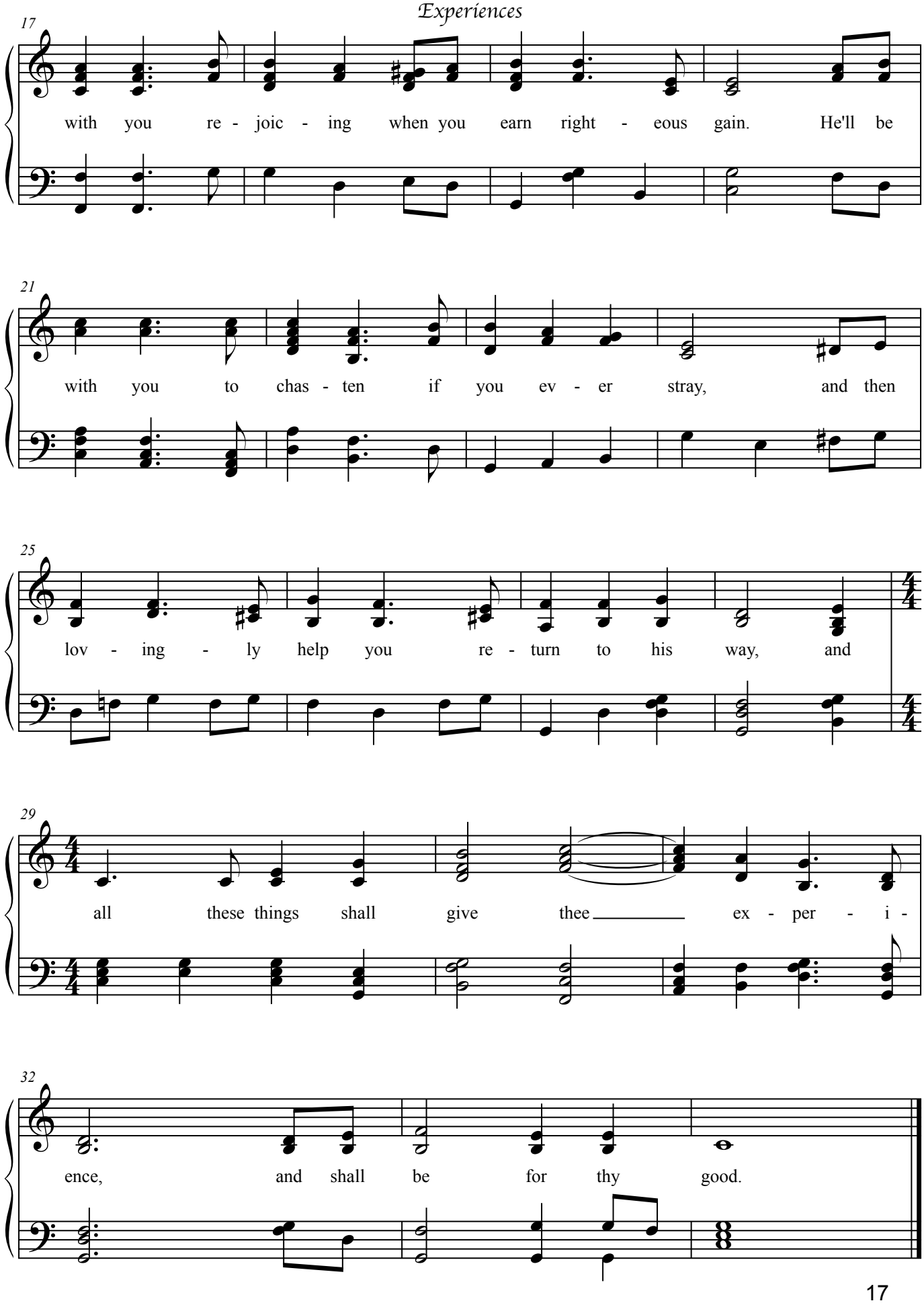
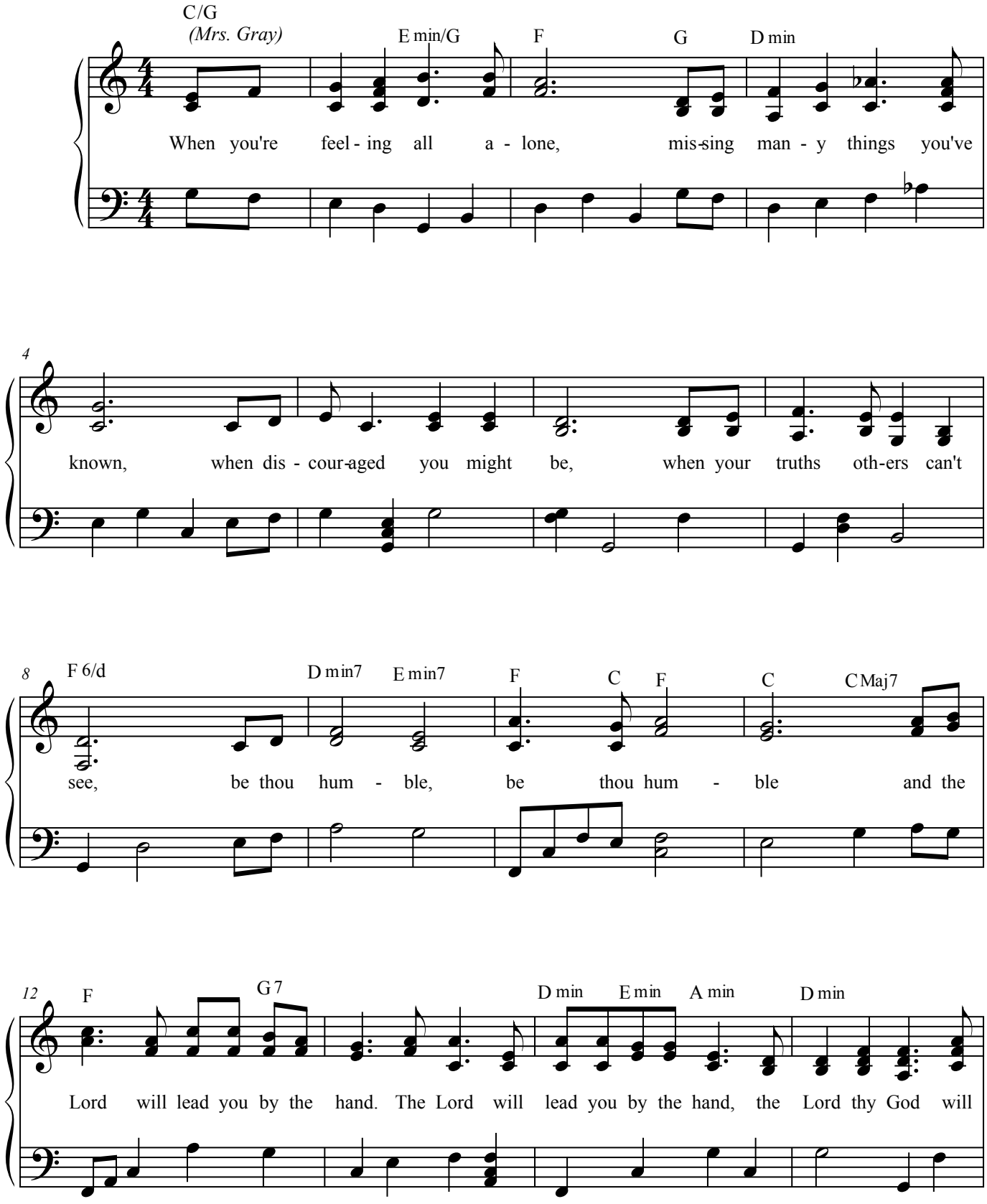

17
with you re - joic - ing when you earn right - eous gain. He'll be
21
with you to chas - ten if you ev - er stray, and then
25
lov - ing - ly help you re - turn to his way, and
29
all these things shall give thee ex - per - i -
32
ence, and shall be for thy good.

Be Thou Humble

Tye Noorda



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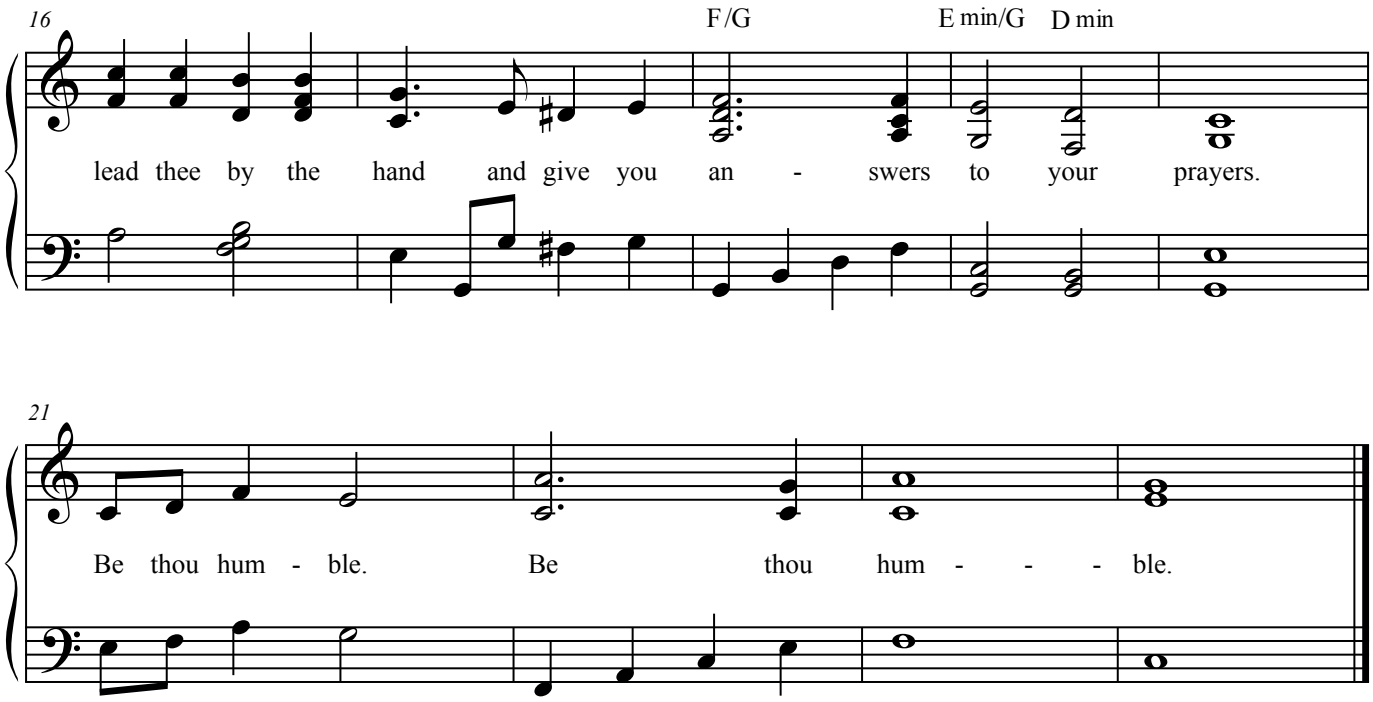
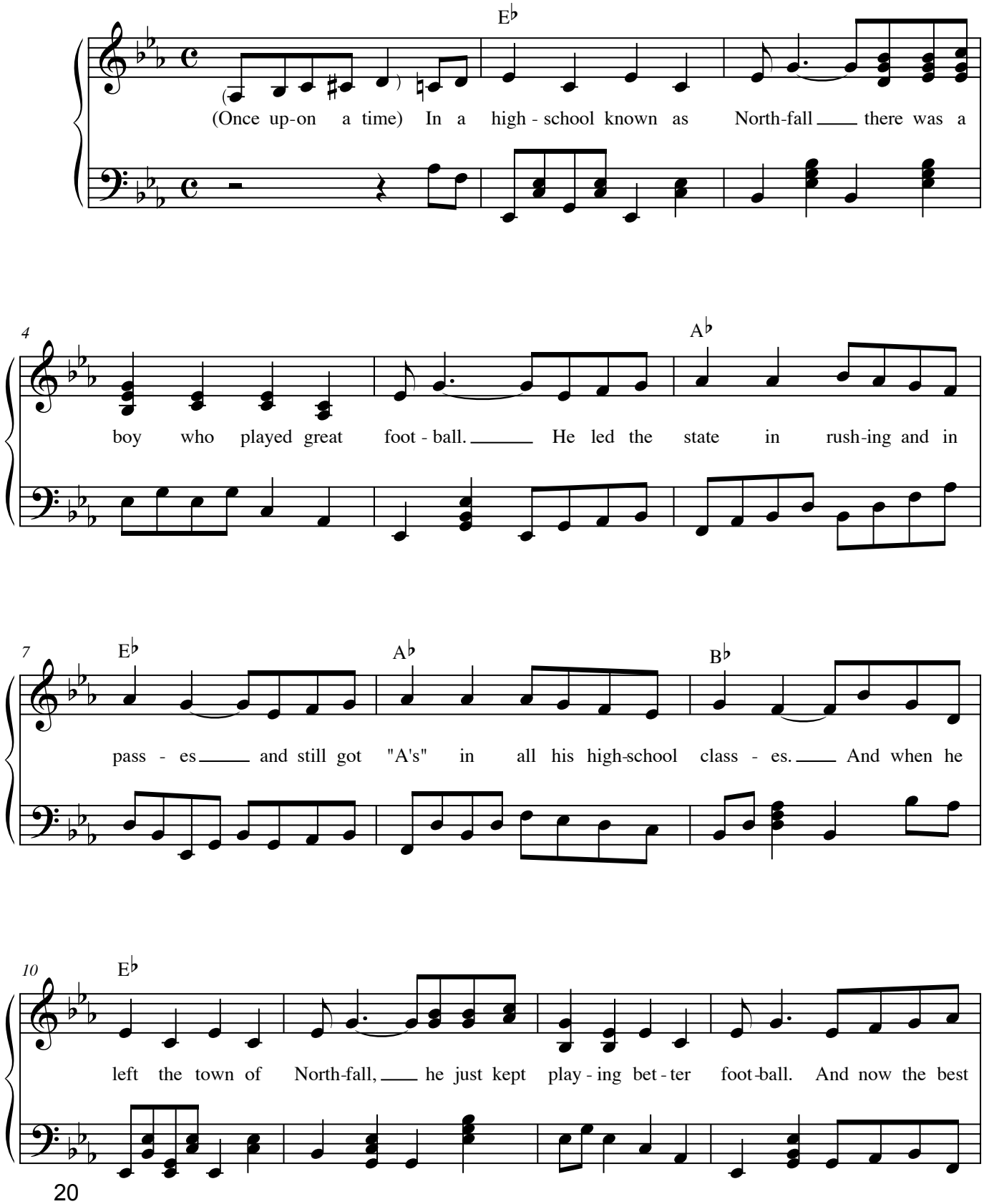

16
F/G
E min/G
D min
lead thee by the hand and give you an - swers to your prayers.
21
Be thou hum - ble. Be thou hum - - - ble.

Cheer Song

Tye Noorda



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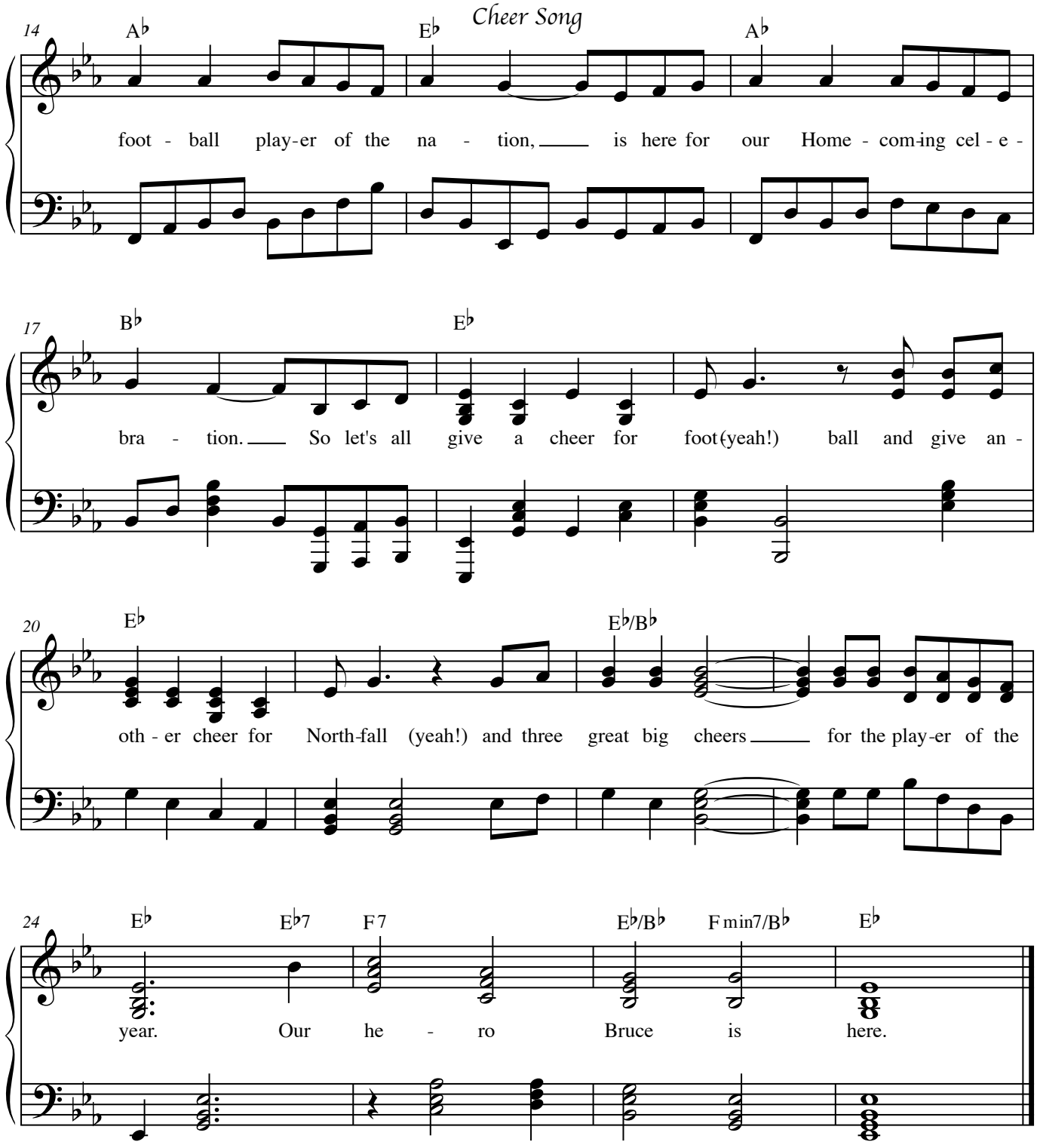
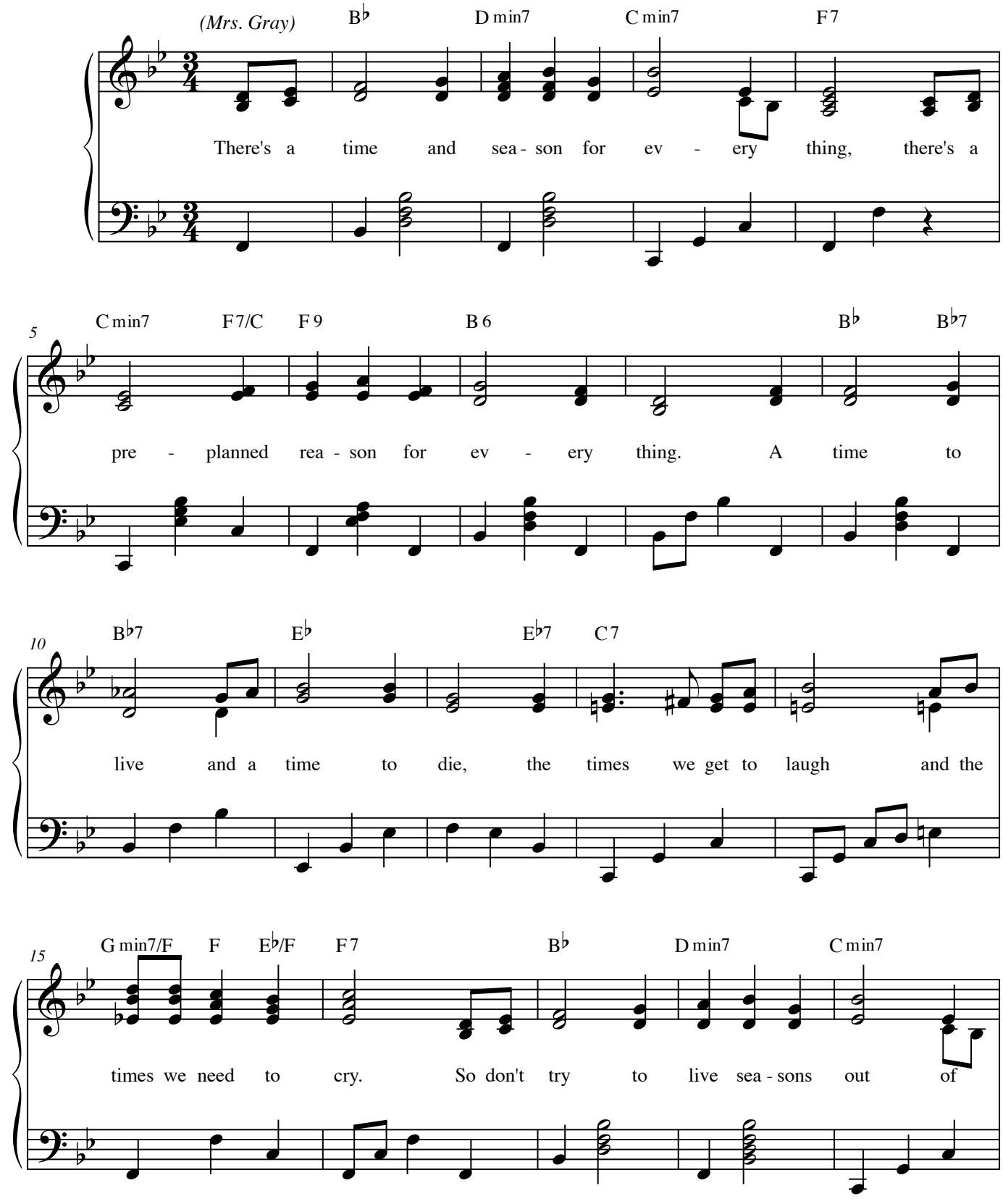


Cheer for Bruce Crevitts

Time and Season

Tye Noorda



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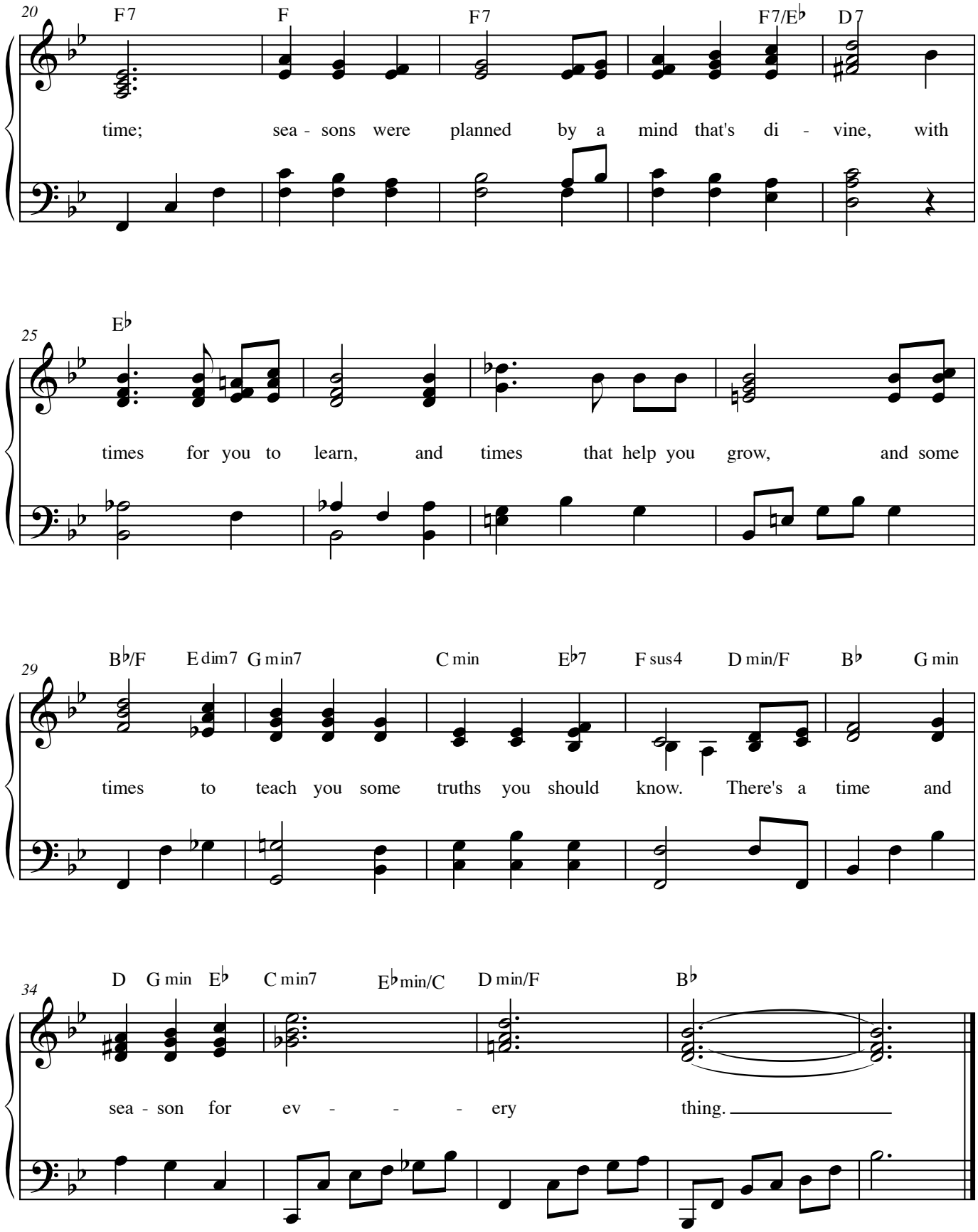
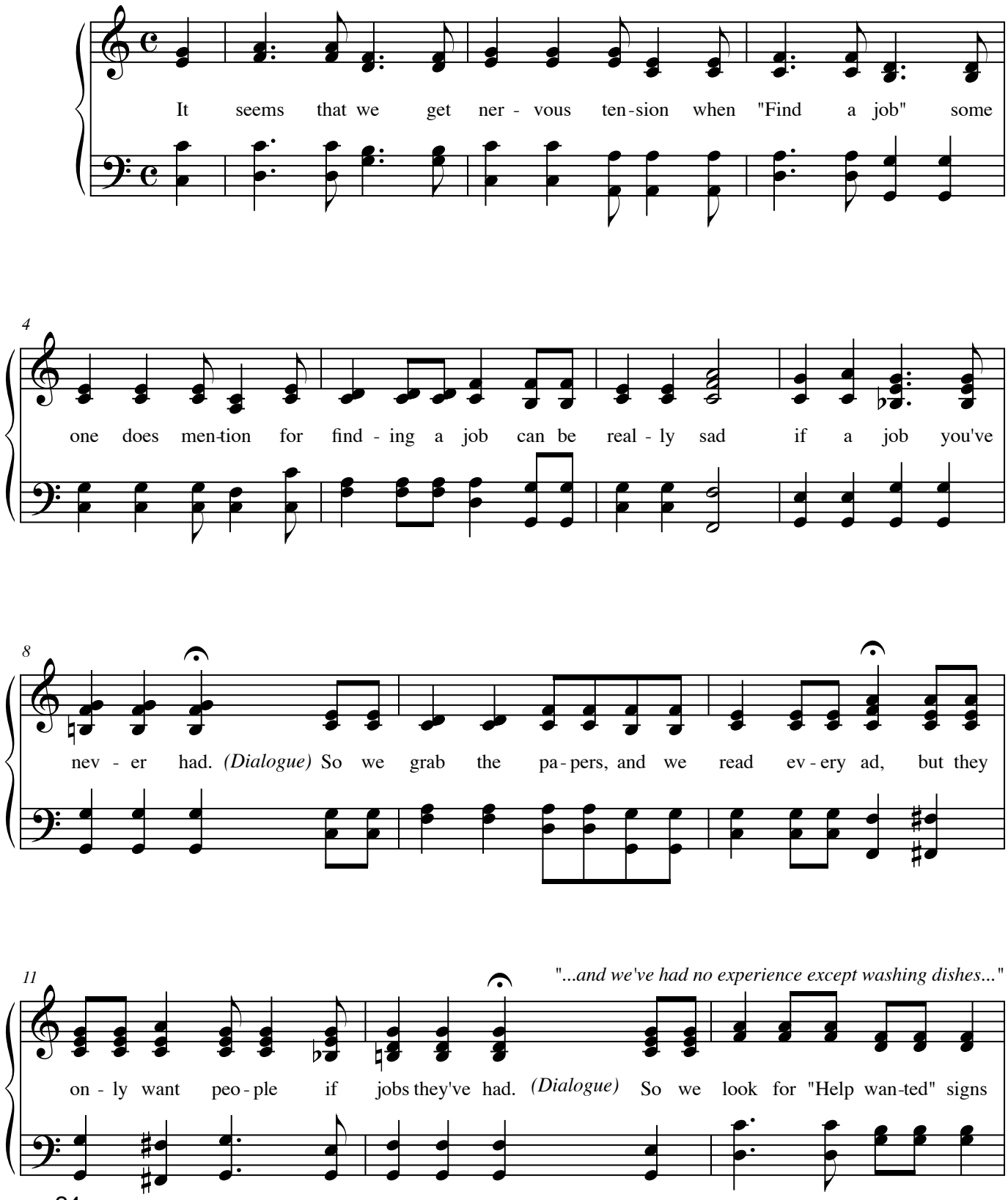

20
F7
F
F7
F7/E♭
D7
time; sea - sons were planned by a mind that's di - vine, with
25
E♭
times for you to learn, and times that help you grow, and some
29
B♭/F
E dim7
G min7
C min
E♭7
F sus4
D min/F
B♭
G min
times to teach you some truths you should know. There's a time and
34
D
G min
E♭
C min7
E♭min/C
D min/F
B♭
sea - son for ev - - - ery thing.

Experienced Help

Tye Noorda



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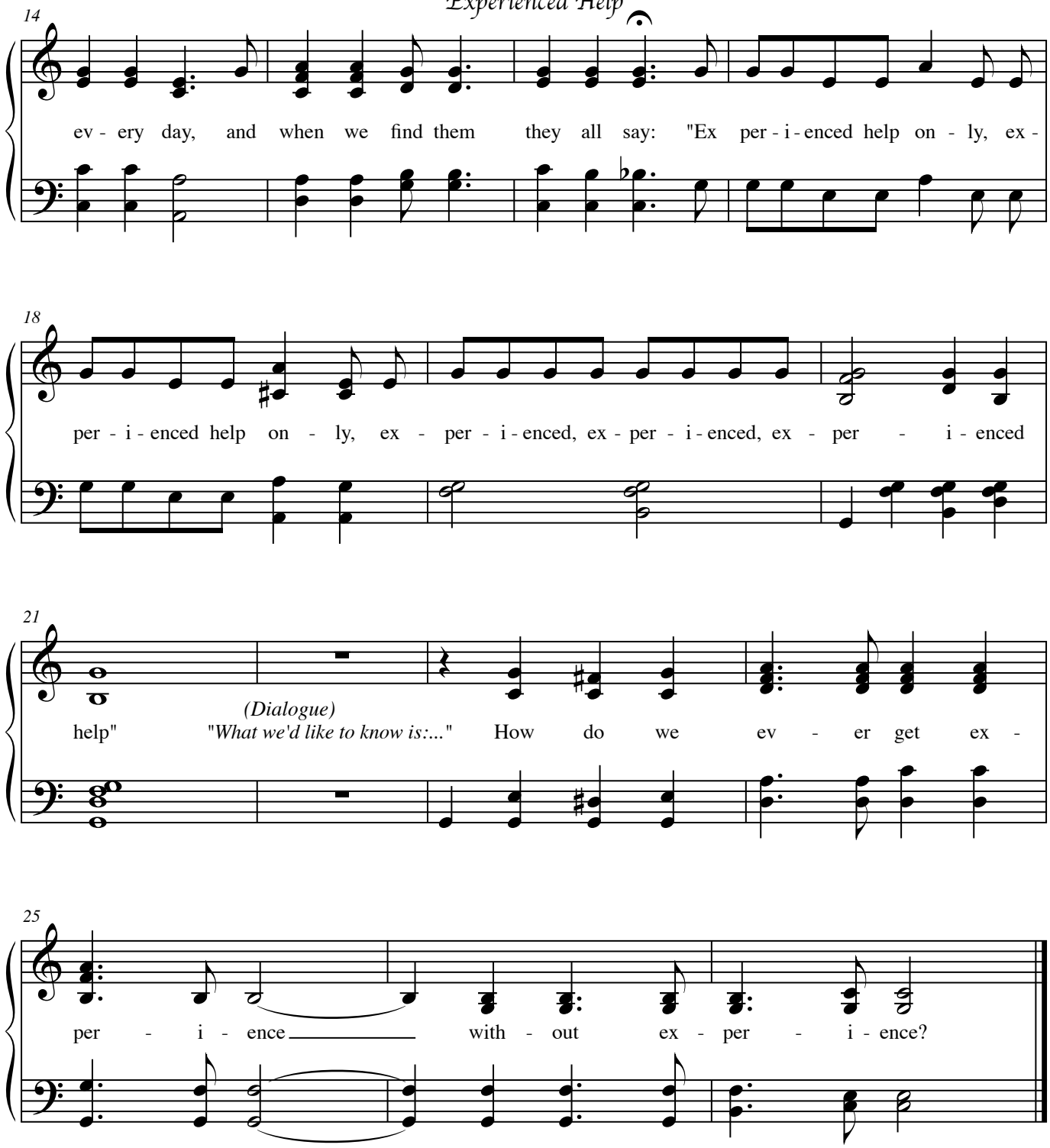
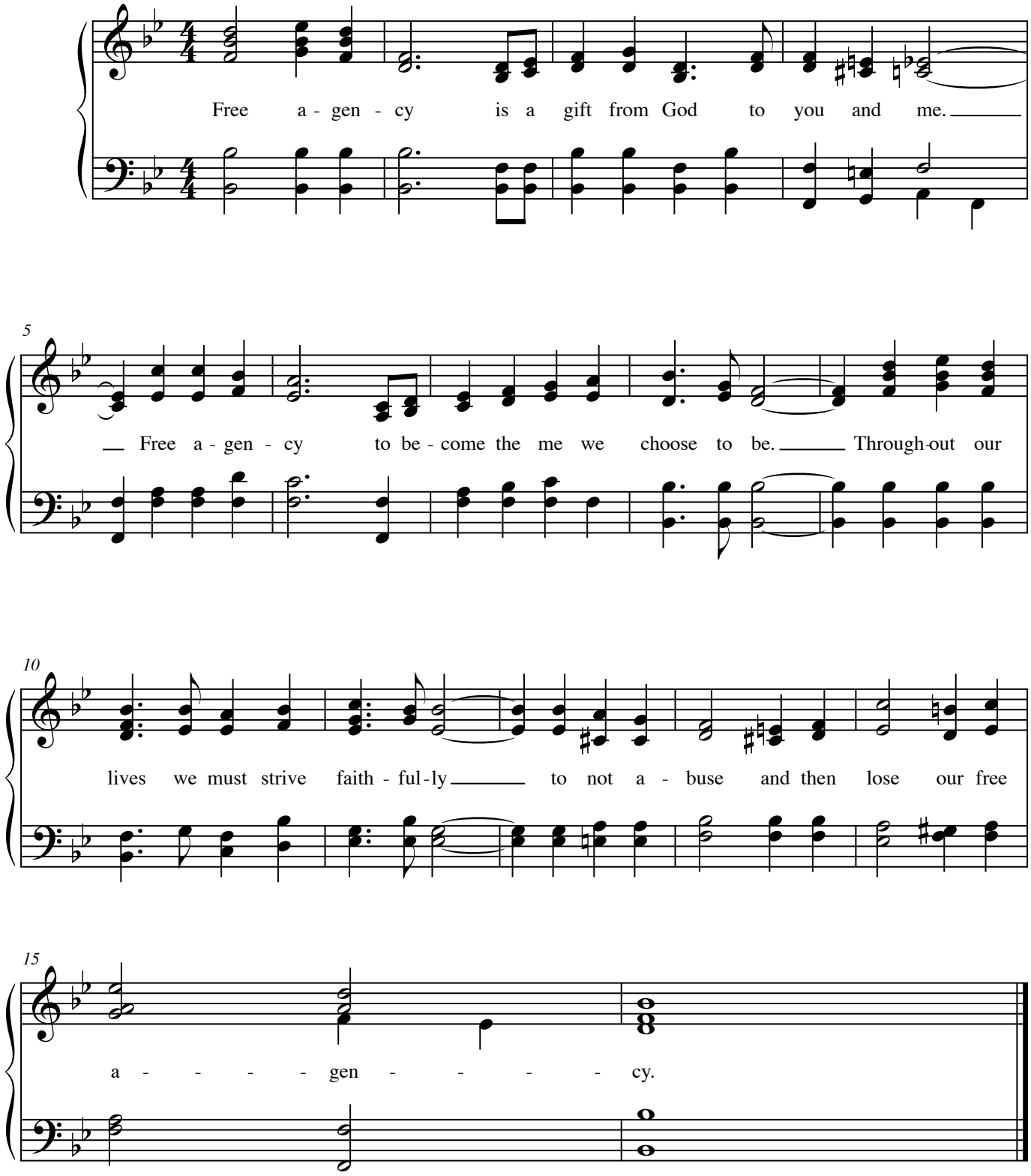

14
ev - ery day, and when we find them they all say: "Ex per - i - enced help on - ly, ex -
18
per - i - enced help on - ly, ex - per - i - enced, ex - per - i - enced, ex - per - i - enced
21
help" (Dialogue) "What we'd like to know is:..." How do we ev - er get ex -
25
per - i - ence with - out ex - per - i - ence?

Free Agency

Tye Noorda



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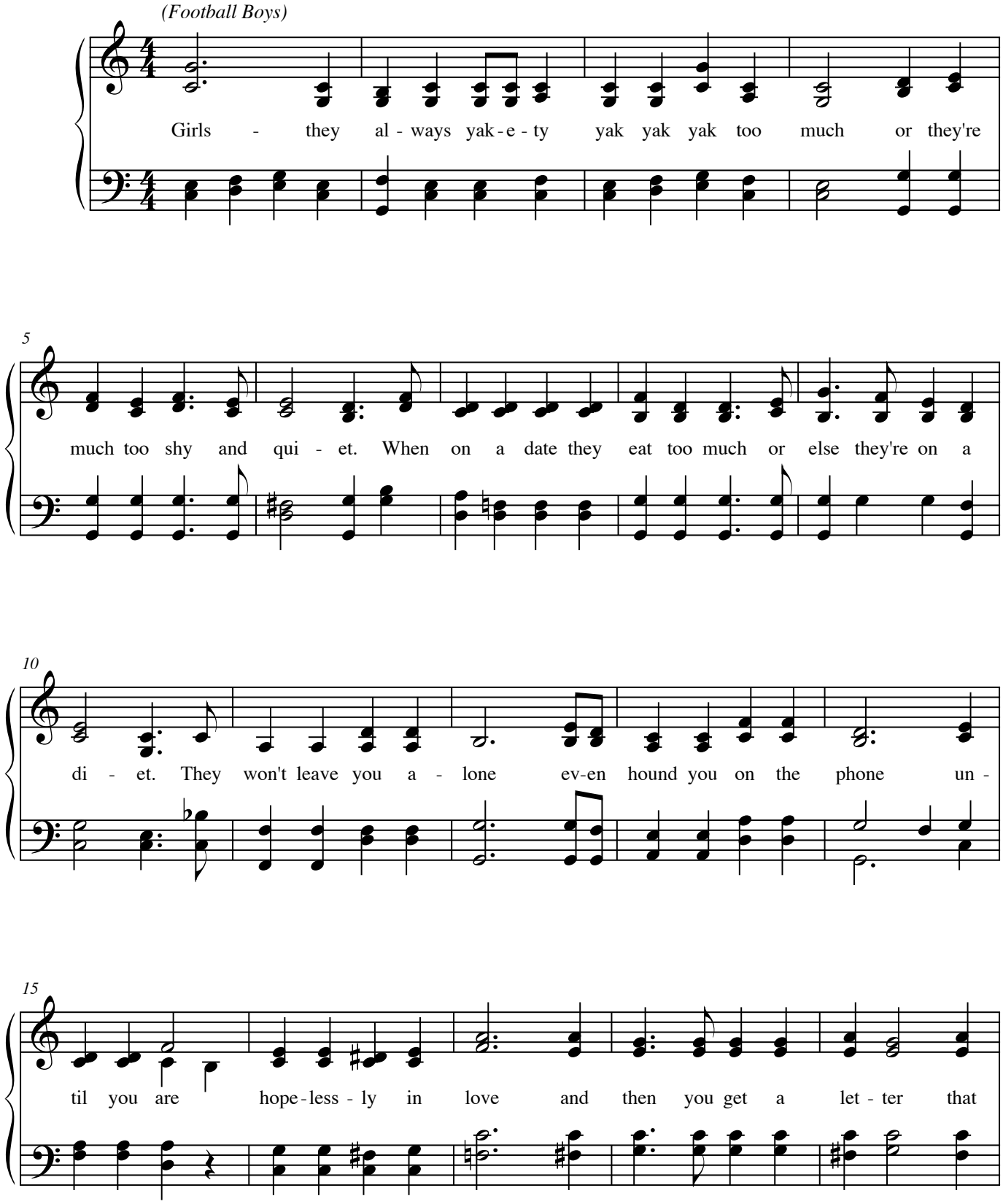
Girls

Tye Noorda

(Football Boys)



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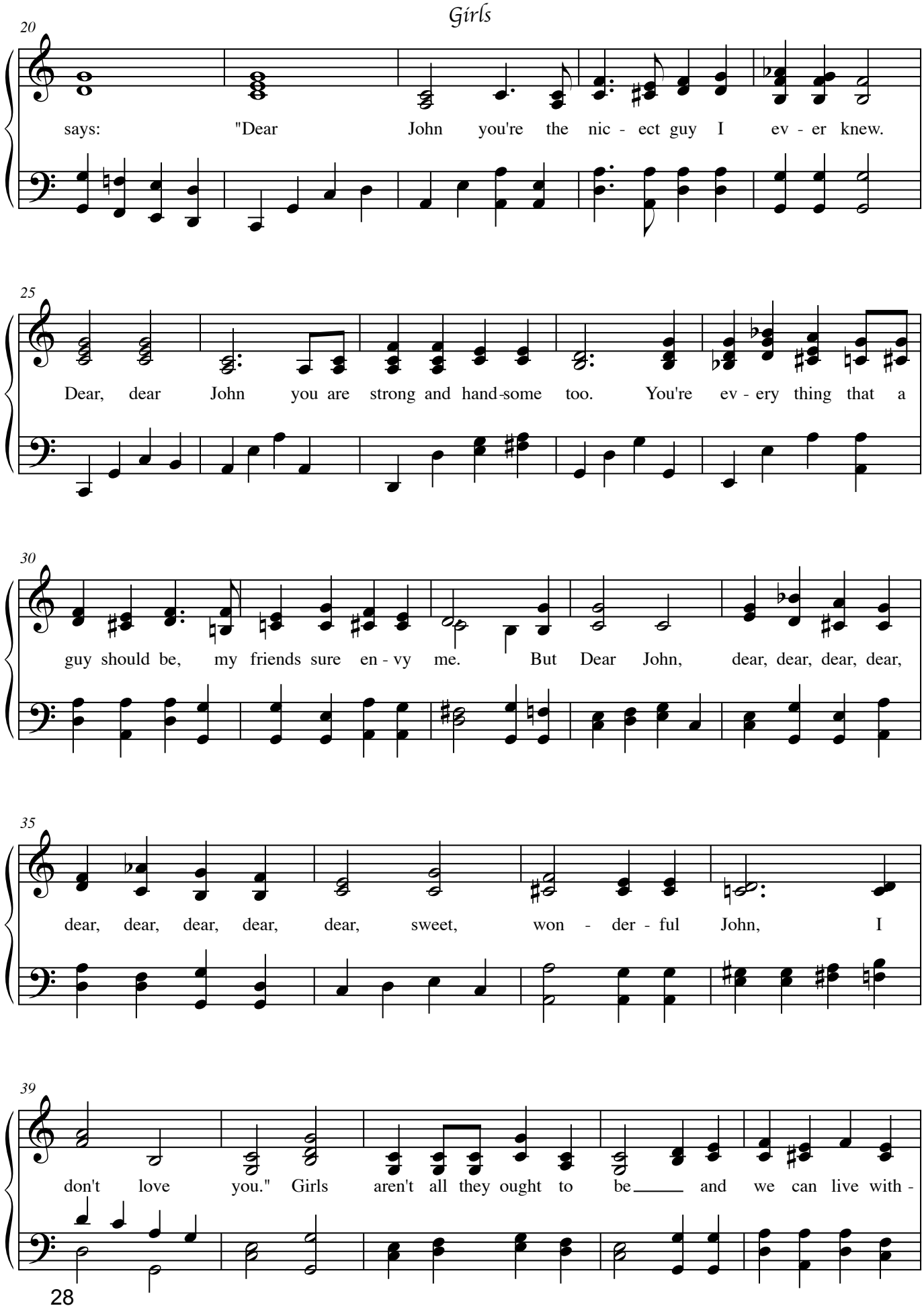
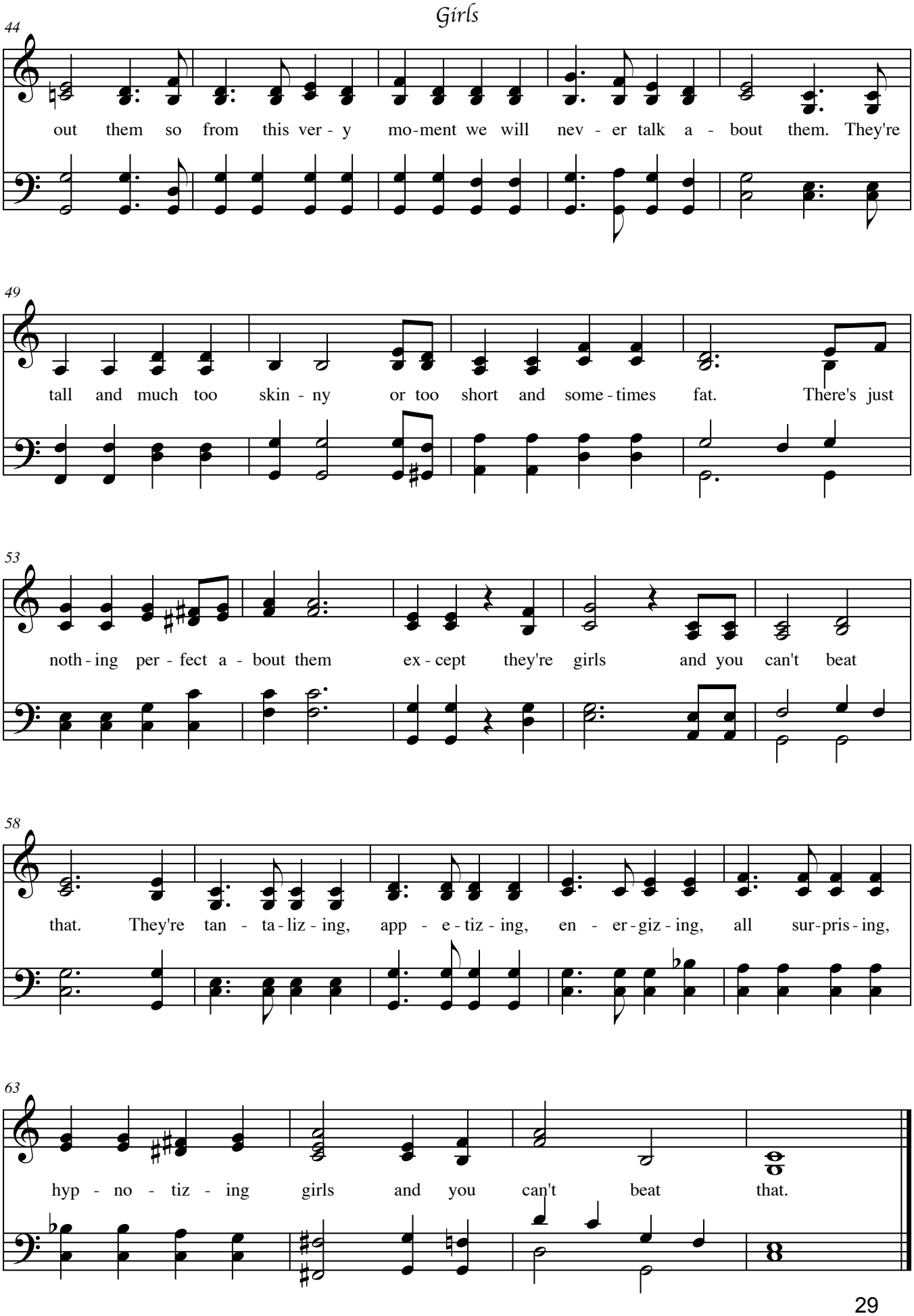
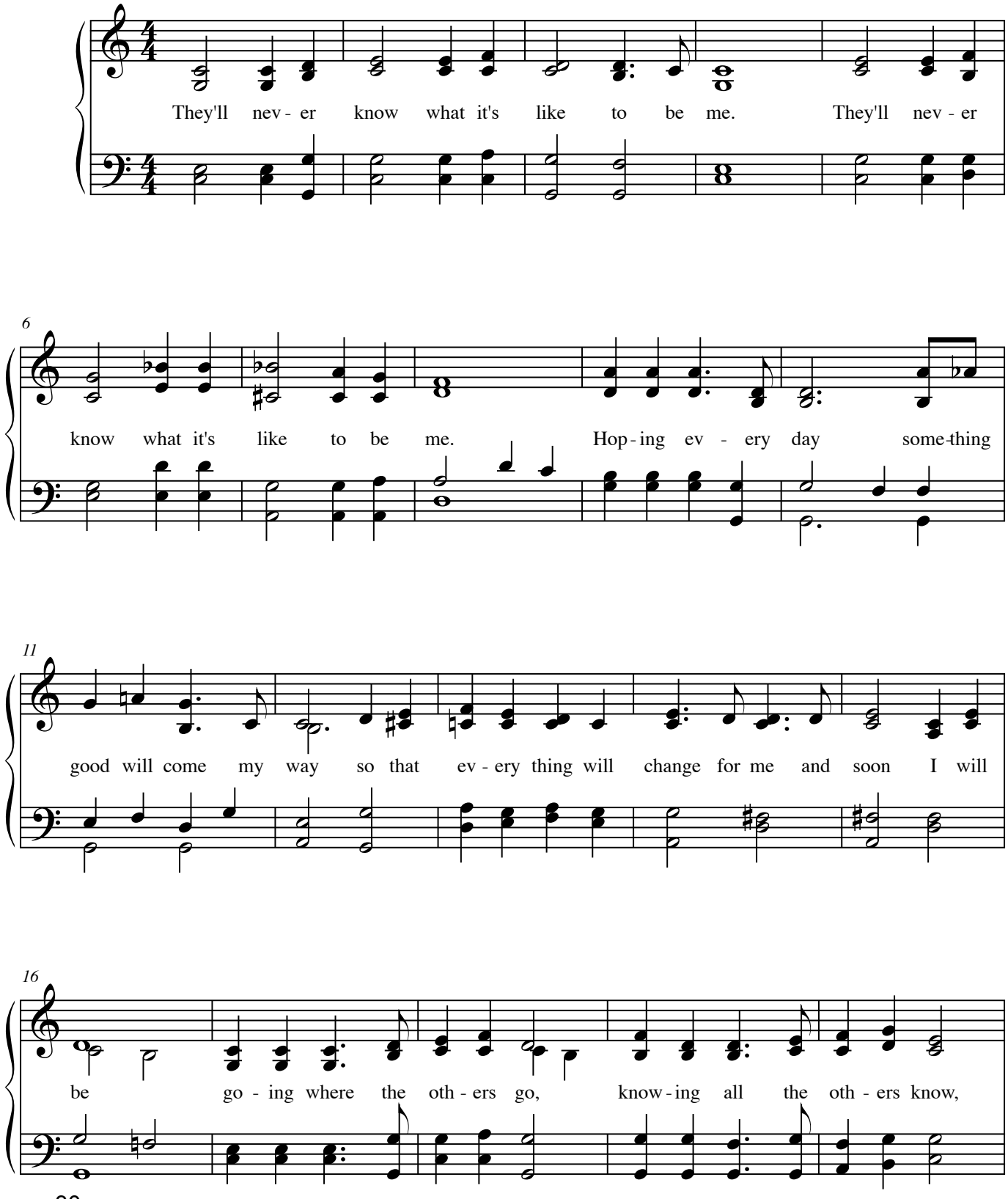

20
says: "Dear John you're the nic - ect guy I ev - er knew.
25
Dear, dear John you are strong and hand-some too. You're ev - ery thing that a
30
guy should be, my friends sure en - vy me. But Dear John, dear, dear, dear, dear,
35
dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, sweet, won - der - ful John, I
39
don't love you." Girls aren't all they ought to be and we can live with -


44
out them so from this ver - y mo-ment we will nev - er talk a - bout them. They're
49
tall and much too skin - ny or too short and some - times fat. There's just
53
noth - ing per - fect a - bout them ex - cept they're girls and you can't beat
58
that. They're tan - ta - liz - ing, app - e - tiz - ing, en - er - giz - ing, all sur - pris - ing,
63
hyp - no - tiz - ing girls and you can't beat that.

They'll Never Know

Tye Noorda



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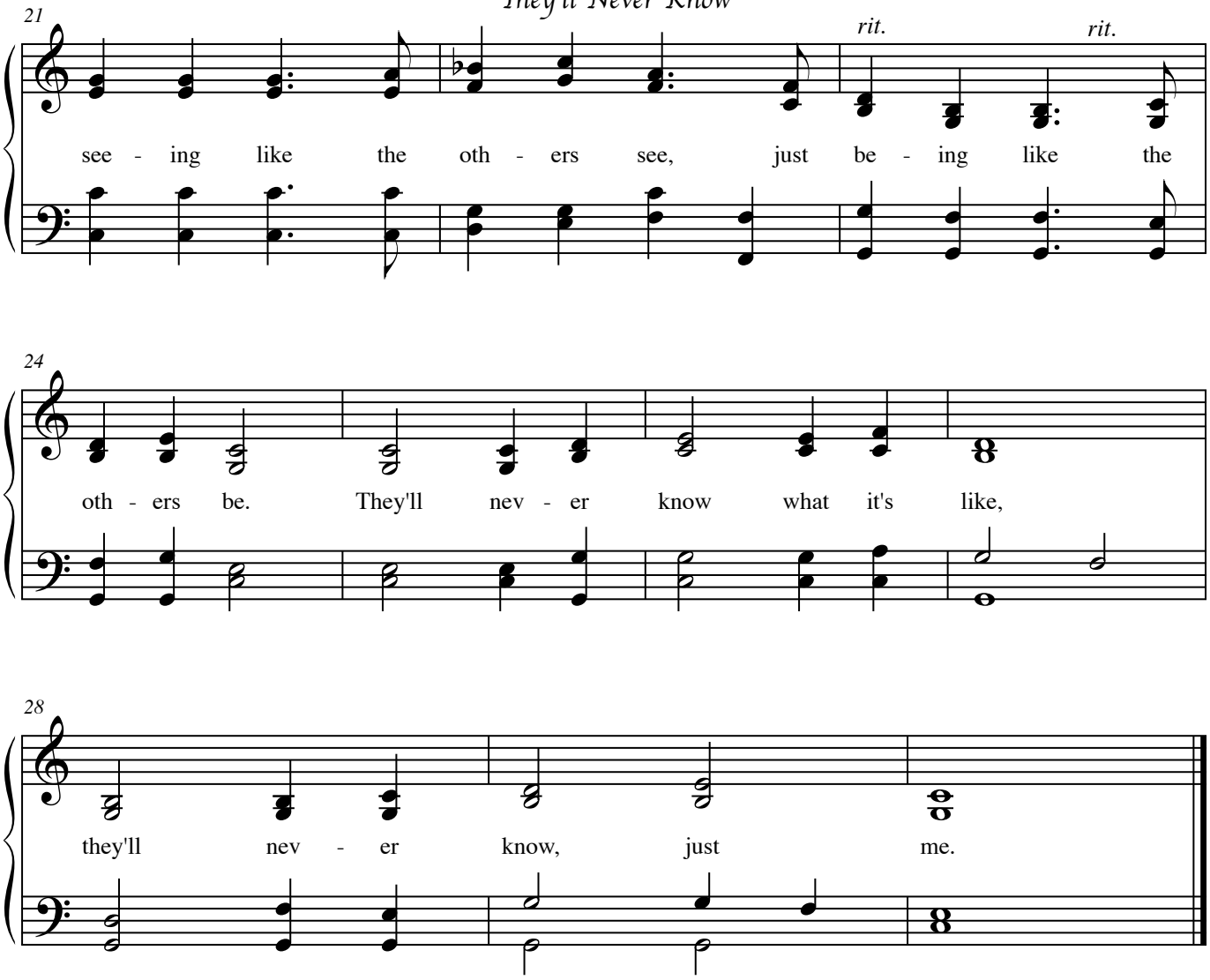
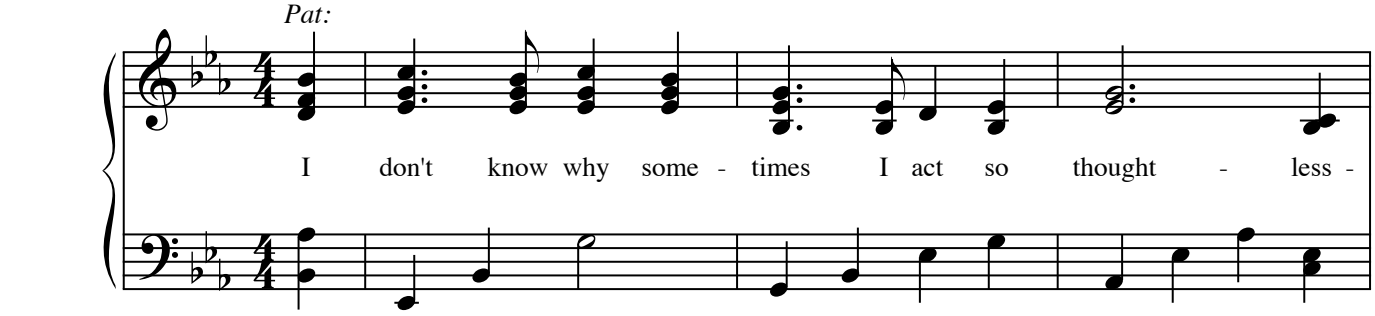

21
rit.
rit.
see - ing like the oth - ers see, just be - ing like the
24
oth - ers be. They'll nev - er know what it's like,
28
they'll nev - er know, just me.

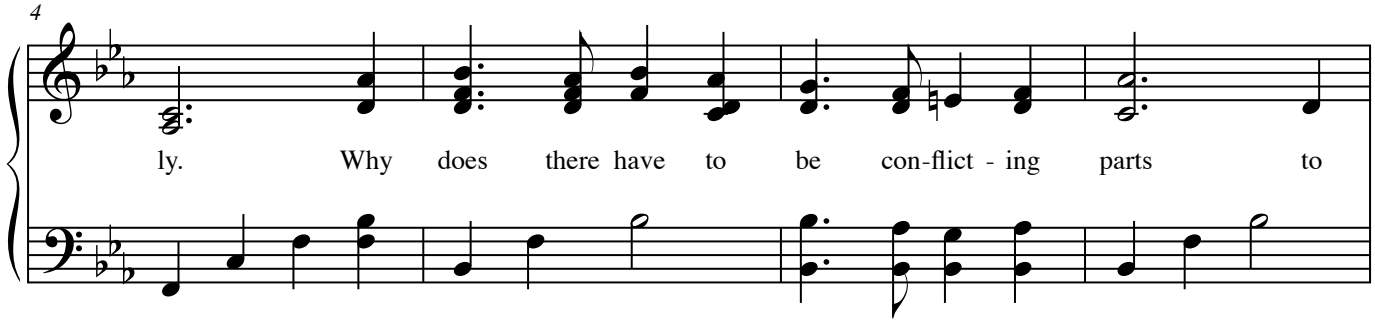
Part of Me

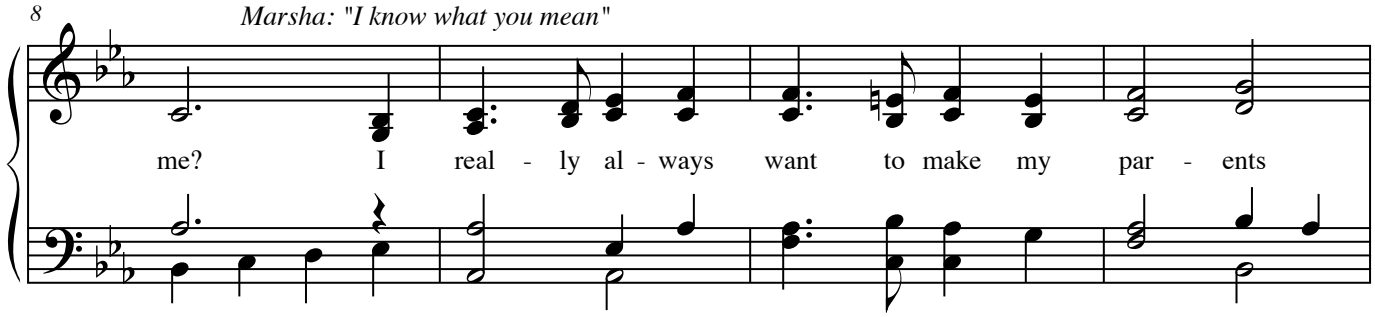
Tye Noorda

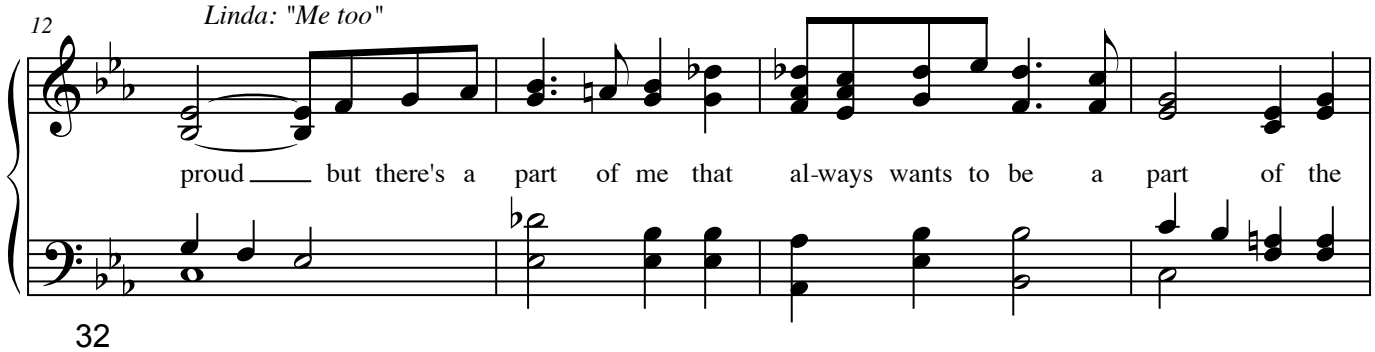
(Cheer Girls)

Pat:









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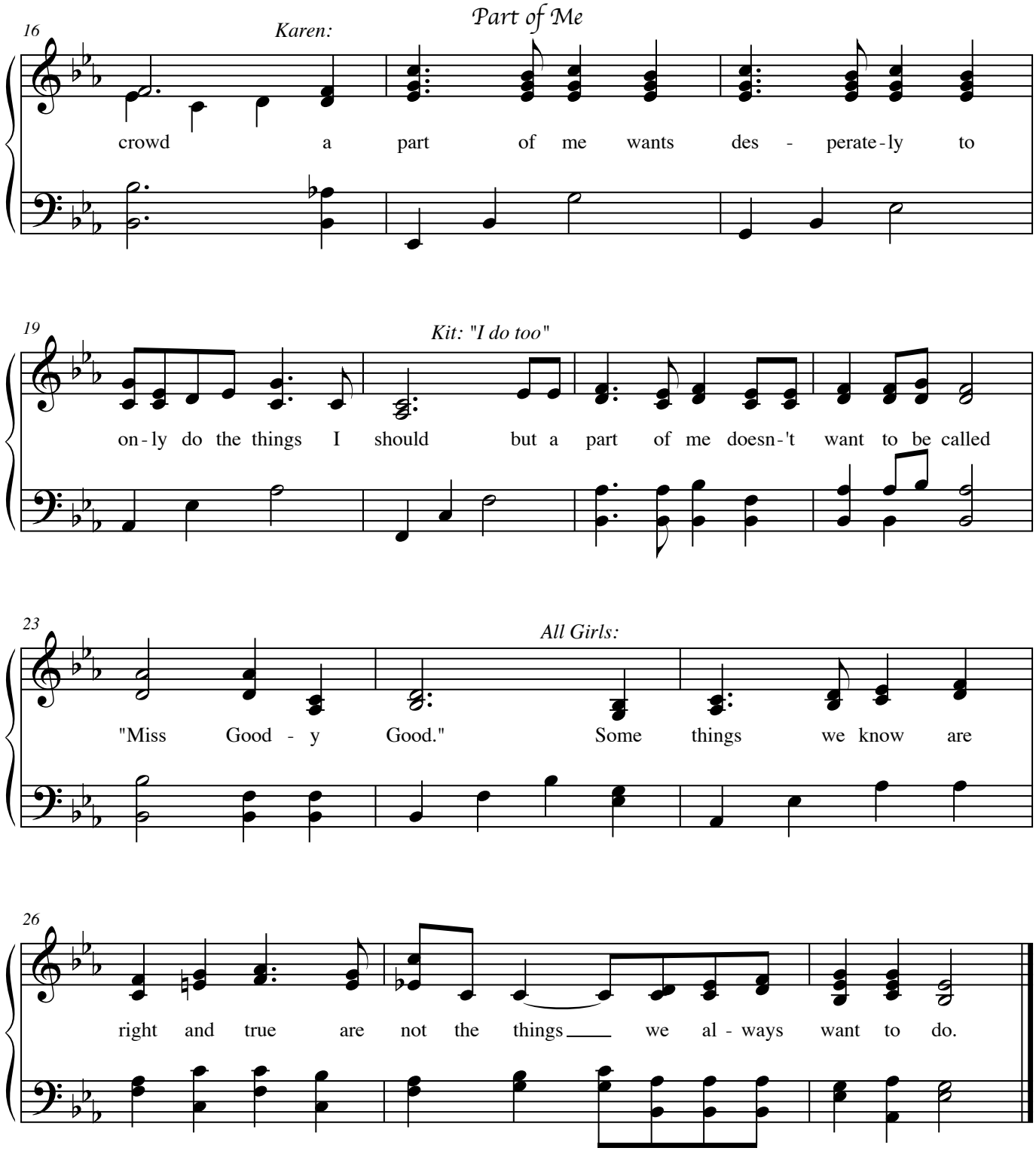
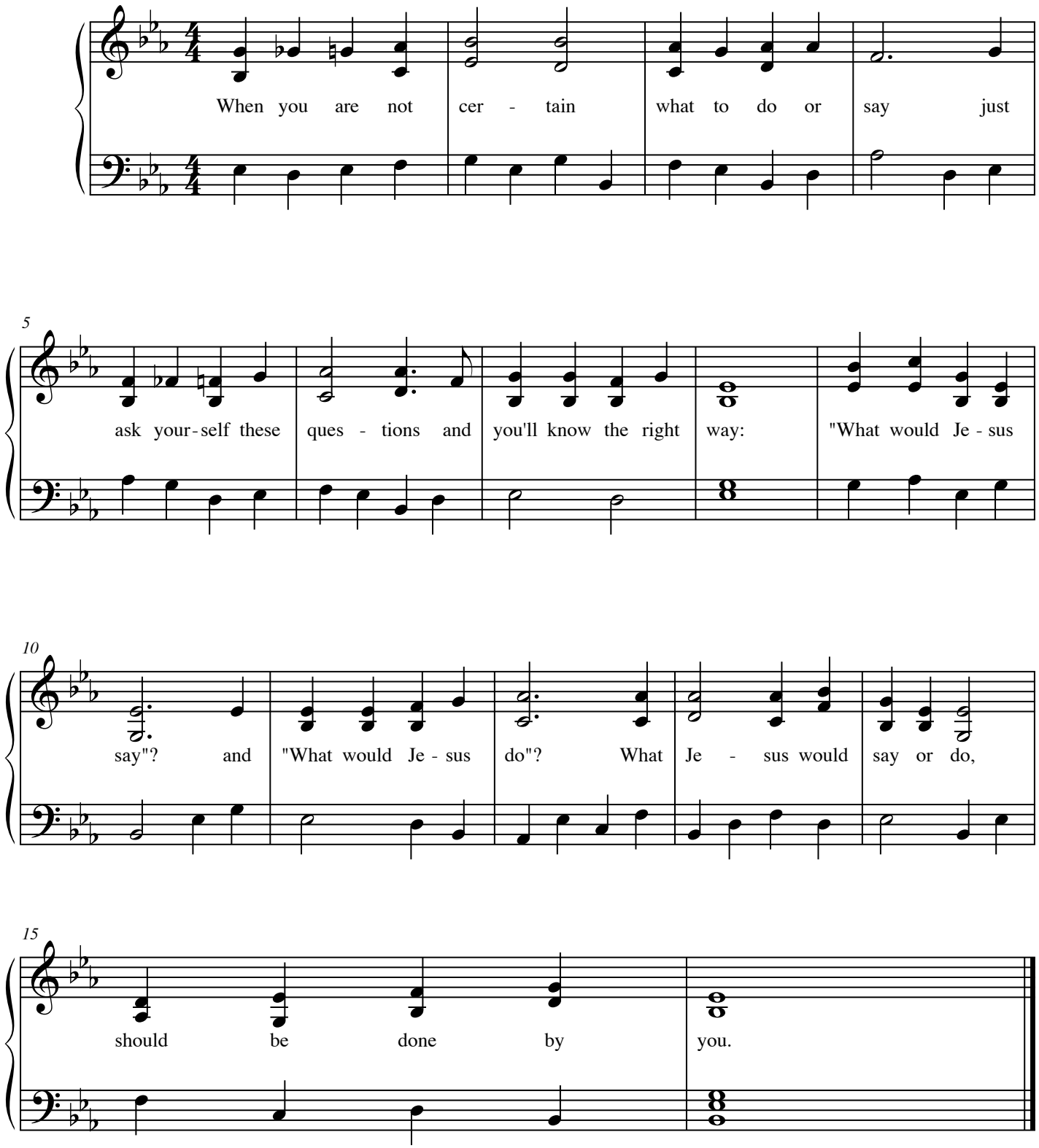

16
Karen:
crowd a part of me wants des - perate - ly to
19
Kit: "I do too"
on - ly do the things I should but a part of me doesn - 't want to be called
23
All Girls:
"Miss Good - y Good." Some things we know are
26
right and true are not the things we al - ways want to do.

What Would Jesus Do?

Tye Noorda



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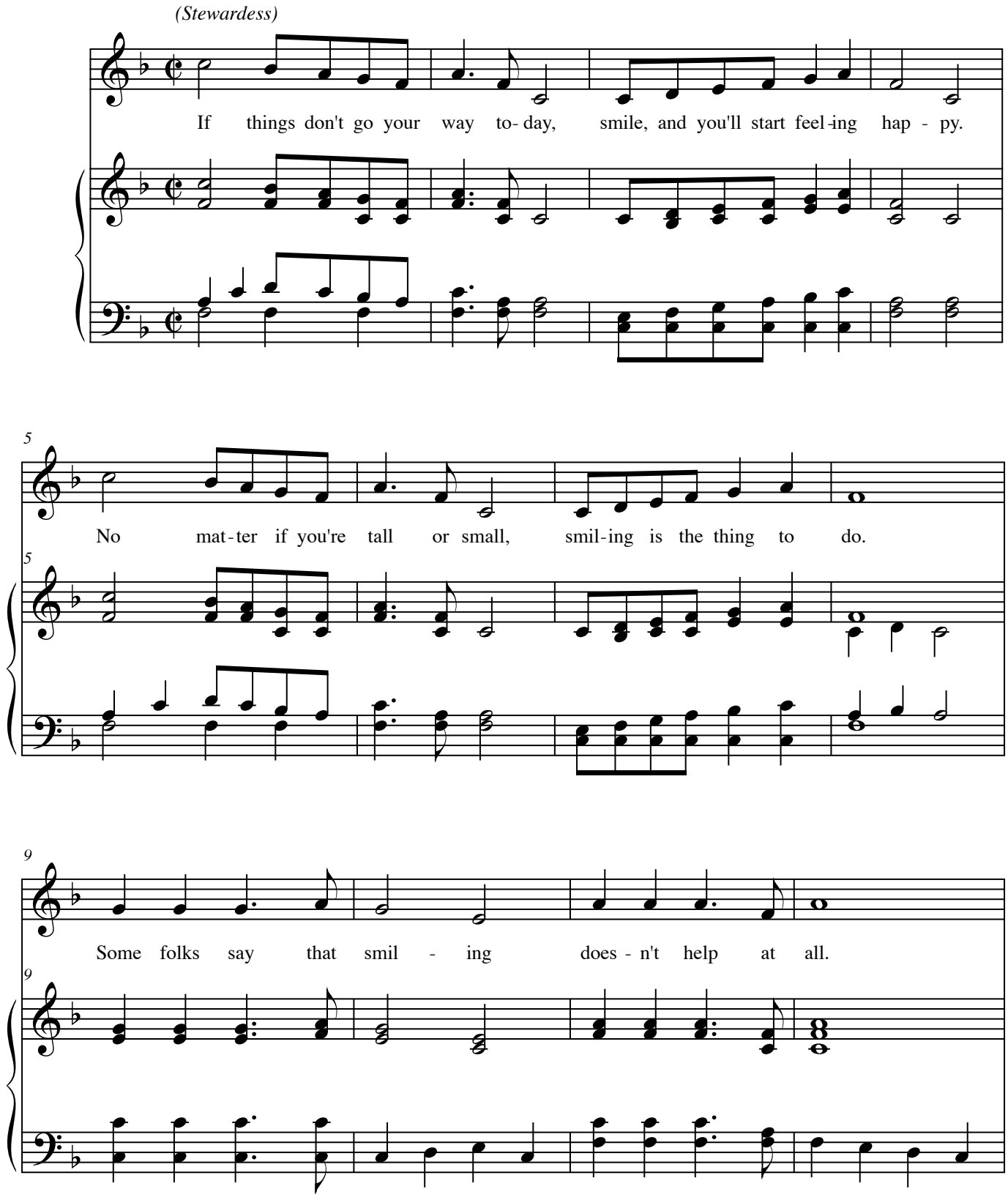
Smiling

Tye Noorda



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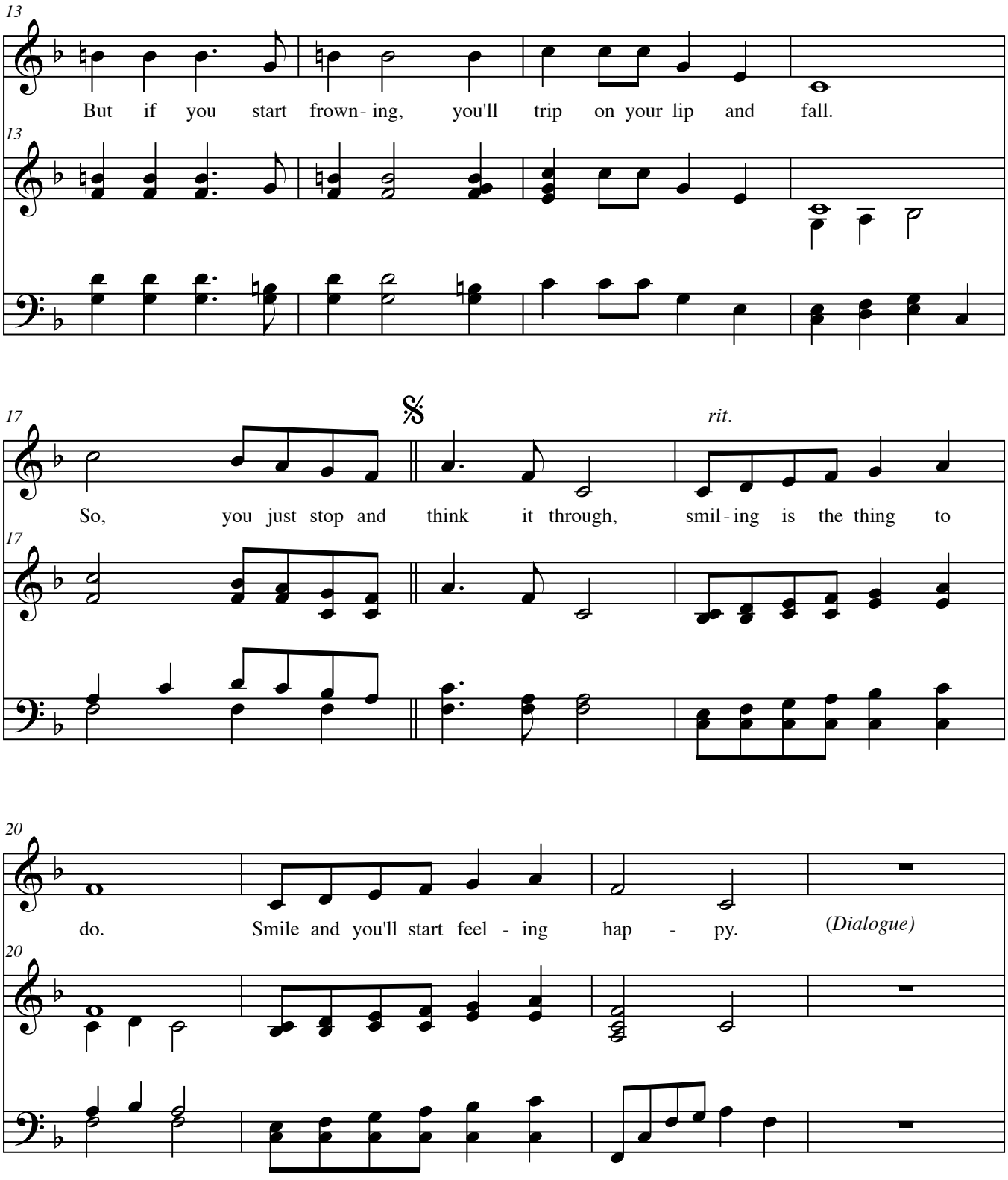
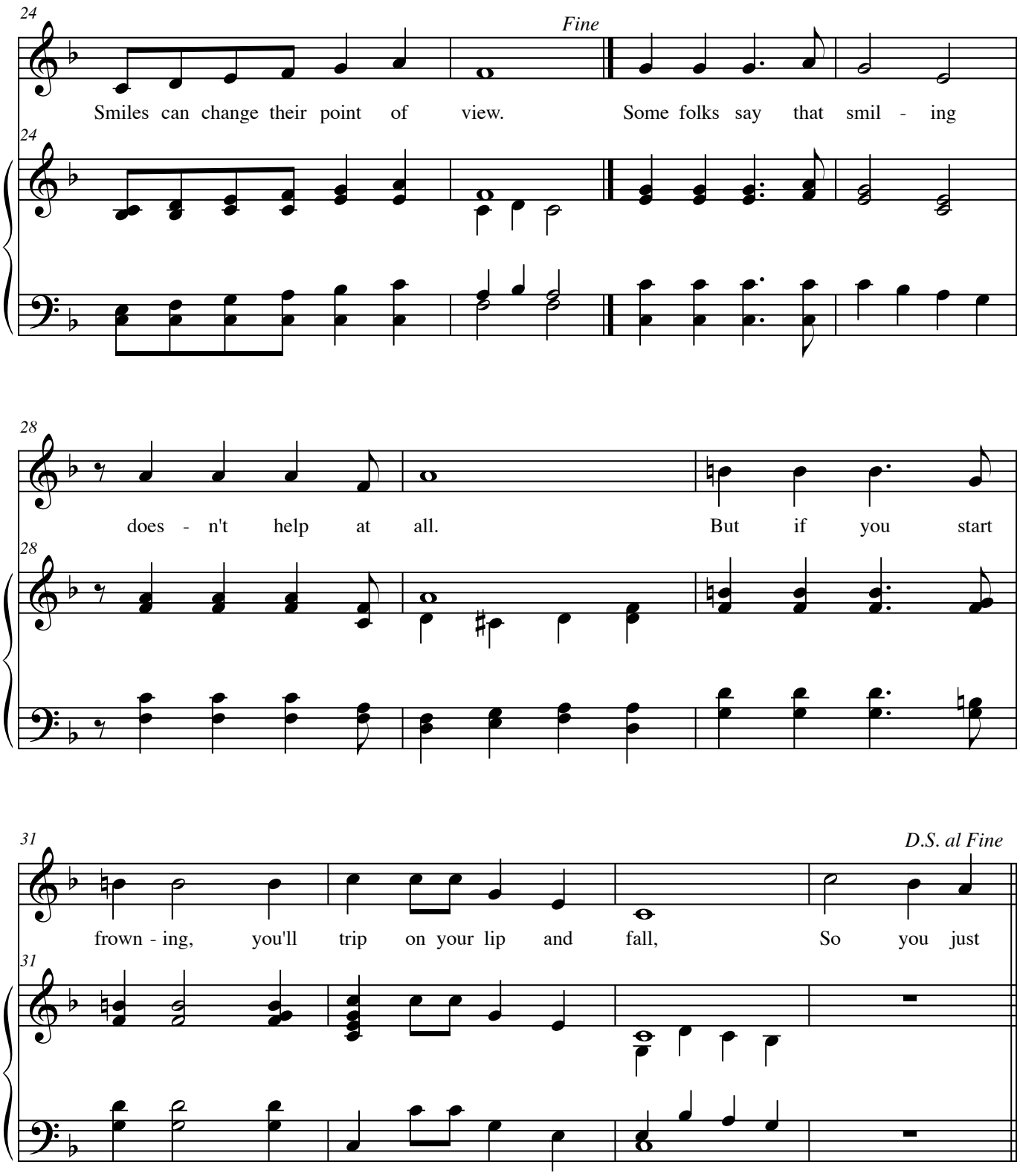
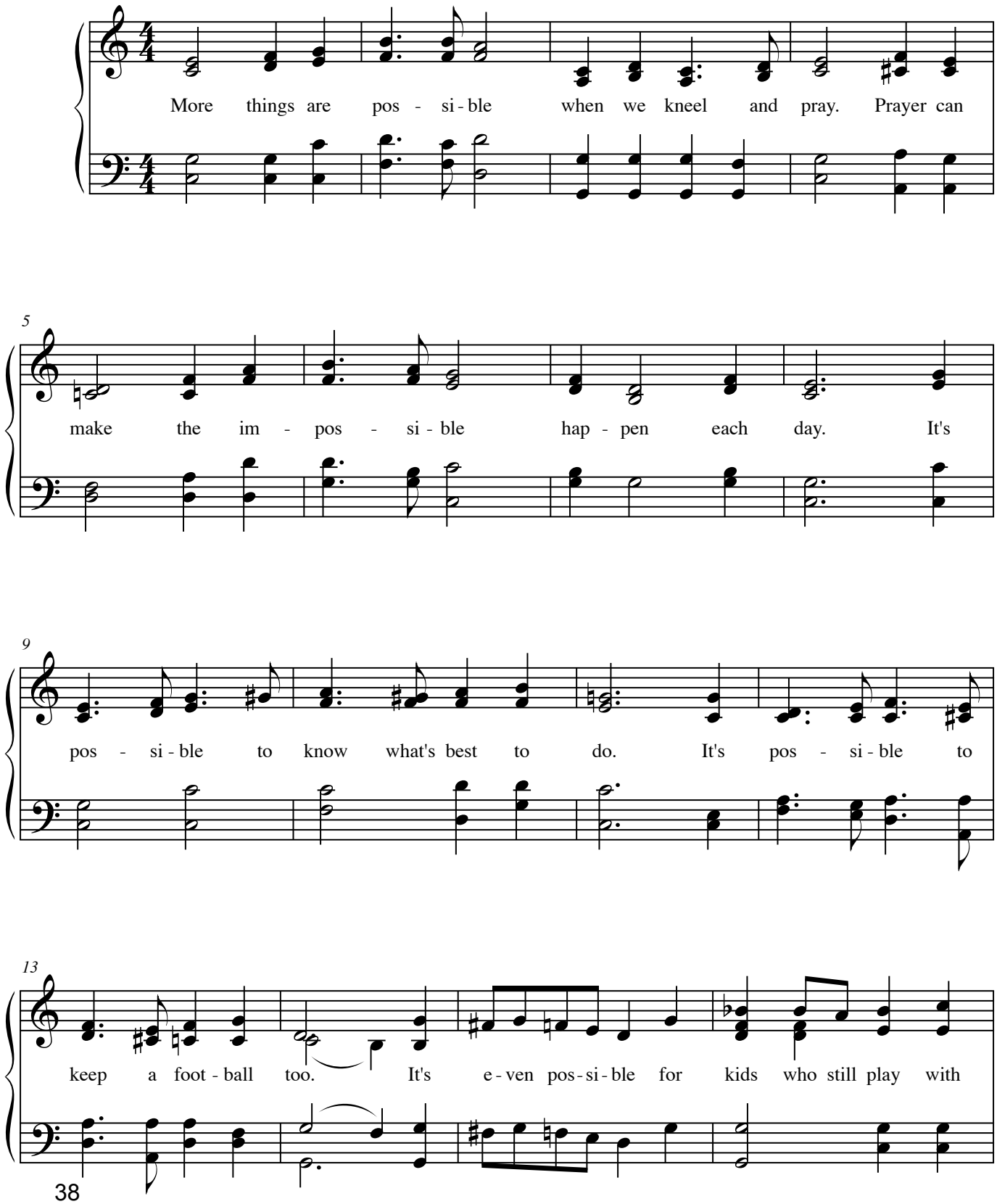

13
But if you start frown- ing, you'll trip on your lip and fall.
13
17
So, you just stop and think it through, smil- ing is the thing to
rit.
17
20
do. Smile and you'll start feel - ing hap - py.
(Dialogue)
20


24
Fine
Smiles can change their point of view. Some folks say that smil - ing
24
28
does - n't help at all. But if you start
28
31
D.S. al Fine
frown - ing, you'll trip on your lip and fall, So you just
31

More Things are Possible

Tye Noorda



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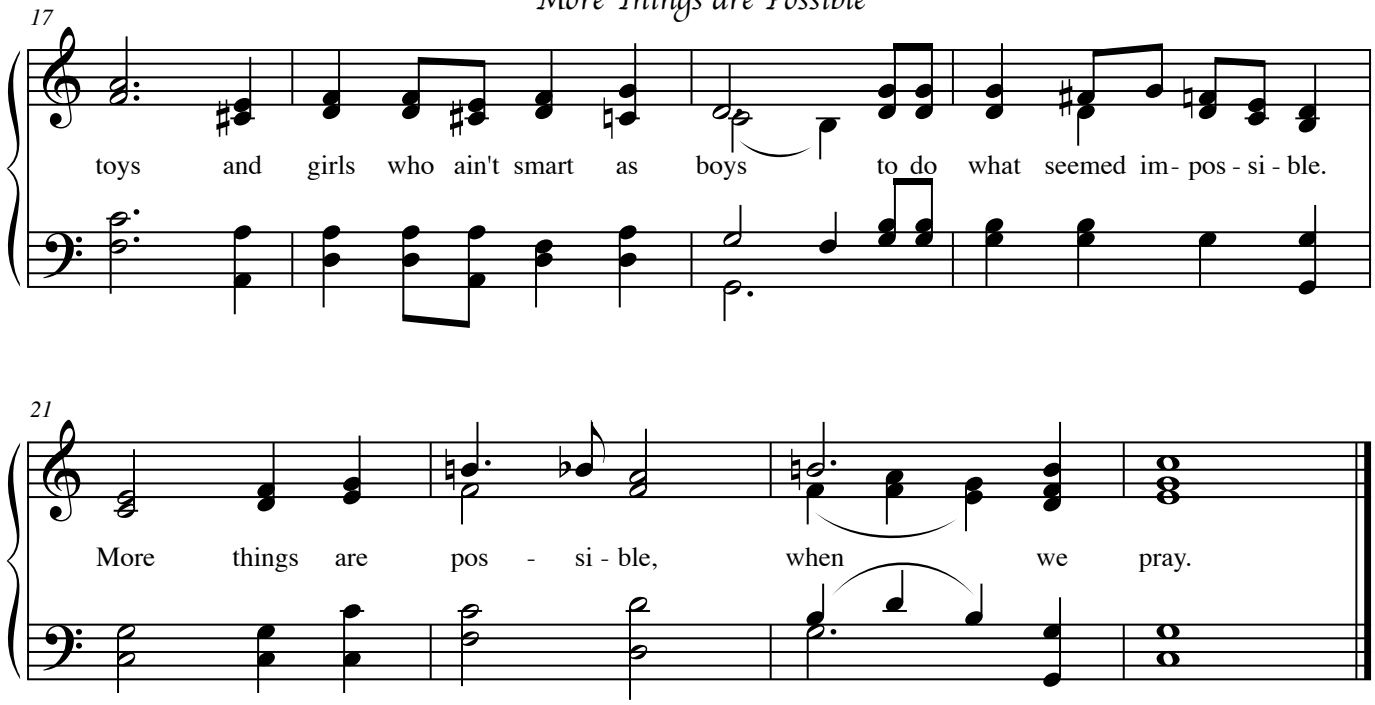
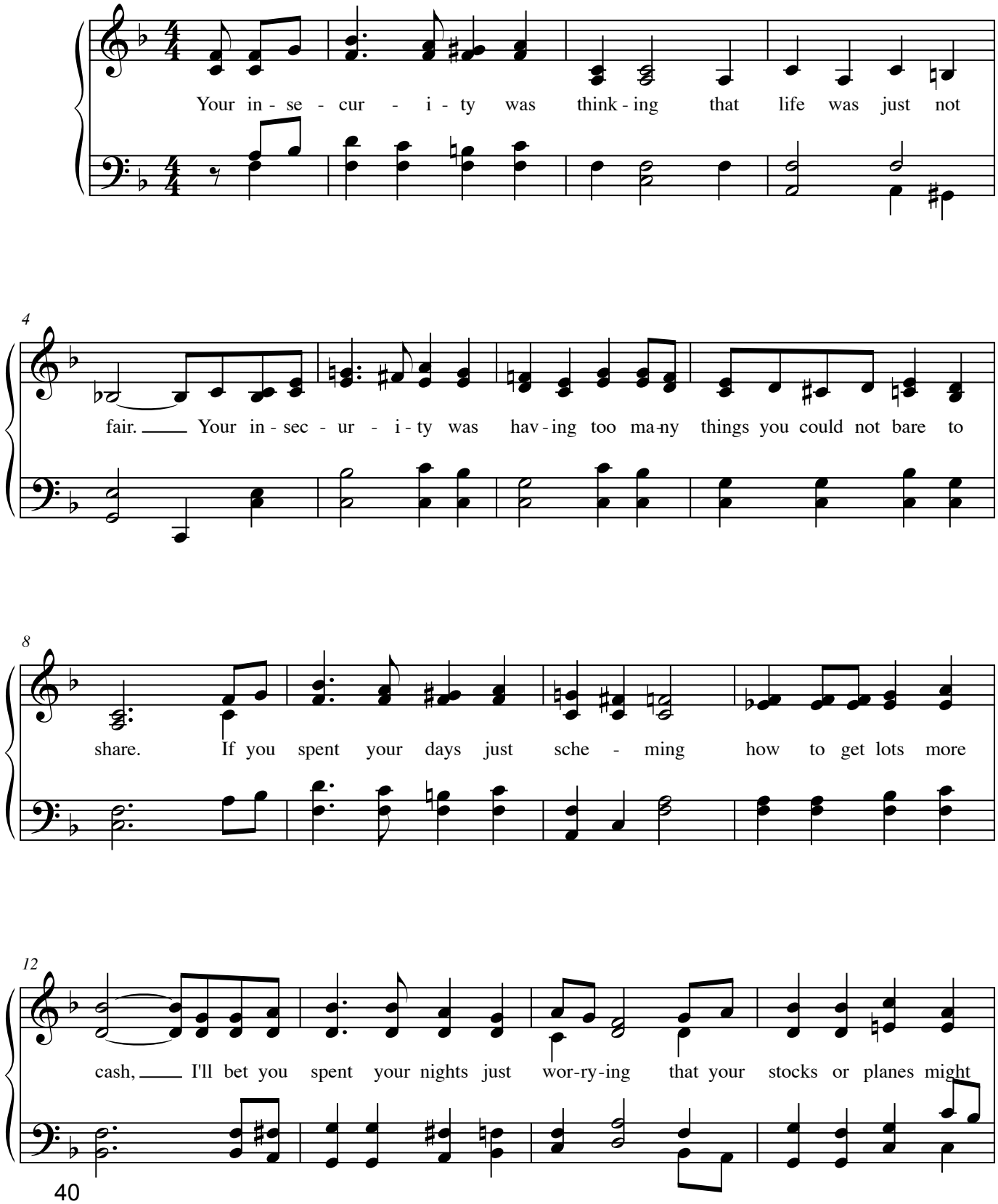

17
toys and girls who ain't smart as boys to do what seemed im- pos - si - ble.
21
More things are pos - si - ble, when we pray.

Insecurity

Tye Noorda



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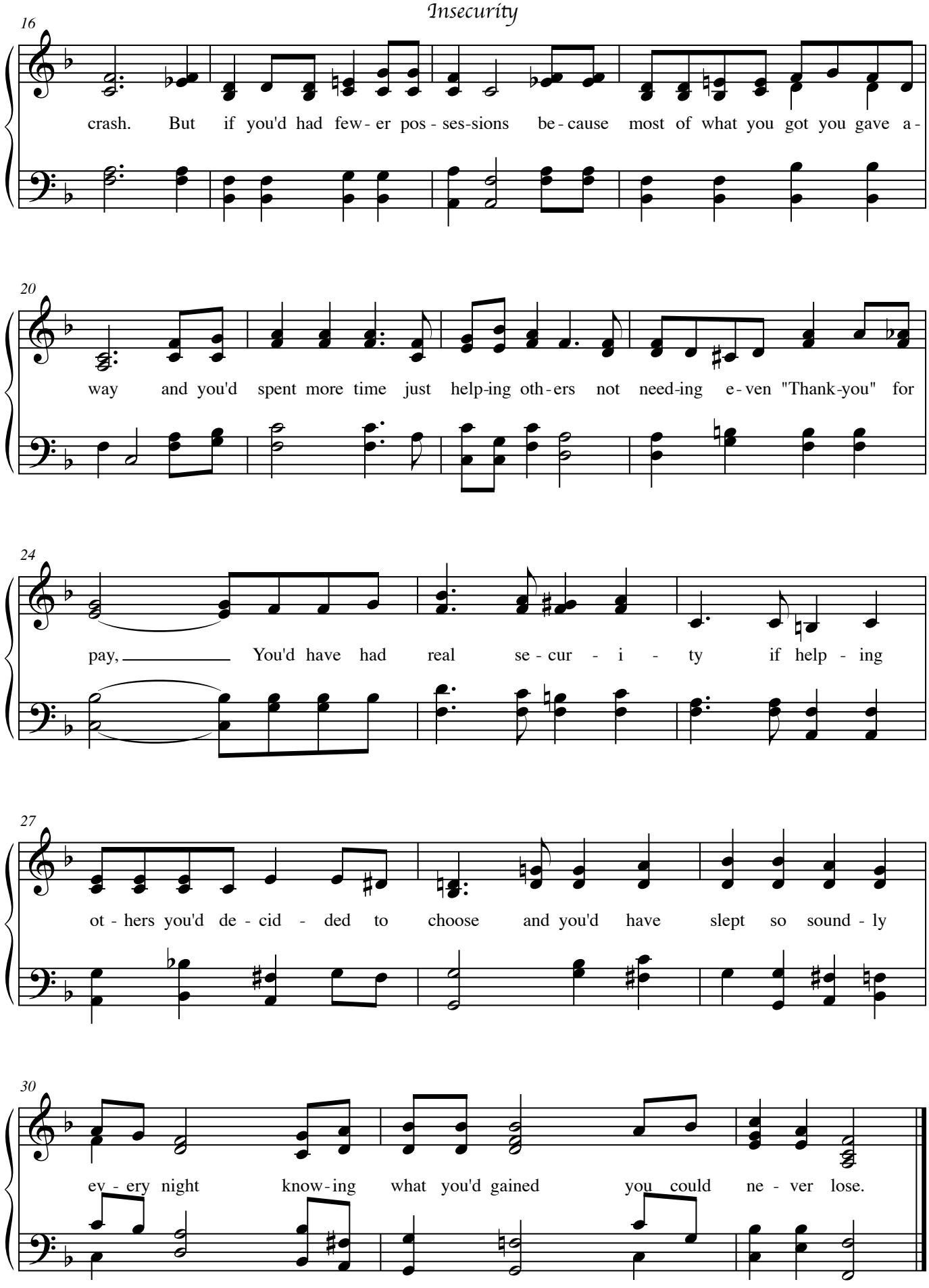
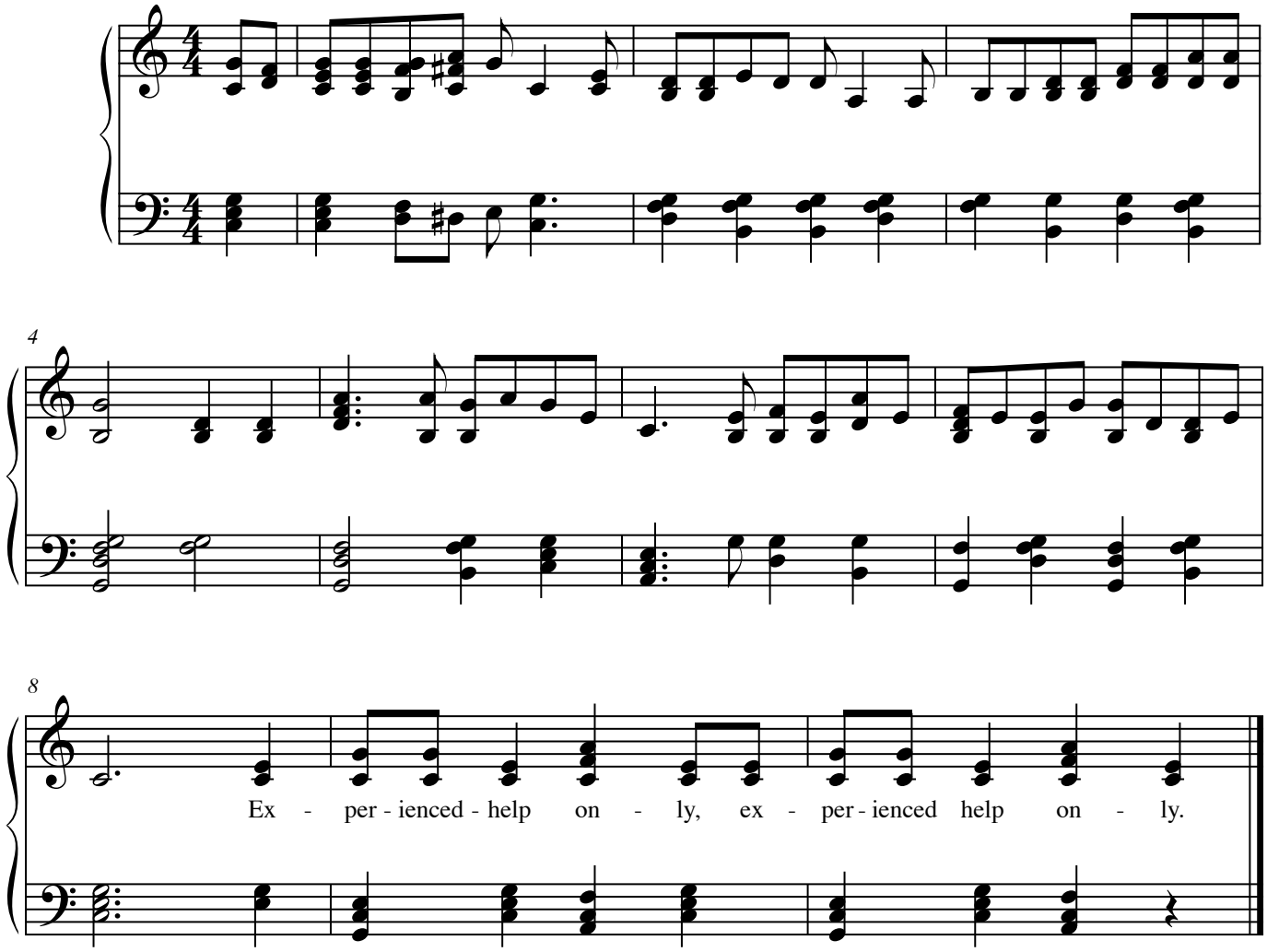

16
crash. But if you'd had few - er pos - ses-sions be - cause most of what you got you gave a -
20
way and you'd spent more time just help-ing oth - ers not need-ing e - ven "Thank-you" for
24
pay, You'd have had real se - cur - i - ty if help - ing
27
ot - hers you'd de - cid - ded to choose and you'd have slept so sound - ly
30
ev - ery night know - ing what you'd gained you could ne - ver lose.

Scene Four

(This is just a basic melody and rhythm.
Each verse should have it's own diversity.)

Tye Noorda



Before Mrs. Gray and Brian Entrance

If a cheatin' and a stealin' to you were most appealin'.
If you could always buy or sell a lie,
Have no fear, you'll find real comfort here--
We'll even make a better thief or cheat or liar out of you.
Experienced help only... Experienced help only.

Bruce and Fran Entrance

If you cared not for another, but helped destroy your brother,
Have no fear, there's no compassion here--
When you hate - you must retaliate
For why should you-ou Try-y to-oo see another's point of view
Experienced help only... Experienced help only.

Peggy and Sharron Entrance

Since you hated high-class teachin', the good book and the preachin'
Have no fear, there's no high morals here
Learnin' is great, film strips are "XX " rate
We'll never teach what's right or try to make you see the light
Experienced help only... Experienced help only.

Mr. Bowen Entrance

We know you liked tellin' and showin' the bad things you were knowin'
And you got glad by makin' others sad-
So have no fear, you'll find real comfort here.
We'll even teach you badder, make more people sadder, things to do.
Experienced help only... Experienced help only.

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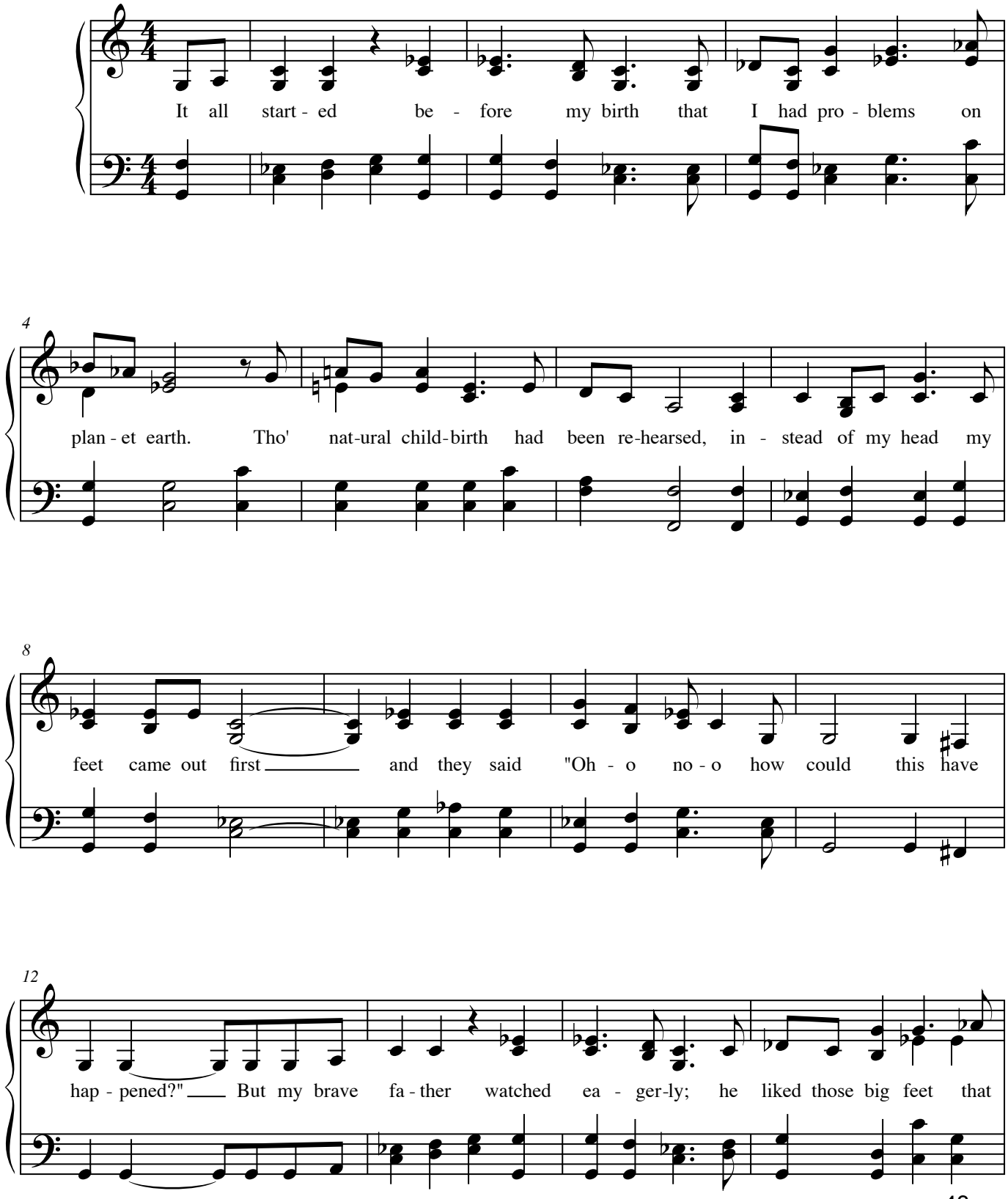
The Jinx

Tye Noorda



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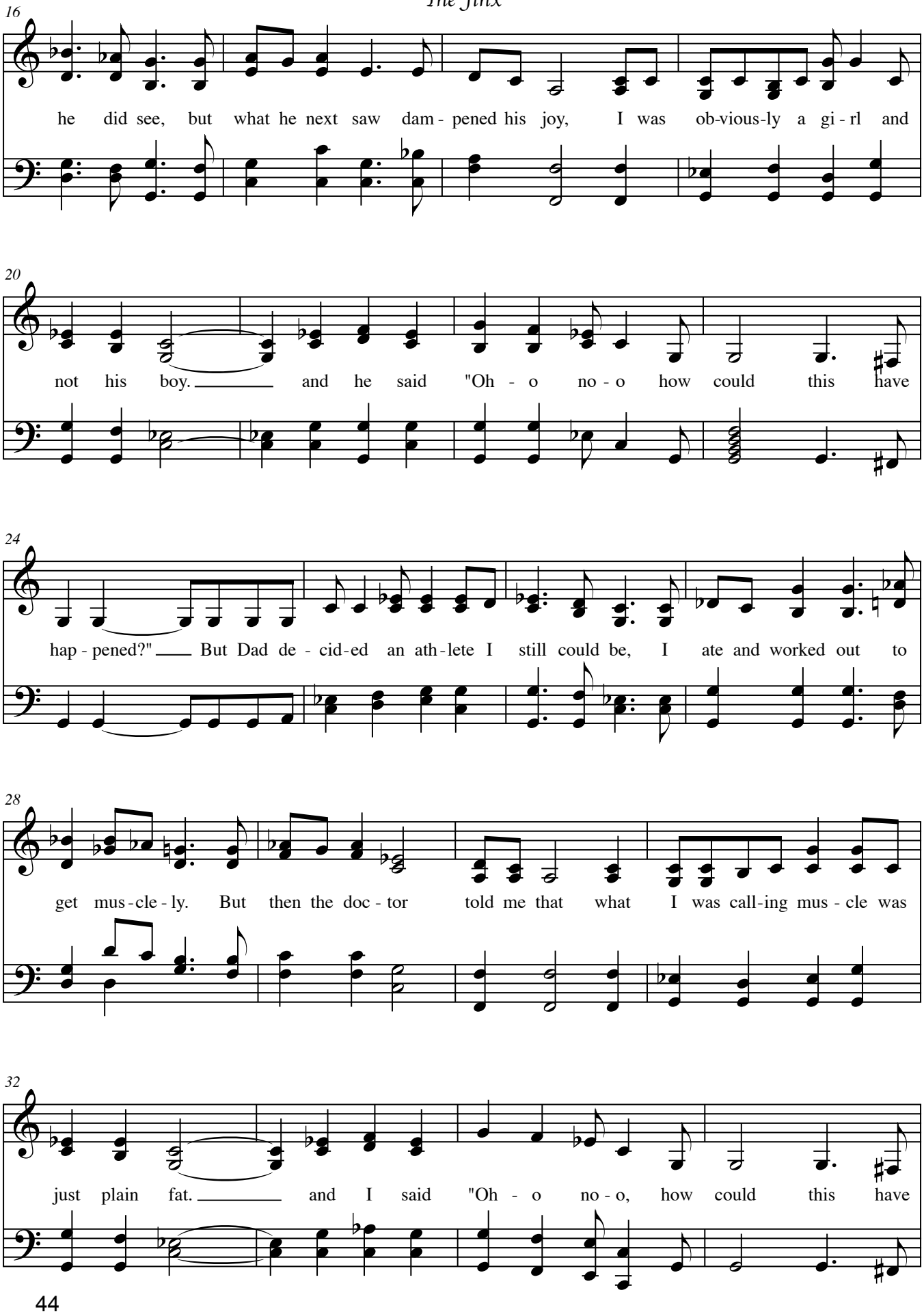
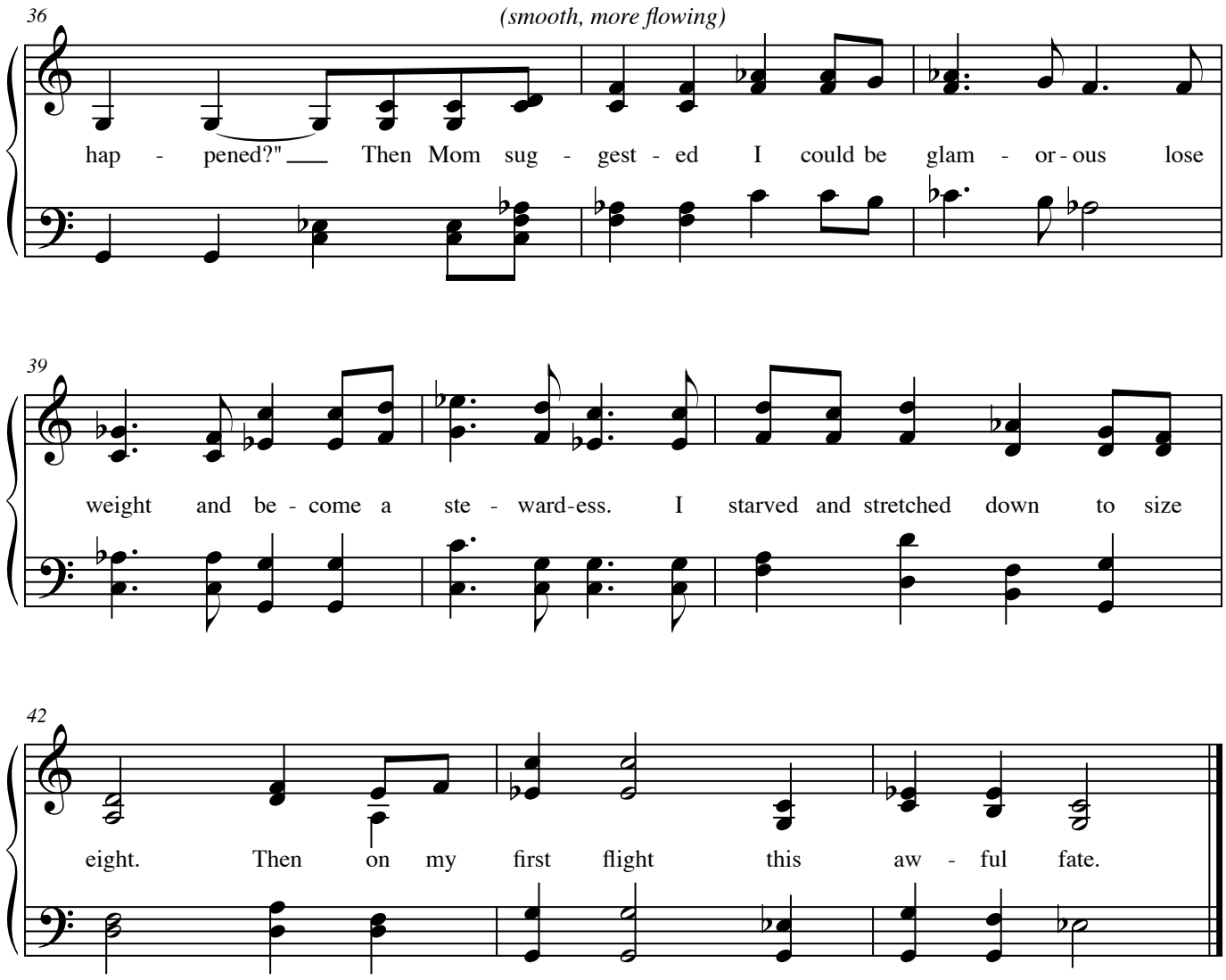
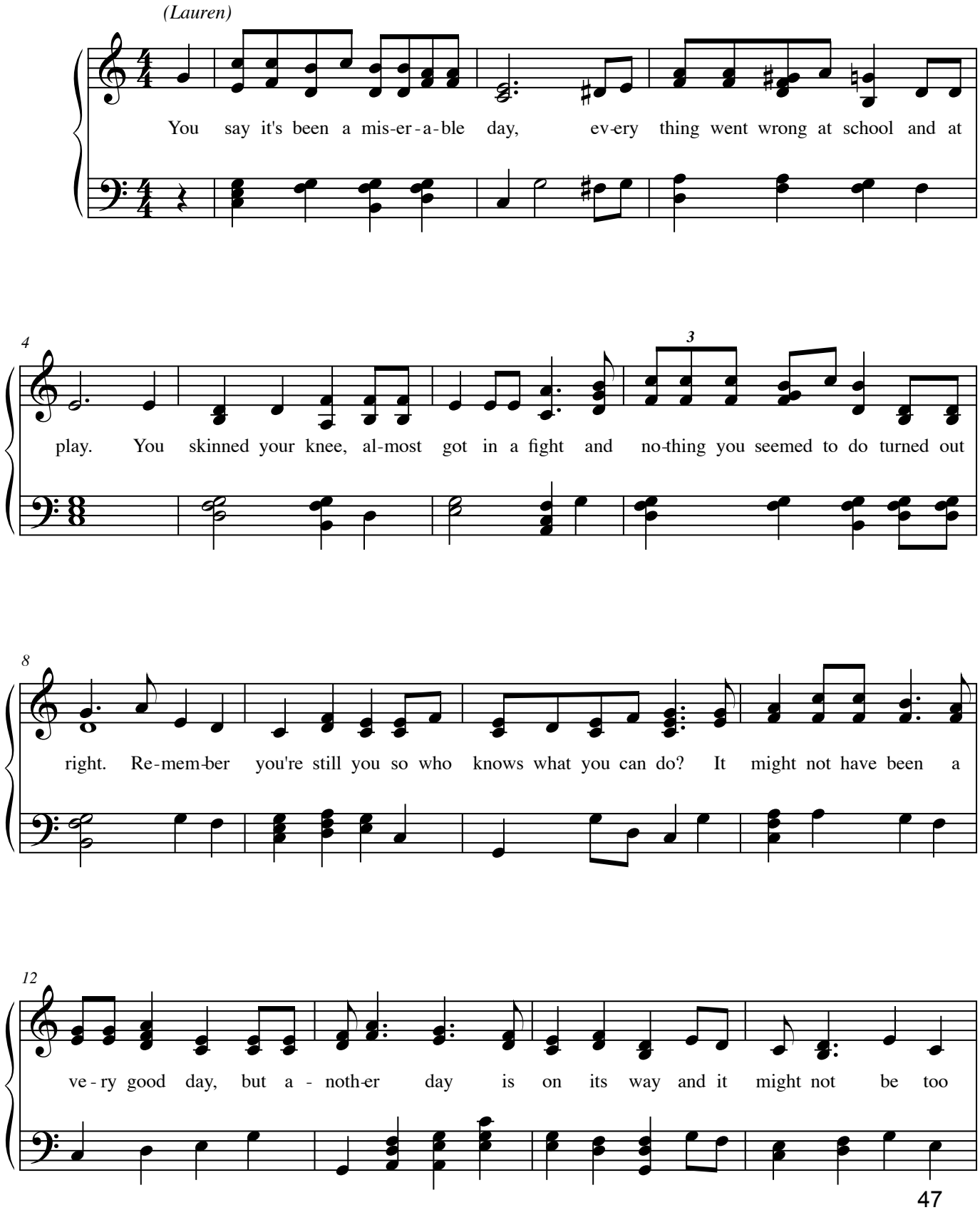

16
he did see, but what he next saw dam - pened his joy, I was ob-vious-ly a gi - rl and
20
not his boy. and he said "Oh - o no - o how could this have
24
hap - pened?" But Dad de - cid-ed an ath-lete I still could be, I ate and worked out to
28
get mus-cle - ly. But then the doc - tor told me that what I was call-ing mus - cle was
32
just plain fat. and I said "Oh - o no - o, how could this have


36
(smooth, more flowing)
hap - pened?" ___ Then Mom sug - gest - ed I could be glam - or - ous lose
39
weight and be - come a ste - ward-ess. I starved and stretched down to size
42
eight. Then on my first flight this aw - ful fate.

You're Still You

Tye Noorda

(Lauren)



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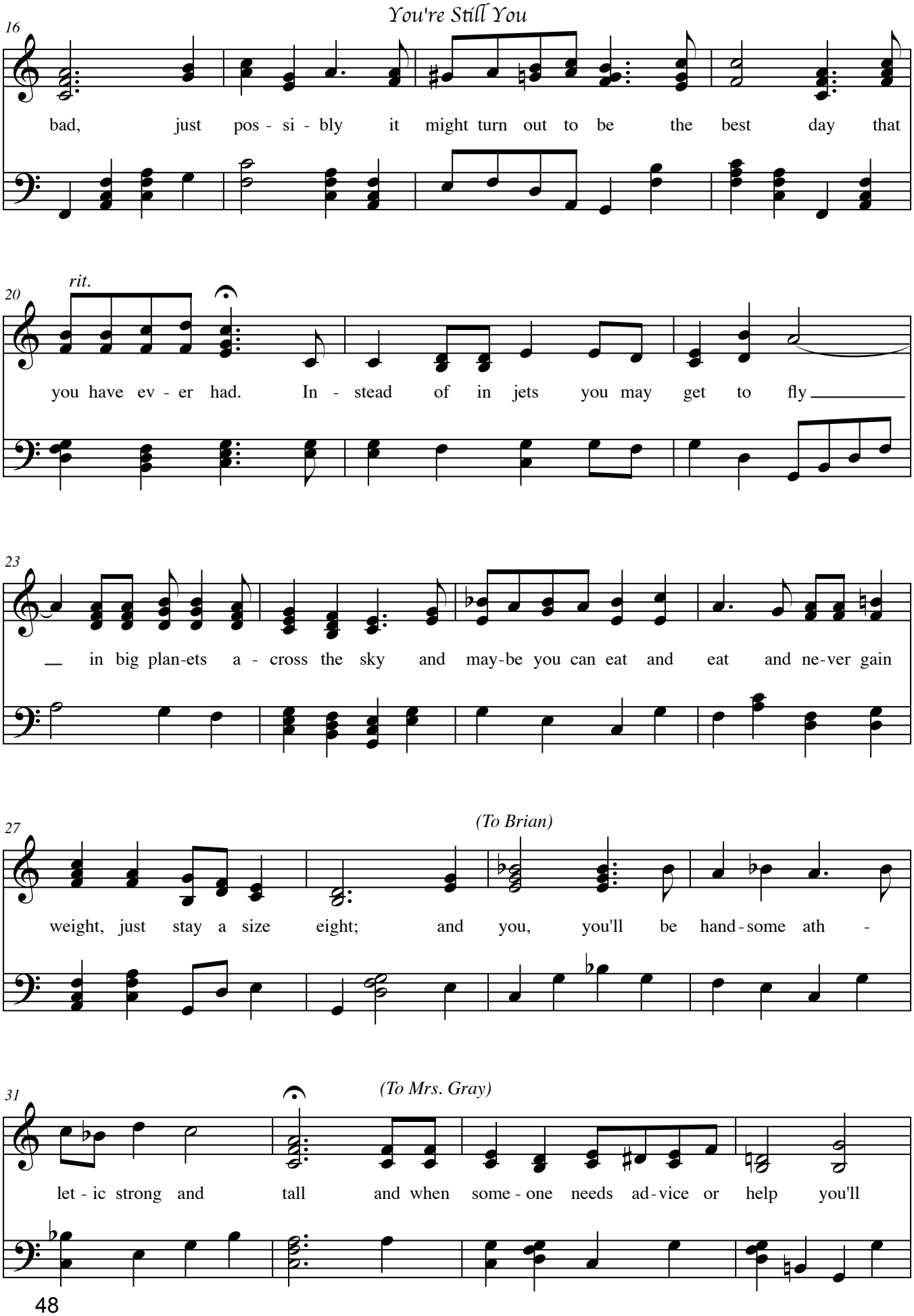
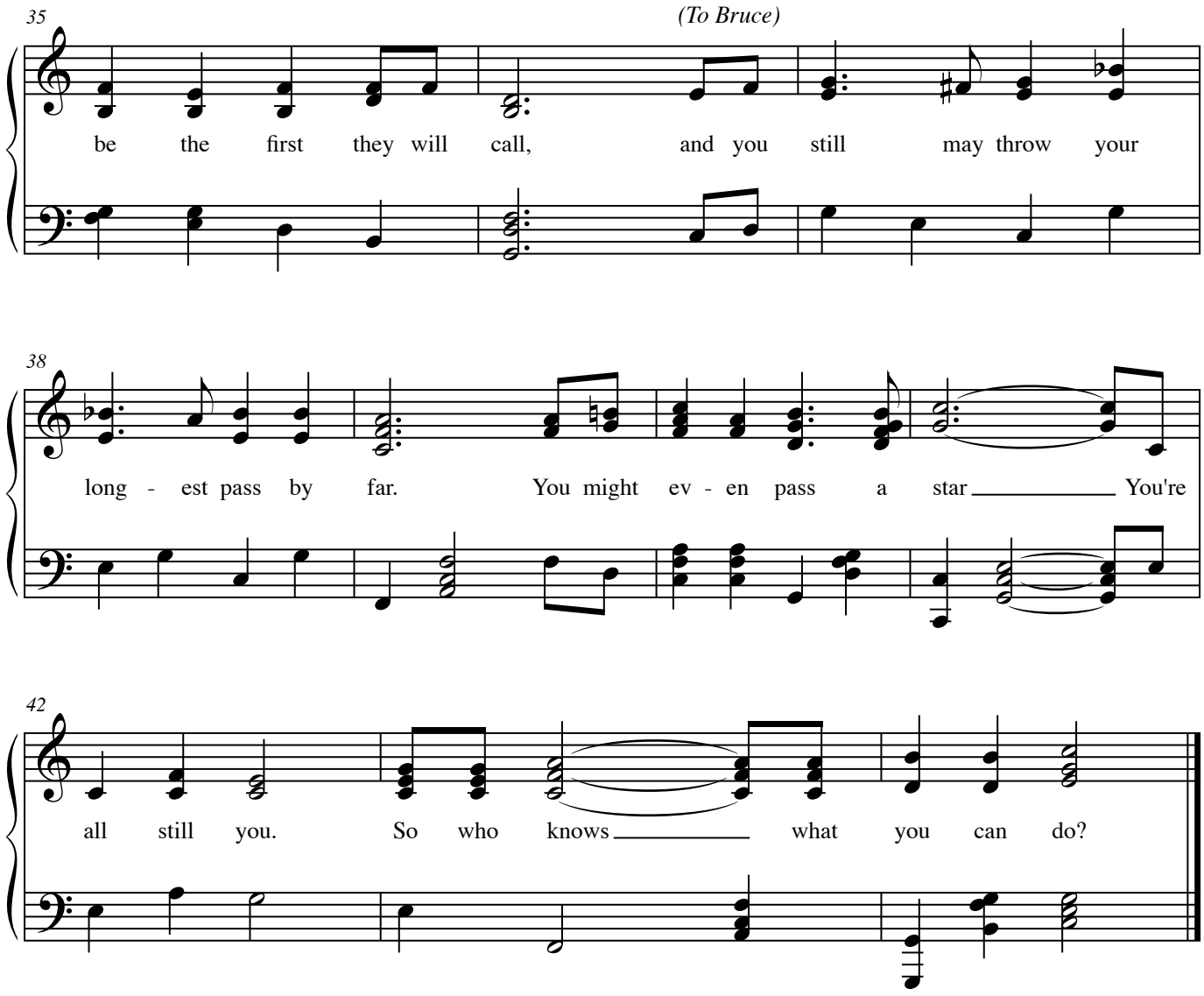
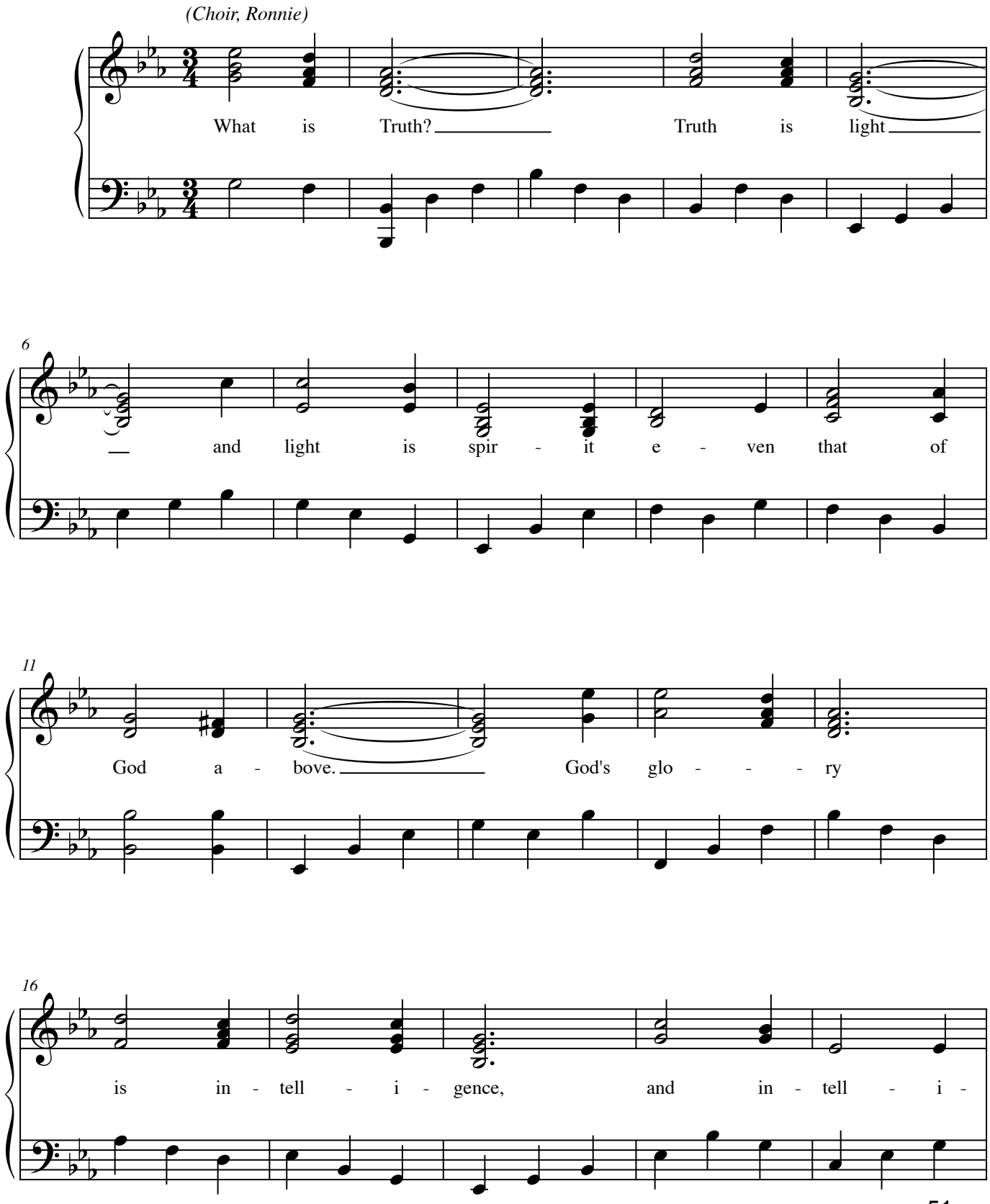

16
bad, just pos - si - bly it might turn out to be the best day that
20
rit.
you have ev - er had. In - stead of in jets you may get to fly
23
in big plan-ets a - cross the sky and may-be you can eat and eat and ne-ver gain
27
(To Brian)
weight, just stay a size eight; and you, you'll be hand-some ath -
31
(To Mrs. Gray)
let - ic strong and tall and when some - one needs ad-vice or help you'll


35
(To Bruce)
be the first they will call, and you still may throw your
38
long - est pass by far. You might ev - en pass a star You're
42
all still you. So who knows what you can do?

What is Truth?

Tye Noorda



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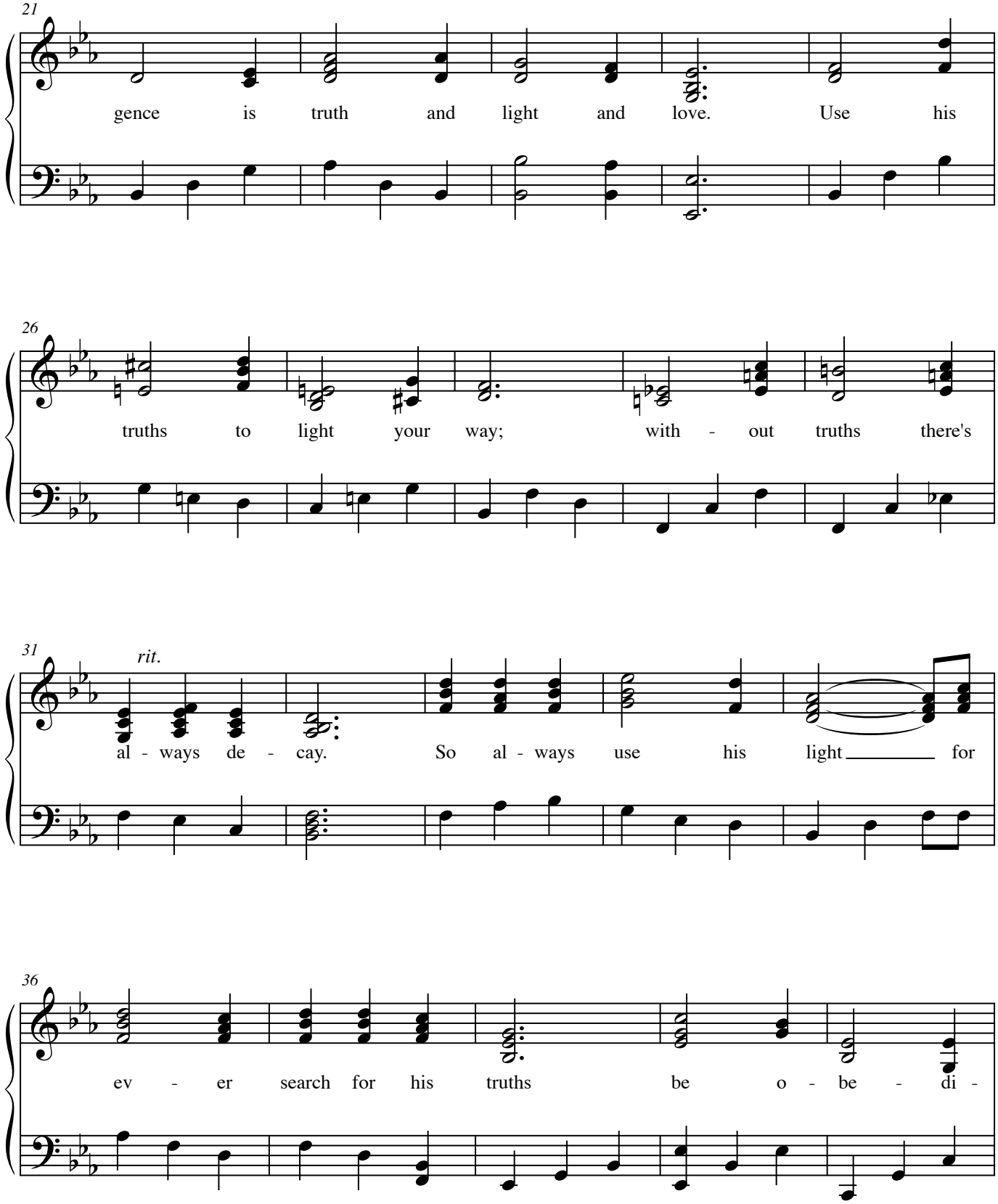
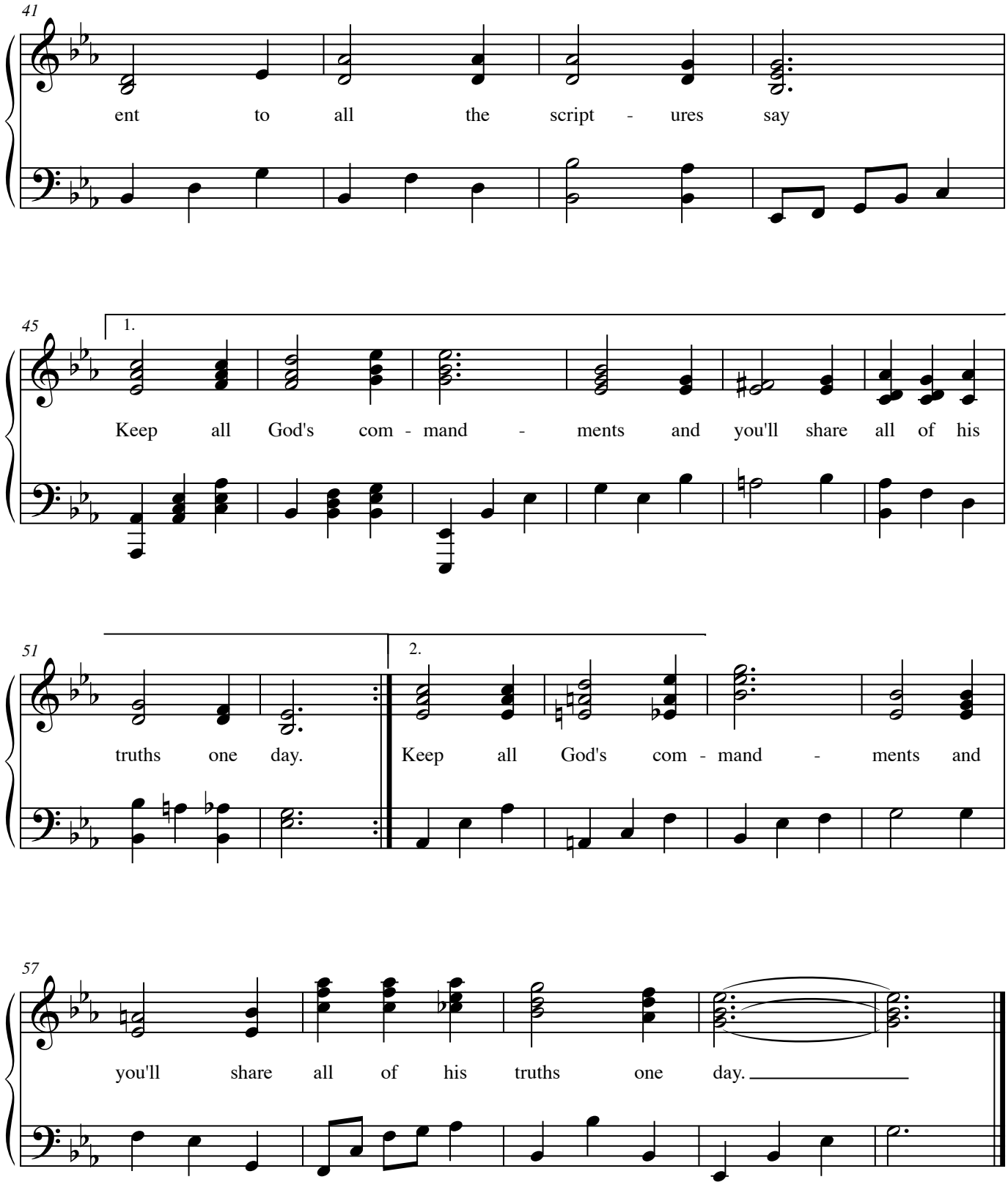
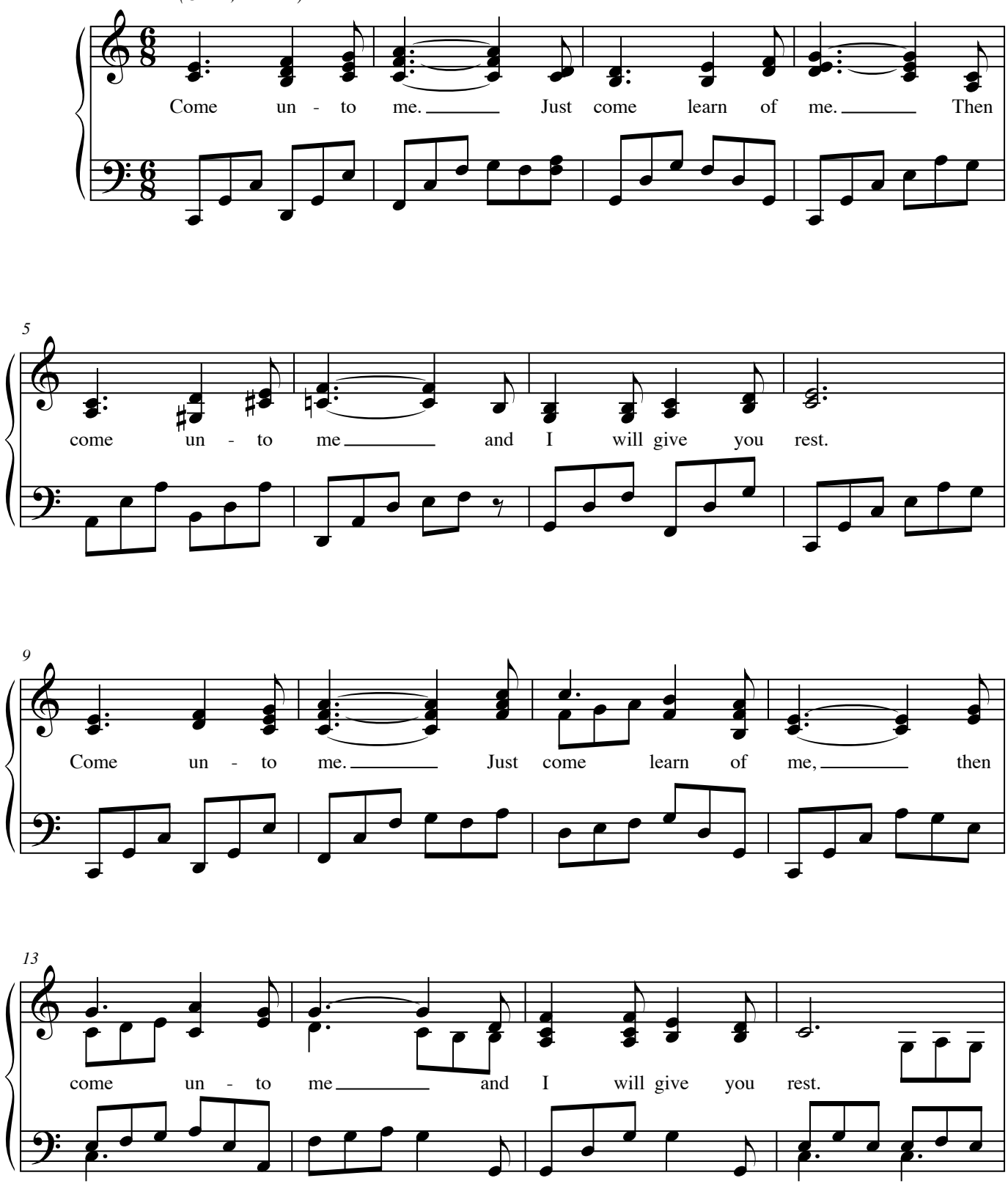

21
gence is truth and light and love. Use his
26
truths to light your way; with - out truths there's
31
rit.
al - ways de - cay. So al - ways use his light for
36
ev - er search for his truths be o - be - di -


41
ent to all the script - ures say
45
1.
Keep all God's com - mand - ments and you'll share all of his
51
truths one day.
2.
Keep all God's com - mand - ments and
57
you'll share all of his truths one day.

Come Unto Me

Tye Noorda

(Choir, Ronnie)



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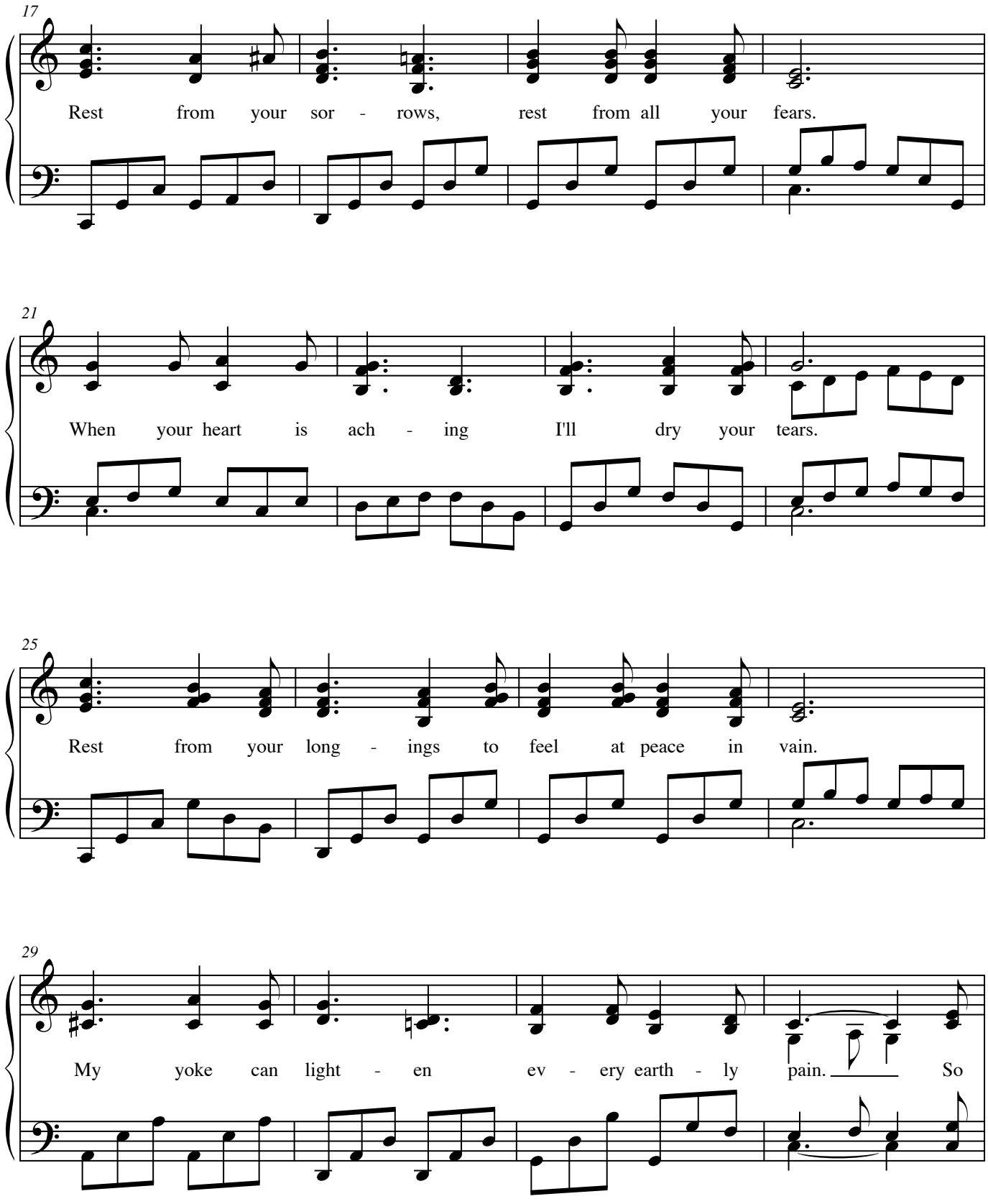
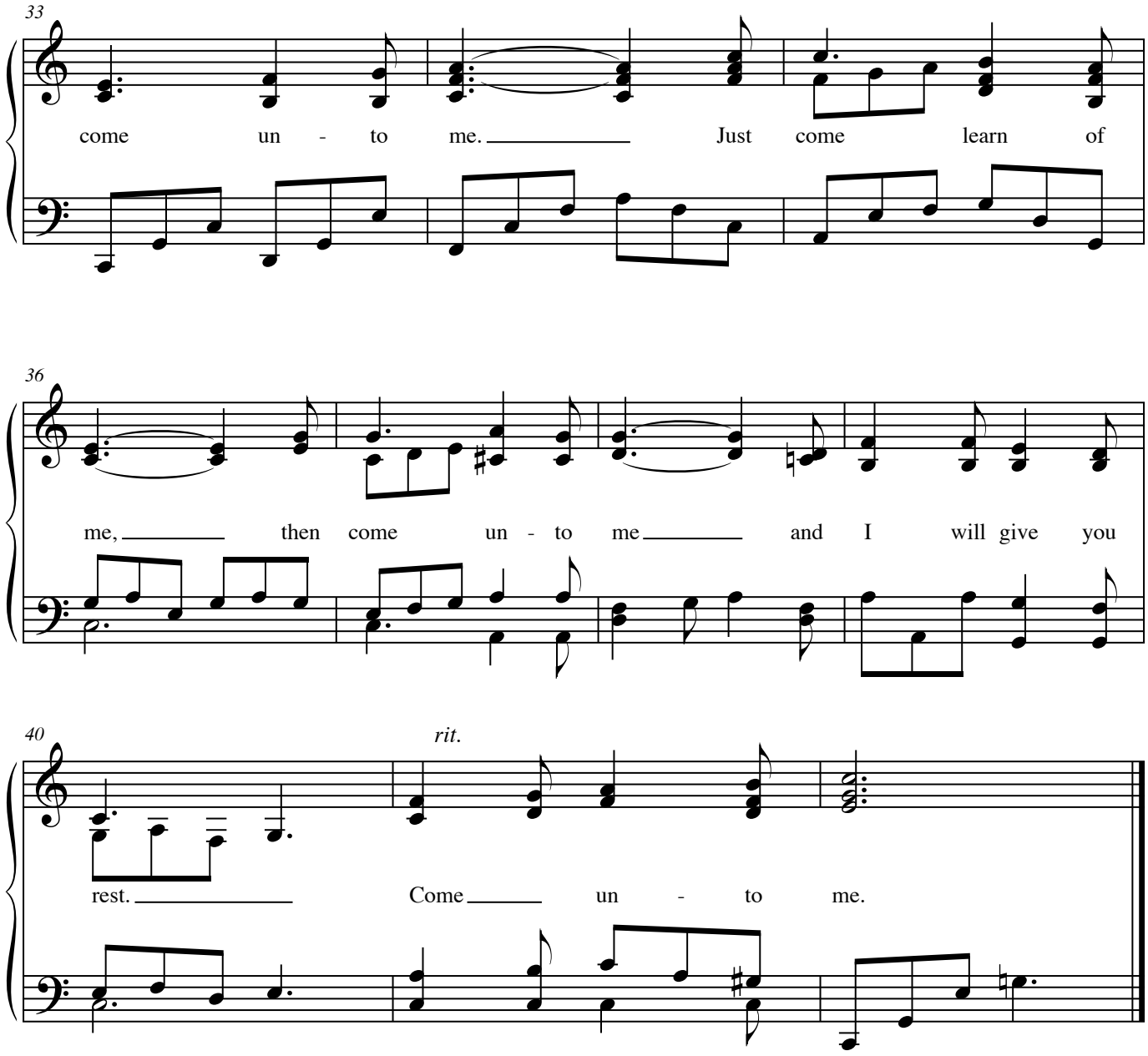

17
Rest from your sor - rows, rest from all your fears.
21
When your heart is ach - ing I'll dry your tears.
25
Rest from your long - ings to feel at peace in vain.
29
My yoke can light - en ev - ery earth - ly pain. So

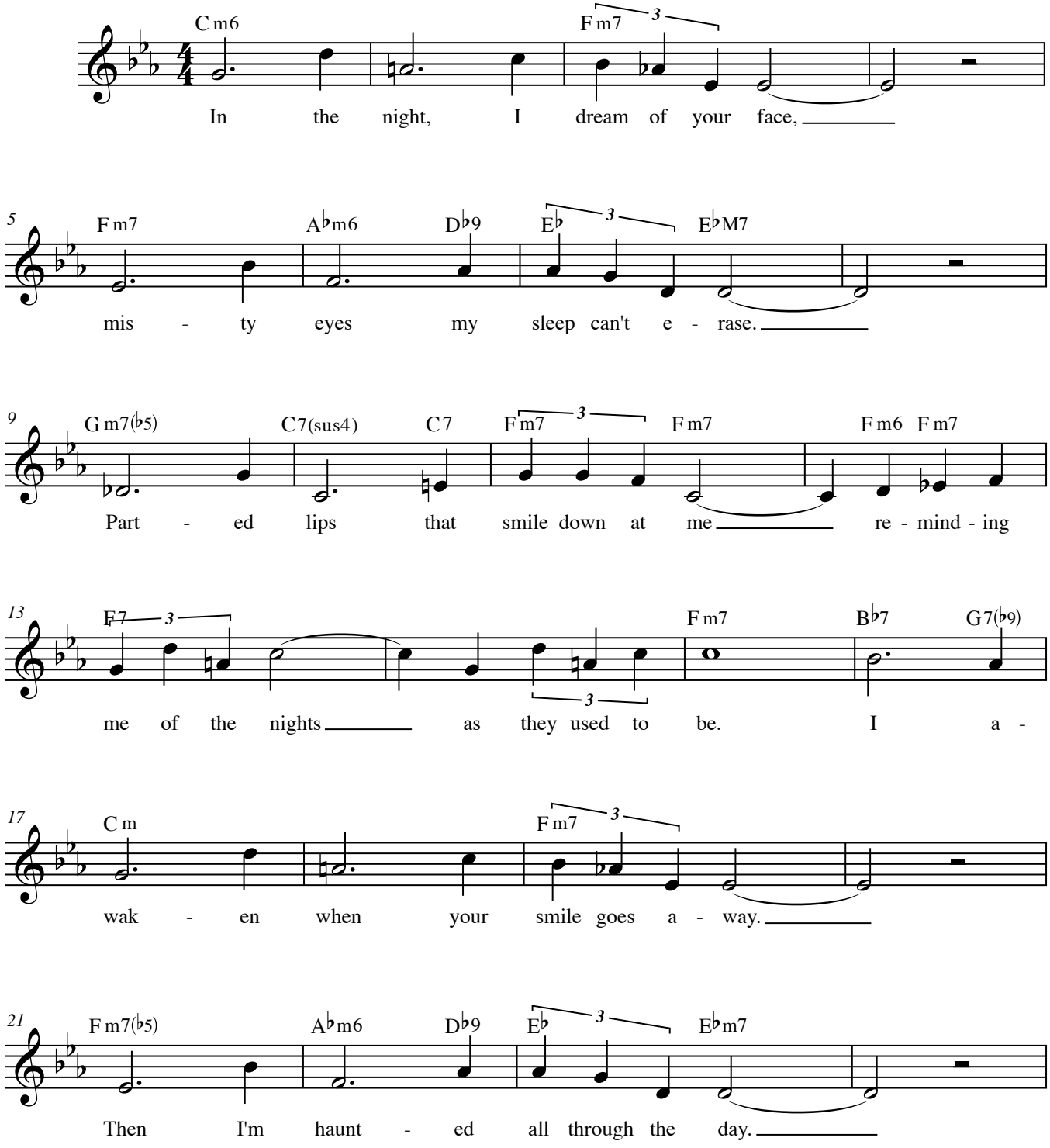

33
come un - to me. Just come learn of
36
me, then come un - to me and I will give you
40
rit.
rest. Come un - to me.

PART II:
SONGS FOR YOUTH AND ADULTS

A Face in the Night

Tye Noorda

B. Taylor



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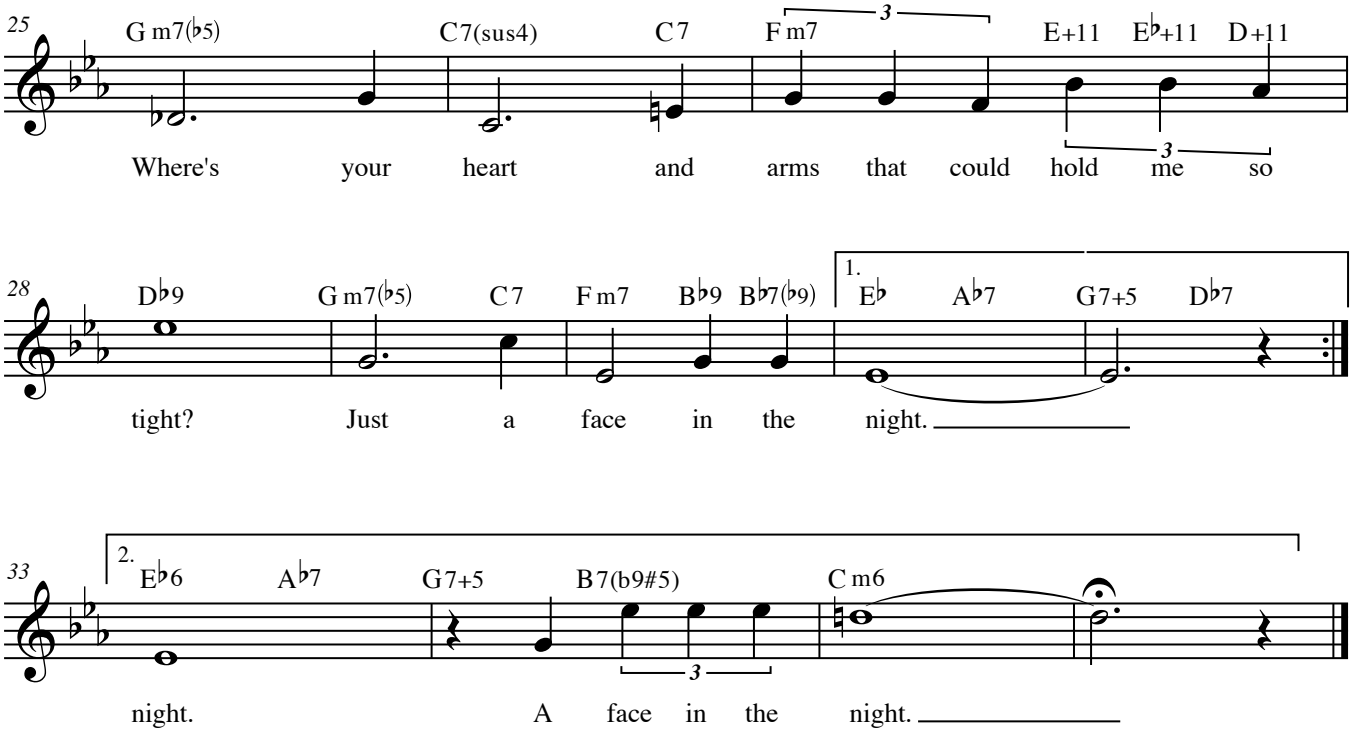
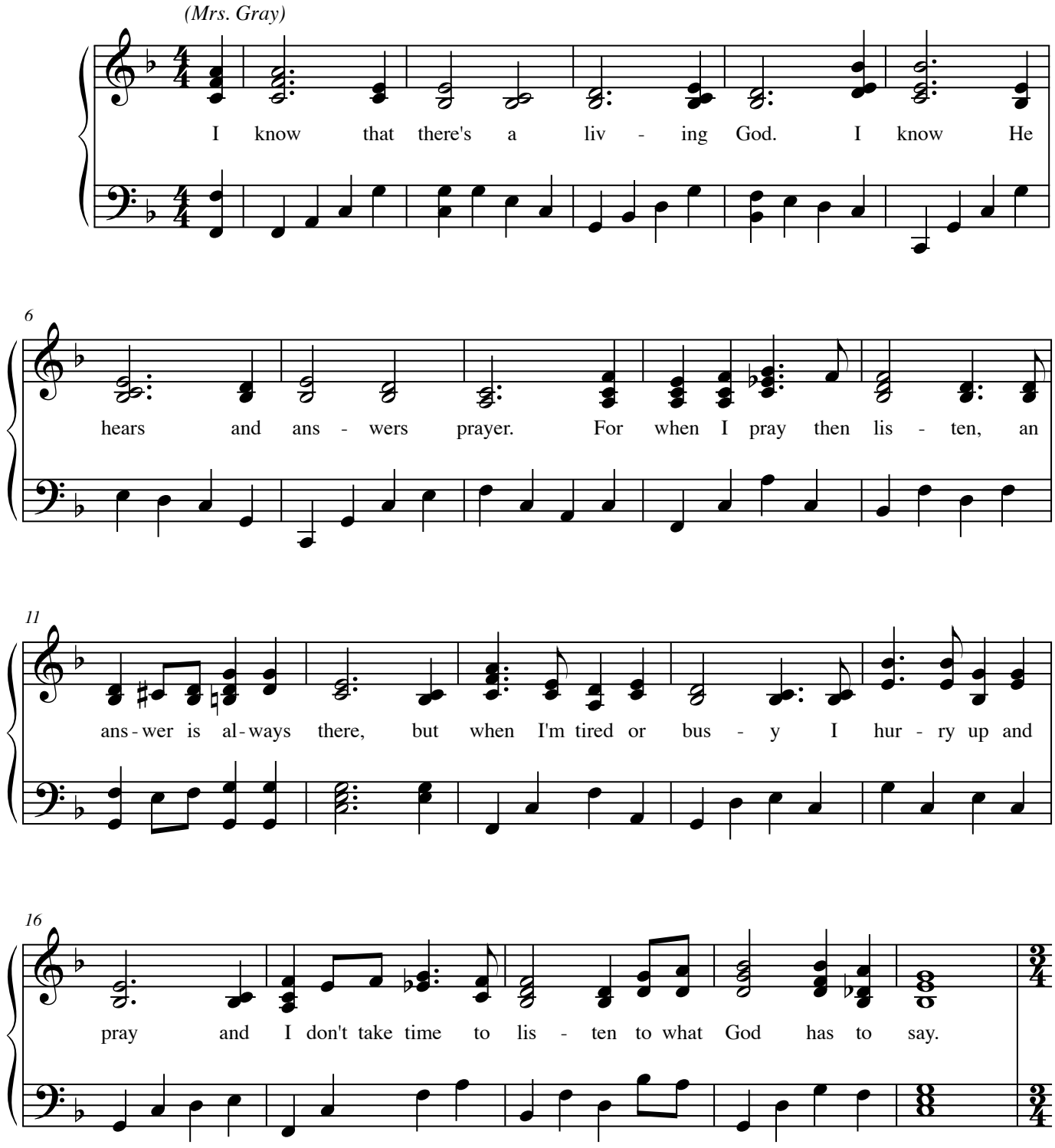

25
G m7(♭5)
C7(sus4)
C7
F m7
3
E+11
E♭+11
D+11
3
Where's your heart and arms that could hold me so
28
D♭9
G m7(♭5)
C7
F m7
B♭9
B♭7(♭9)
1.
E♭
A♭7
G7+5
D♭7
tight? Just a face in the night.
33
2.
E♭6
A♭7
G7+5
B7(b9#5)
C m6
3
night. A face in the night.

A Living God

Tye Noorda



(*Dialogue)*

Brian: That's wrong isn't it?
Mrs. Gray: It certainly isn't right. It isn't even polite.

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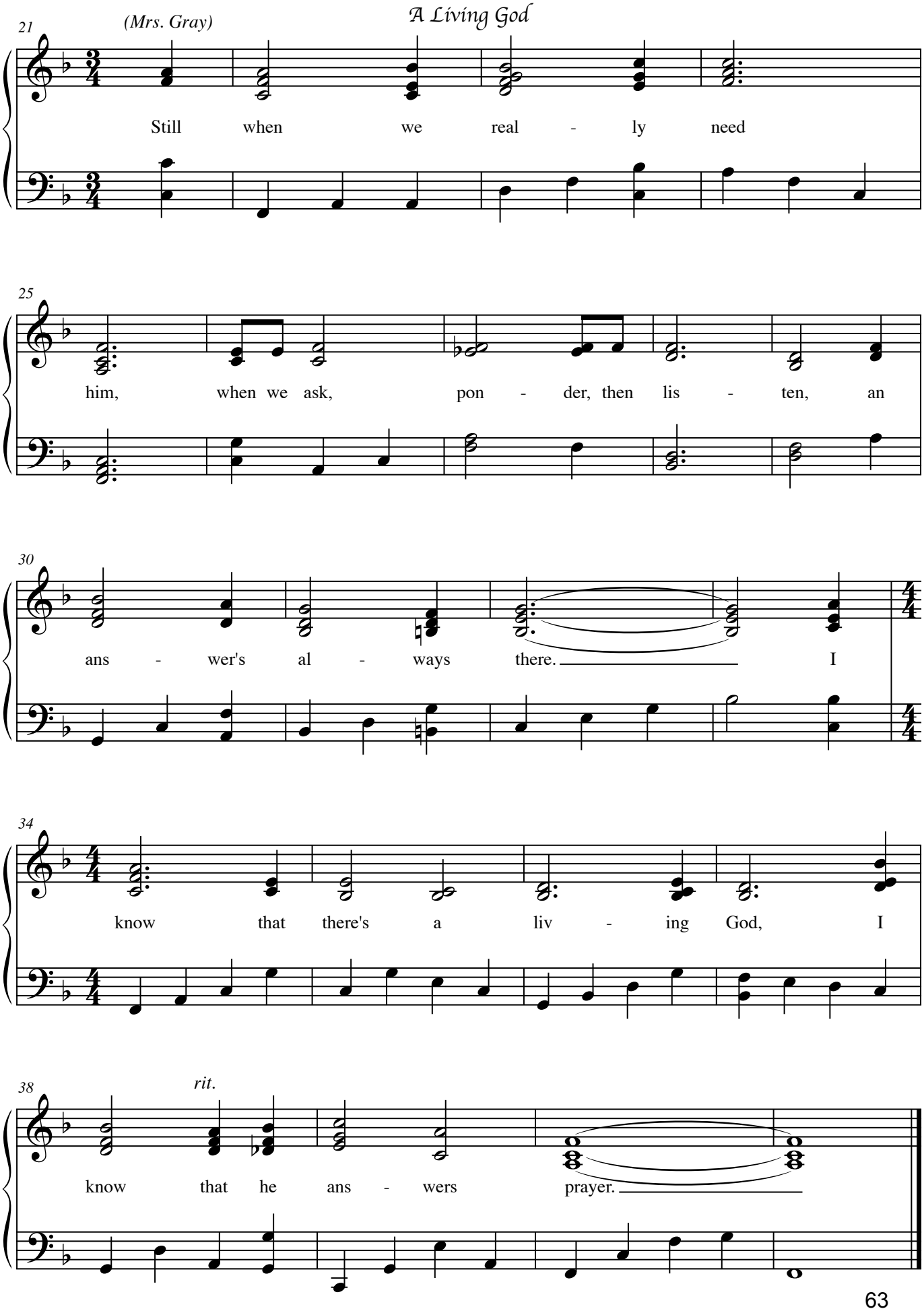
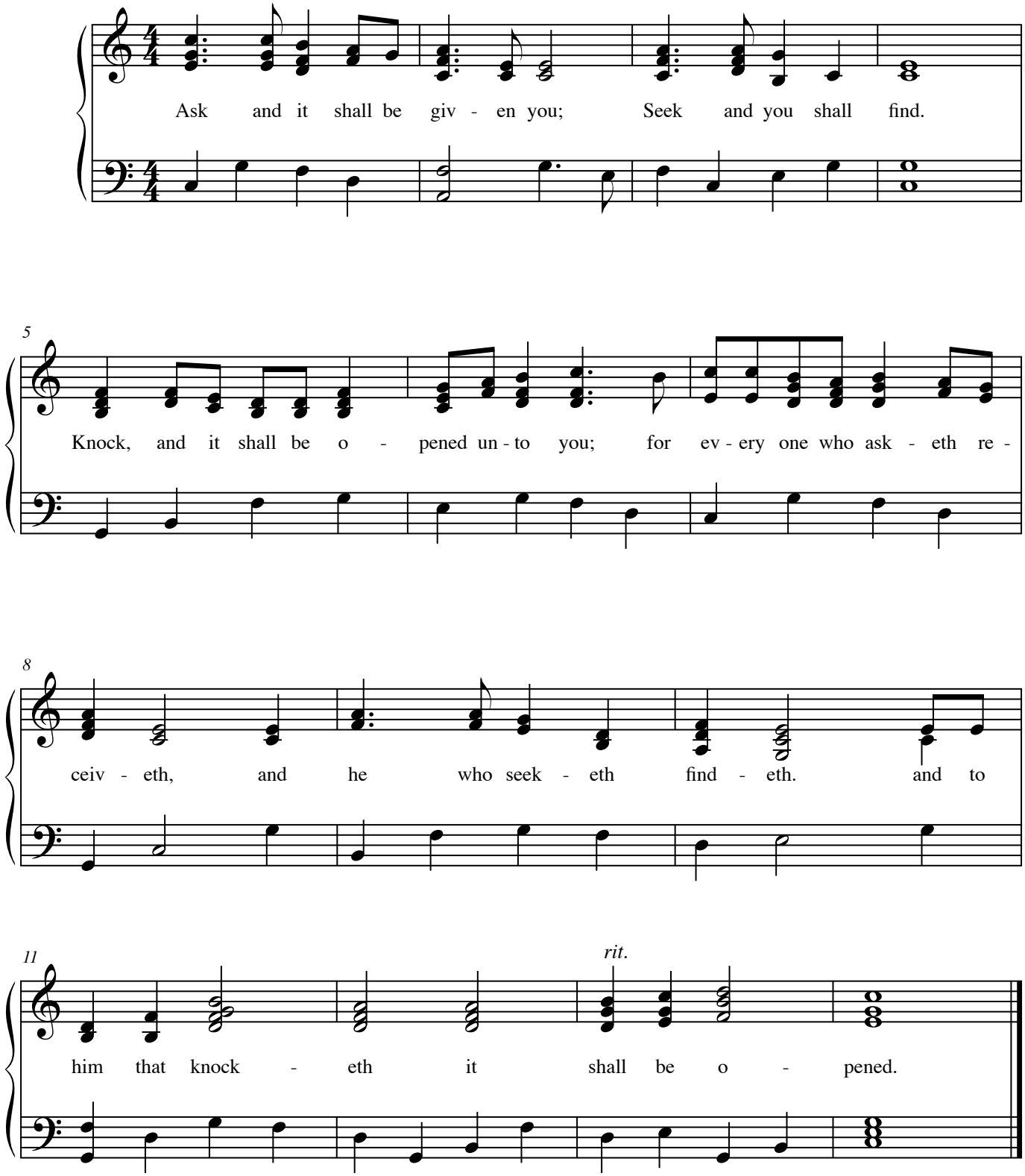

21
(Mrs. Gray)
Still when we real - ly need
25
him, when we ask, pon - der, then lis - ten, an
30
ans - wer's al - ways there. I
34
know that there's a liv - ing God, I
38
rit.
know that he ans - wers prayer.

Ask and It Shall be Given You

Tye Noorda



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A Valentine

Tye Noorda

(make square)

Some - times it's shaped, is like this. Some - times it's long and

4 (make rectangle) (make heart)

nar - row. Some - times it's shaped, shaped like this; pierced with a great big

8 (show arrow) (hands together by heart)

ar - row. Some - times it says "I love you," some - times "please be

12 (hands extended)

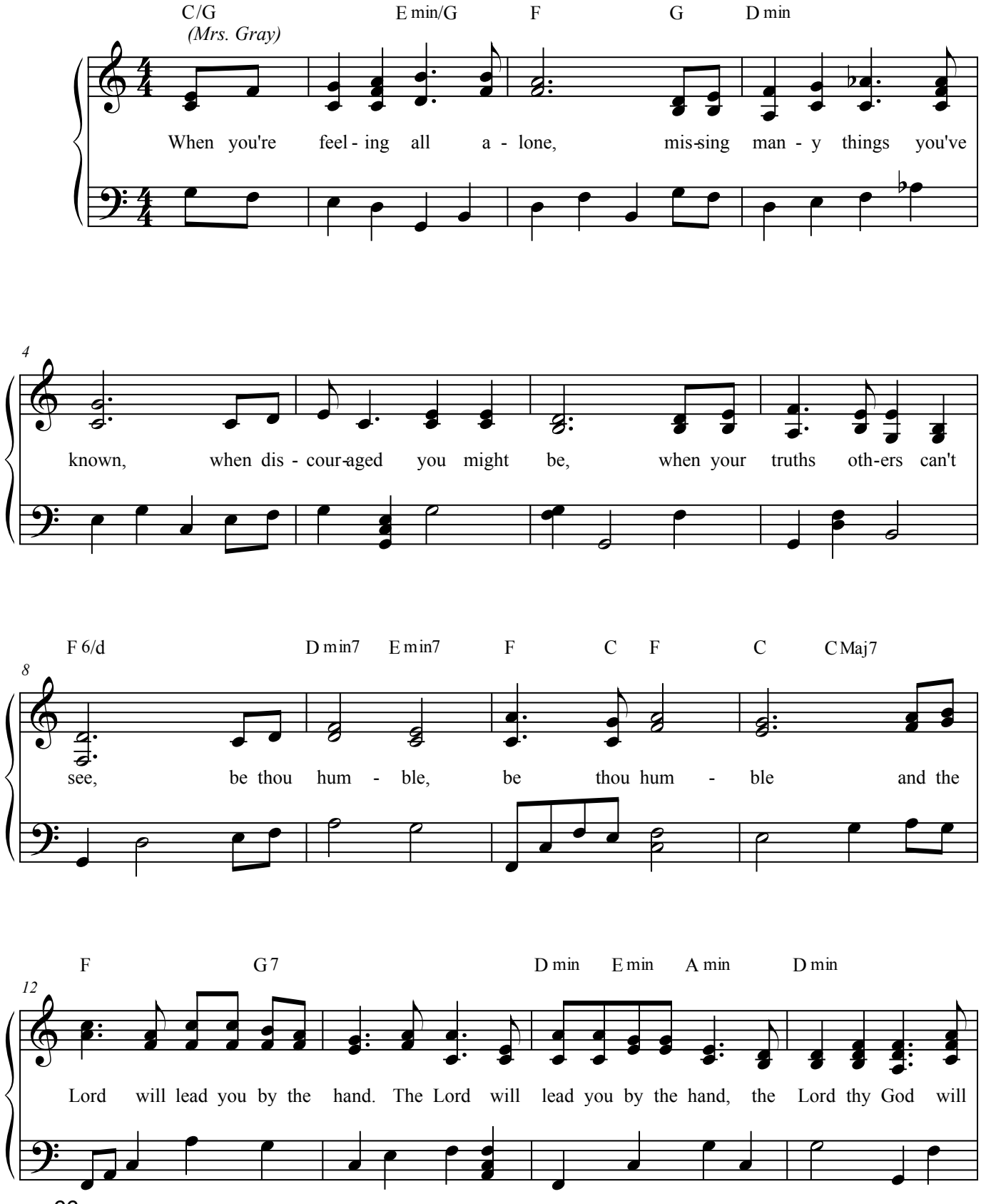
mine." Can you guess what it could be?

15

Umm - humm a Val - en - tine!

Be Thou Humble

Tye Noorda



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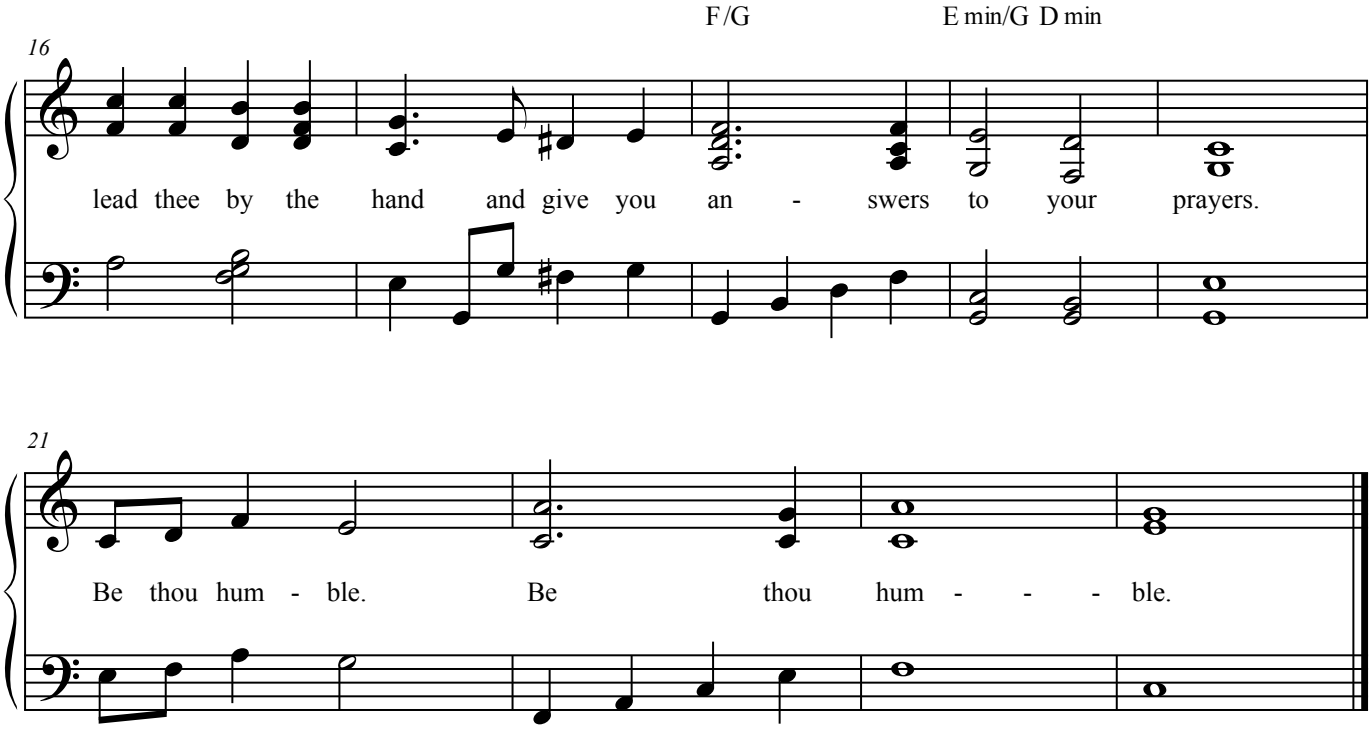
Be Thou Humble

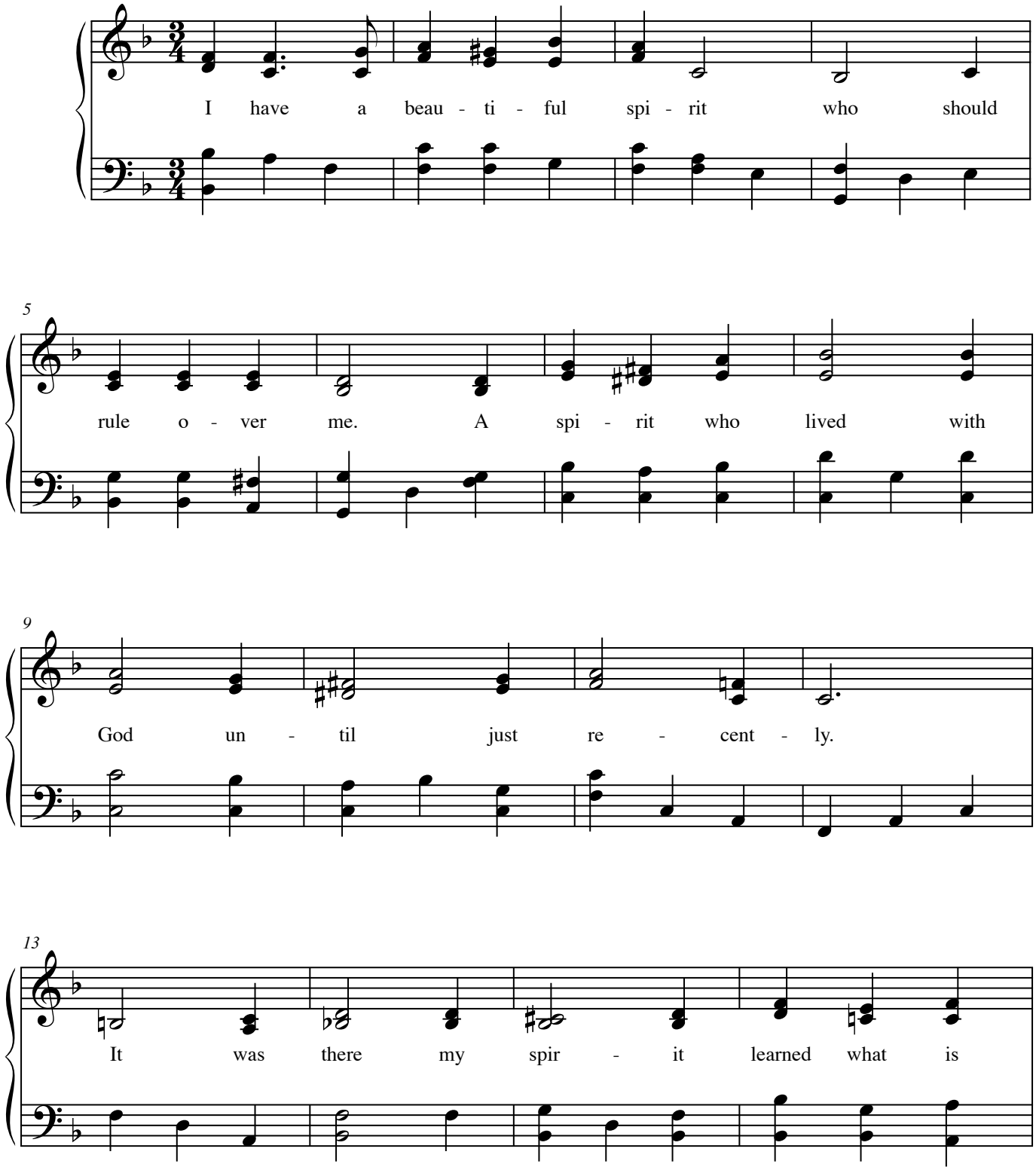


Beautiful Spirit

(Children's Song)

Tye Noorda

Taken from talk given by
President Kimball



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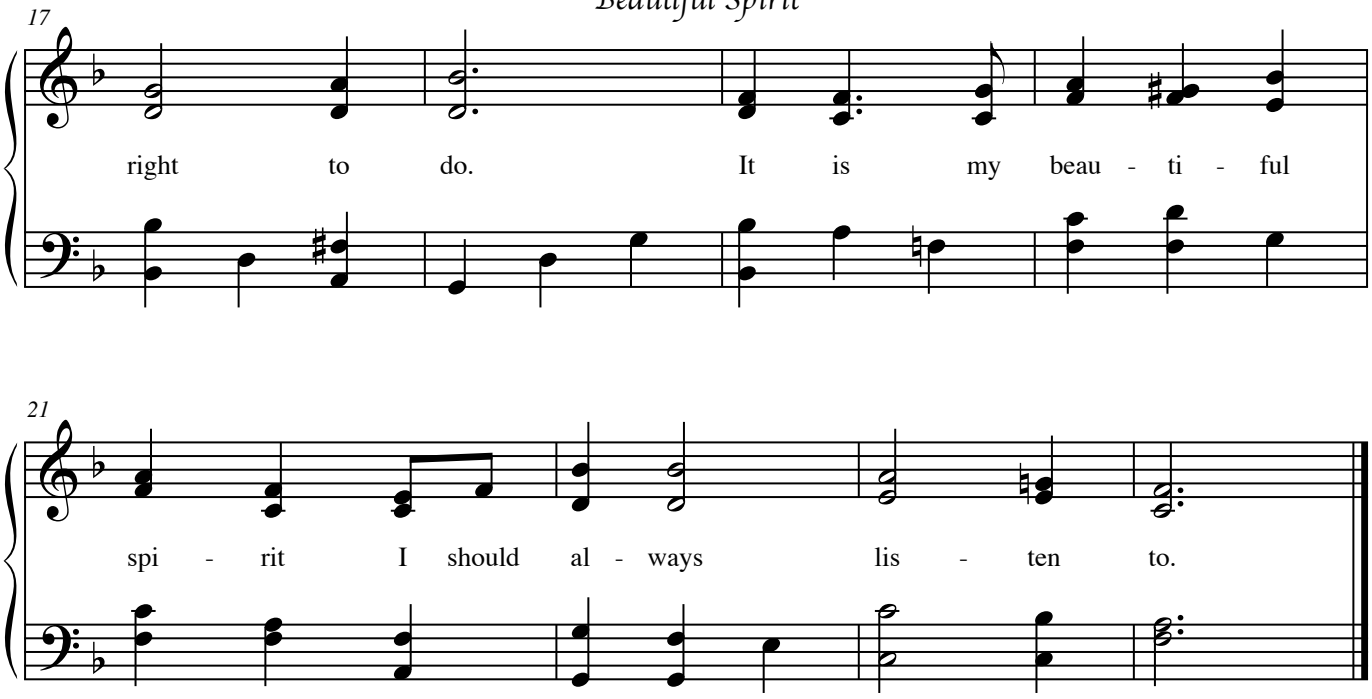
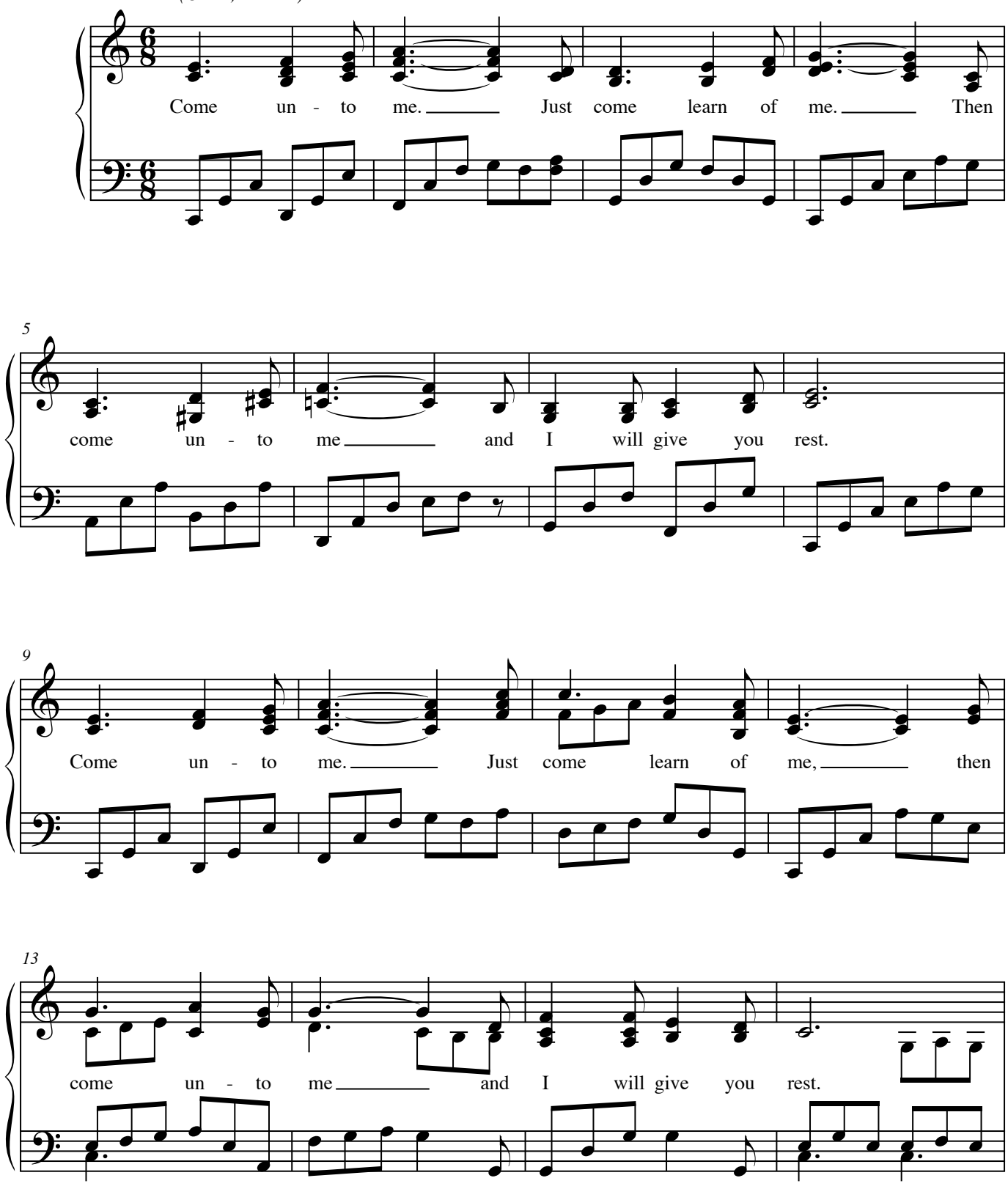

17
right to do. It is my beau - ti - ful
21
spi - rit I should al - ways lis - ten to.

Come Unto Me

Tye Noorda

(Choir, Ronnie)



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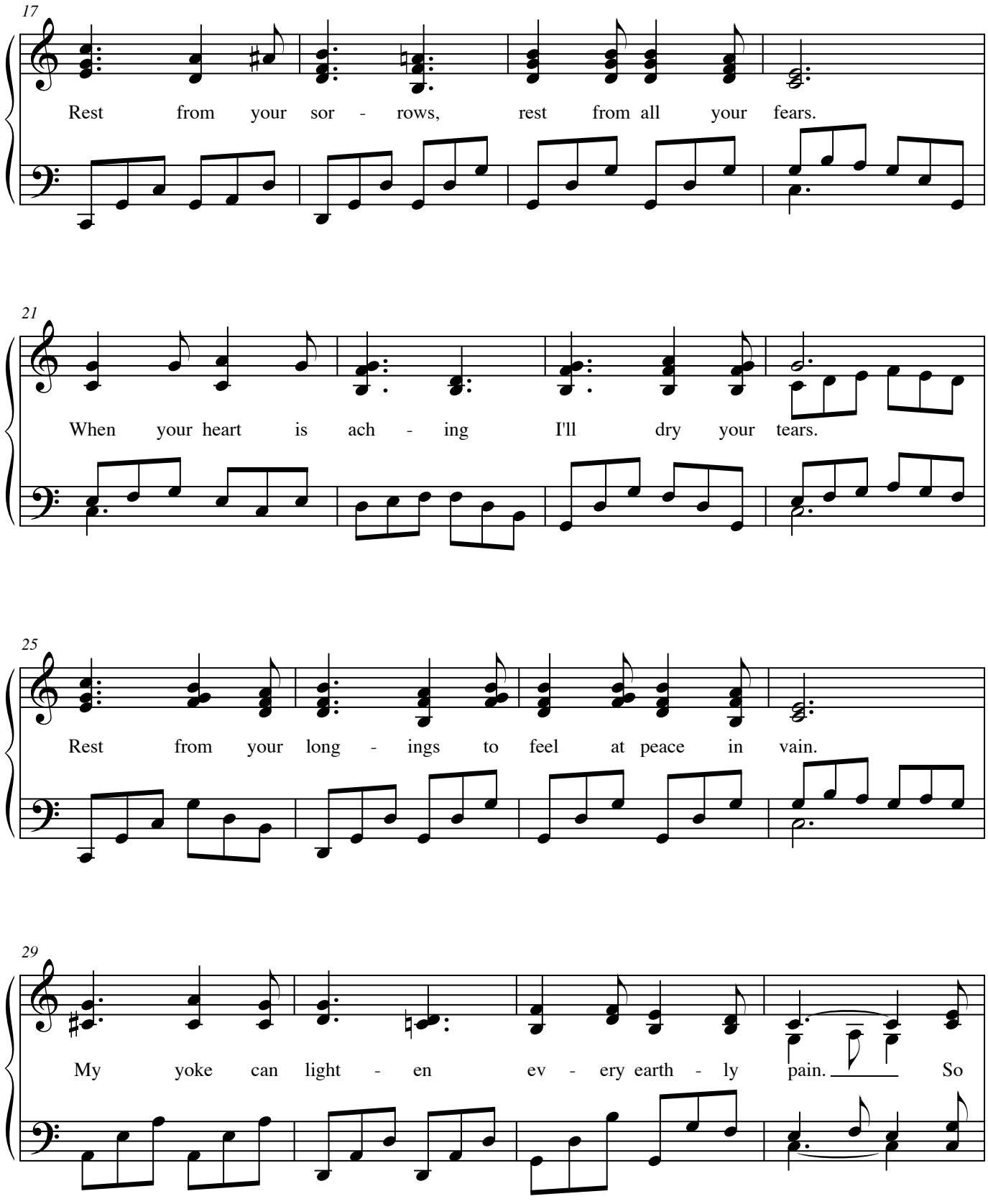
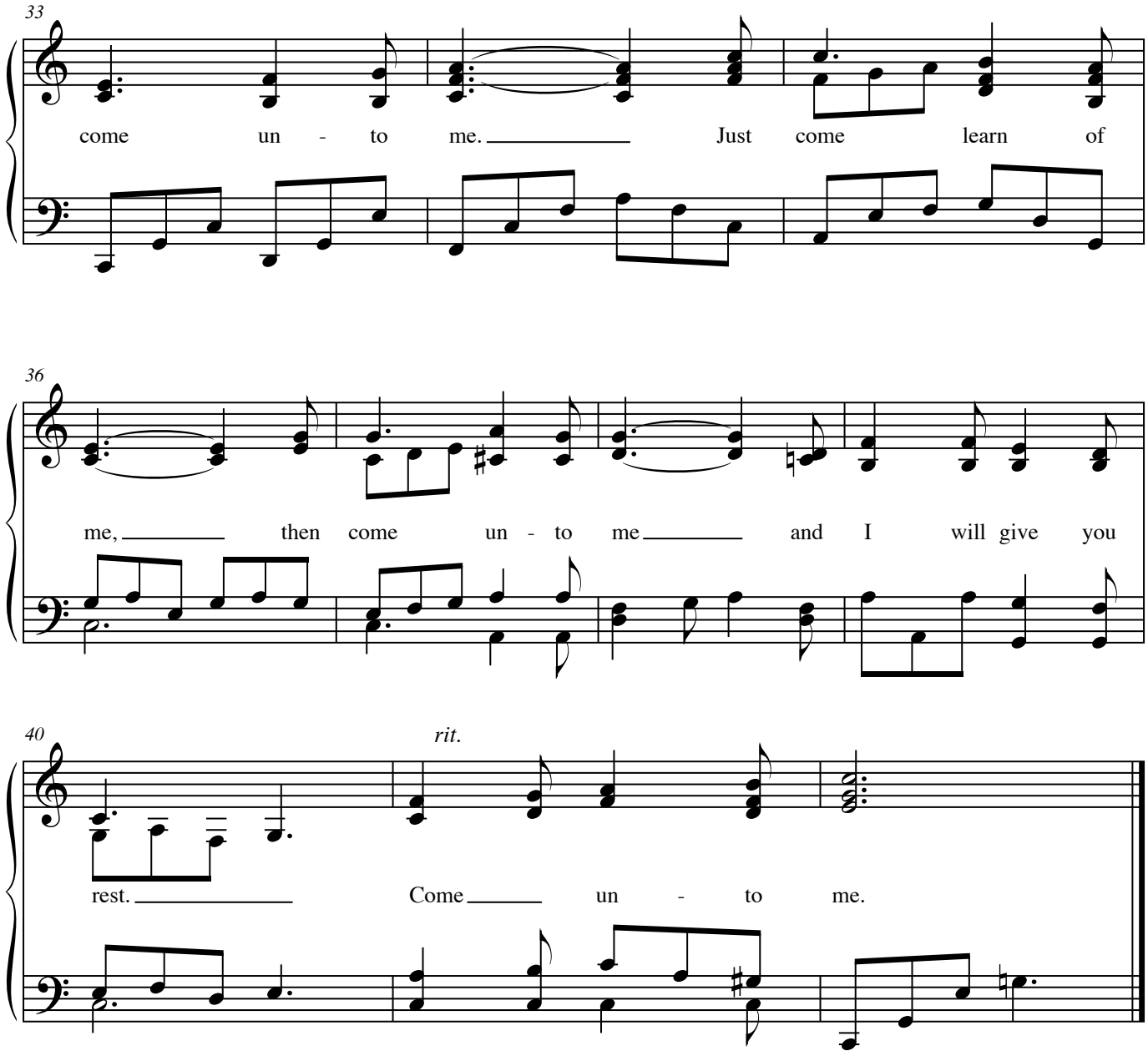
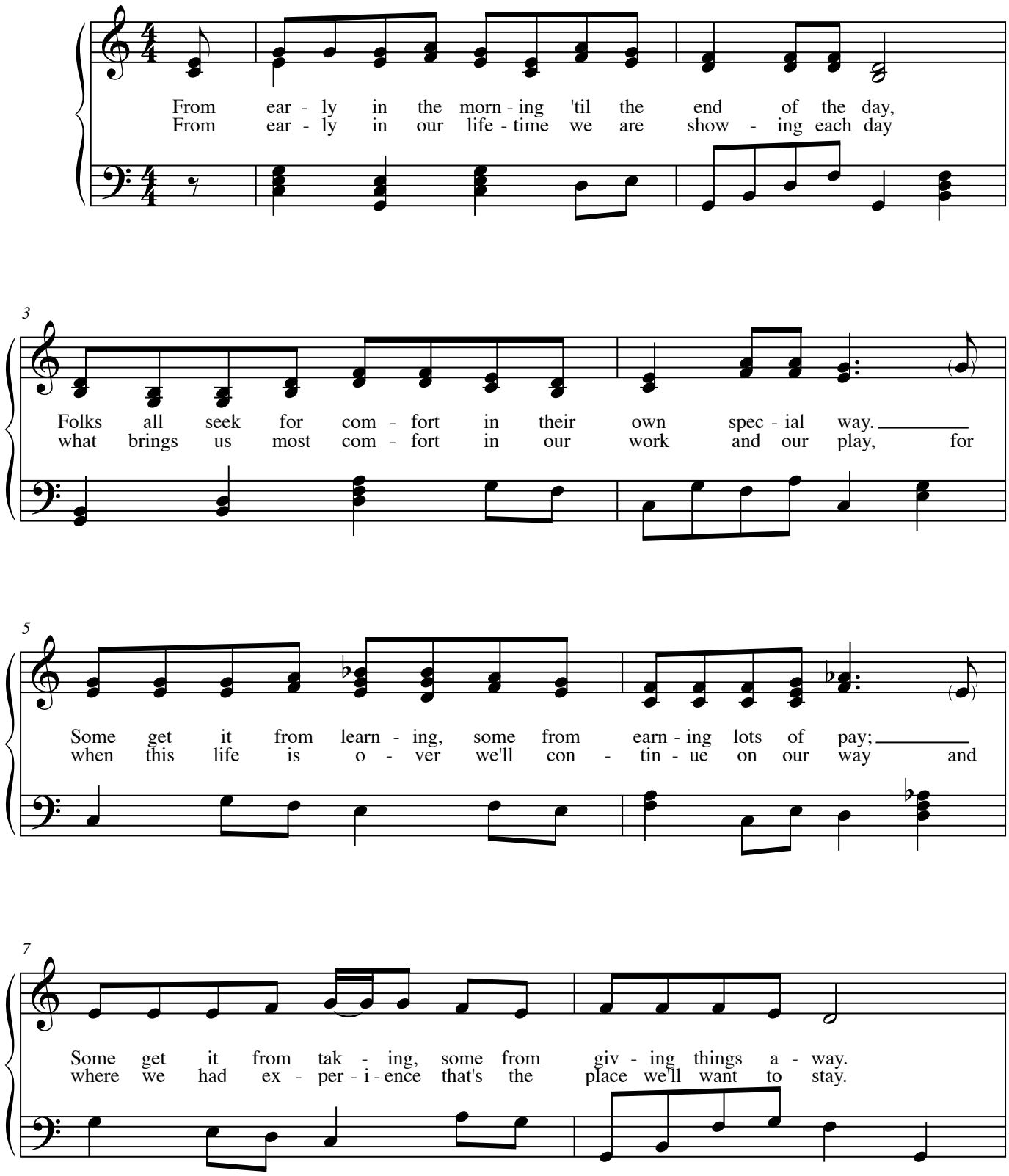

17
Rest from your sor - rows, rest from all your fears.
21
When your heart is ach - ing I'll dry your tears.
25
Rest from your long - ings to feel at peace in vain.
29
My yoke can light - en ev - ery earth - ly pain. So


33
come un - to me. Just come learn of
36
me, then come un - to me and I will give you
40
rit.
rest. Come un - to me.

Comfortable

Tye Noorda



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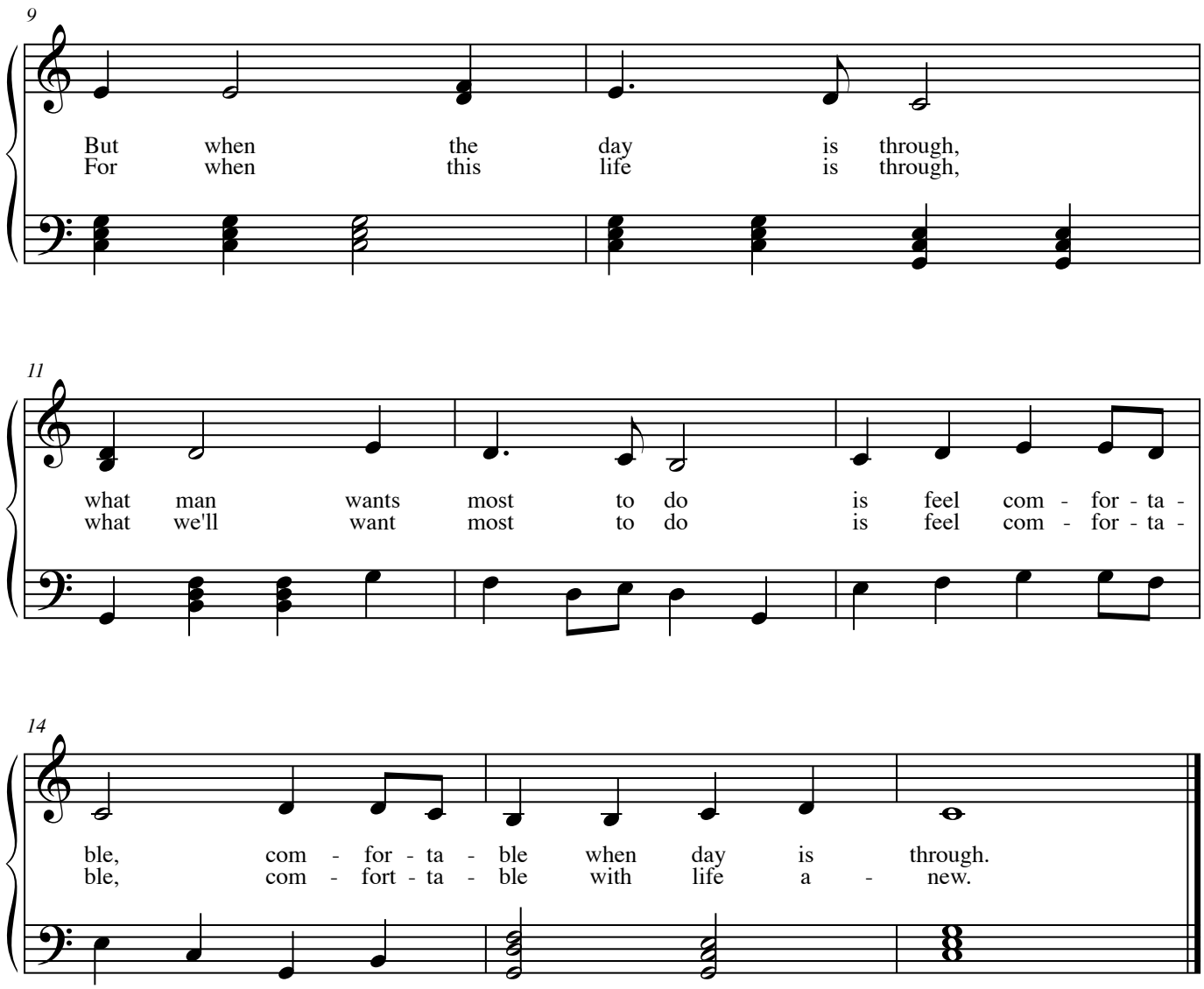
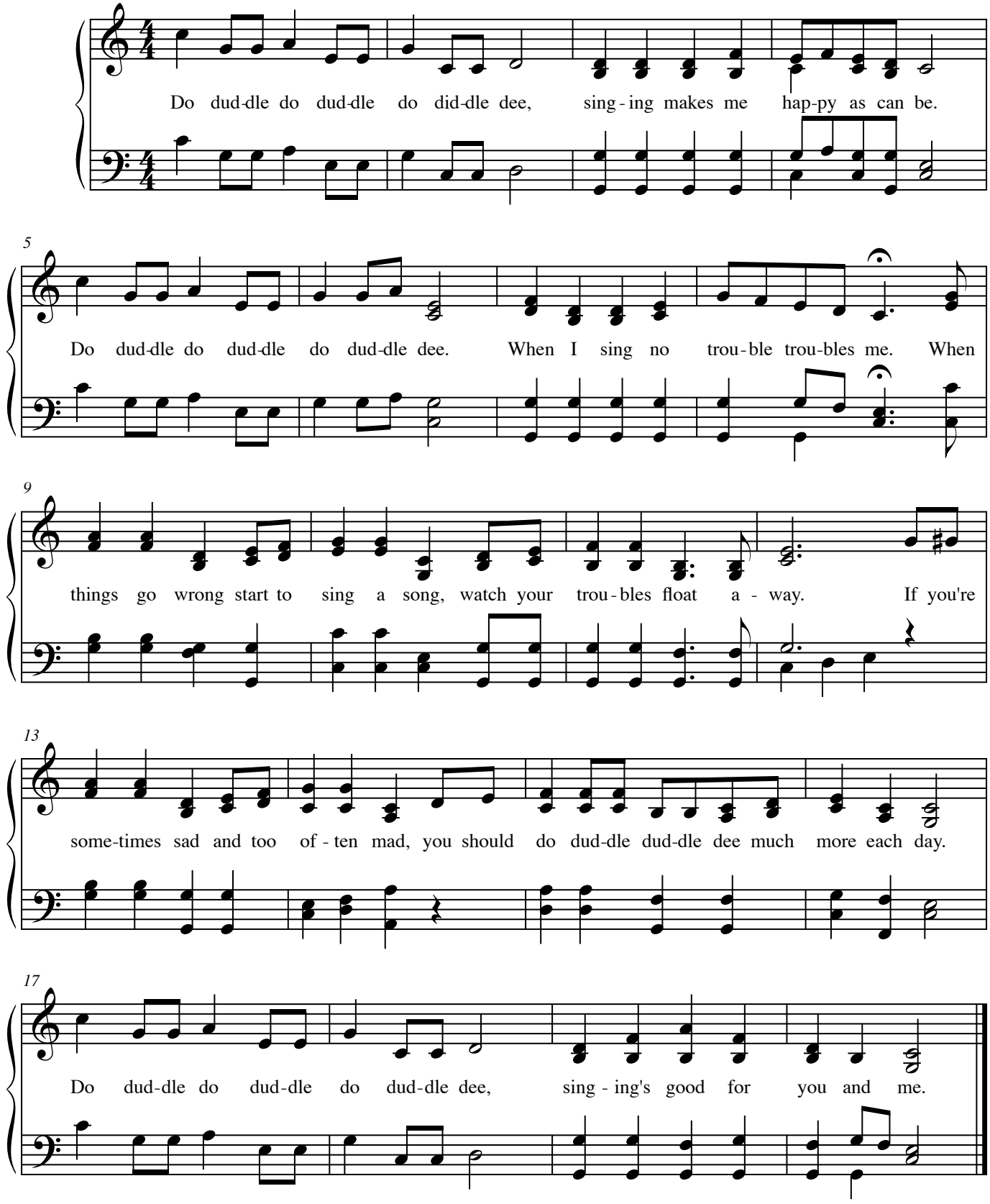

9
But when the day is through,
For when this life is through,
11
what man wants most to do is feel com - for - ta -
what we'll want most to do is feel com - for - ta -
14
ble, com - for - ta - ble when day is through.
ble, com - fort - ta - ble with life a - new.

Do Duddle

Tye Noorda



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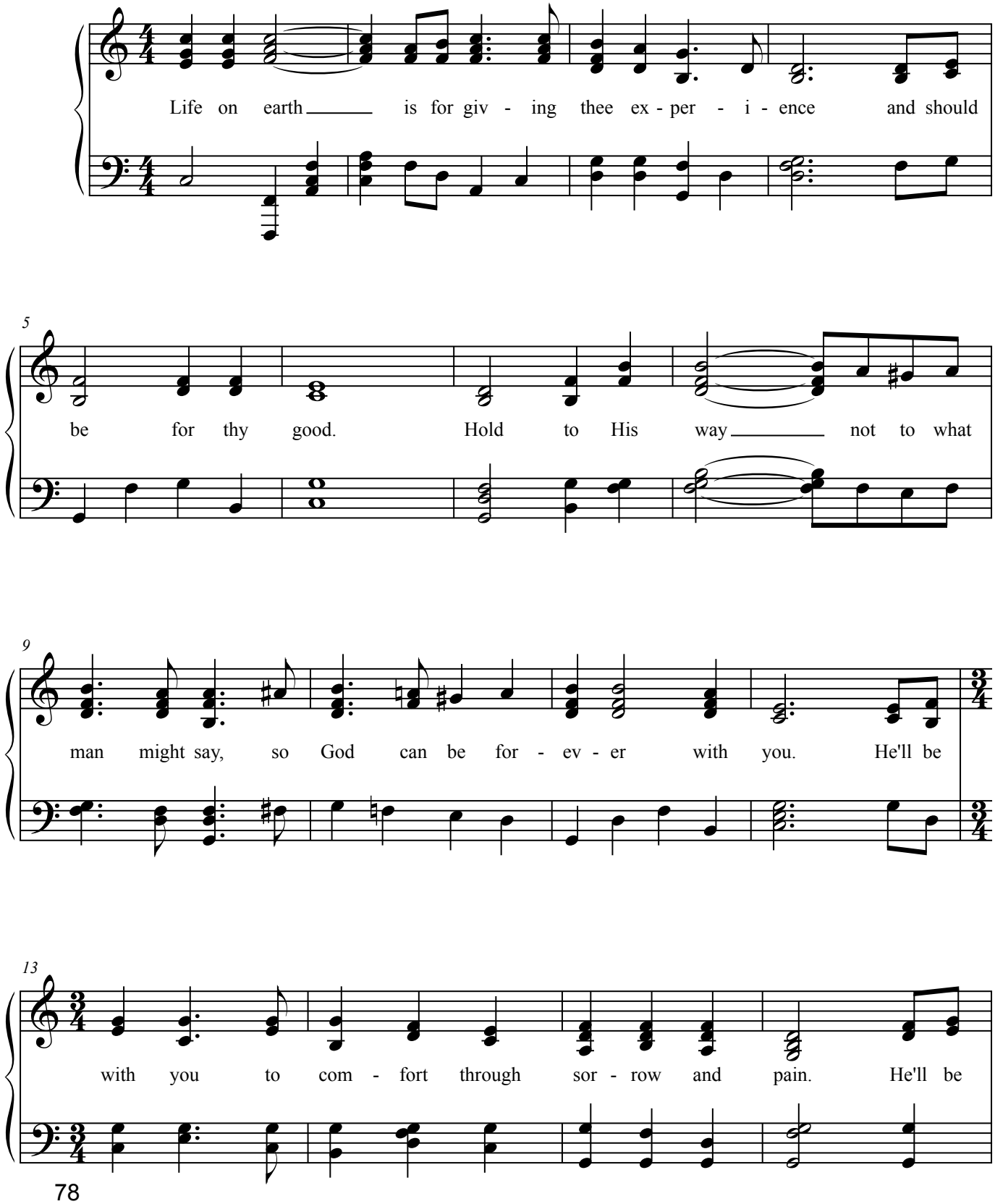
Experiences

Tye Noorda



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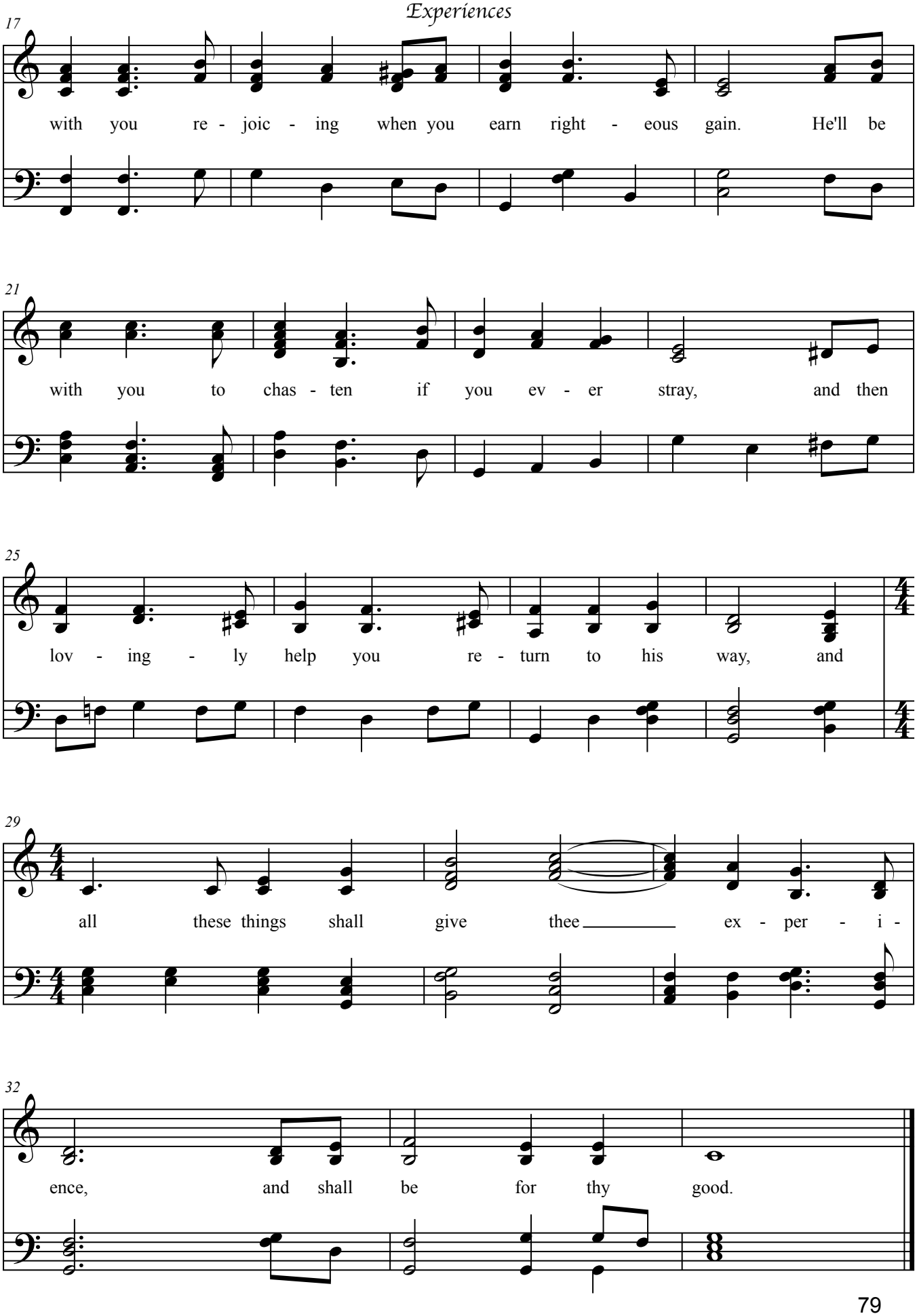
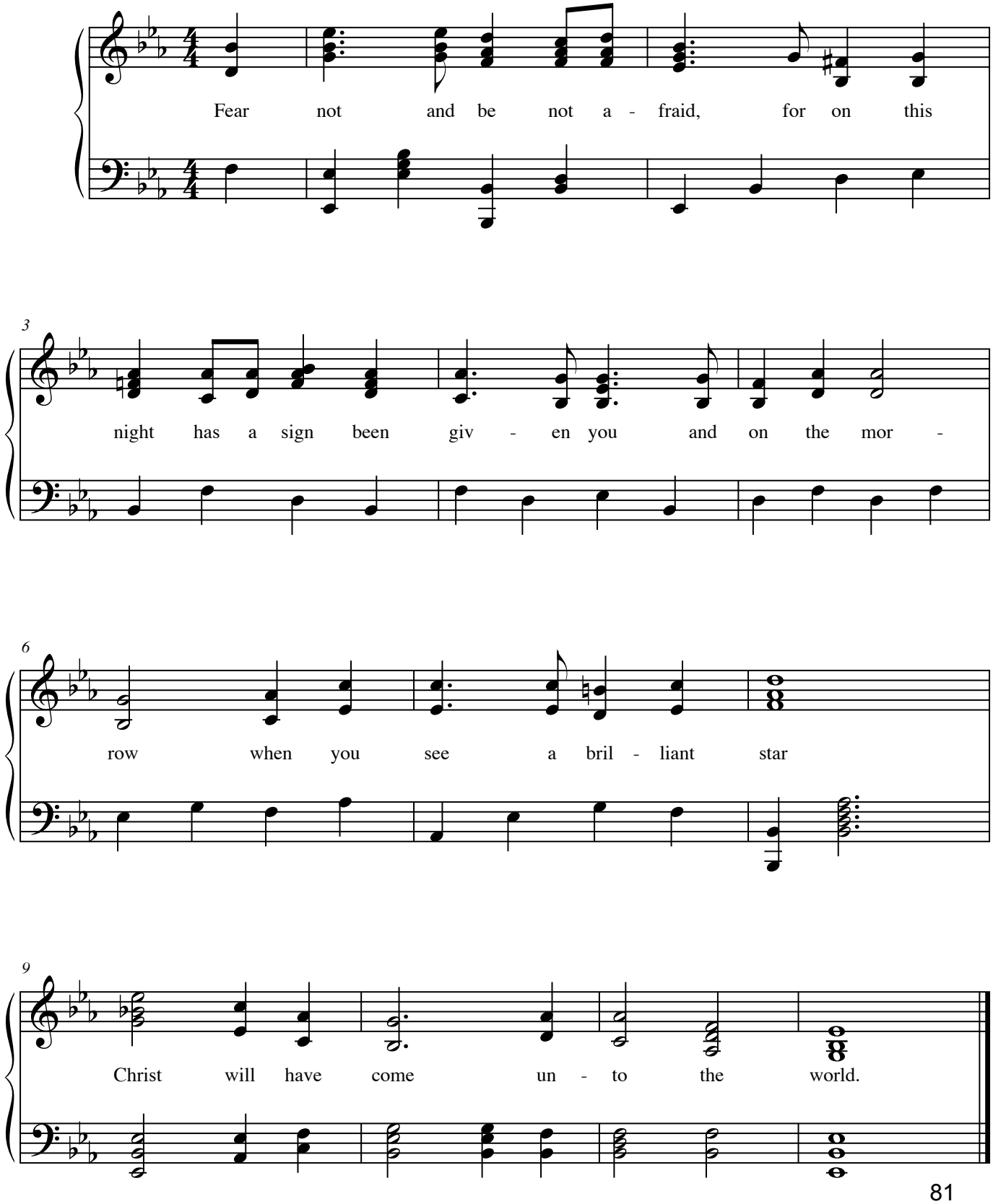

17
with you re - joic - ing when you earn right - eous gain. He'll be
21
with you to chas - ten if you ev - er stray, and then
25
lov - ing - ly help you re - turn to his way, and
29
all these things shall give thee ex - per - i -
32
ence, and shall be for thy good.

Fear Not

Tye Noorda



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Follow the Prophets

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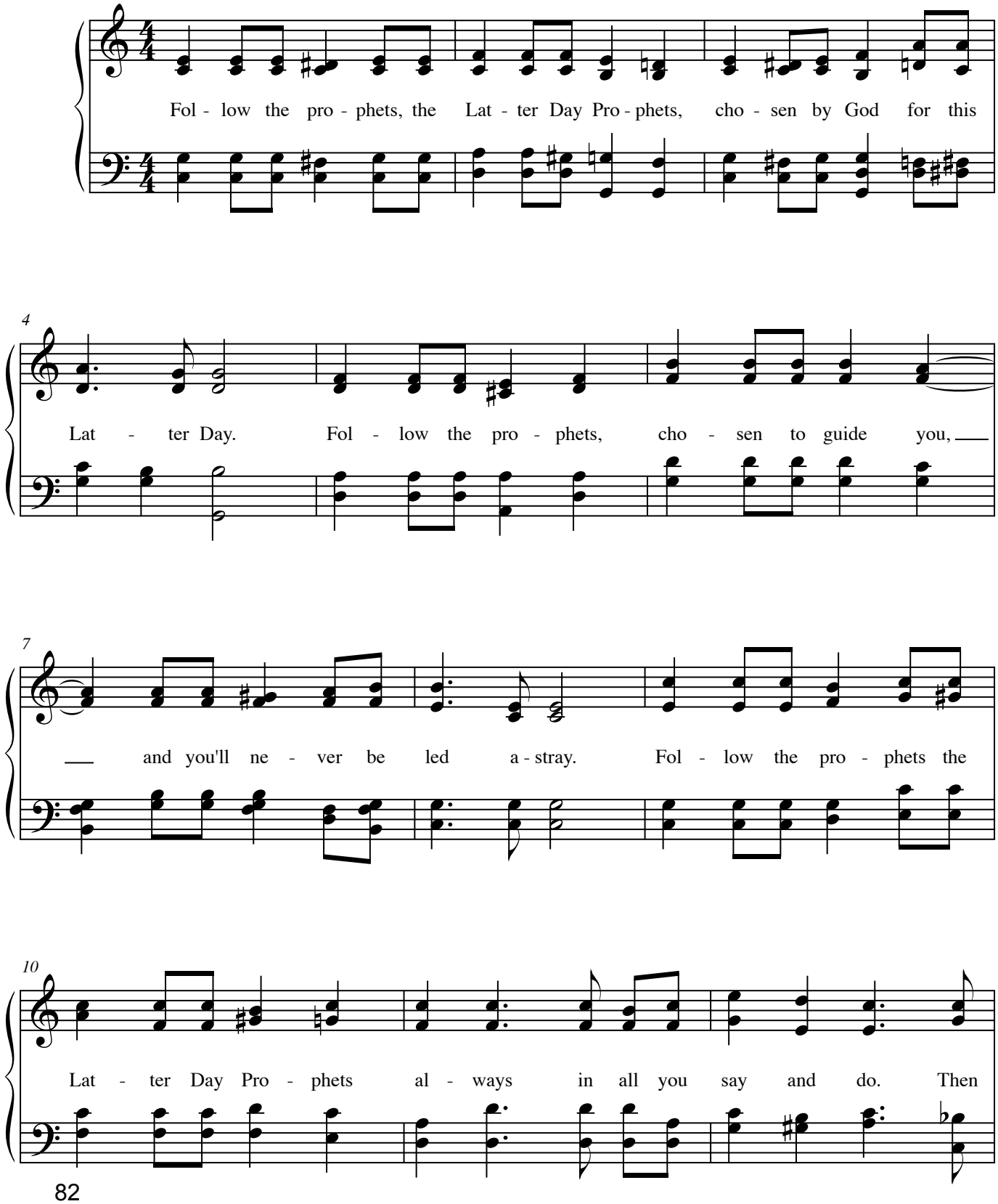

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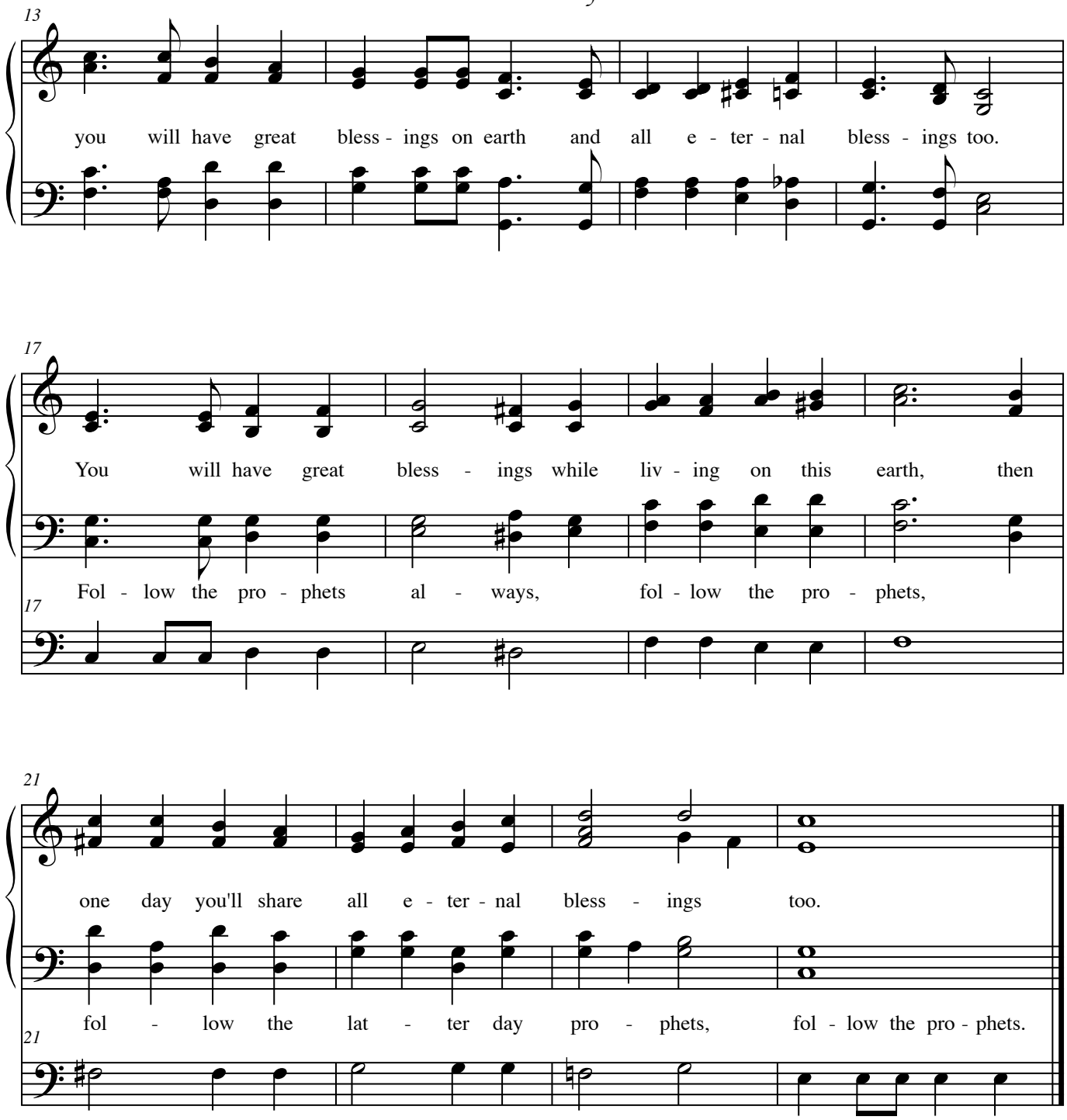
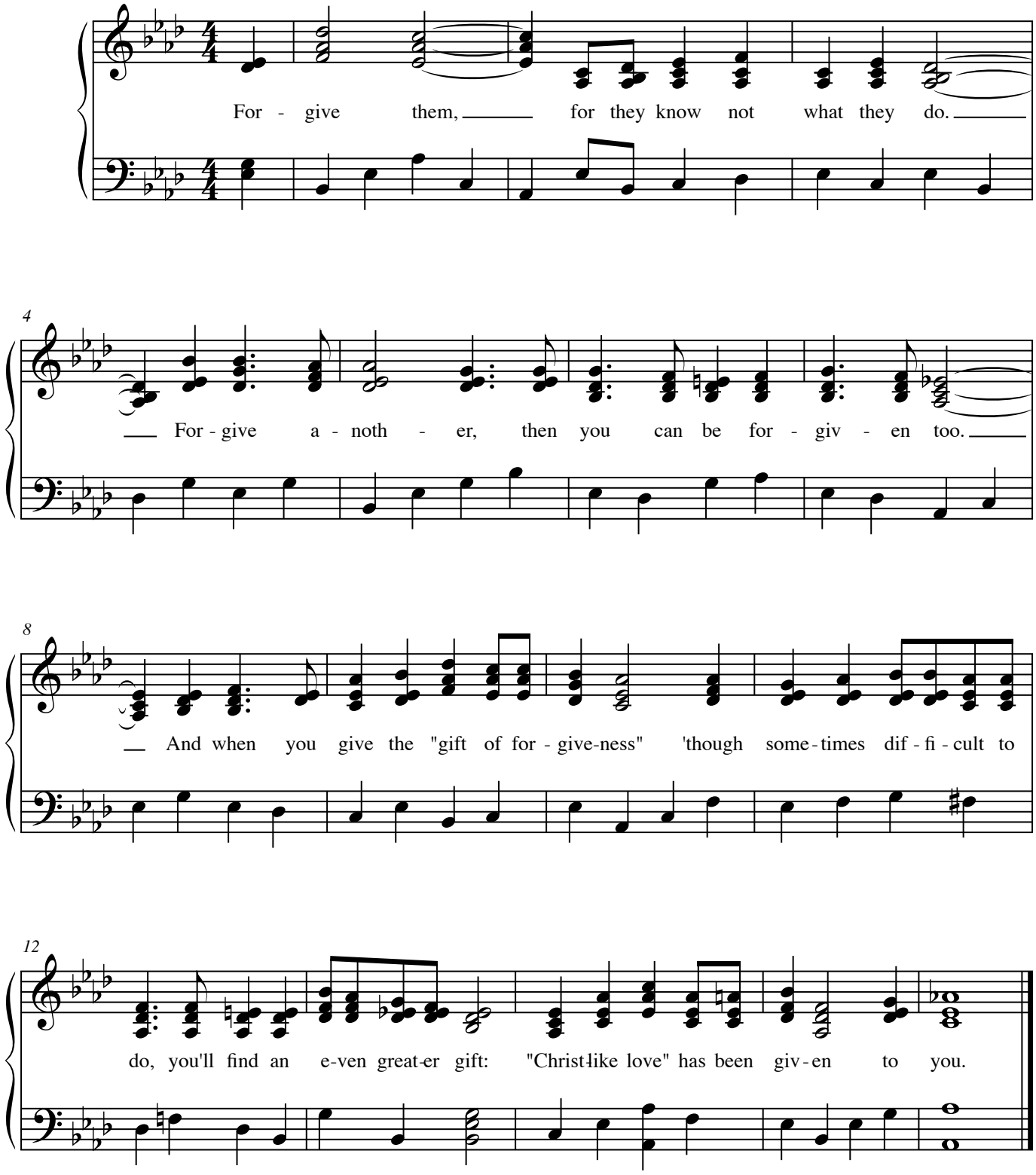

13
you will have great bless - ings on earth and all e - ter - nal bless - ings too.
17
You will have great bless - ings while liv - ing on this earth, then
Fol - low the pro - phets al - ways, fol - low the pro - phets,
17
21
one day you'll share all e - ter - nal bless - ings too.
fol - low the lat - ter day pro - phets, fol - low the pro - phets.
21

Forgive Them

Tye Noorda



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Free Agency

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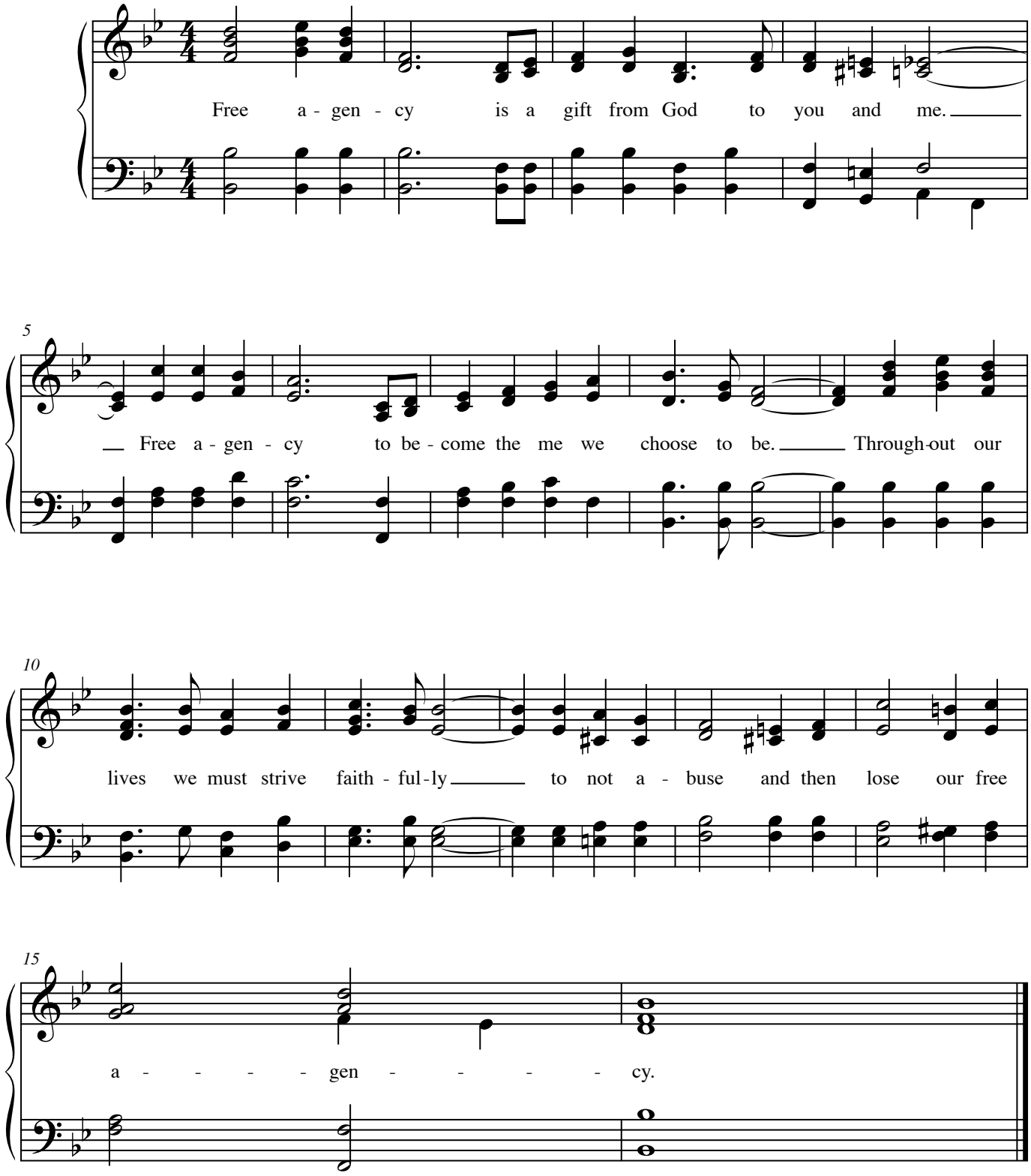

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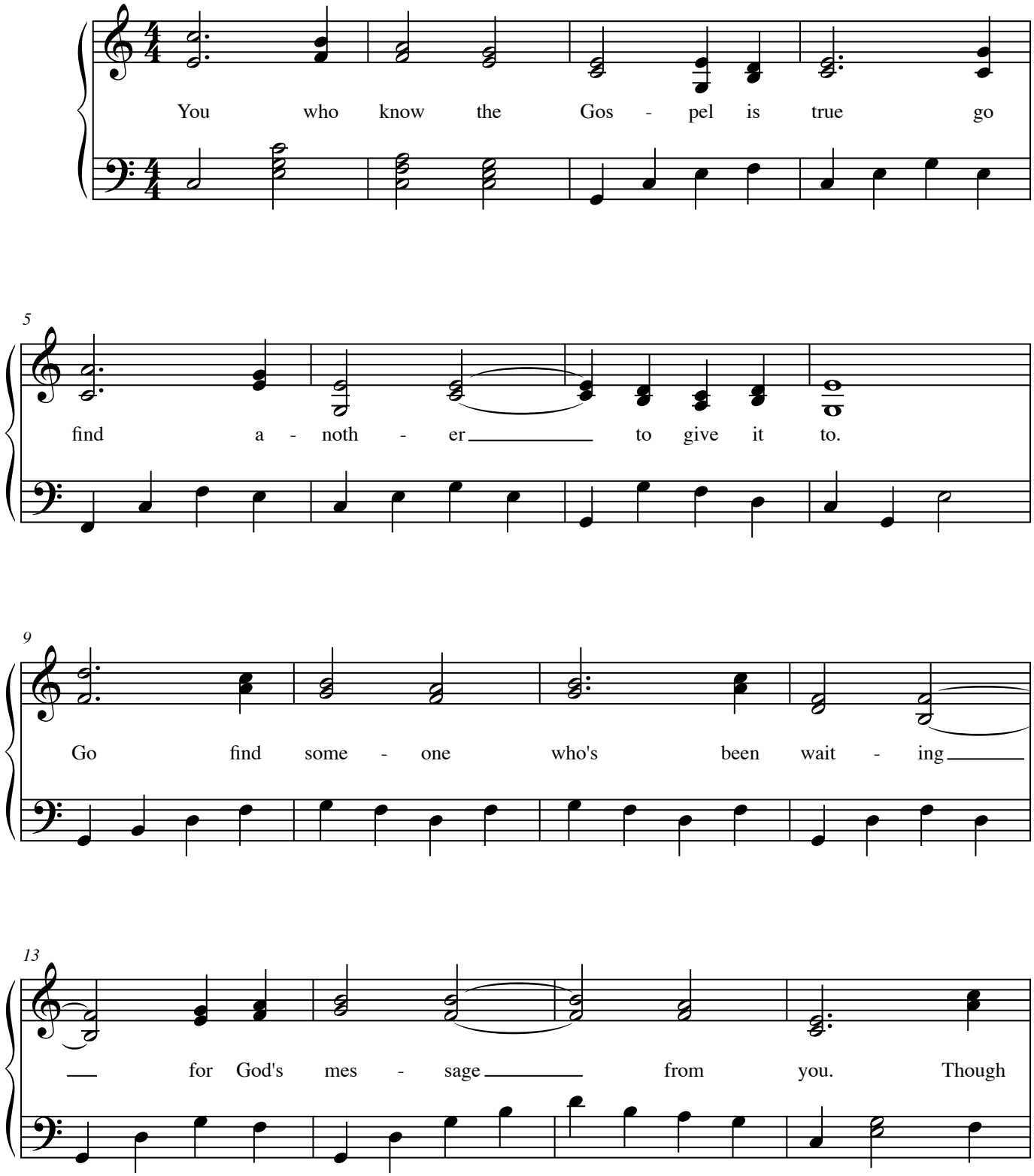
Go Find Another

Tye Noorda



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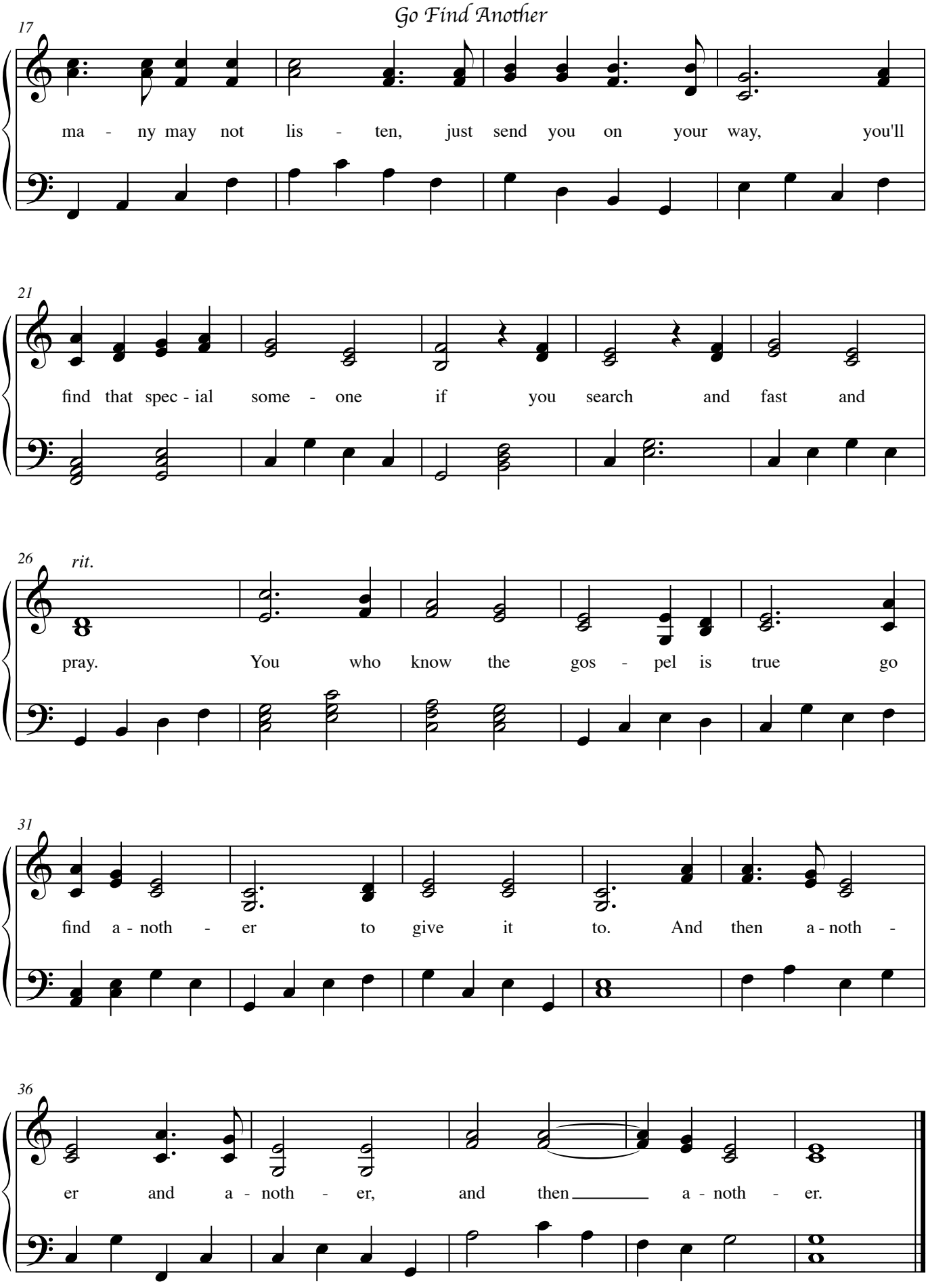

17
ma - ny may not lis - ten, just send you on your way, you'll
21
find that spec - ial some - one if you search and fast and
26
rit.
pray. You who know the gos - pel is true go
31
find a - noth - er to give it to. And then a - noth -
36
er and a - noth - er, and then a - noth - er.

Notes on "Go Find Another"

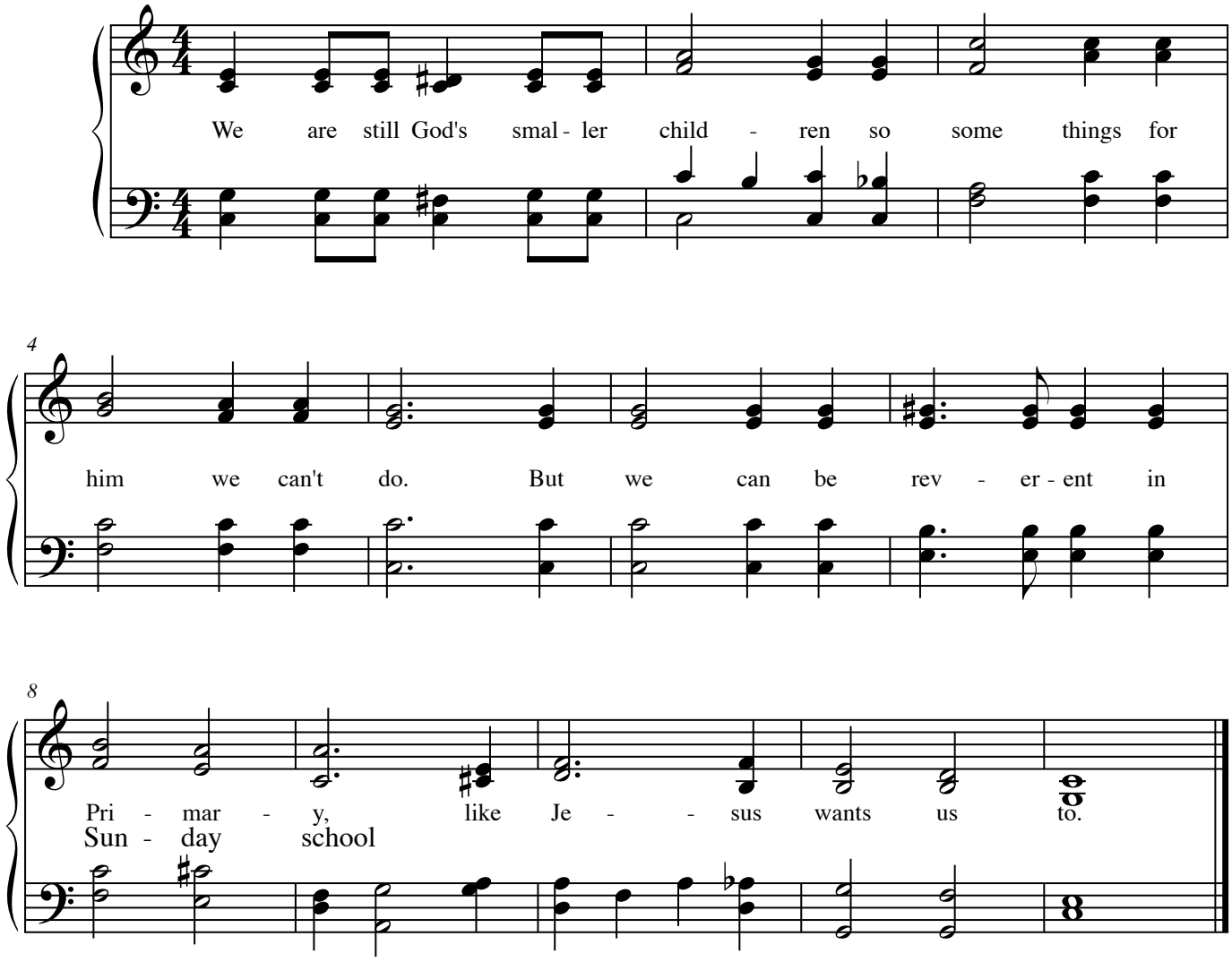
While my son Andy was serving his mission around 1975, I received a letter from him and he was obviously a little discouraged. He had moved to a new area and was not getting favorable acceptance when trying to deliver a Gospel message.

I kept thinking about a good motherly response and in the middle of the night I decided since Andy was quite musically talented I would write a song. The next day I wrote "Go Find Another" and mailed Andy a copy. Andy called and thanked me for having sent him the song. He said it was very helpful.

God's Smaller Children

(Prayer Song)

Tye Noorda



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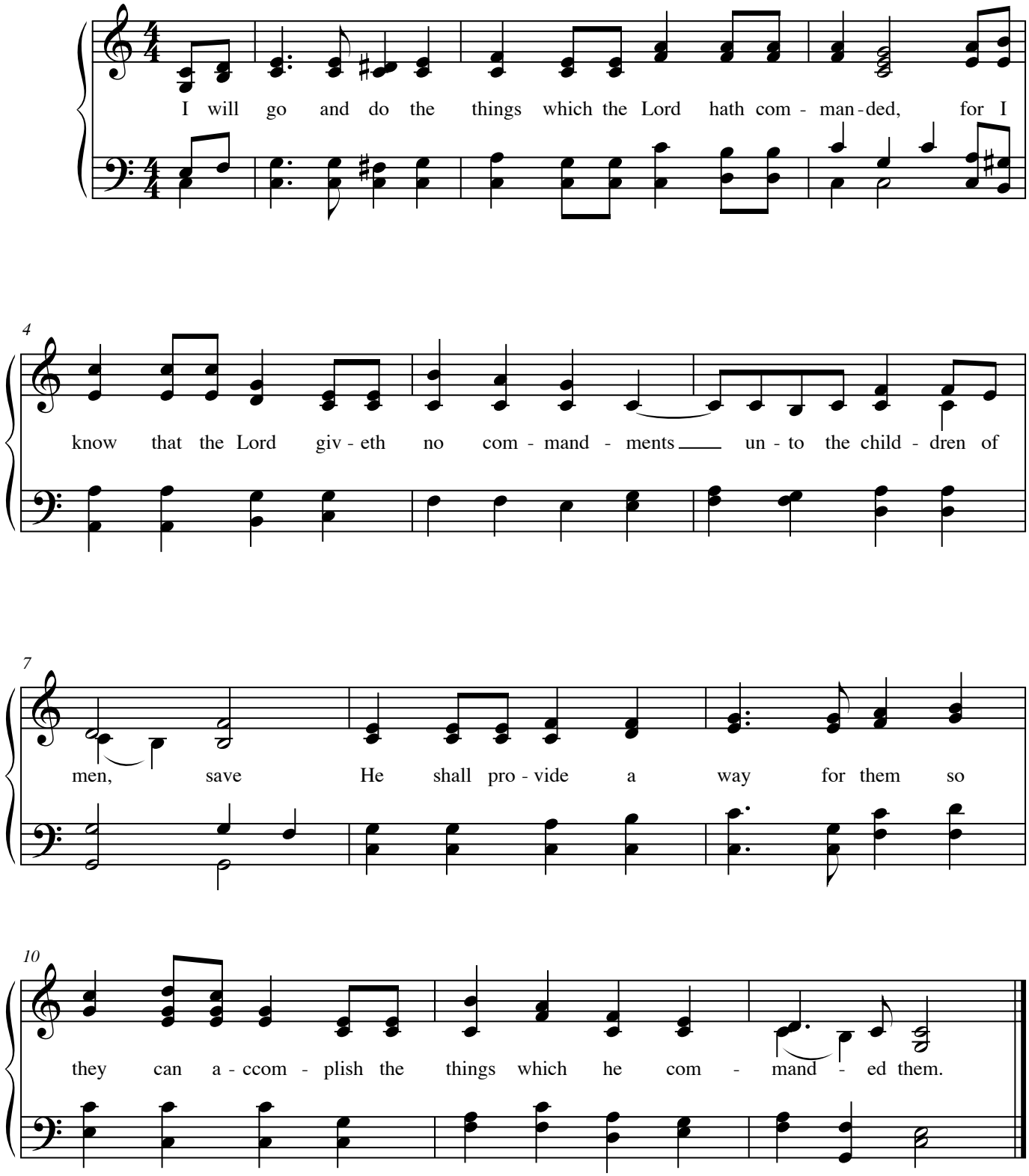
I Will Go and Do

Tye Noorda



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Insecurity

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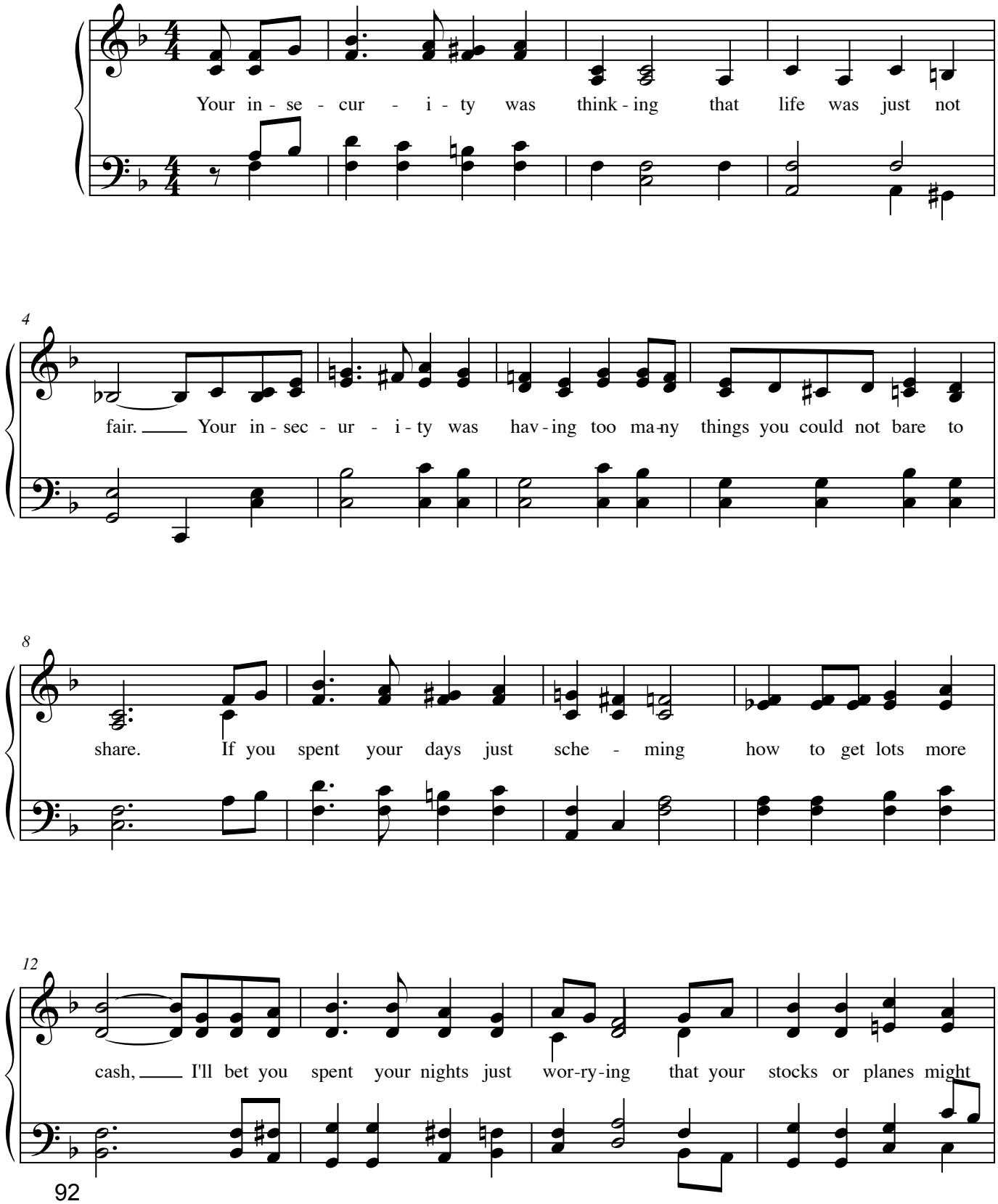

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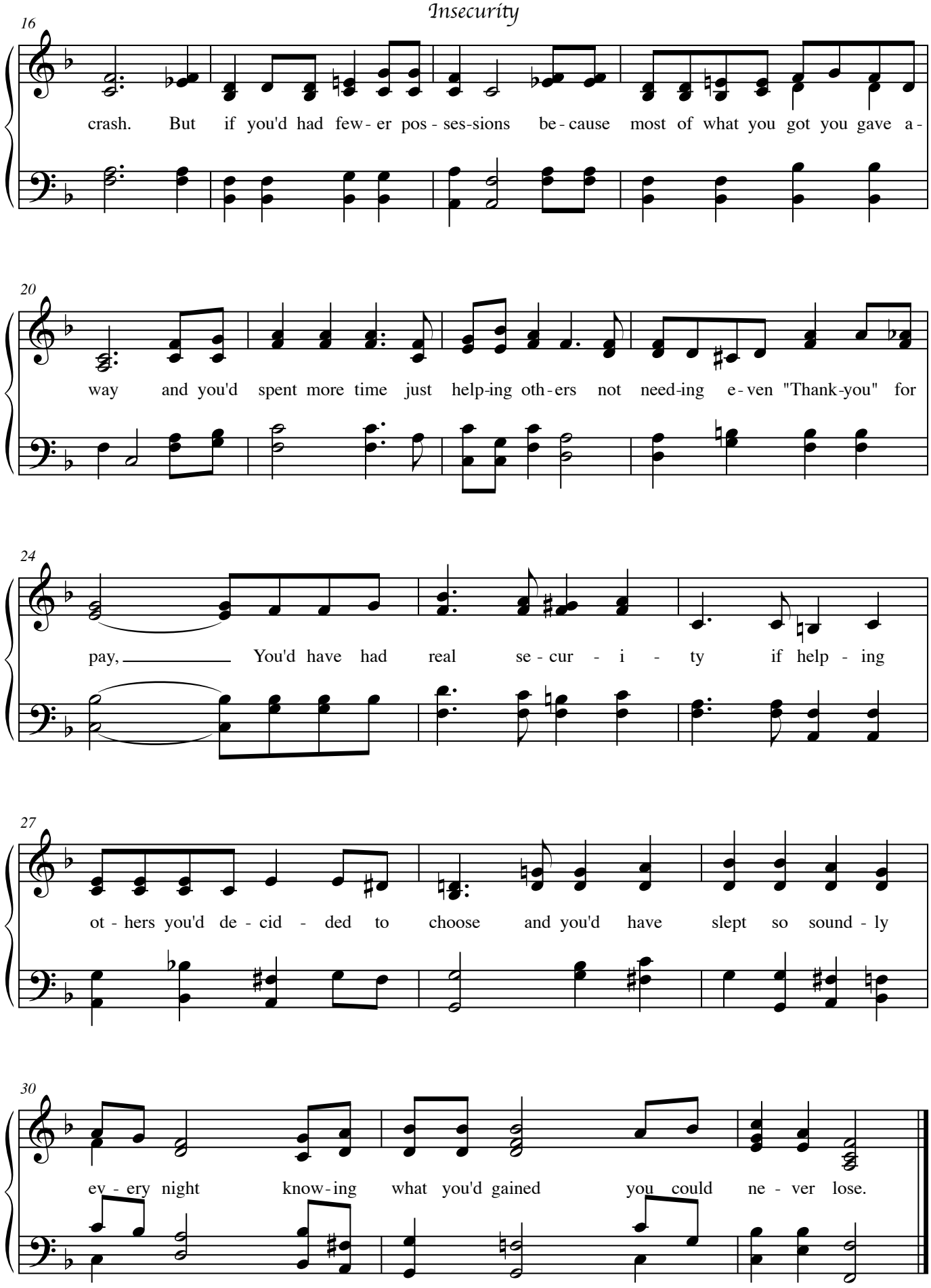
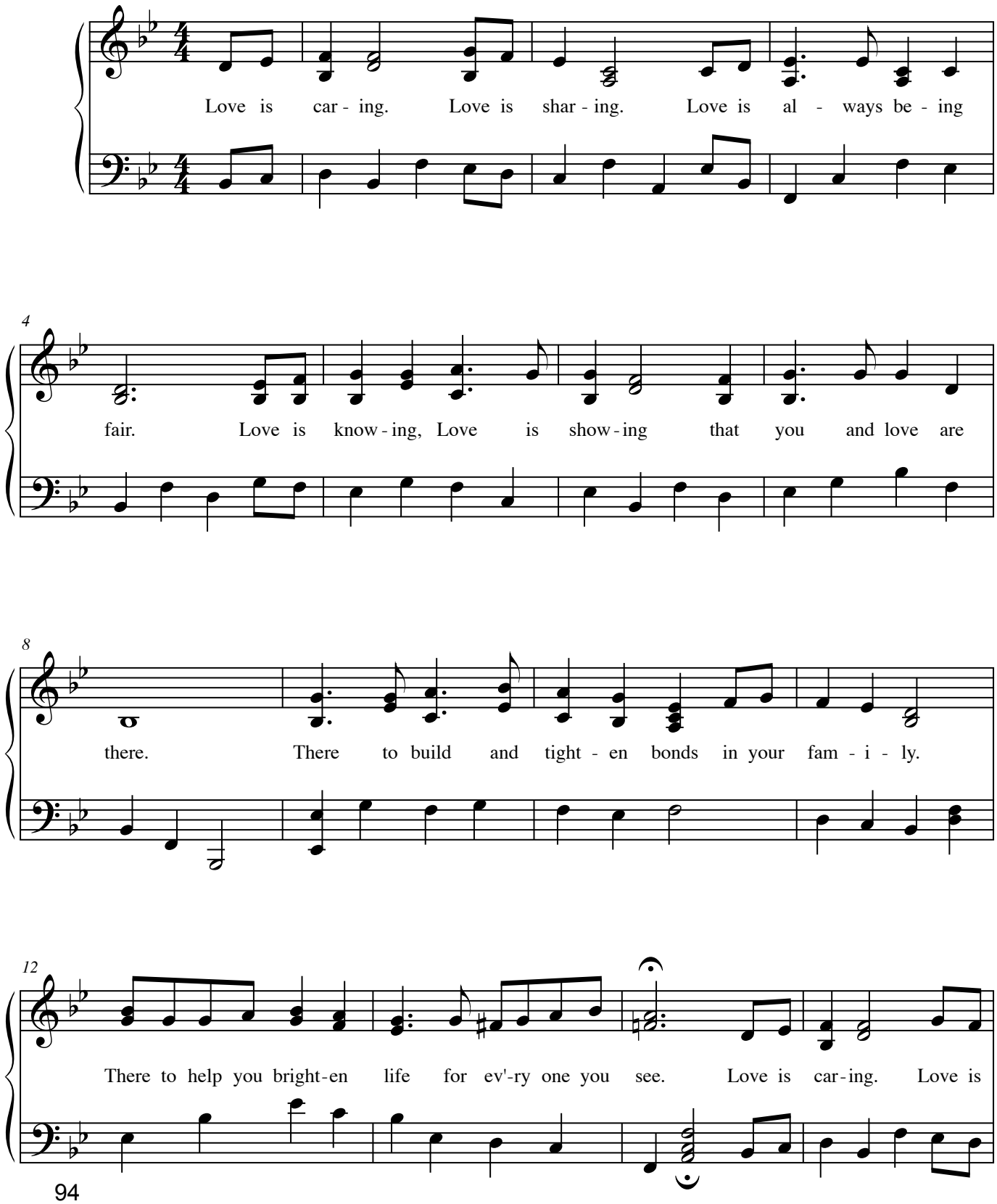

16
crash. But if you'd had few - er pos - ses-sions be - cause most of what you got you gave a -
20
way and you'd spent more time just help-ing oth - ers not need-ing e - ven "Thank-you" for
24
pay, You'd have had real se - cur - i - ty if help - ing
27
ot - hers you'd de - cid - ded to choose and you'd have slept so sound - ly
30
ev - ery night know - ing what you'd gained you could ne - ver lose.

Love Is

Tye Noorda



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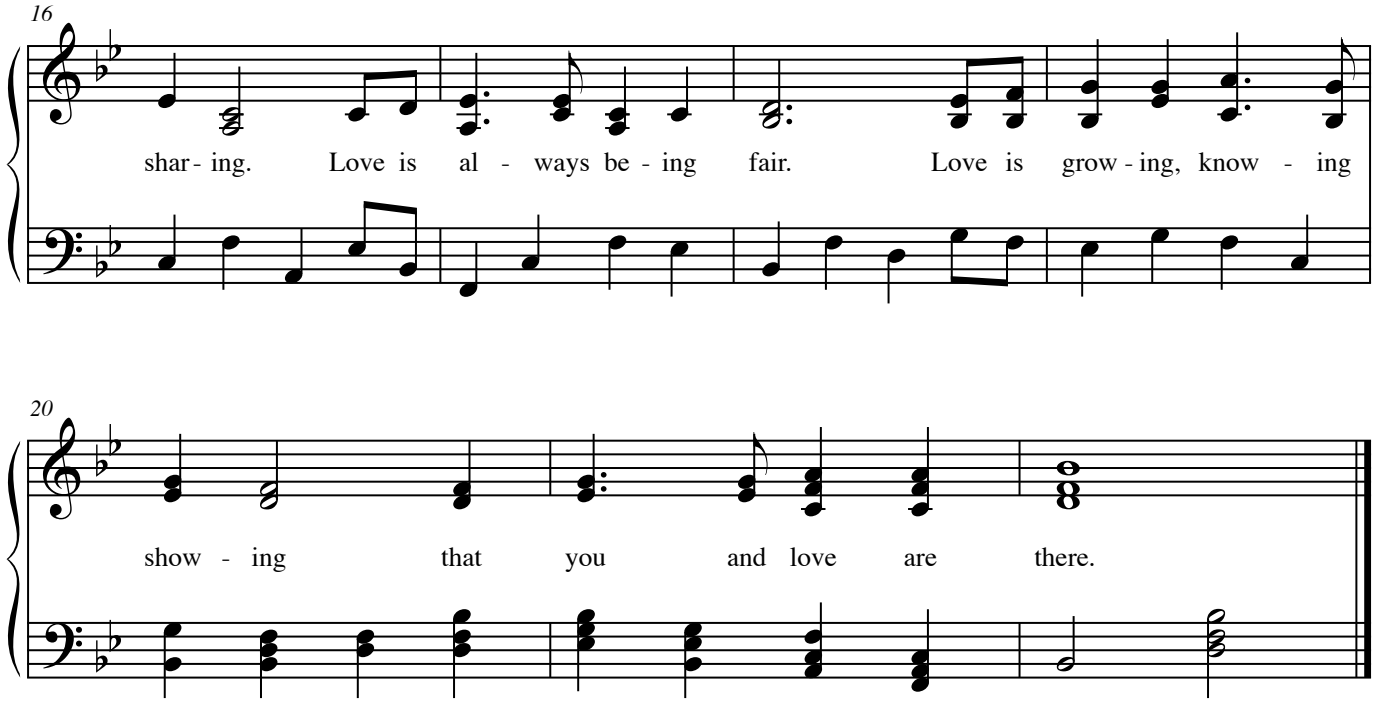
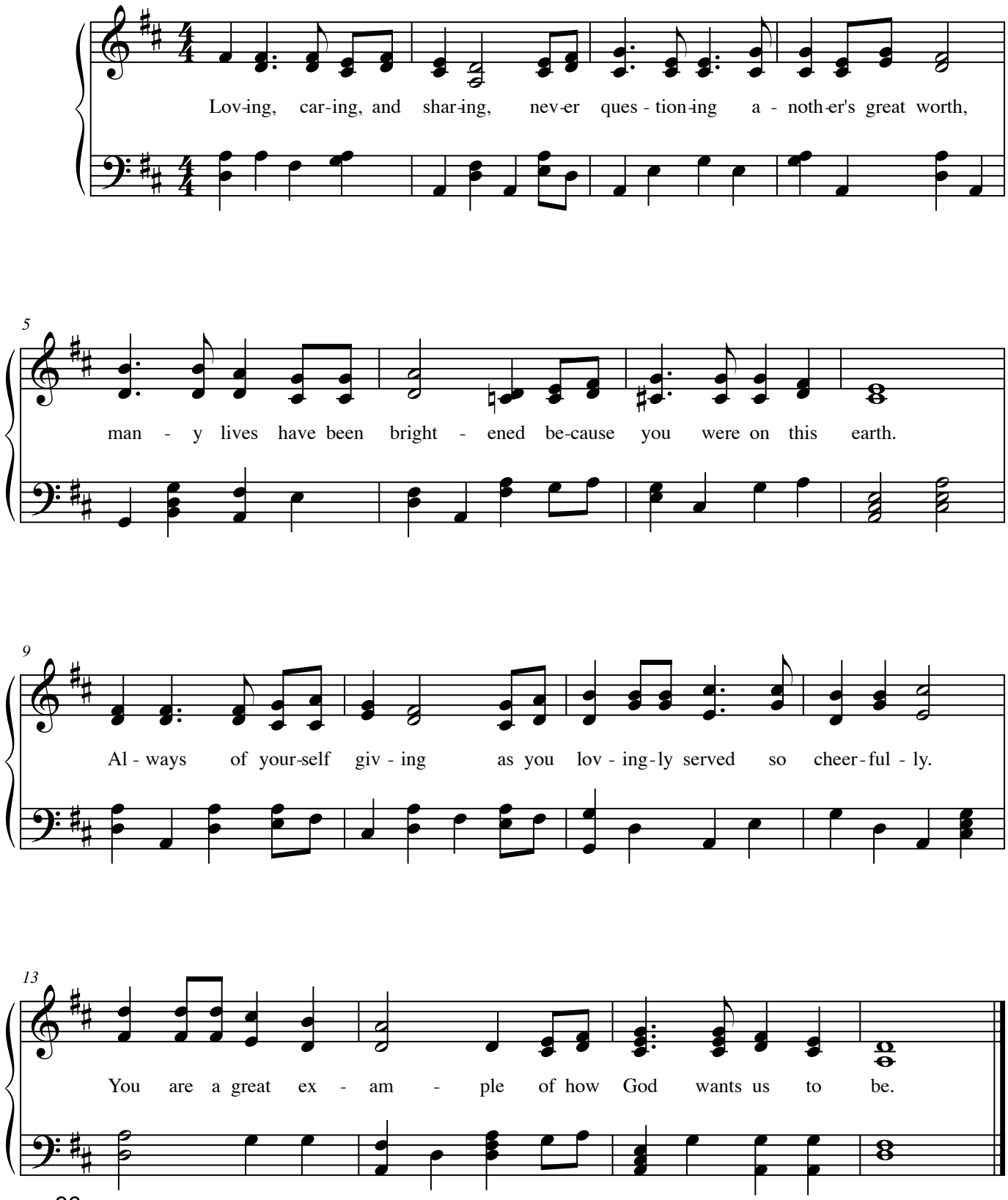

16
shar - ing. Love is al - ways be - ing fair. Love is grow - ing, know - ing
20
show - ing that you and love are there.

Loving, Caring, Sharing

Tye Noorda



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Notes on "Loving, Caring, and Sharing"

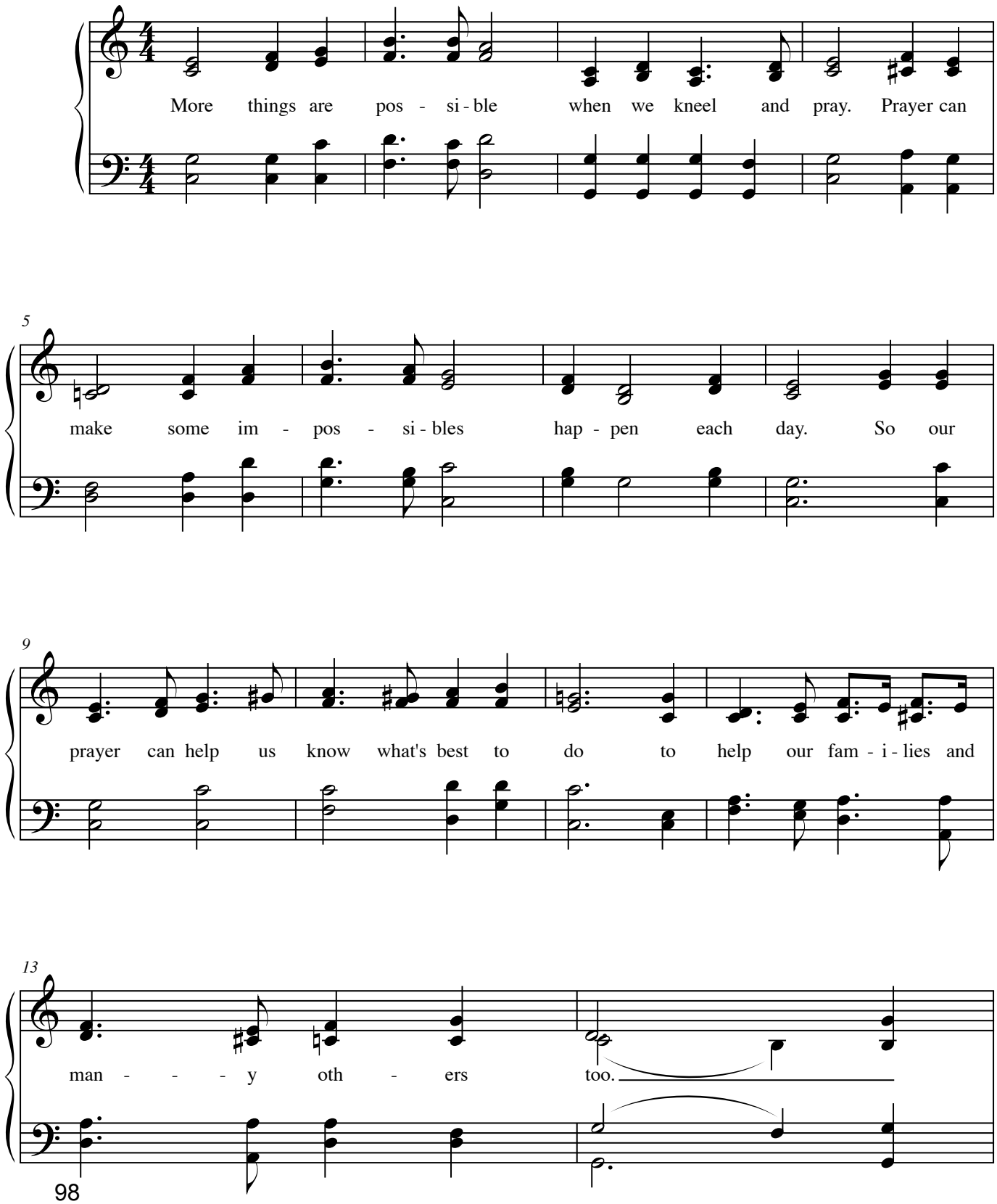
This is a song I wrote in the middle of the night a few years ago when Ray and I had made what we were almost certain was a final visit with Ray's brother-in-law "Earl" who had been very ill for over a year.

I had never known a nicer more loving and caring man than Earl and in the middle of the night I woke up with the words and music for this song going through my mind and I got up and wrote down the words and the music. Earl died a few days later.

A month ago I was trying to find a closing song for Ray's funeral and I couldn't find a song which I thought described Ray. Then I thought of the song I had written about Earl and how perfectly it also described Ray. I decided it would be an appropriate closing for Ray's funeral.

More Things are Possible

Tye Noorda



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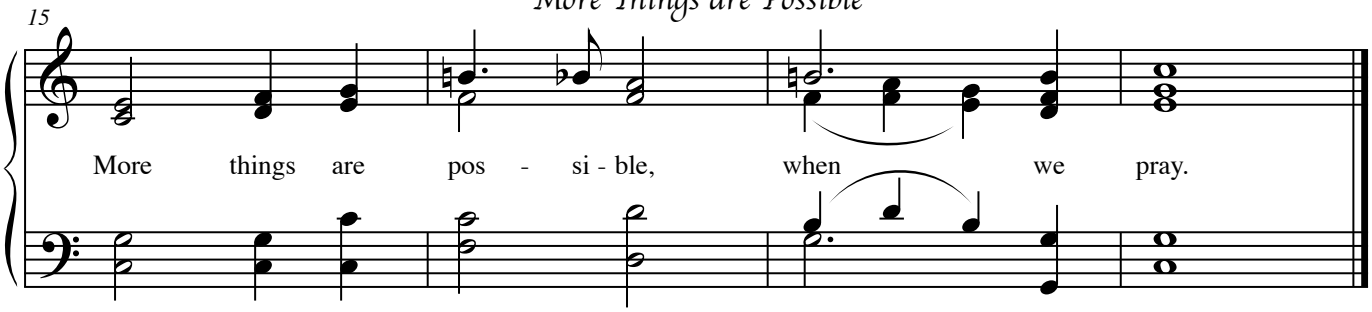
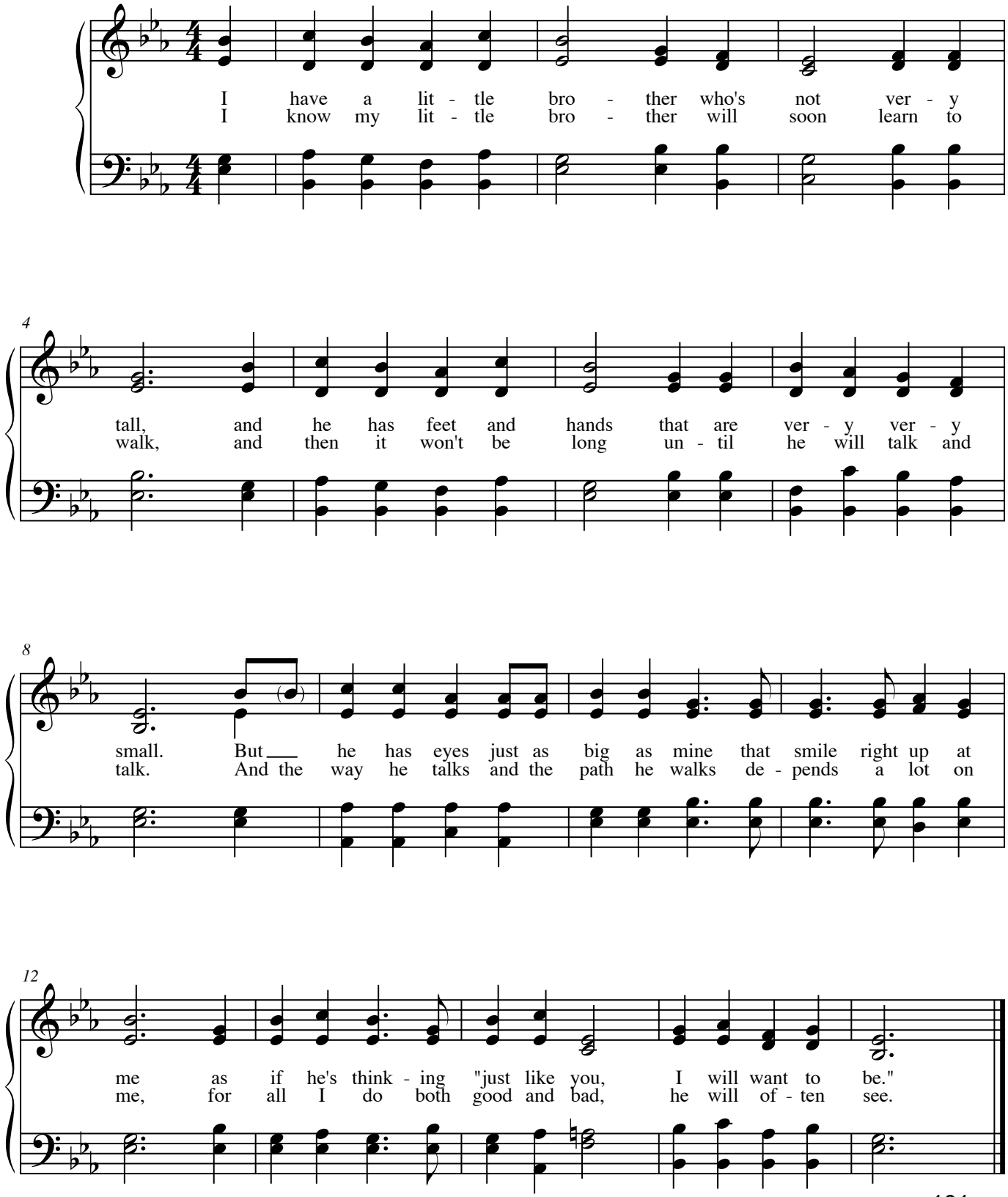

15
More things are pos - si - ble, when we pray.

My Little Brother

Tye Noorda



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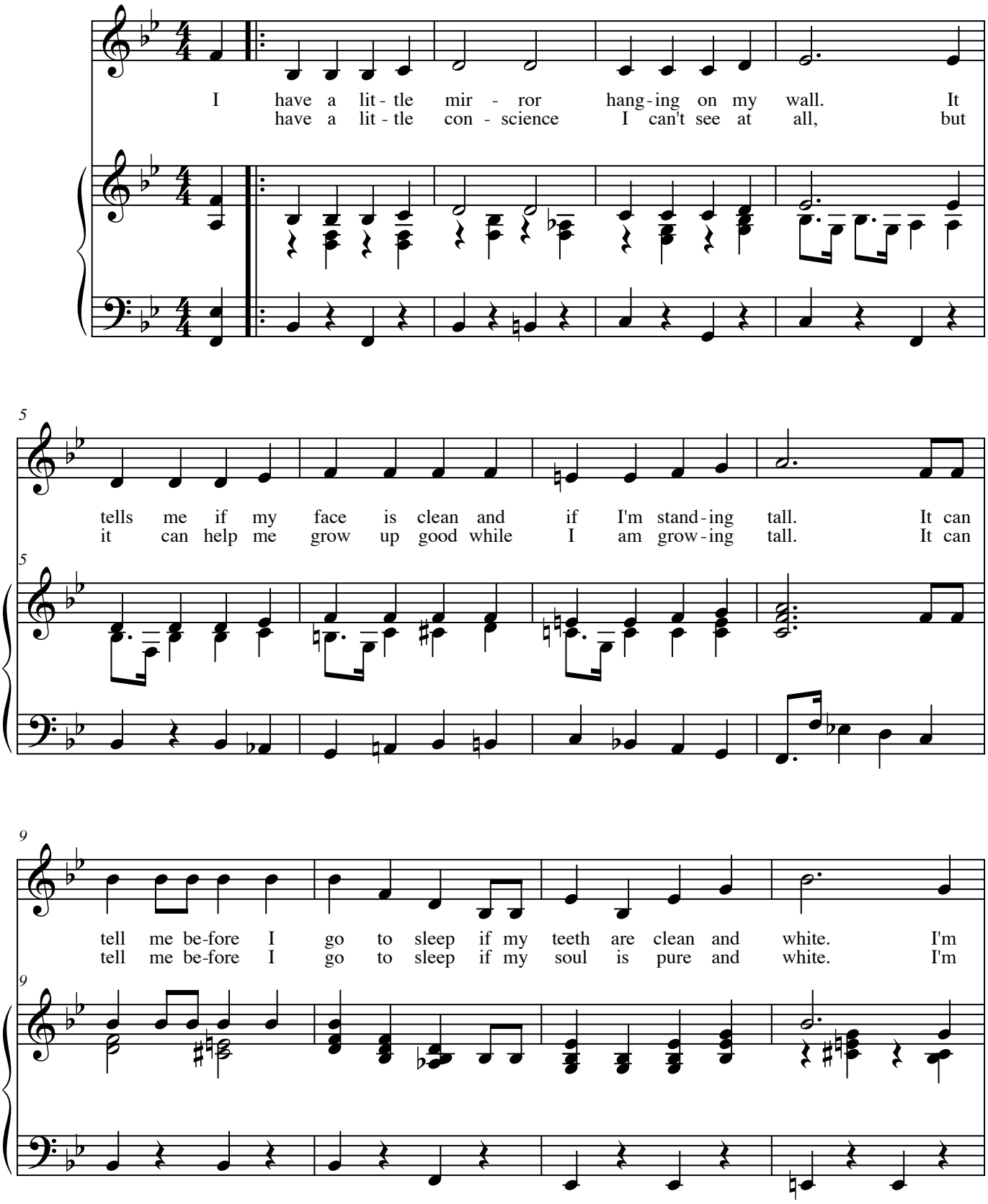
My Mirror

Tye Noorda



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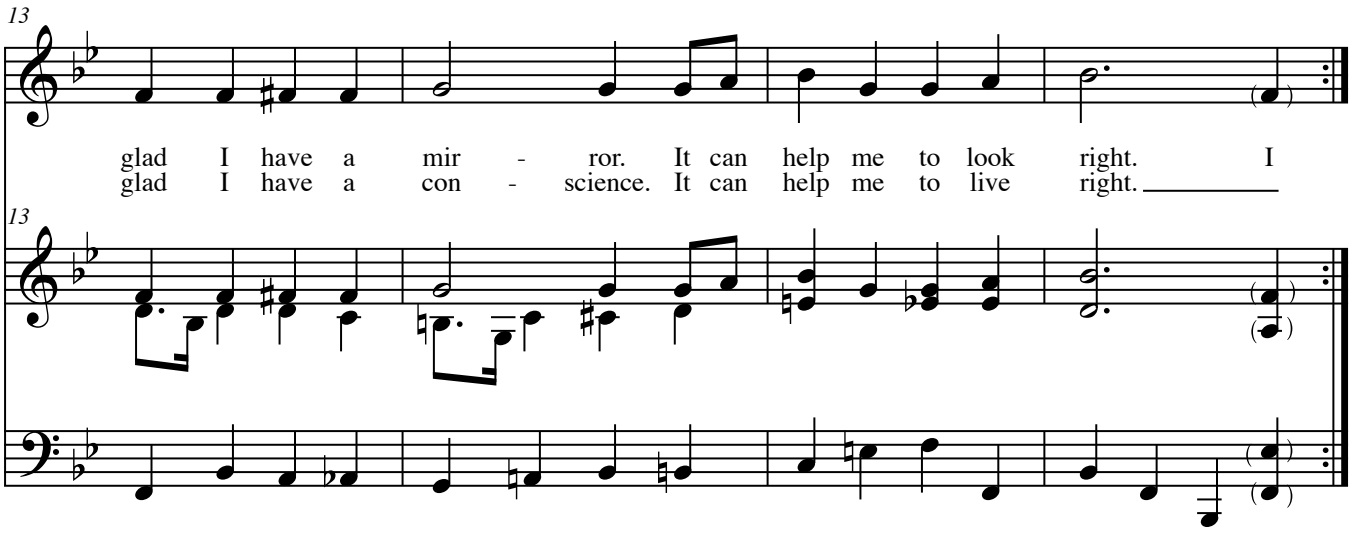
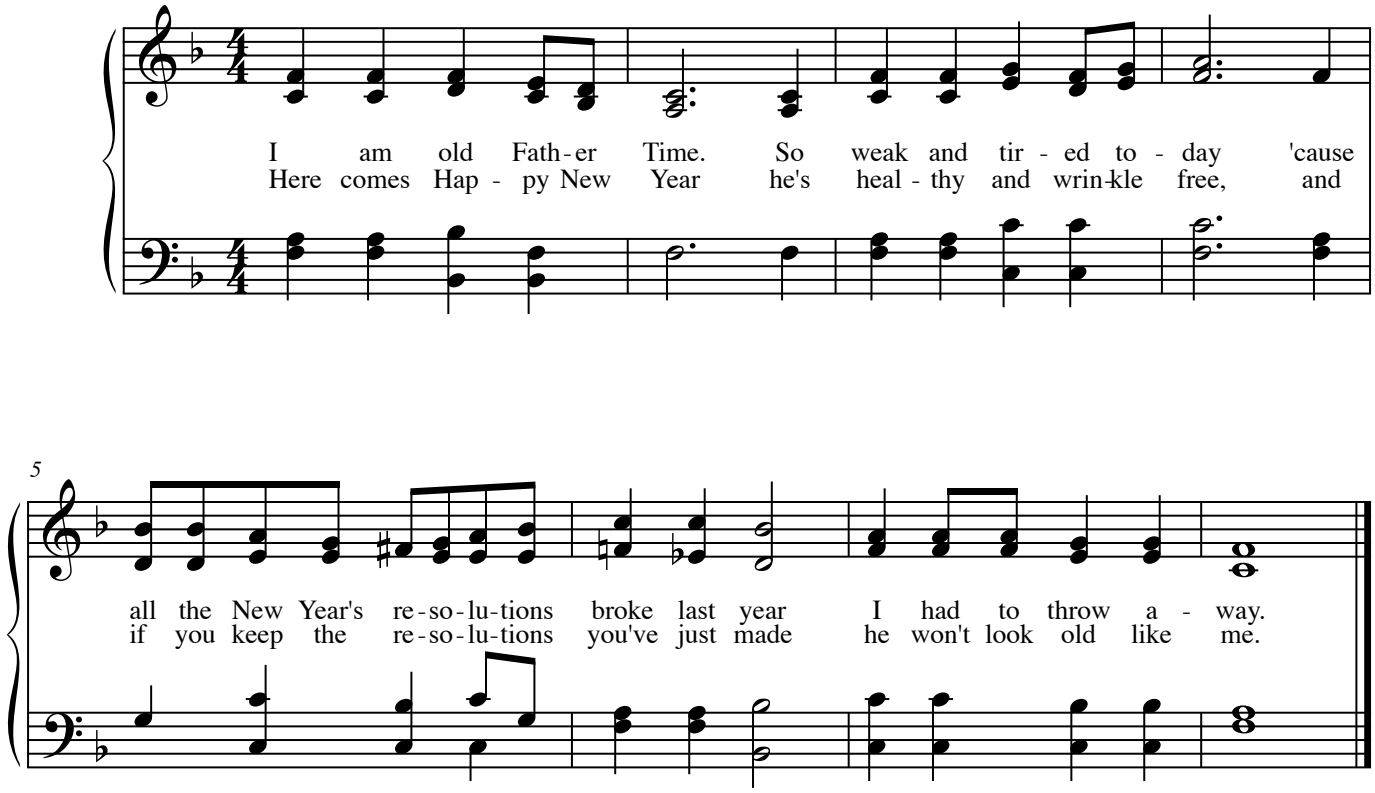

13
glad I have a mir - ror. It can help me to look right. I
glad I have a con - science. It can help me to live right.
13

New Year's Resolutions

Tye Noorda



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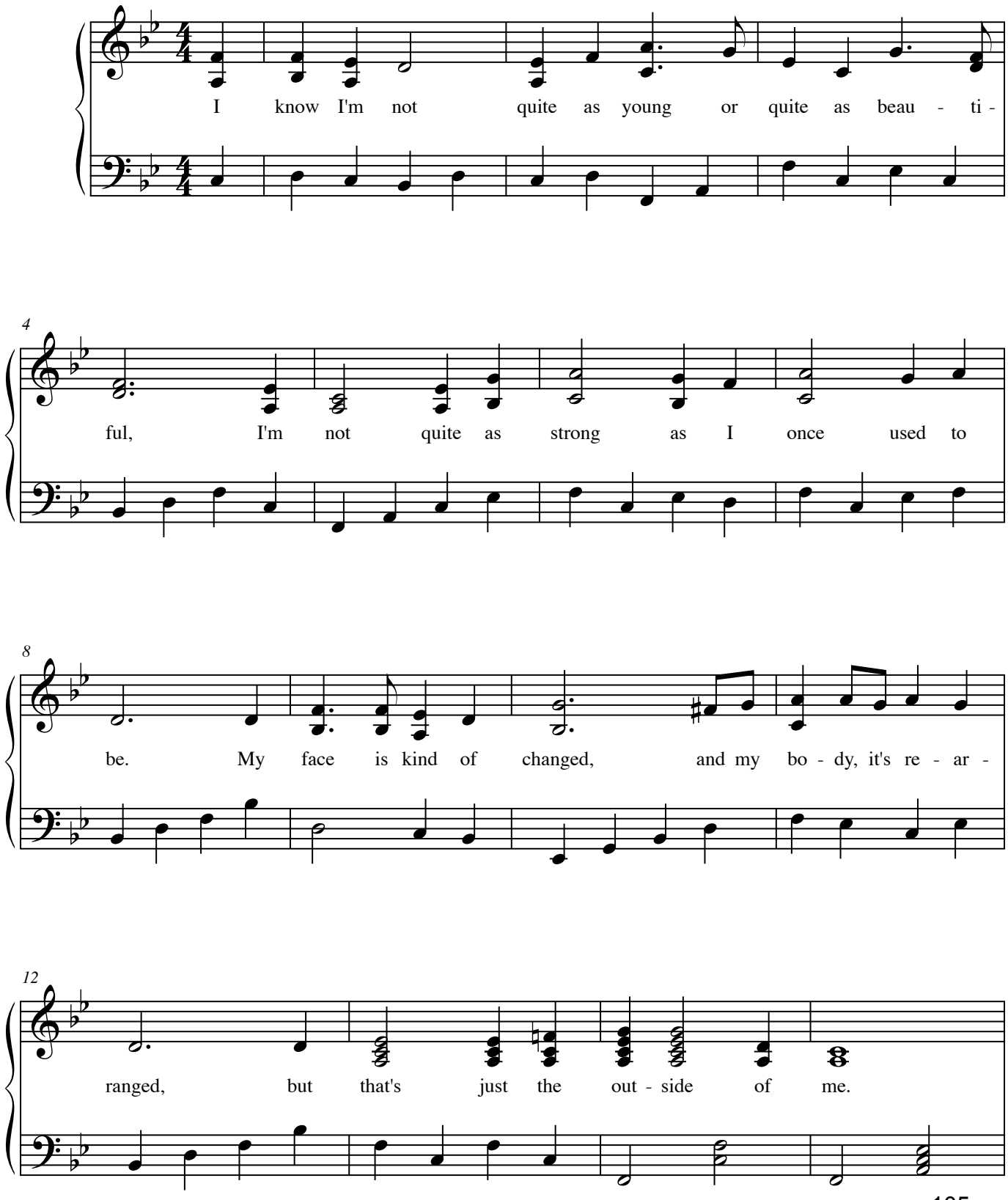
Not Quite as Young

Tye Noorda



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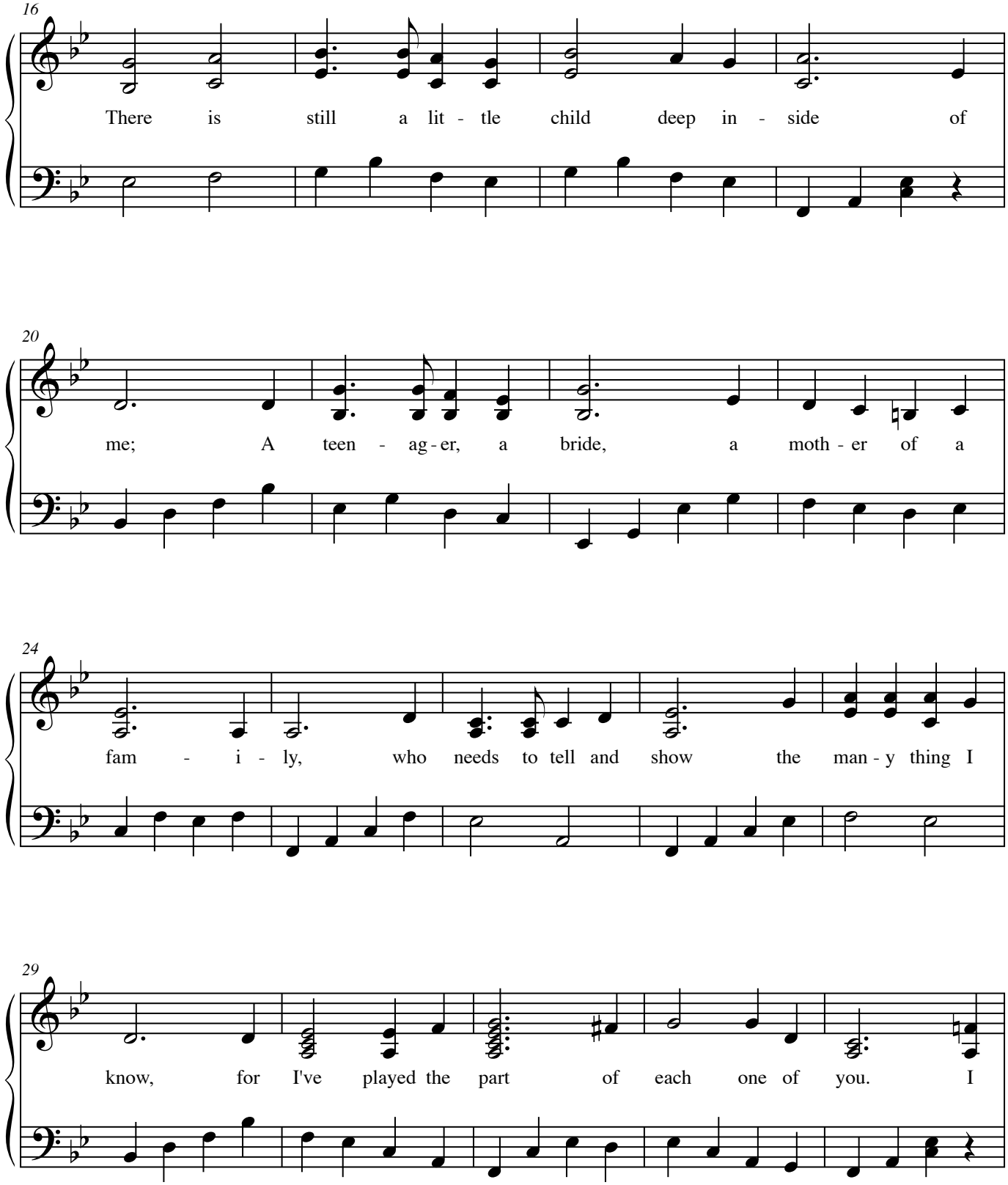
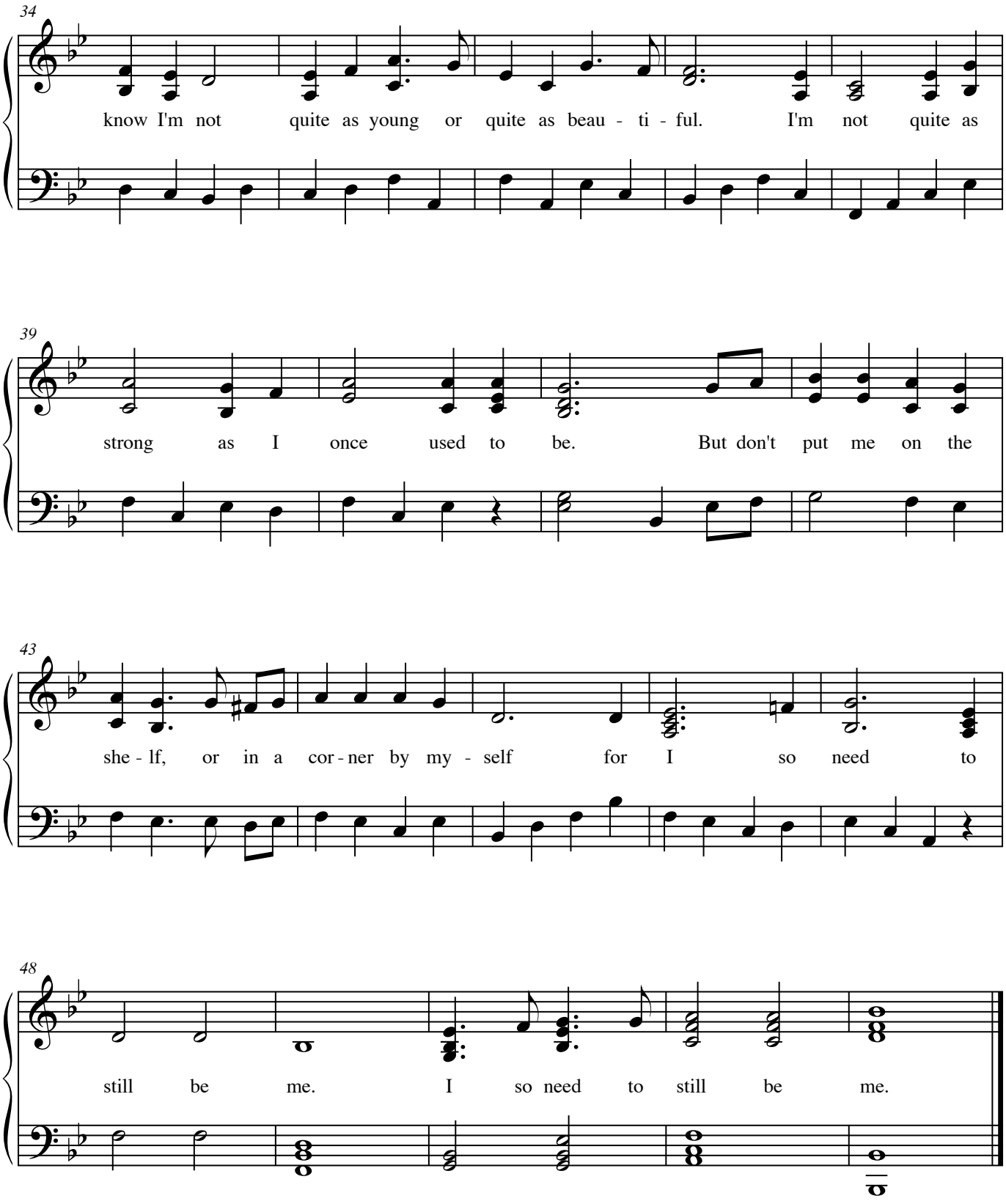
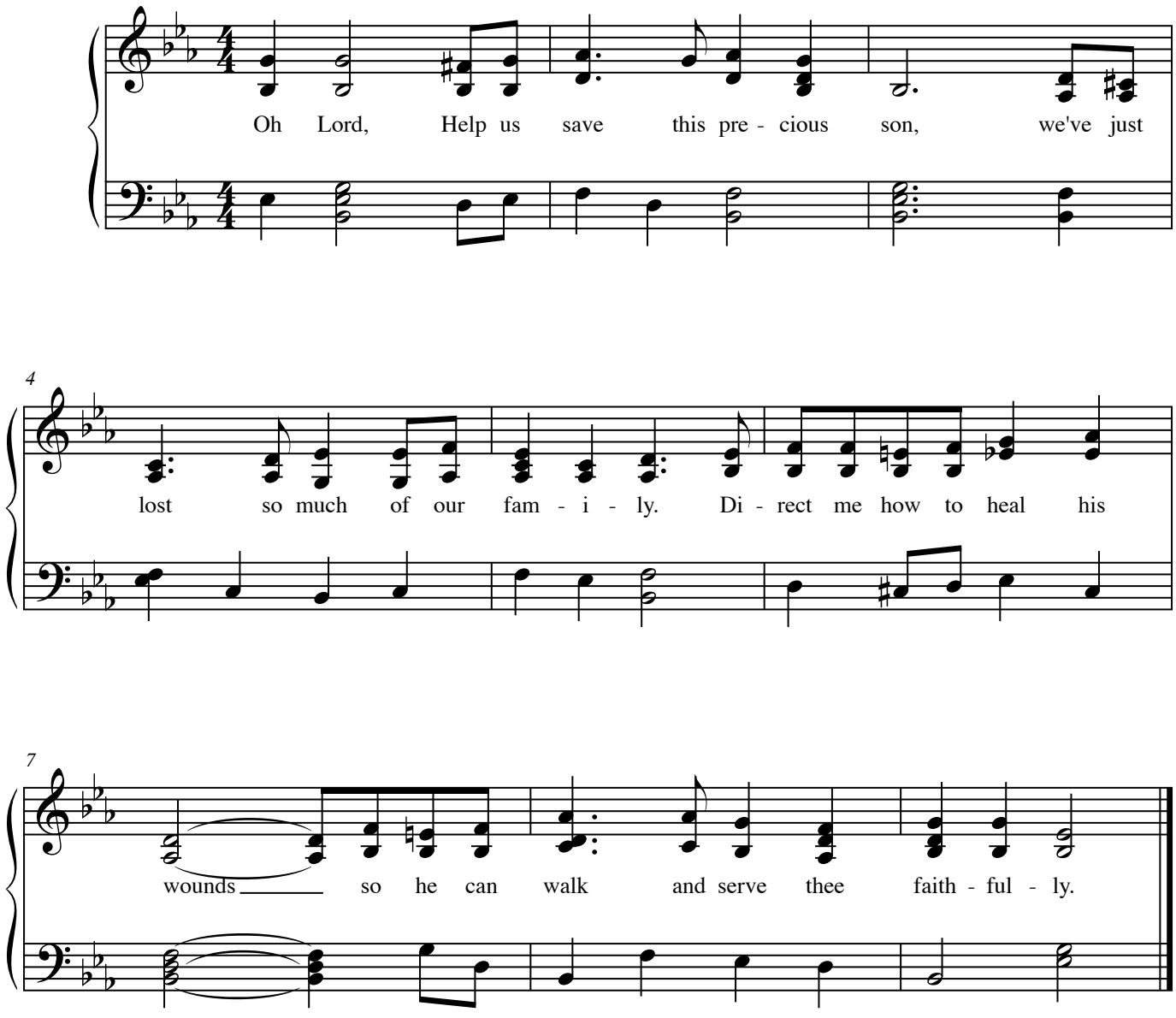

16
There is still a lit - tle child deep in - side of
20
me; A teen - ag - er, a bride, a moth - er of a
24
fam - i - ly, who needs to tell and show the man - y thing I
29
know, for I've played the part of each one of you. I


34
know I'm not quite as young or quite as beau - ti - ful. I'm not quite as
39
strong as I once used to be. But don't put me on the
43
she - lf, or in a cor - ner by my - self for I so need to
48
still be me. I so need to still be me.

Prayer (Amanda)

Tye Noorda



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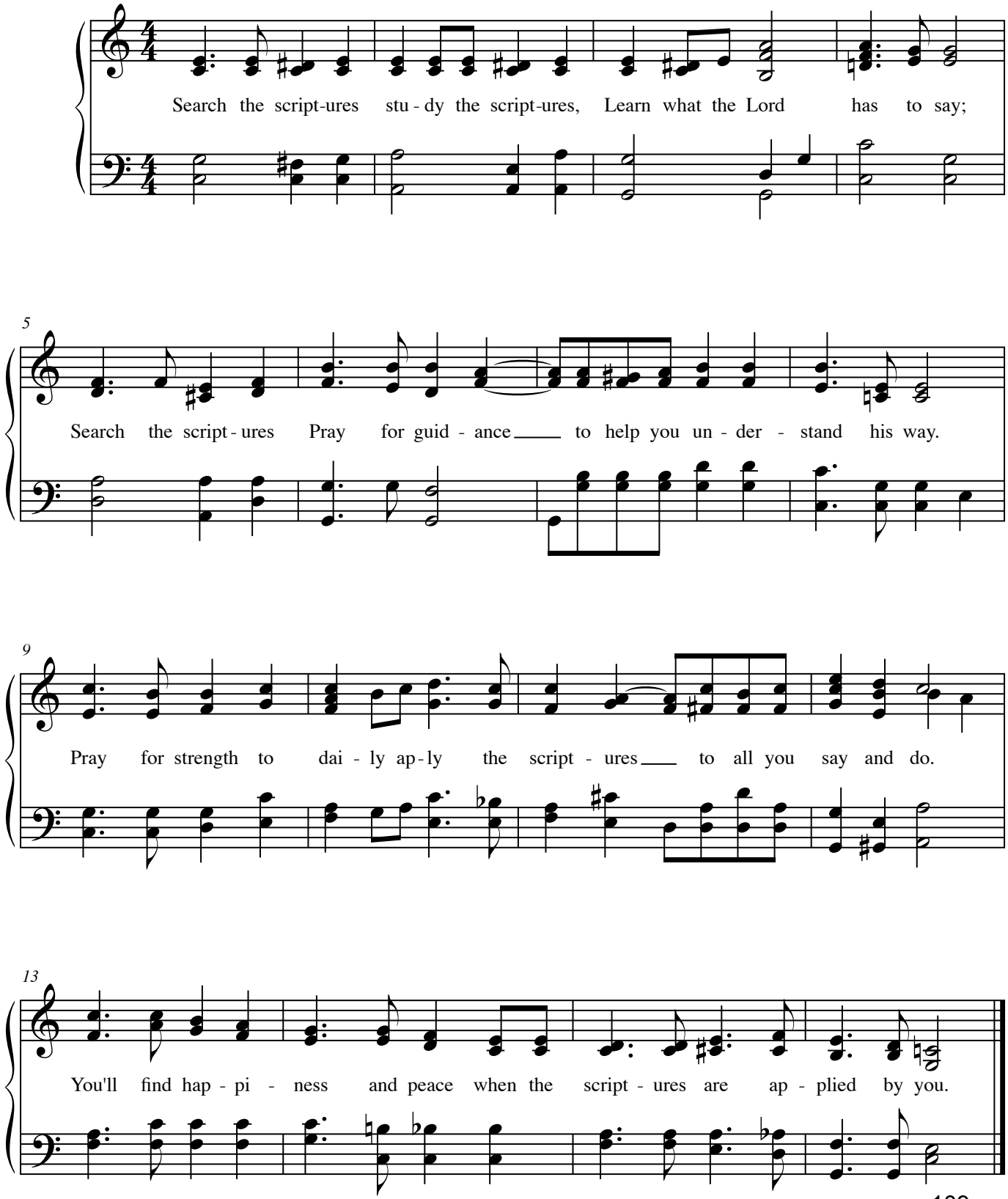
Search the Scriptures

Tye Noorda



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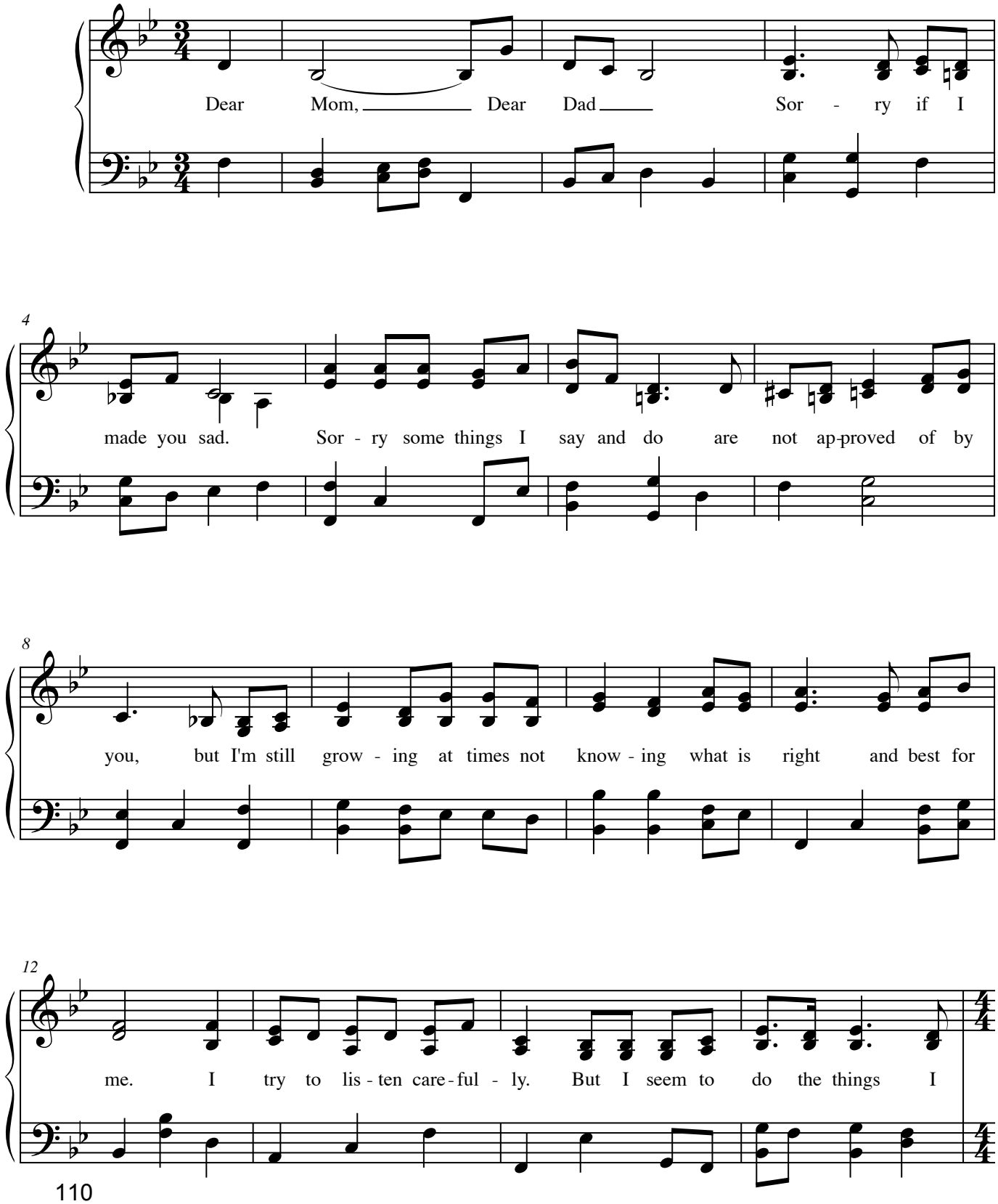
Show Me

Tye Noorda



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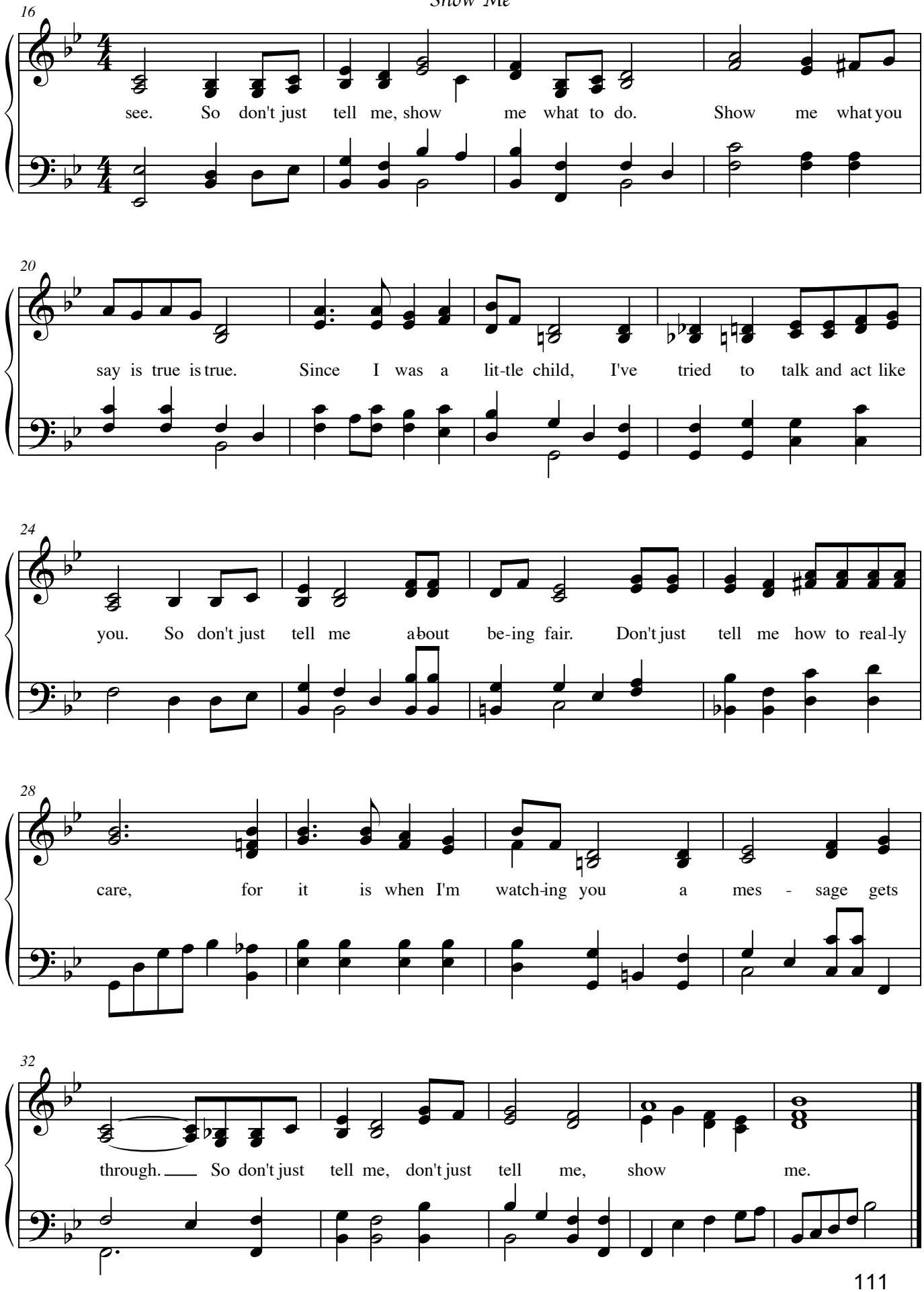
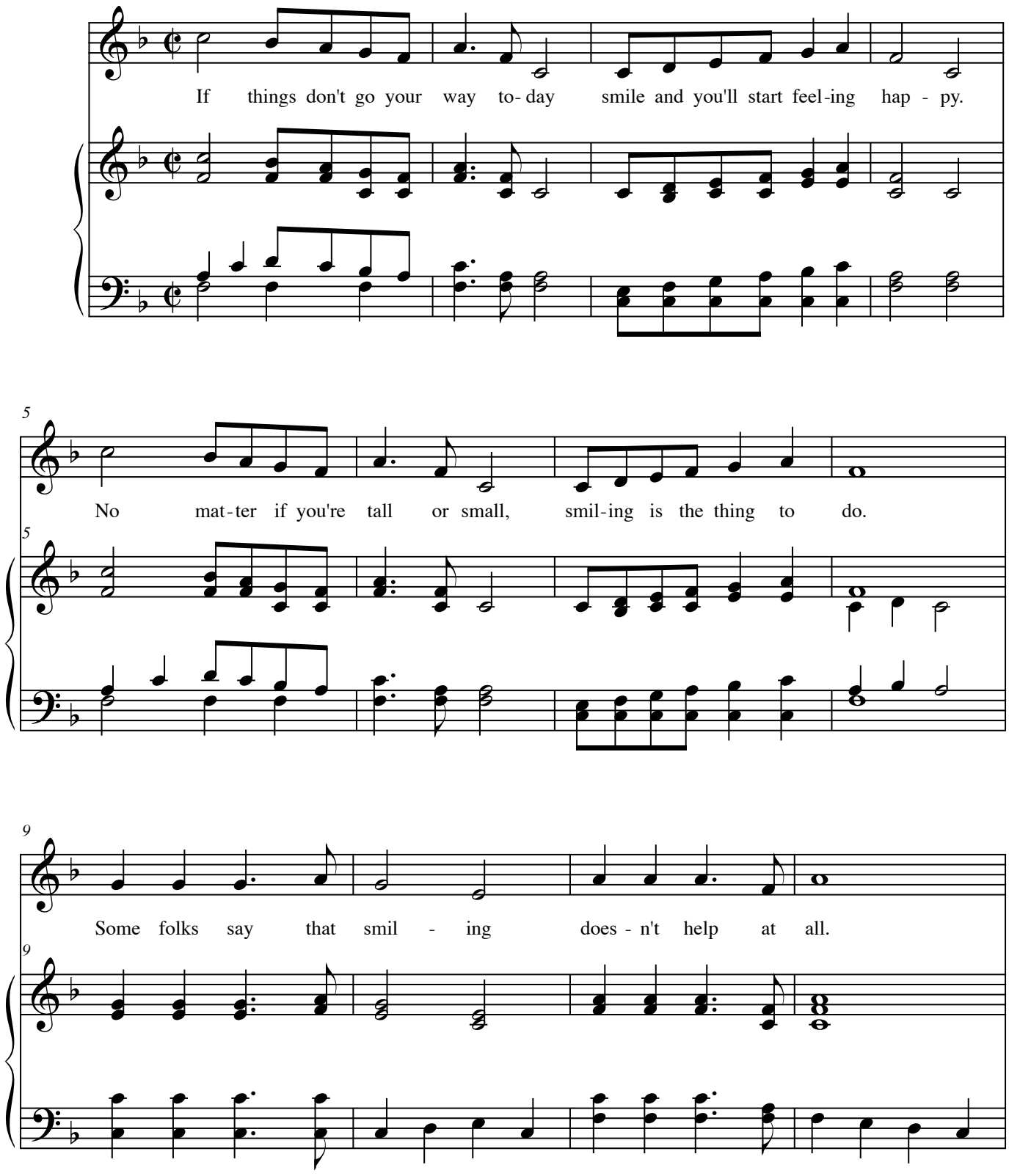

16
see. So don't just tell me, show me what to do. Show me what you
20
say is true is true. Since I was a lit-tle child, I've tried to talk and act like
24
you. So don't just tell me about be-ing fair. Don't just tell me how to real-ly
28
care, for it is when I'm watch-ing you a mes - sage gets
32
through. So don't just tell me, don't just tell me, show me.

Smiling

Tye Noorda

(Stewardess)



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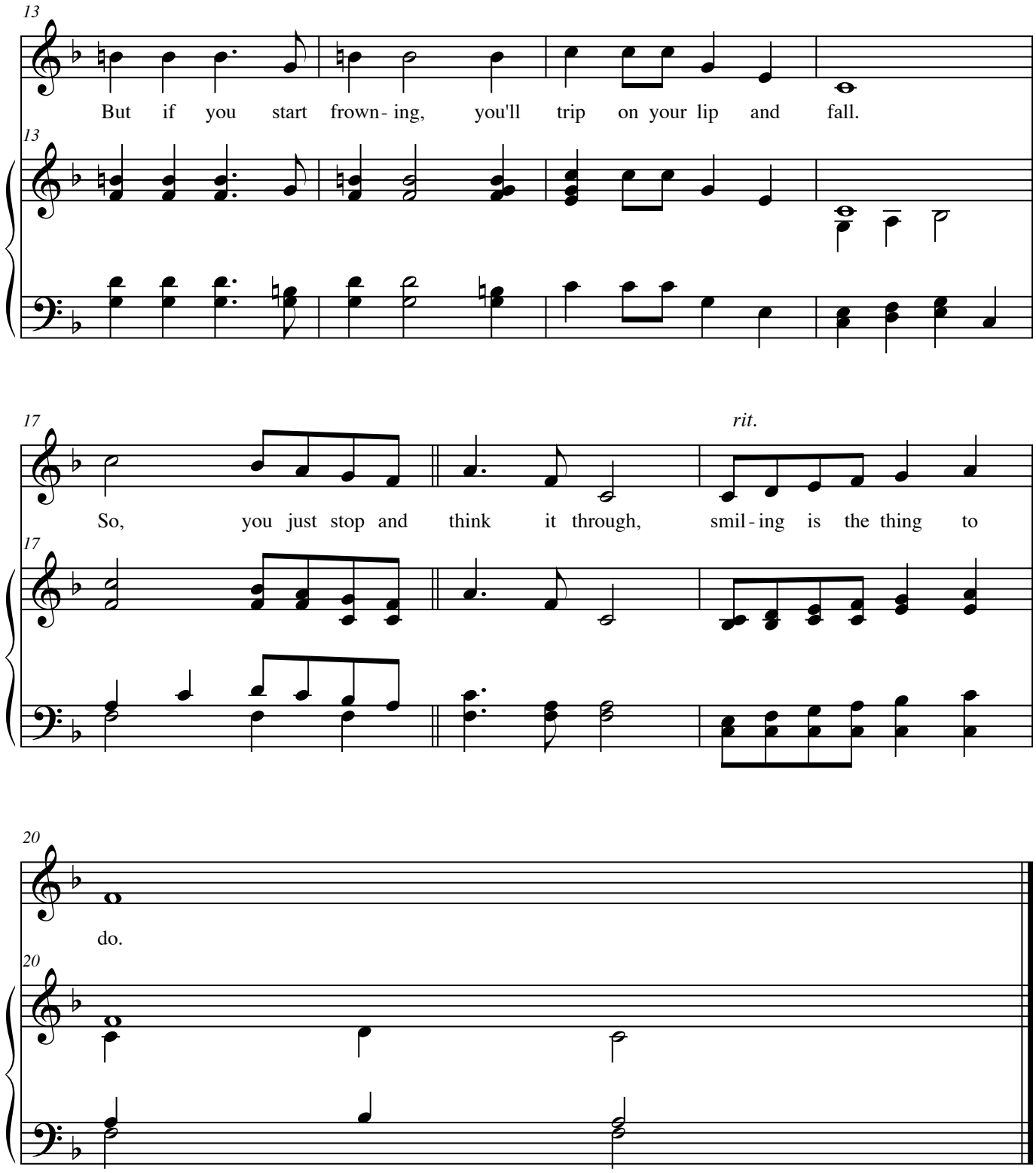
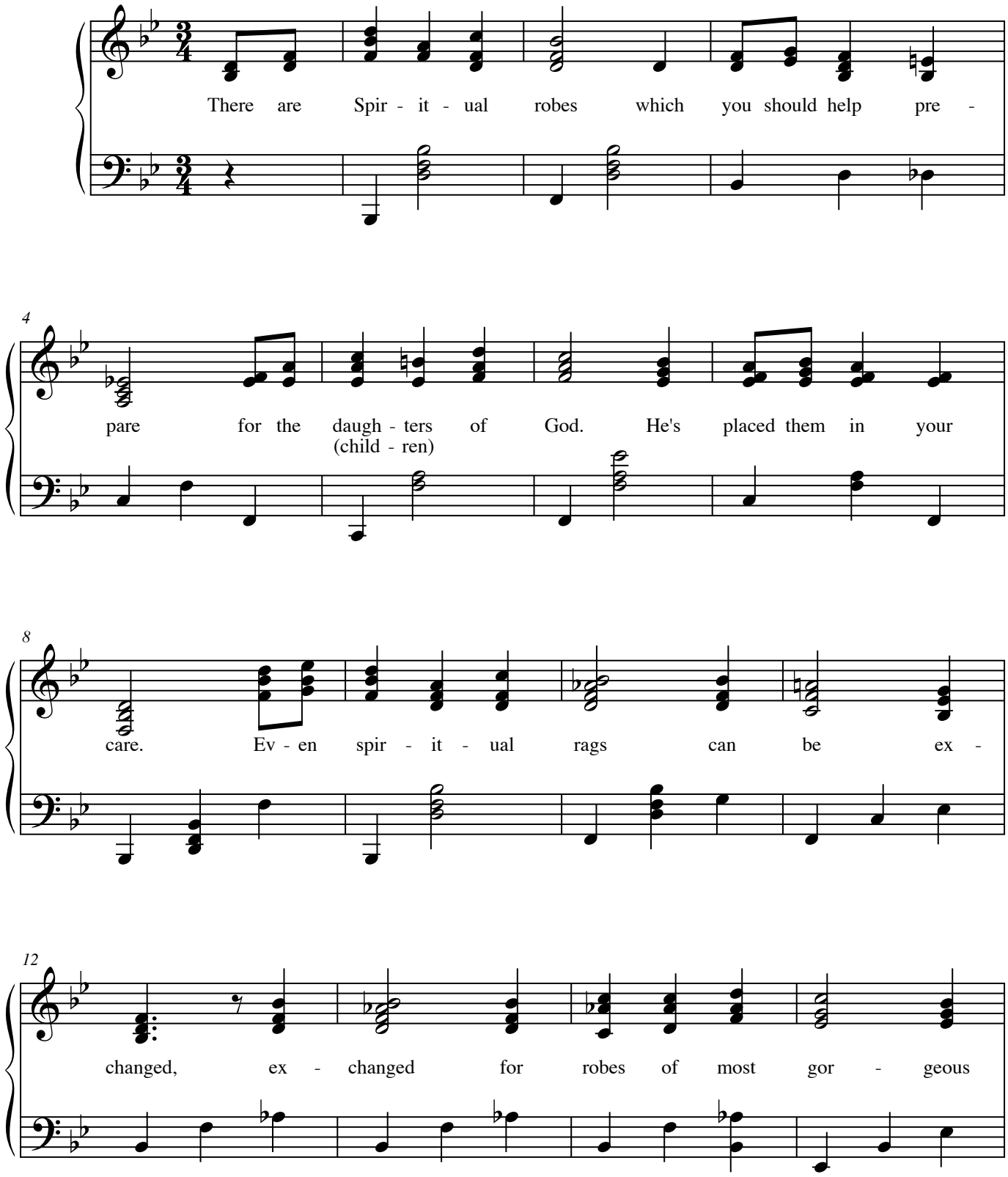

13
But if you start frown- ing, you'll trip on your lip and fall.
13
17
rit.
So, you just stop and think it through, smil- ing is the thing to
17
20
do.
20

Spiritual Robes

Tye Noorda



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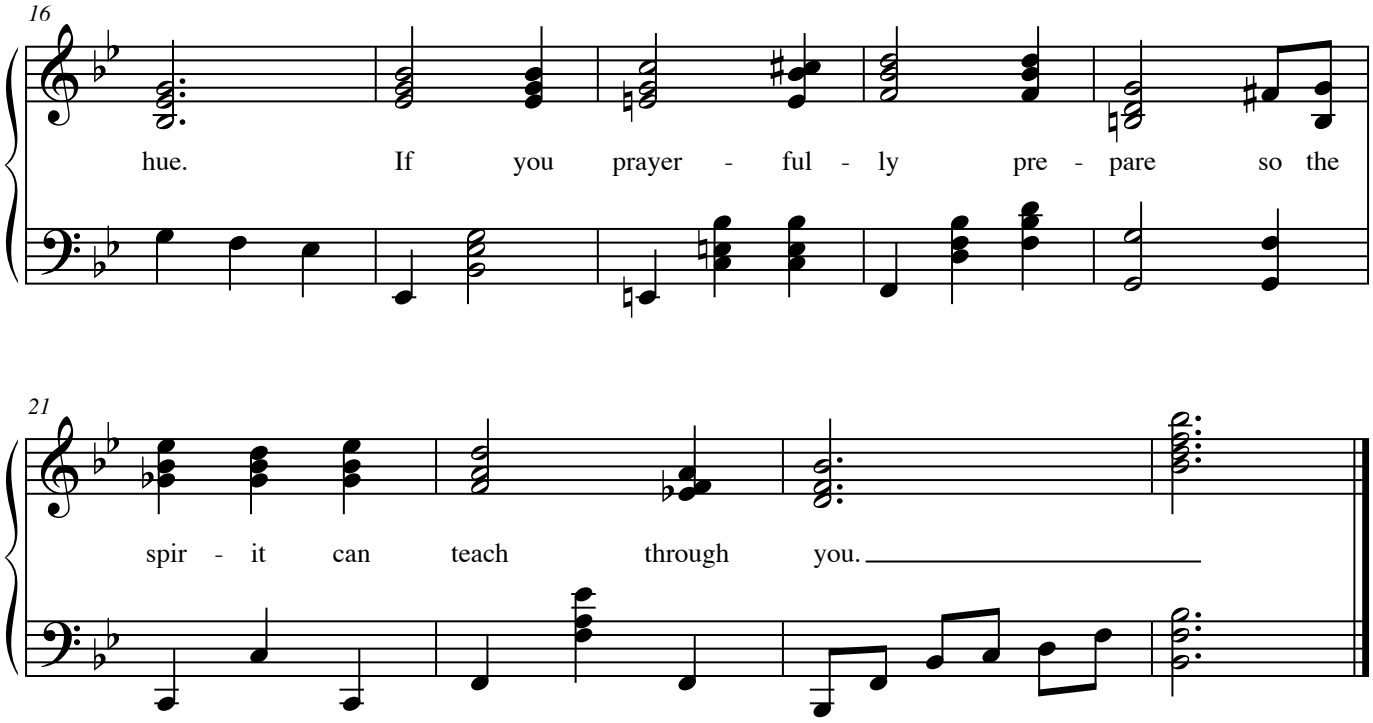


Words taken from a talk by President Kimball

Excerpts from *The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball*, 1982

"Visiting teaching is a great opportunity for service. To be successful, it seems to me that a visiting teacher would wish to have a high purpose and remember it all the time, would want to have a great vision, a terrific enthusiasm that cannot be worn down, a positive attitude, of course, and a great love...

"You shall 'teach the principles of [the] gospel, which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fullness of the gospel' (D&C 42:12)-not mere ethics-and you always have the liberty to turn to them, and to interpret them, and bring them to the point where your inspiration leads you to give it to that particular sister-a different message to every person, a different approach, a different conclusion, a different approach to testimony...

"There are many sisters who are living in rags - spiritual rags. They are entitled to gotgeous robes, spiritual robes, as in the parable. It is your privilege more than your duty. We talk so much about duty, but it is your privilege to go into homes and exchange robes for rags...

"You cannot miss a home with impunity; you must not pass a sister by, even if she is a little uncomplimentary, or not too happy for your visit...

"For a [home] teacher or a visiting teacher to accept a responsibility of four, five, six, or seven homes, and leave them in their spiritual rags and tatters is without excuse; and when you go into the homes, there should be no vain babblings or swelling words. You are going to save souls and who can tell but that many of the fine active people in the Church today are active because you were in their homes and gave them a new outlook, a new vision. You pulled back the curtain. You extended their horizons. You gave them something new. Maybe they will never tell you about it in all their lives, but you did the work just the same.

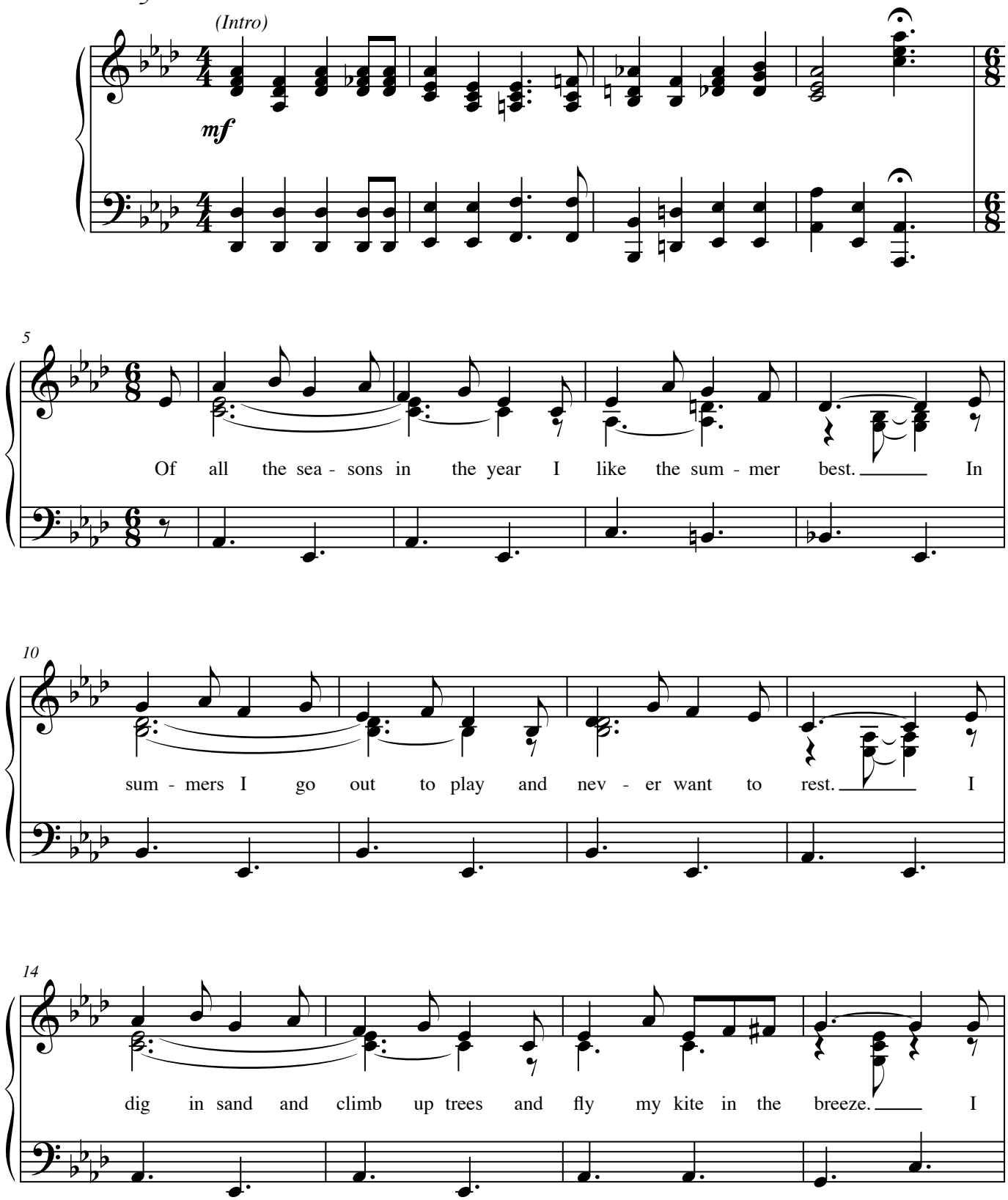
"You see, you are not only saving these sisters, but perhaps also their husbands and their homes...

"'He which soweth sparingly,' said Paul, 'shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.' (2 Corinthians 9:6.) We don't get anywhere by just saying words. We have to put our heart in the words, and we have to plan and prepare our minds. I wonder if there are any sisters that ever fast, maybe the morning they are going visiting teaching. I don't know that it is required. There are a lot of things in the Church that are not required, a lot of things we would like to do. The one who goes just to visit homes, to knock on the doors, to pass the time of day, and then goes back to make the report, is a little bit like the one whom Paul speaks of who is fighting as one that beateth the air, and not making any progress, like one whose wheels are spinning on the ice."

Sunday is His Day

Words: Tye Noorda

Music: B. Taylor



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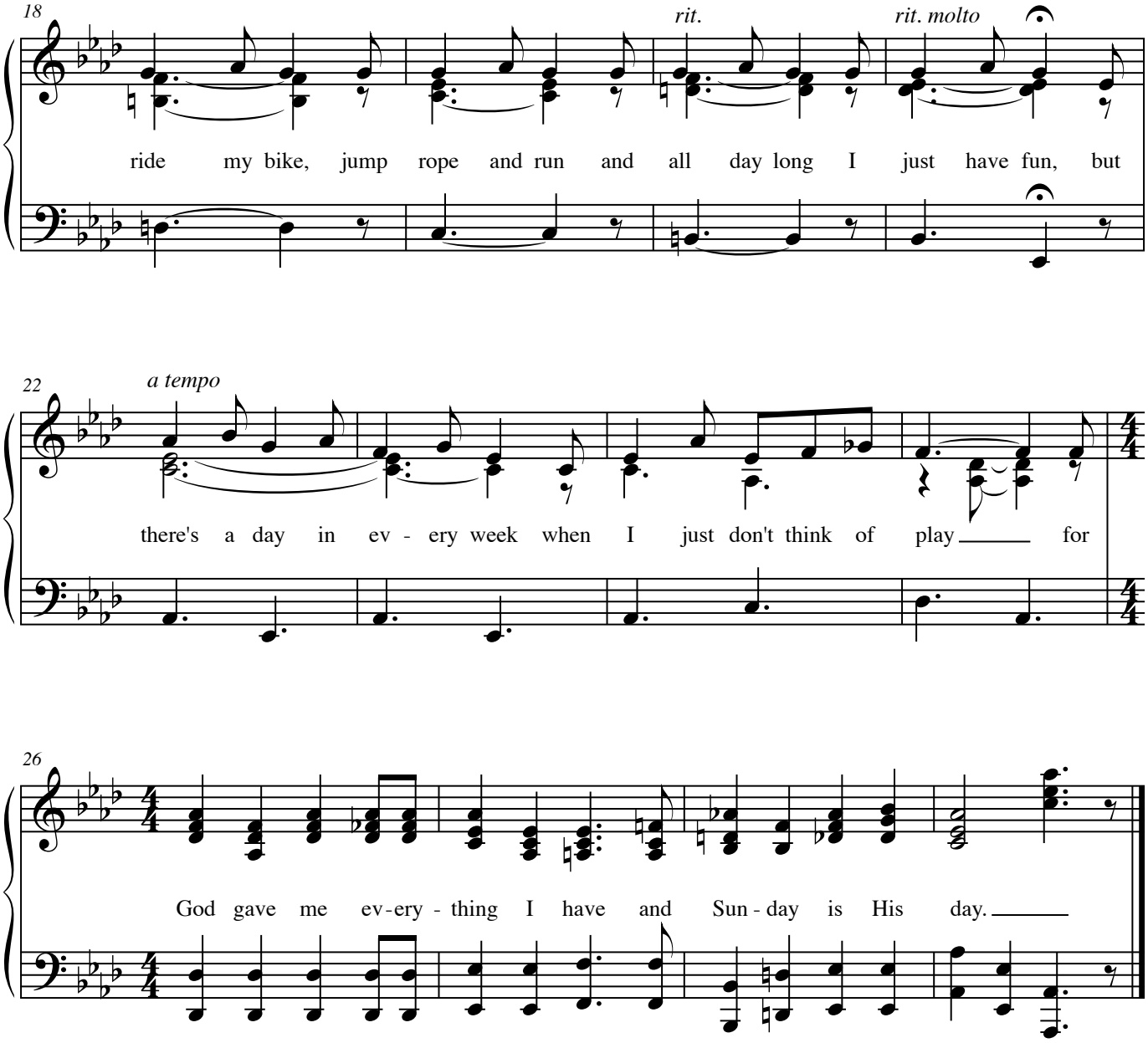
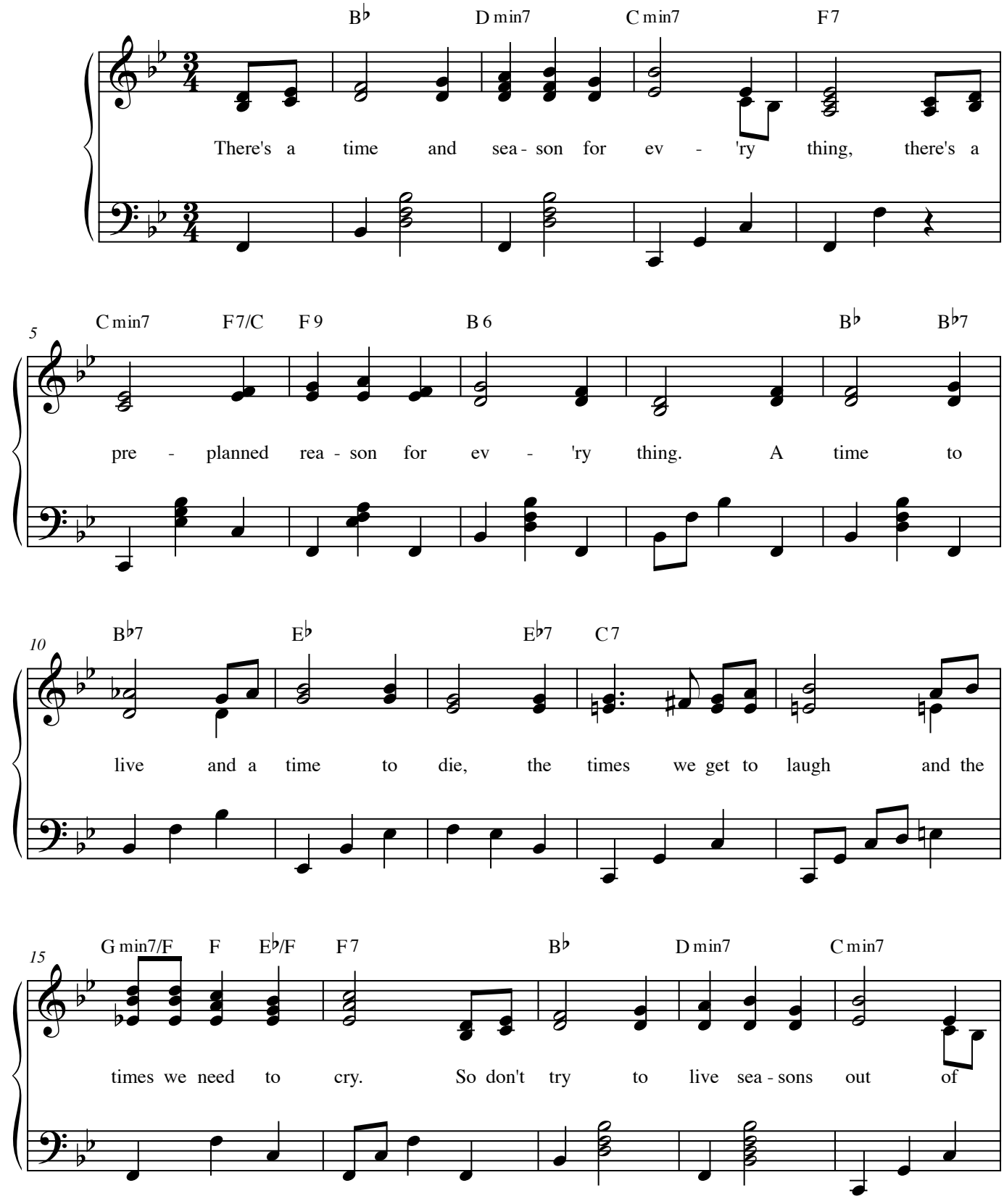

18
rit.
rit. molto
ride my bike, jump rope and run and all day long I just have fun, but
22
a tempo
there's a day in ev - ery week when I just don't think of play for
26
God gave me ev-ery - thing I have and Sun - day is His day.

Time and Season

Tye Noorda



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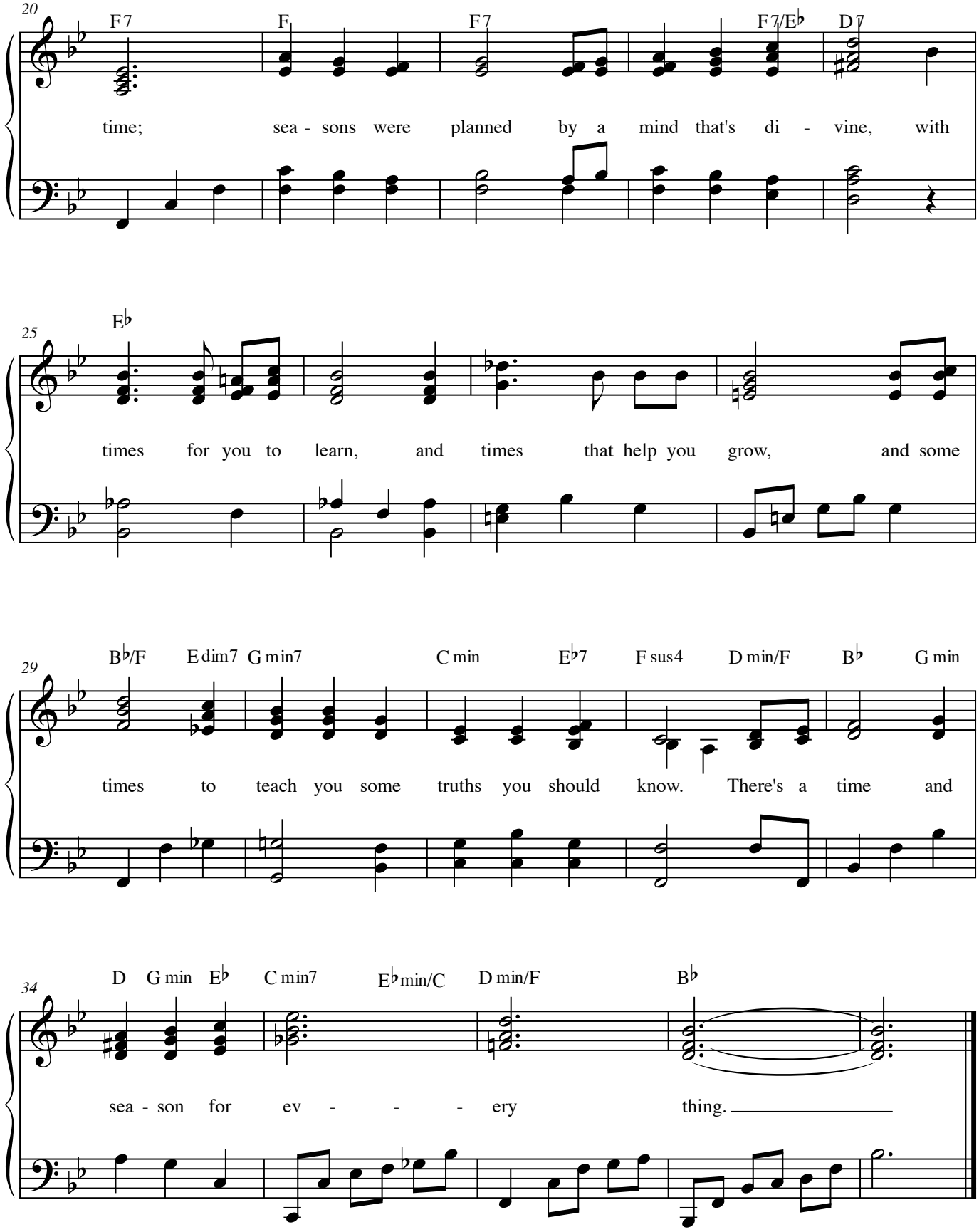
20
F7
F
F7
F7/E♭
D7
time; sea - sons were planned by a mind that's di - vine, with
25
E♭
times for you to learn, and times that help you grow, and some
29
B♭/F
E dim7
G min7
C min
E♭7
F sus4
D min/F
B♭
G min
times to teach you some truths you should know. There's a time and
34
D
G min
E♭
C min7
E♭min/C
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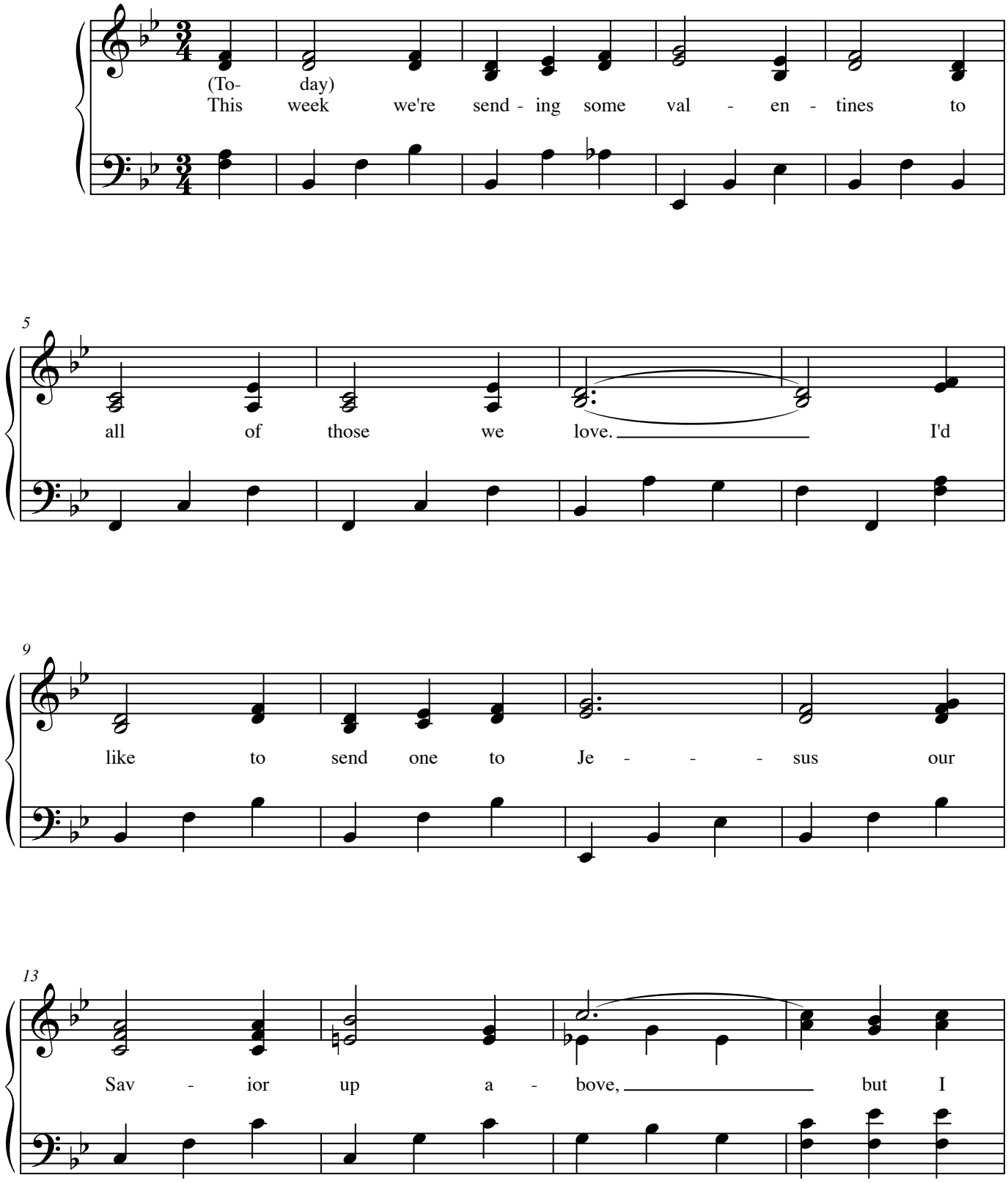
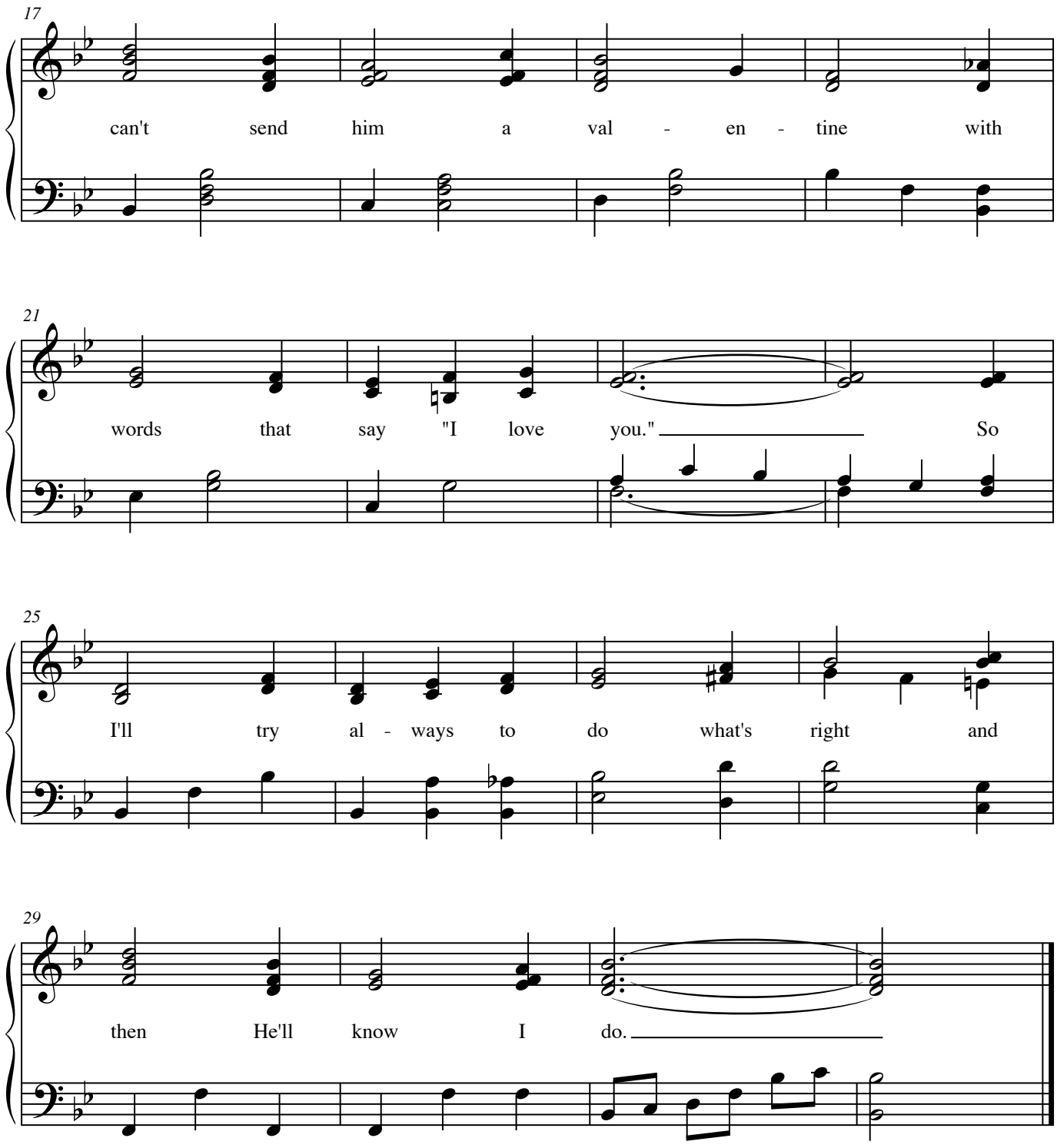
B♭
sea - son for ev - - - ery thing.

Valentines

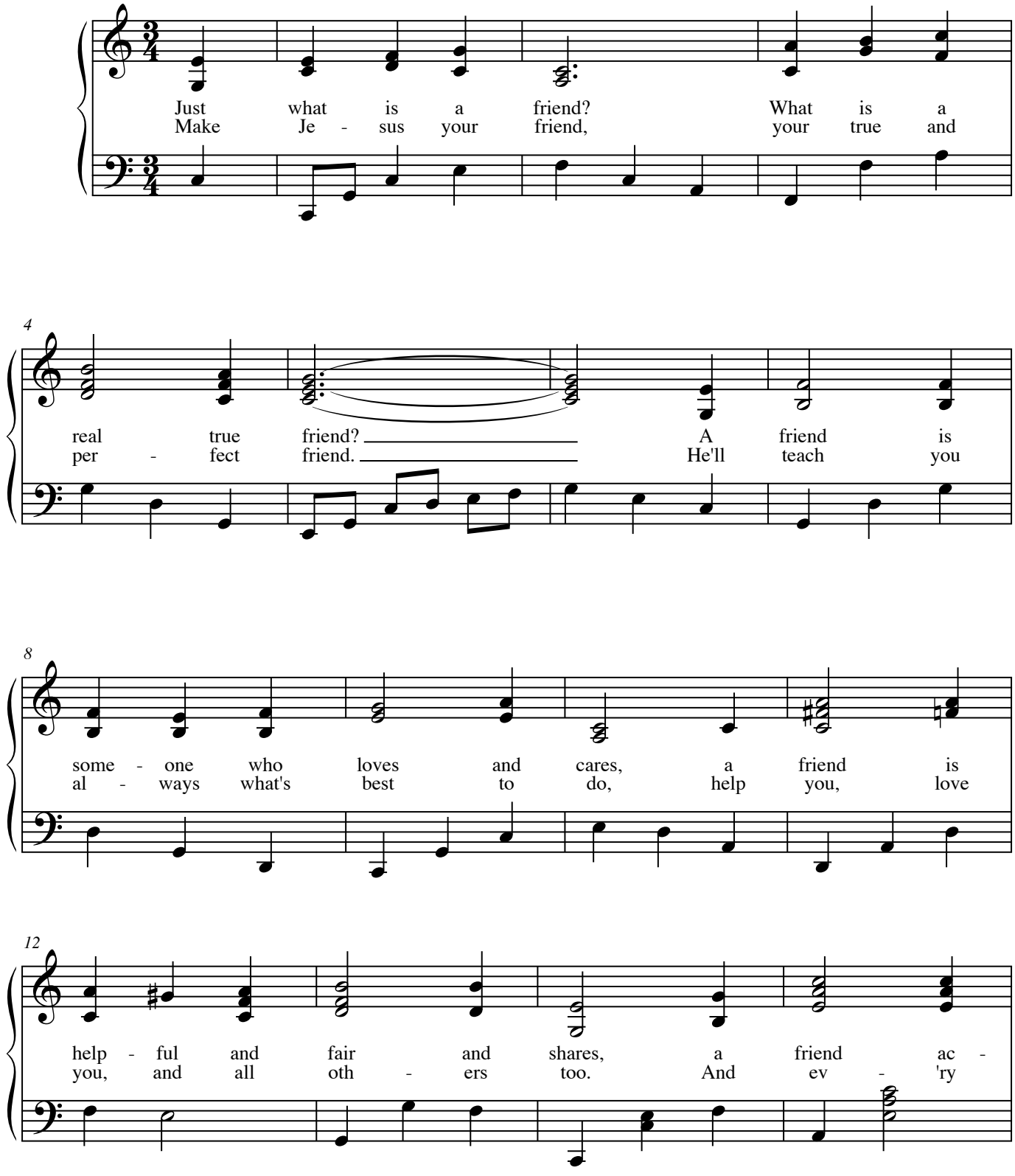
Tye Noorda




17
can't send him a val - en - tine with
21
words that say "I love you." So
25
I'll try al - ways to do what's right and
29
then He'll know I do.

What is a Friend?

Tye Noorda



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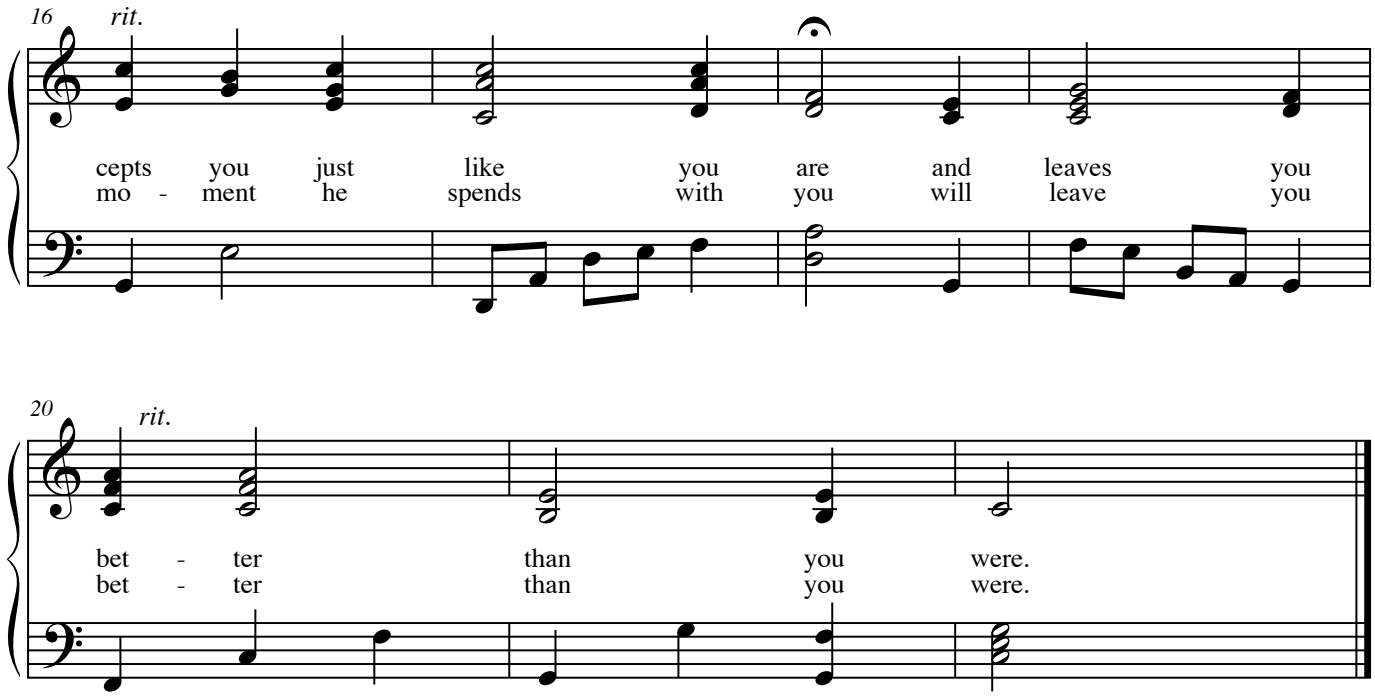
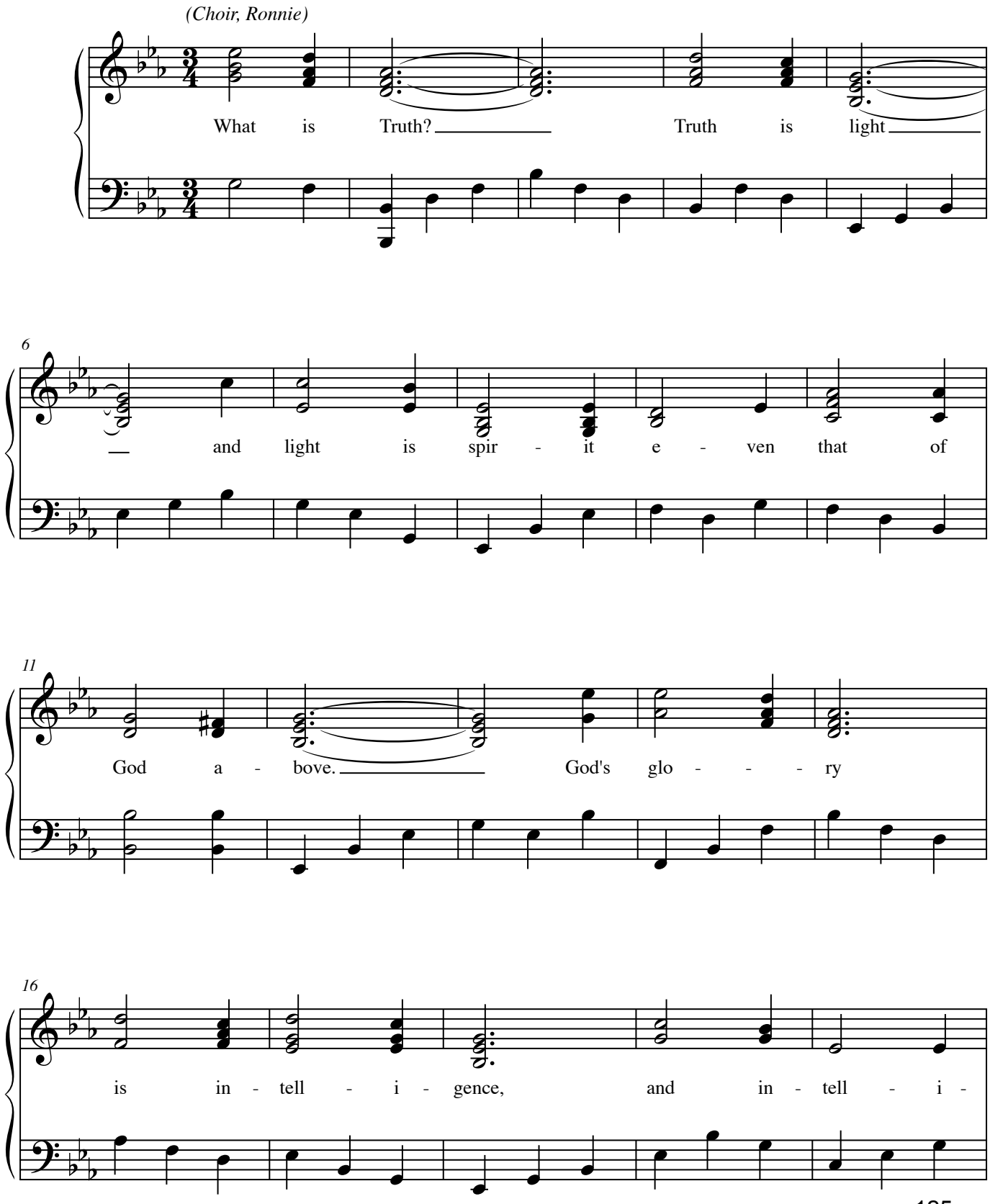

16
rit.
cepts you just like you are and leaves you
mo - ment he spends with you will leave you

20
rit.
bet - ter than you were.
bet - ter than you were.

What is Truth?

Tye Noorda



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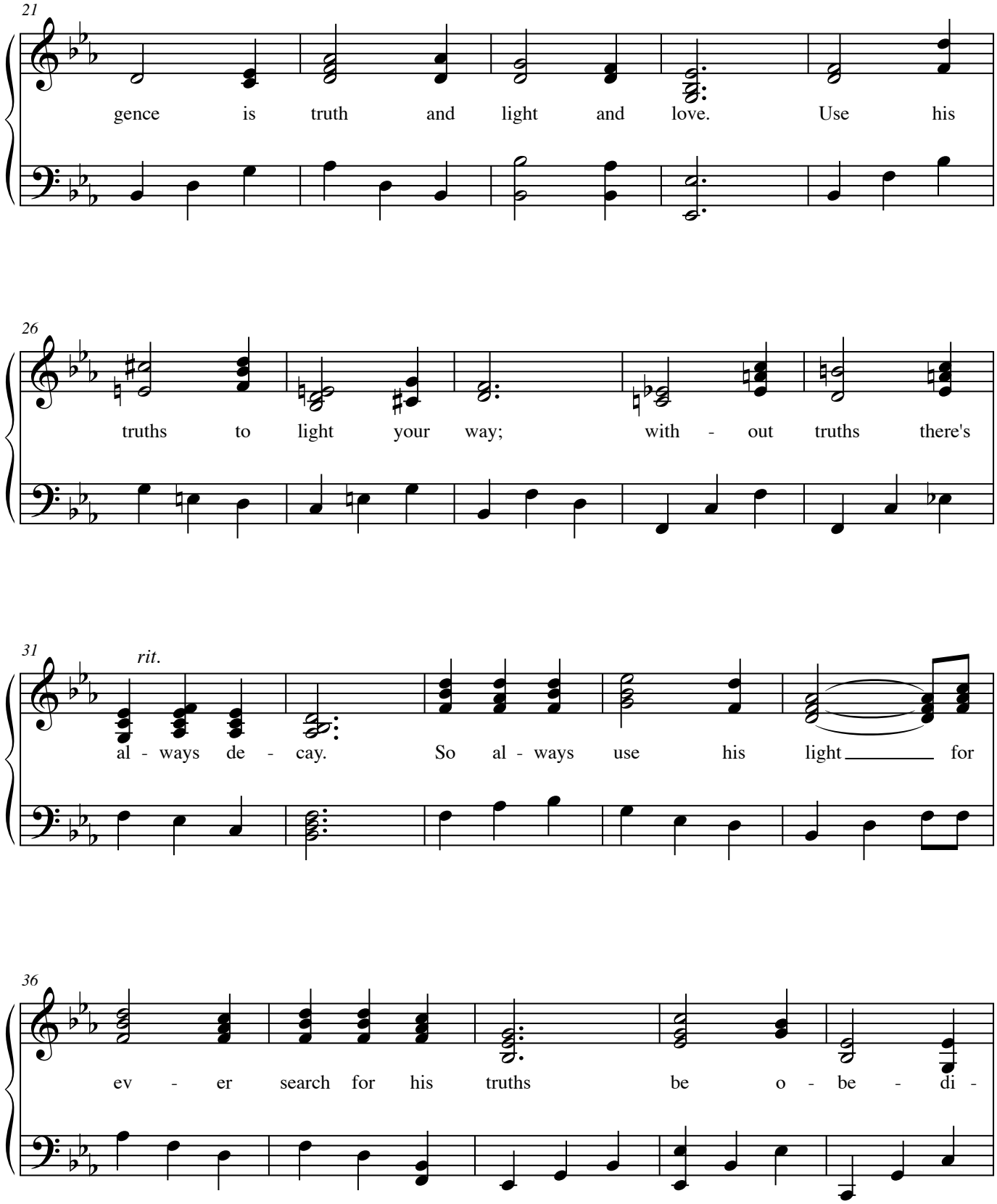
21
gence is truth and light and love. Use his
26
truths to light your way; with - out truths there's
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rit.
al - ways de - cay. So al - ways use his light for
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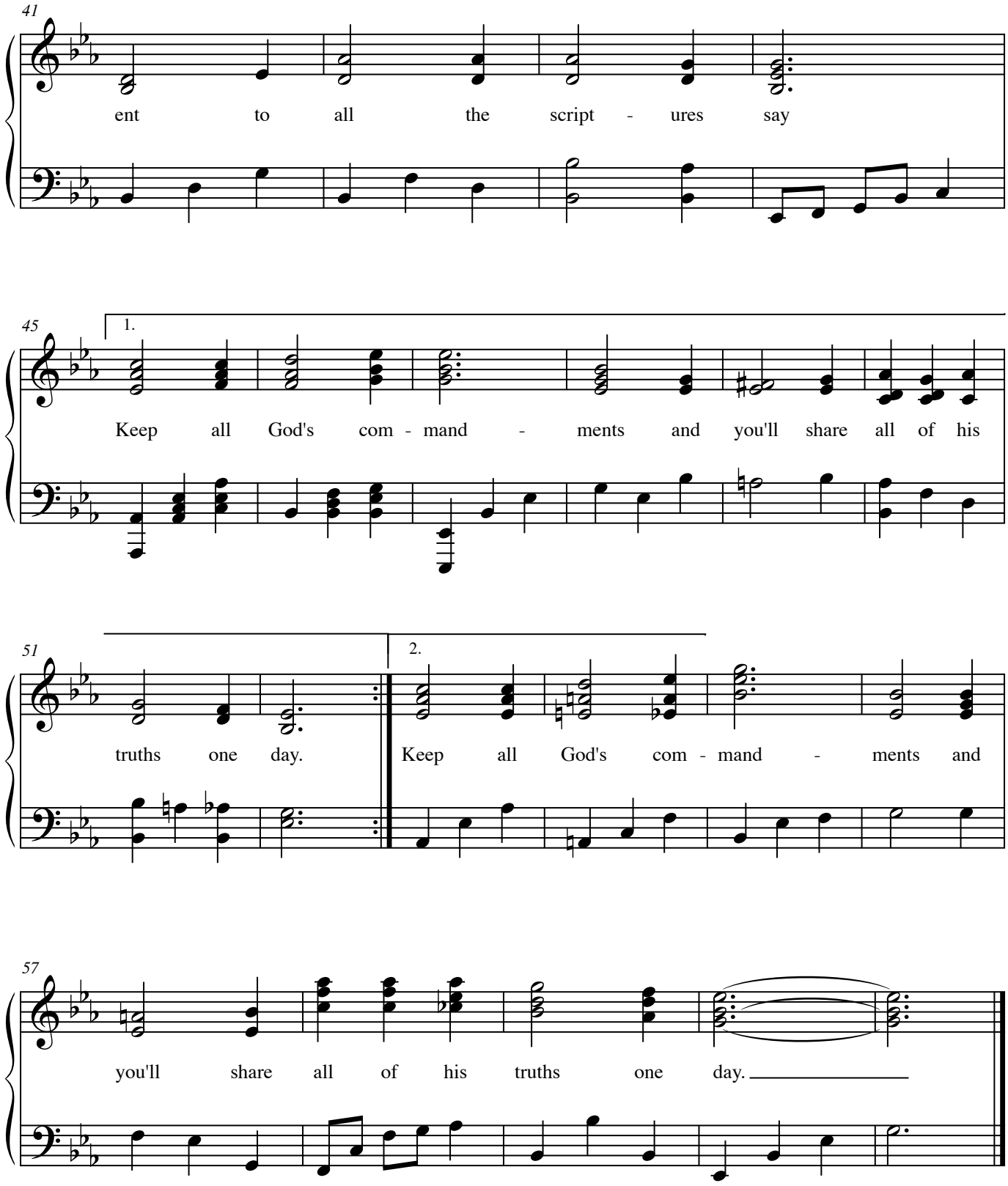
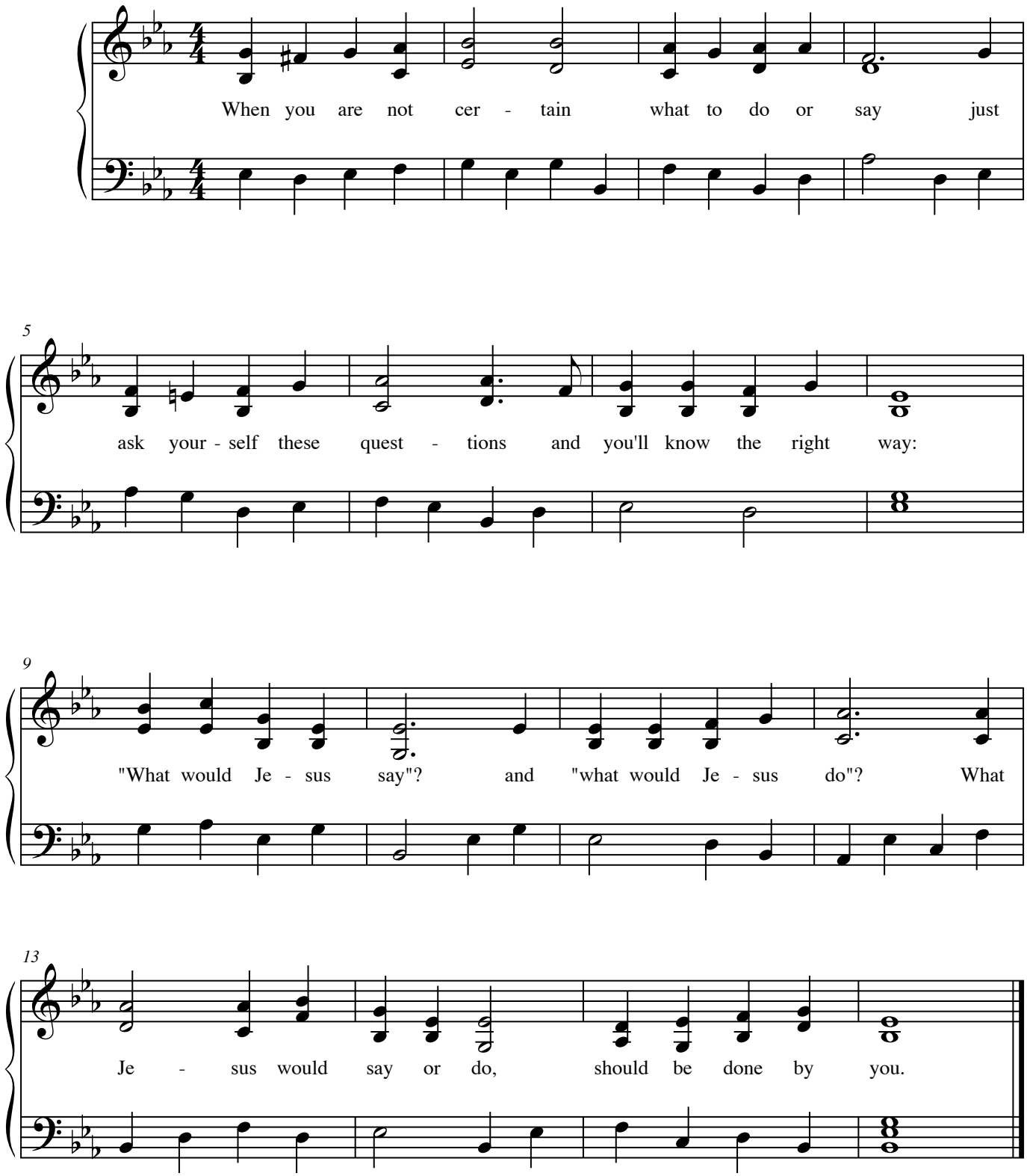
ev - er search for his truths be o - be - di -


41
ent to all the script - ures say
45
1.
Keep all God's com - mand - ments and you'll share all of his
51
truths one day.
2.
Keep all God's com - mand - ments and
57
you'll share all of his truths one day.

What Would Jesus Do?

Tye Noorda



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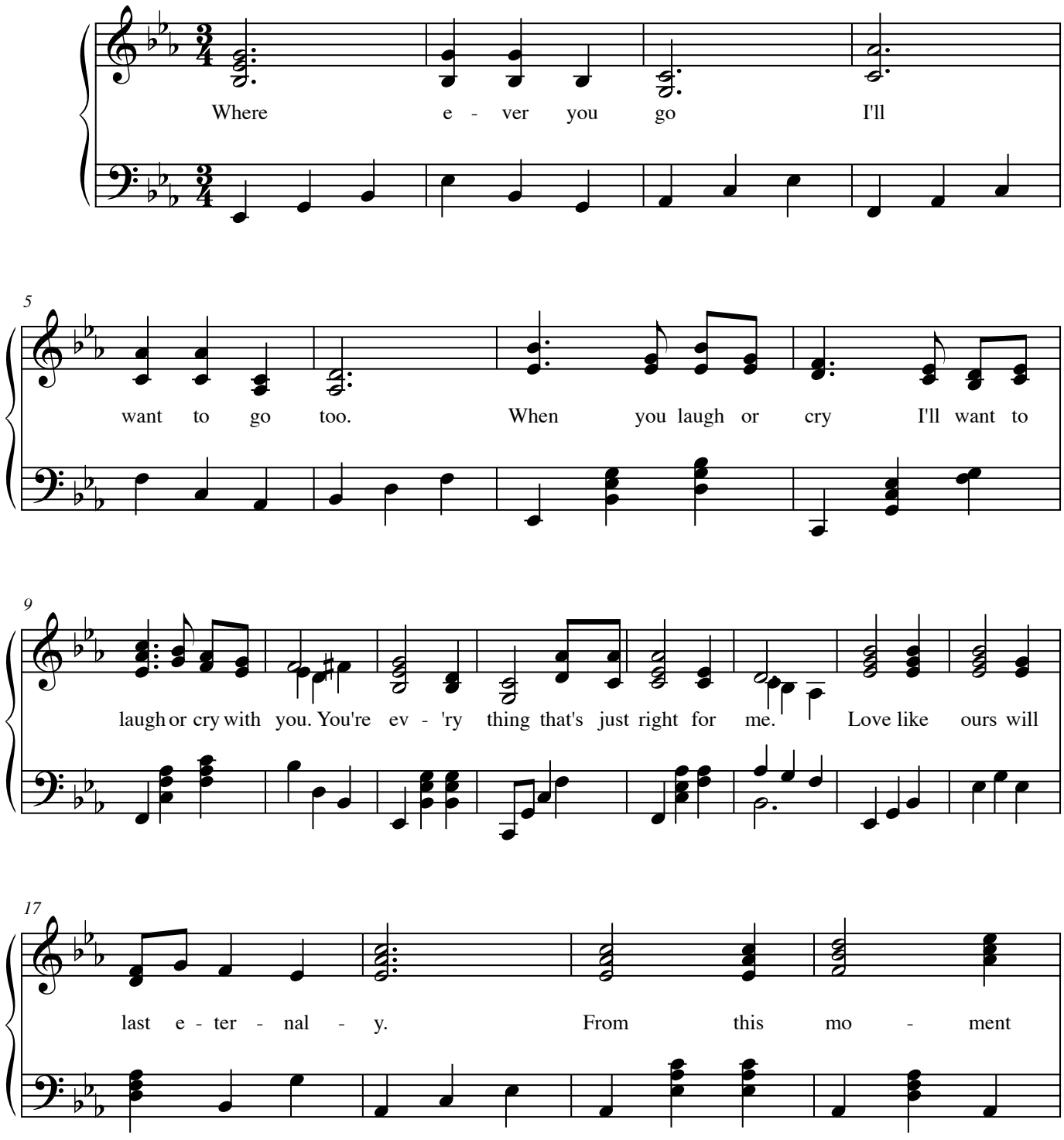
Where You Go

Tye Noorda



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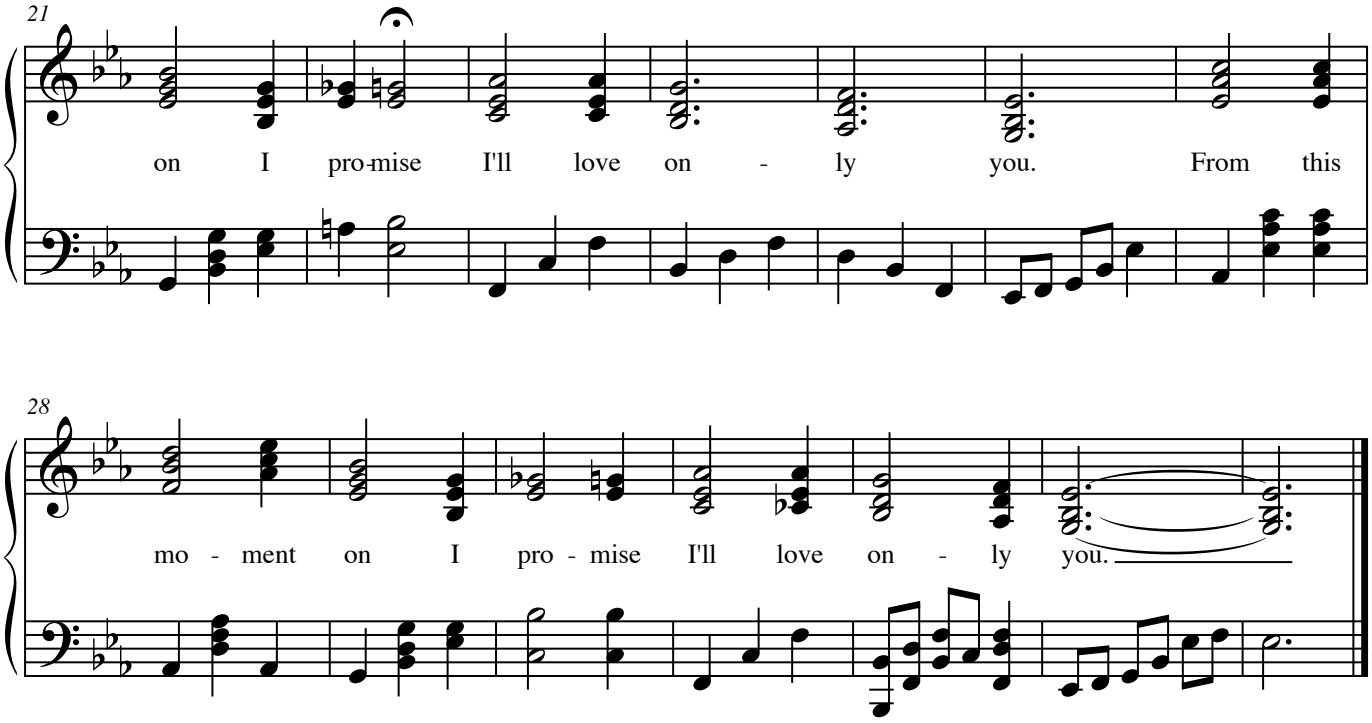
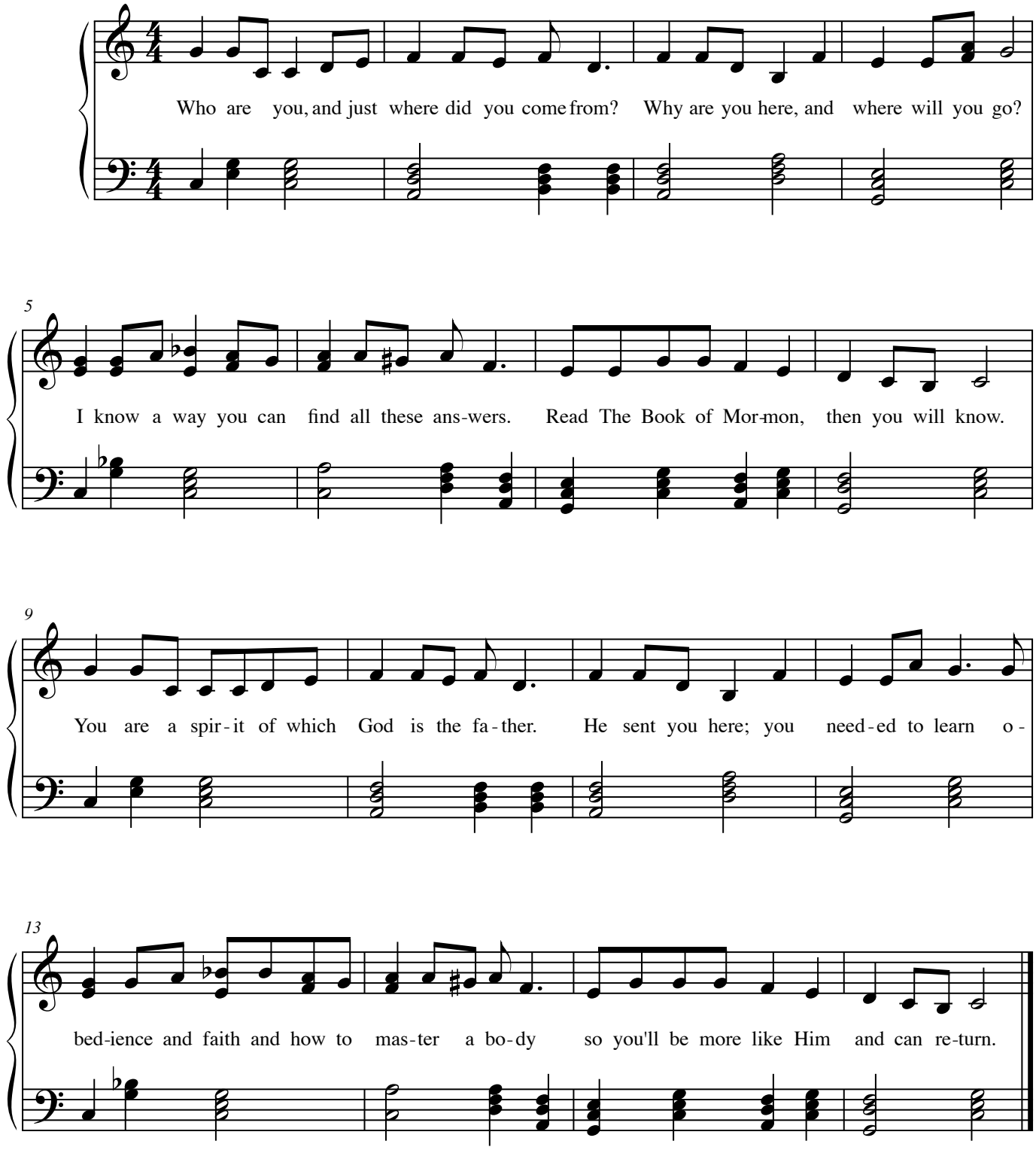

21
on I pro-mise I'll love on - ly you. From this
28
mo - ment on I pro - mise I'll love on - ly you.

Who Are You?

Tye Noorda



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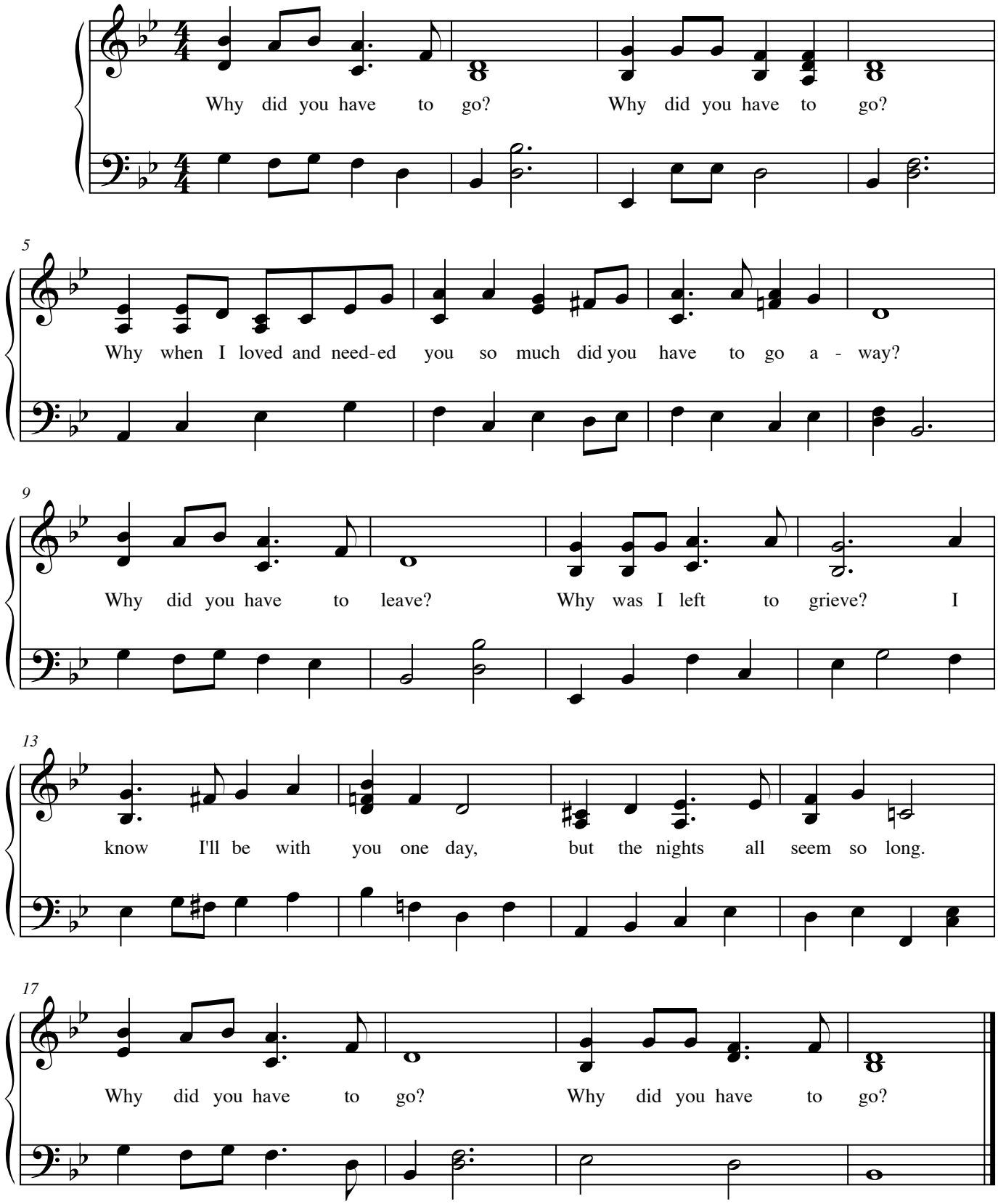
Why Did You Have To Go?

Tye Noorda



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Notes on "Why Did You Have To Go?"

While my son Andy was on his mission, the husband of a sister in his ward died and Andy gave her my phone number and suggested it might be helpful if she called me. I've never heard a sadder voice and she kept repeating the same things:

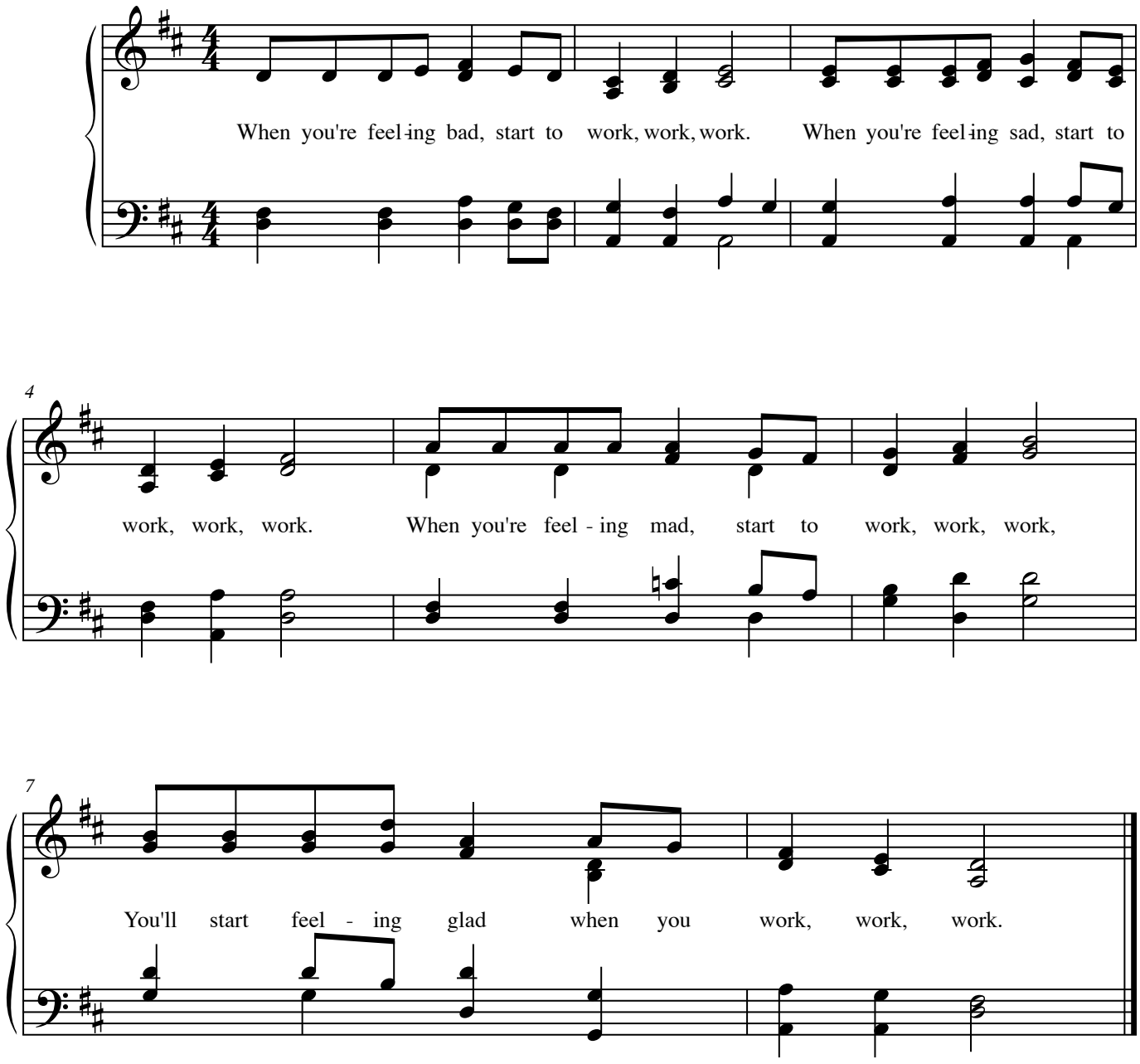
"Why did he have to go? - Why when I loved and needed him so much did he have to go away? I know I'll be with him some day---but the nights they just seem so long" and then she would start crying.

I'm not sure I was able to help her any but that night I couldn't sleep thinking about her and got up and wrote the song "Why Did You Have to Go?"

I debated about sending her a copy and decided it would be better if I just wrote her a nice letter -- but during the last month since my husband died the nights often "seem so long" and I've thought about the song "Why Did You Have to Go?"

Work, Work, Work

Tye Noorda



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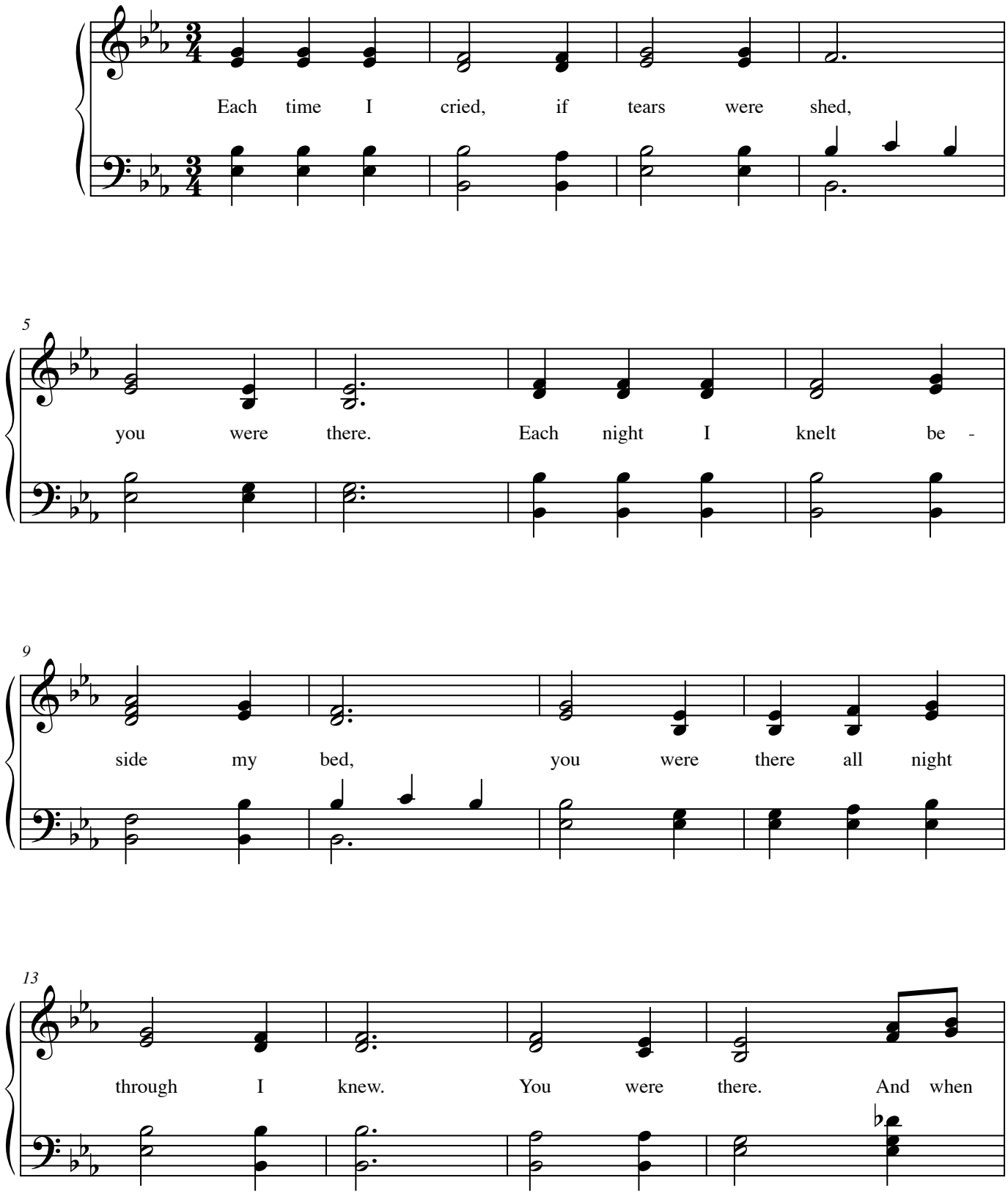
You Were There

Tye Noorda



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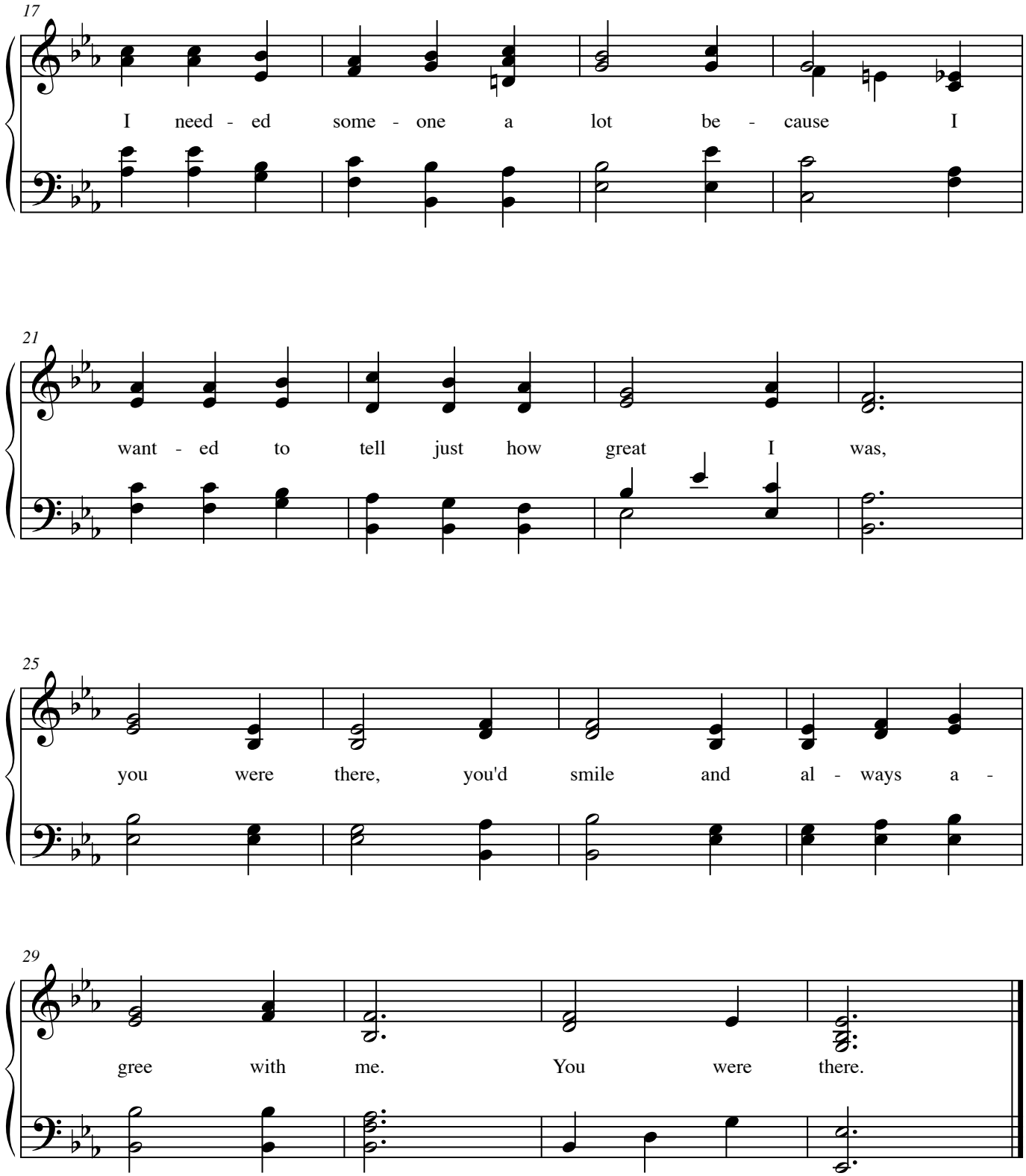
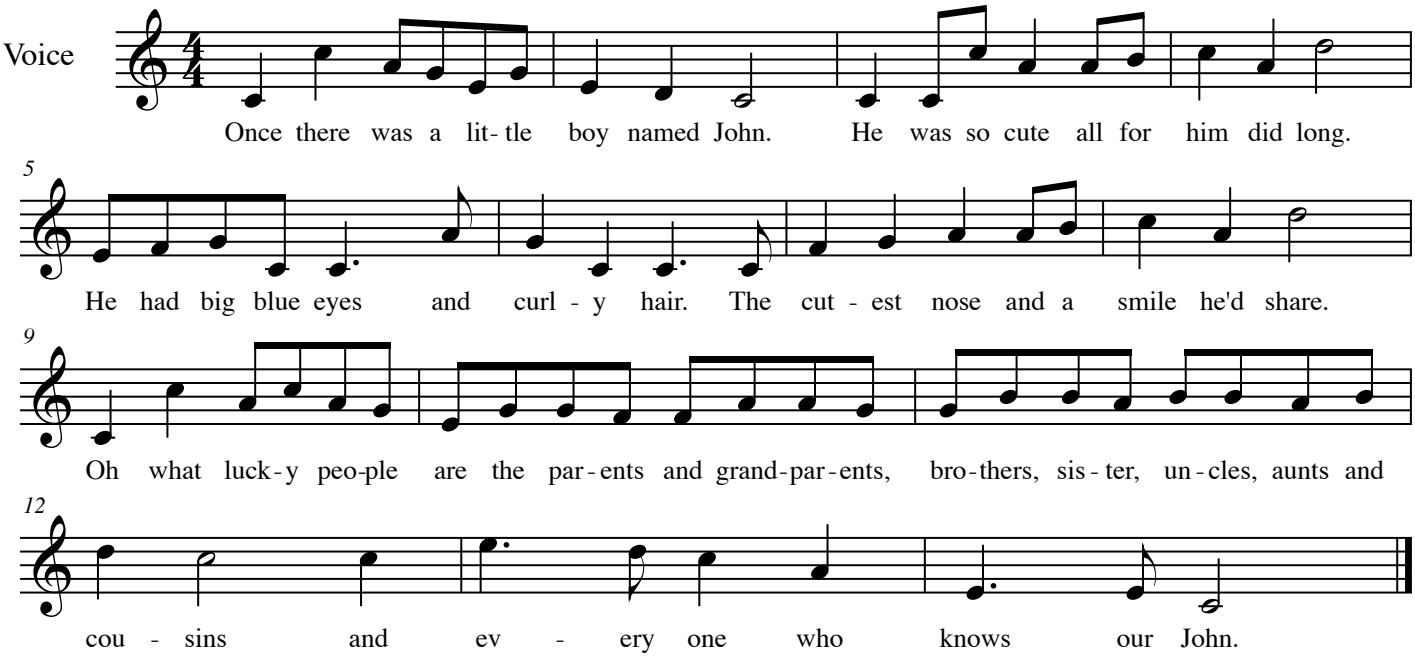

17
I need - ed some - one a lot be - cause I
21
want - ed to tell just how great I was,
25
you were there, you'd smile and al - ways a -
29
gree with me. You were there.

A Little Boy Named John

Tye Noorda



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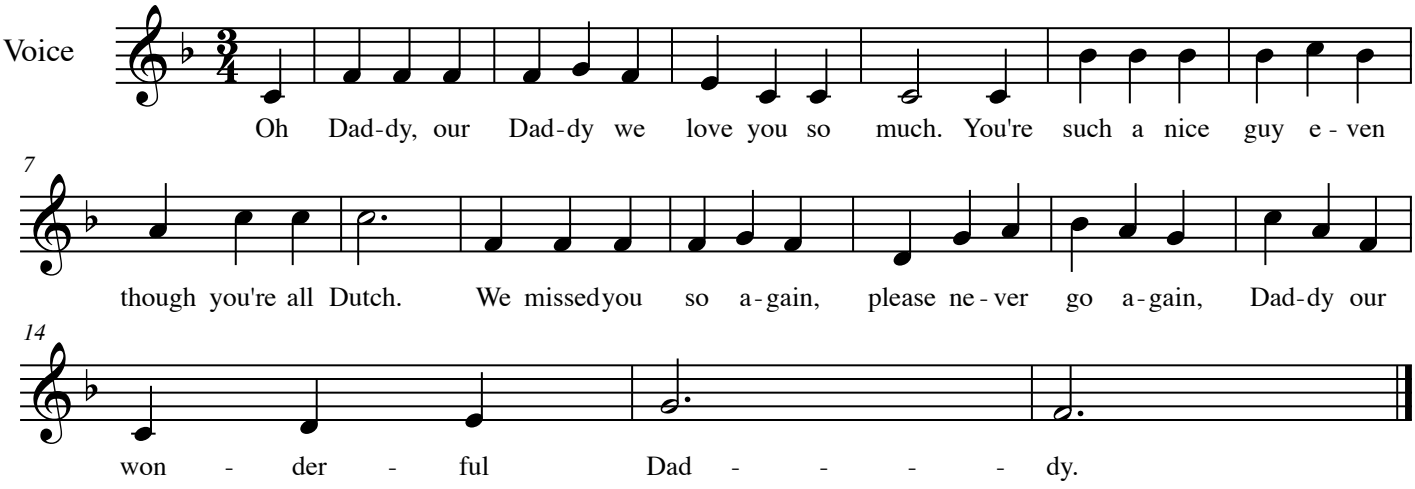
Notes on "A Little Boy Named John"

Whenever my first child, John, was with me in his stroller or in a grocery cart, almost everyone who saw him commented on how cute he was and would specifically mention his big blue eyes, his curly hair, or his cute smile and sometimes his cute little nose. One day after John and I got home from shopping, I wrote the song "A Little Boy Named John" which I frequently sang to him.

Our Wonderful Daddy

Tye Noorda



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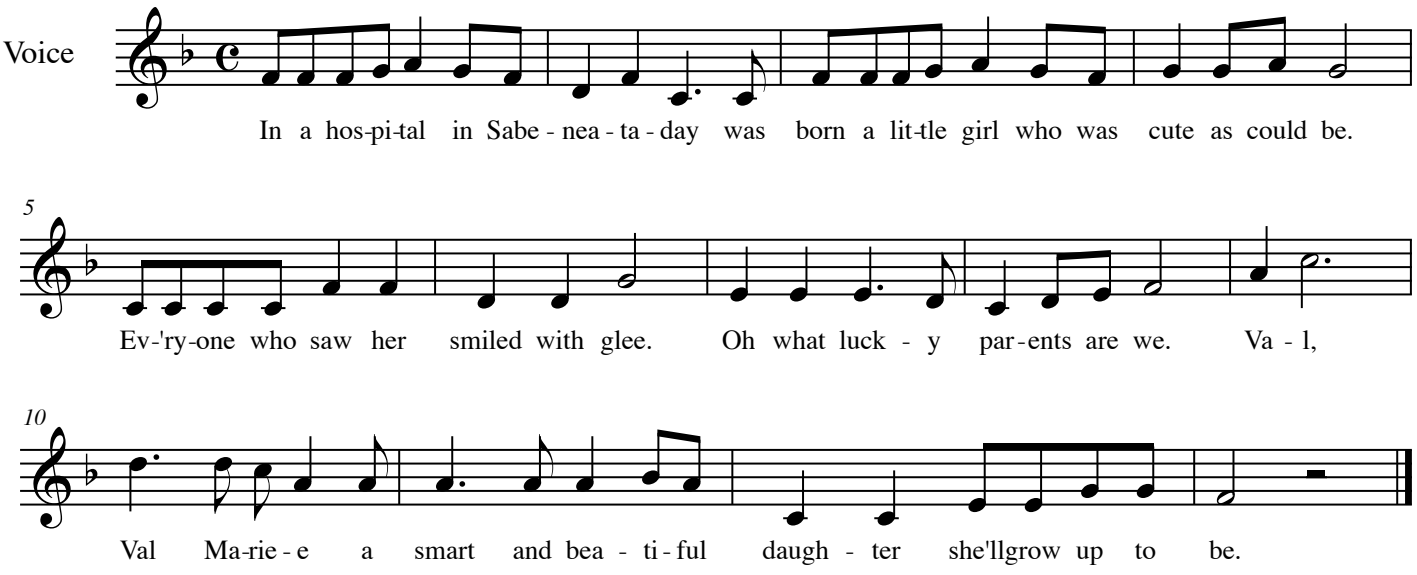
Notes on "Our Wonderful Daddy"

While Ray was an engineer working at General Electric, he would often need to travel to foreign countries and he would sometimes be away from his family for one or two weeks. He usually arrived home on a Saturday. The children and I really missed him and we were always excited about going to the airport to pick him up. When Ray would forget to do some minor things he would say, "Sorry I forgot, but you know I'm all Dutch." The children suggested it would be fun for them to have a song they could sing to their father after he arrived so he would know how much they loved him and had missed him. So I wrote a song for them which they would always sing to Ray before we would get in our car at the airport.

John, our oldest child, seldom went to the Saturday airport celebration with us because he either had a baseball practice or a baseball game at the same time. Then one Saturday after the children had started singing the "Our Wonderful Daddy" song he was available and sang with his three younger brothers and sister. After that he would miss a baseball practice and once even missed a baseball game to go with the family to pick up his father. He said he was older than the other children and at the noisy airport his louder voice was needed so his father could hear every word of the song and know how much his kids had missed him and how happy they were to have him back home.

Val Marie

Tye Noorda



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Notes on "Val Marie"

A few years after writing "A Little Boy Named John," I was singing John's song to him when my second child, Val Marie, asked me why I had never written a song about her. I felt guilty and decided to hurry and write a song about my cute daughter, "Val Marie." A very popular song at that time was "Davy Crockett" so I sort of borrowed part of the melody and quickly wrote the song "Val Marie." Val liked it and forgave me.

PART III:
POETRY

Blythe

Quietly and gently you slipped away…
But then quiet and gentle--was your stay on this earth.
And your final worth?
Very small by the usual worldly measure
But how can anyone ever gauge pleasure.
The pleasure you brought--
To those you taught.
In 30 years how many students did you reach--
And inspire to practice, perform and teach?
How much time spent on others you'd please--
As they enjoyed your skills on the piano keys?
How many times did you stay up late at night--
Because for another, music you'd promised to write?
Composing---Playing---Teaching
Death has not decreased your worth--
Your attributes can be used eternally
While riches must remain on earth.

Earl

Loving, loving and caring
Never questioning another's great worth.

Many lives were brightened
Because you were on this earth.

Always of yourself giving
As you lovingly served so faithfully.

You were a great example
Of how God wants us to be.

Words to a song which I wrote one night after having spent some time with Earl Hopkin, a very sick brother-in-law who was loved and respected by everyone who knew him. He died about a month later from cancer.

Five Years Old

When I was only five years old
And didn't go to school
I lived a very happy life
With no special rules.

My mom and I spent lots of time
Just doing this or that.
We hardly ever did mind work
And never had a spat.

She says I always had a smile
That told the world I'm glad
To be on earth with all the kids
And specially Mom and Dad.

Now suddenly I'm six years old
And everything has changed.
I'm s'posed to do all kinds of work
The whole deal's rearranged.

I get up early, clean my room,
And hurry through my meals.
Got to catch the bus on time
You all know how that feels.

But school is fun – sometimes I guess,
But wouldn't it be nice
To watch it melt and disappear
Just like a chunk of ice?

Yes, life gets tougher every day,
And kids get meaner, too.
Do you s'pose that everybody gets
To feel like me and you?

Do you think that you and I could help
To change the world a bit,
And know that living can be fun
If you really work at it?

We get a lot of help you know
From God, who want us to
Come back to Him in heaven
Where there's important work to do.

I'm going to school and work real hard
And do all good things I'm told,
'Cause I've got lots to thank God for
Though I'm no longer five years old.

A 2 ½ minute talk by Ray for one of his sons.

Guarding Angel

"Please," said the little angel, "tell me more about his special spirit I'm to help guard."
"Well, he'll be thoughtful and thrifty and always work hard.

And he'll be friendly, concerned, non-critical and kind,
Generous, efficient and compassionate and have a keen mind.
And he'll be optimistic and cheerful and seldom complain,
And be able to teach teenagers and still remain sane.

He'll have a large family – some girls and some boys.
And always patiently listen and won't mind their noise.
He'll never be overwhelmed, but just feel challenged each day
As he joyfully teaches the values of work, school, and play."

"I know," said the little angel, "but it also says he'll be gentle – yet bold.
Isn't that too many fine qualities for any male mold?"

"Hmm, there must be some mistake – we'd better recheck this plan.
It's just as I expected – this spirit's to be a woman – instead of a man."

Happy Mother's Day?

"Happy Mother's Day" - - - - -
So the programs, cards and speakers always say.

But somehow, I seem to quite painfully relate,
To the ardent sentiments of this special date.

All the lauding seems appropriate only for another –
Some strong self-reliant, much wiser mother.

As I reflectively think of each daughter and son –
How I wish my Mother's Day had just begun.

Somehow I'd give my children a stronger feeling for right
And never miss reading them scriptures and stories each night.

I'd encourage their being what they were sent here to be,
And not get upset if they didn't think or act just like me.

By some big temptations they might not have been snared.
If somehow, I'd shown how much I admired them and cared.

If I'd been a better mother – but I know I really tried.
And "iffy thinking" doesn't help now and shouldn't be justified.

I can't go back – but I can listen, love and accept them as they are.
Knowing that love and repentance can remove even the biggest scar.

And I can fast, pray and serve others, knowing as I do,
That the Lord will help my big-children, for they're HIS children, too.

Mother's Day

When a boy gives a talk on Mother's Day
There's a lot of things he's supposed to say:

He's supposed to tell how his mother is understanding and good
Always kind and helpful: doing exactly what she should.

How she's so smart and smiling and never gets mad,
And keeps the family cheerful because she's never sad.

How she loves to sew and clean house and bake good things to eat.
And how everything she cooks is always scrumptious and sweet.

How she's really an angel who happens to be living on earth,
Having known just how to treat him since the day of his birth.

Now I can't say these things about my mother because they wouldn't be true –
My mother's no – angel – she's just like me and you.

And I know she doesn't always do the things that she ought.
I heard her say, "Oh no, I was going to, but then I forgot."

She isn't always smiling, sometimes I've seen her real sad – and –
Well, my mother's not stupid, but she's not smart like my Dad.

And she hates to sew on buttons and she very seldom will bake
We hardly ever get good stuff like candy, ice cream, or cake.

Sometimes she understands me, but other times not at all,
She thinks Primary is more important than playing baseball.

So she isn't always helpful, and she isn't always kind,
She even threatened to spank me when I fight or don't mind.

But – when I really need her she's there, so on the Mother's Day
There's a poem about a mother, I can truthfully say:

You Were There

Each time I fell, if tears were shed, You were there.
Each night I knelt beside my bed, You were there
All night through, I knew, You were there.

And when I needed someone, well – just "becuz"
I wanted to show just how great I really "wuz"
You were there, you'd smile and agree with me, You were there.

And when I'd so something I shouldn't do
And I was so thankful that no one knew
You were there, there – you were, You were there.

When I first saw the skies and stars above, You were there
When I first learned of God and love, You were there.
ALWAYS – YOU were THERE.

My Grandpa

The most cheerful man I ever saw
Was Bert Noorda, my Grandpa.
When he came to visit he'd make our whole house glow
Just by the way he'd first say "Hello."

The hardest-working man I ever saw
Was Bert Noorda, my Grandpa.
In two days of his vacation he'd work so fast and hard
We wouldn't even recognize our storage room or yard.

The most relaxed man I ever saw
Was Grandpa Noorda, my Grandpa.
He'd work so hard all morning, then after he'd eat
He'd stretch out on the couch and fall fast asleep.

The most friendly man I ever saw
Was Mr. Noorda, my Grandpa
When we would go to a store, or walk along a street
He'd talk or say "hello" to everyone we'd meet.

The richest man I ever saw
Was Mr. Noorda, who was my Grandpa.
In his wallet there was every kind of a bill.
He could cash big checks, just like a bank will.

The best-singing man I ever saw
Was Brother Noorda, my Grandpa.
He'd sing hymns at church, louder than anyone could.
People would turn and look, 'cause he sounded so good.

The most helpful man I ever saw
Was Good-Neighbor Noorda, my Grandpa
When we came to visit, and he would suddenly be gone.
He was usually helping someone by watering their lawn.

The saddest man I ever saw
Was the last time I saw my Grandpa.
He was sad and afraid he might get left all alone,
But I know he's happy now 'cause he's gone back Home.

Notes on "My Grandpa"

This poem is about Bert Noorda and it was written when our family was driving from California to Ogden, Utah to attend Ray's father's funeral.

Our children loved their Grandpa Noorda and they were discussing the fun times they had had while being with him. Each child had different memories and I decided it was a perfect time to use their comments to write a poem about my cheerful, hard-working, friendly, helpful father-in-law, who had a great singing voice which people only got to hear when the congregation was singing hymns during a Church sacrament meeting.

My Little Brother (or Sister)

I have a little brother, who's not very tall.
And he has hands and feet
That are very, very small.
But he has eyes, just as big as mine,
That smile right up at me.
As if he's thinking, "just like you
Some day I'll want to be."

I know my little brother will soon learn to walk.
And then it won't be long
Until he will talk and talk.
And the way he talks and the path he walks
Depends a lot on me.
For all I do, both good or bad,
He will often see.

Poem for the Noorda boys' talks in Jr. Sunday School. Also words for a song.

My Mirror

I have a great big mirror, hanging on my wall.
It tells me if my face is clean
And if I'm standing tall.
It can tell me before I go to sleep
If my teeth are clean and white.
I'm glad I have a mirror.
It can help me to look right.

I have a little conscience, I can't see at all.
But it can help me grow up good.
While I am growing tall.
It can tell me before I go to sleep
If my soul is pure and white.
I'm glad I have a conscience.
It can help me to live right.

This poem is used in the song ""My Mirror."

Not Quite As Young

I'm not quite as young or quite as beautiful.
I'm not quite as strong as I once used to be.
My face is kind of changed
And my body's rearranged.
But that is just the outside of me.

There is still a little child deep inside of me.
A teenage—a bride—a mother of a family
Who needs to tell and show
The many things I know
For I have played the part of each one of you.

I'm not quite as young or quite as beautiful,
I'm not quite as strong as I once used to be--
But don't put me on the shelf,
Or in a corner by myself
For I so need to still be me.
I so NEED to STILL BE ME.

This poem is used in the song "Not Quite As Young."

Notes on "Not Quite As Young"

After I had given a lesson at the Geneva Retirement Home about the changes in our life styles as we grew older, some sisters made some very interesting comments.

One said, "We're not quite as young or strong or as beautiful as we once used to be—but that doesn't mean we still can't do things." Another sister commented, "I know. My family is still real nice to me and try to make me special but it's like they put me up on some well-protected shelf." Another sister said, "Or in some big comfortable chair in a corner where you're all by yourself." Another sister's comment was, "I know. I just don't feel like Me anymore."

That evening I thought about the comments the sisters had made and wrote the song "Not Quite As Young" which I later used in a lesson I gave at our ward Relief Society.

"Poor Marie" Why should this be?

I understand why we have to die, but I can't explain why—
Many righteous people have to suffer through great pain.
Why, when they have spend their lives "doing their best"
Do they have to suffer through a final, very painful test?

Is it for them or to help those they are leaving behind –
Review their own lifestyles and have a change of mind
As to what they should or shouldn't be doing each day,
So they'll want to repent, study God's words, and pray?

Maybe it isn't "Poor Marie." Could it be
She was *chosen* for final suffering to help *our hearts see*?

Thanks Marie,
You've done so much for me.

Written one afternoon while I was sitting with Marie in the nursing home at a time when she was in great pain and there was nothing I could do to help her.

Notes on "Poor Marie, Why Should This Be?"

This poem was written while I was sitting by Ray's older sister, Marie, who was confined to a bed in a nursing home in Salt Lake City.

Marie had always been a very active, cheerful lady. She had a lot of musical talent and often played the piano or organ or got involved in other Church activities while she was also being a very good Bishop's wife and mother to her children. Whenever I had to drive to or through Salt Lake City I always stopped to see Marie because I always felt happier after I had visited with her.

About a year after her husband died, Marie got very ill and had to be confined in bed in a nursing home. Her family did not think she should be left all alone in her room, so a member of the family would try to be with her twenty-four hours a day. Since many of her family had children that needed to get ready for school, I started driving to Salt Lake so I could be with her on weekdays in the early morning hours. Marie's health had reached a point where she was in constant pain and it was questionable how much longer she would be with us.

As I was sitting watching "Poor Marie" and remembering the vibrant Marie I had known for so many years, I wrote the "Poor Marie, Why Should This Be?" poem.

Show Me

Dear mom, Dear Dad, Sorry if I made you sad.
Sorry some things I say and do are not approved of by you.
But I'm still growing, at times not knowing what's best for me,
Trying to listen carefully, but I seem to do the things I see.

So don't tell me, show me what to do,
Show me what you say is true is true.
Since I was a little child
I've tried to talk and act like you.

So don't tell me about being fair.
Don't just tell me how much you really care
For it is when I'm watching you
The strongest message gets through

So don't tell me, don't Just Tell Me
SHOW ME.

This poem is used in the song "Show Me."

Notes on "Show Me"

During a lesson I was giving to Primary students on *The Importance of Children Listening to Their Parents and Being Obedient to What They Heard*, the children's comments indicated that they tried to listen to what their parents had to Say but what they HEARD their parents SAY was not always what they SAW their parents DO and what they SAW left a much stronger impression than what they HEARD.

That night I wrote the song "Show Me" which I later used when giving a Relief Society lesson.

So Long

I cannot weep because you're gone.
I cannot weep because it's been so long –

So long since you came to my home to stay –
So long since the "Mamma I knew" went away.

So long since your body and mind were freed –
Others having to help with your every need.

So long since you could do what you loved to do –
Serve the Lord and those dear to you.

For so long – you've really been all alone.
But you're not alone now –

Now I know you've been welcomed home.
"So long, mother."

This poem was written while I was flying over the state of California. I was going to see my mother who was in a mortuary in Phoenix, Arizona. After my father died, my mother lived with my family for several years, but because of physical and mental problems, she had been living in a rest home in Phoenix for about seven years.

When I first saw my mother in her casket, I had a feeling of great joy – she looked so beautiful – like the "Mamma I knew."

Notes on "So Long"

This poem was written while I was flying over the state of California. I was going to see my mother who was in a mortuary in Phoenix, Arizona. My mother was a wonderful lady who had spent most of her life helping others. She was a branch Relief Society president and often taught some lessons. We lived on a farm in a small town which had no modern household conveniences and for many years she took care of both her and my father's mother and helped many other people.

While we were living in Phoenix, Arizona, my father died, and my mother came to live with my family where she lived for several years until she developed some severe mental and physical problems which made it necessary for her to be placed in a rest home where she lived for about seven years. Ray's work required us to move to California and I didn't get to see my mother as often as I wanted to. The last time I went to Phoenix to be with my mother she was very unhappy. She complained about the rest home and kept saying she wished she could just die and be with my father again.

When I first saw my mother in her casket, I had a feeling of great joy—she looked so beautiful—like the Mamma I knew and I was sure she was now much happier than she had been in many years.

Talk of Stages

I know that Shakespeare said "All the world's a stage"
But please, don't make me play the part of old age.

There must be some other way – some pleasant bypass to heaven –
I'll play anything but a mean, senile old lady of seventy-seven.

I – I'm just not the type – it – it's just not me –
And there are so many other parts I'd rather "re-be".

Let me play a child again – that was really great.
Except I didn't get to do things like staying up late.

Maybe a little older – I liked playing an ingénue,
But I worried about boys and what I'd eventually do.

Make me still older – let me play a beautiful bride.
No, I remember: I had a lot of frustrations inside.

I have it, a young mother – a mother of three
Maybe not – that might be too tiring for me.

A mother of older children – about teen-age.
Forget it – I thought I'd never live through that stage.

I know a middle-aged lady – whose children are grown.
Only that was a big adjustment being home all alone.

Oh dear, I want some part that will help in perfecting me.
I need to learn and serve and develop more spirituality.

I've got it – the perfect part – it will be really great!!
I'll play a helpful, enthusiastic lady of seventy-eight.

"Squak, a Talk"

Squak: Good evening girls, my name is Sister Squak
If you'll just join the others
I'll teach you how to give a talk.

2. We're pleased to meet you, Sister Squak
But we don't want to give a talk.

Squak: You don't want to give a talk!! Why, speaking's fun
When you learn how it is done.

1. We do not think that it is fun
And we do not care how it is done.
No – Sister Squak – No talks.

Squak: Giving talks will help in other forms of speech.
Throughout your life, so many people you must reach.
There's the speech you use for story-telling,
And the speech you always need for selling.

3. We don't go in for story-telling,
And we'll never take a job of selling.
So you see Sister Squak – We don't *need* to give a talk.

Squak: I know, I'll teach you about memorization,
Then you can give a recitation.

1. We don't like to rehearse and rehearse
So we can finally say a little verse.
Un–Uh Sister Squak – No memorized talk.

Squak: Answering the telephone – I'll teach you the proper way,
And when you meet somebody, I'll teach you what to say.

3. We know all about using the phone.
We're always on it, when we're at home.

2. And "hey you, meet her" that's an introduction.
Already we can do it – we need no more instruction.

1. We're much too busy Sister Squak.
We haven't time to give a talk.

Squak: We'll work on impromptu speeches, for those you don't prepare,
And learn to give announcements that get everybody there.

1. No one listens to announcements, so they're really of no use,
Or they make things sound so boring, folks find a good excuse.

2. And impromptu speeches are a drag, even though you don't prepare.
Instead of talking, we've seen kids, just stand up there and stare.
No-----o Sister Squak.
No gawky talk.

Squak: I know, we'll concentrate on – demonstration.
And debate, that should grab your generation.

3. We can win debates with our parents every day.
And demonstration ladies have too much to say.
We don't want no formalized talk.
We don't *need* you Sister Sqauk!

Squak: You don't need me!!! With that I can't agree!

2. We don't want to debate – We don't want to demonstrate.

1. We don't want selling, or story telling.

3. We don't want to give an impromptu speech,
Or meet folks the way you'll teach.

1. We don't want to recite or announce about a special night.

2. We don't want help on the phone.

1-2-3 WE JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE.

2. Since you think speaking's so great, Sister Squak.
Why don't *you go give a talk?*

Squak: Right at this moment, I've nothing more to say.
You'll have to be sold on speaking by a more convincing way,
So just sit down and listen and soon you will agree,
Speech is exciting and important, and a real necessity.

3. All right, we'll sit down and listen, but remember Sister Squak.
Don't you ever dare to ask us, to give a stupid talk.

Workshop: 3-4 youth give excellent speeches.

1. Please, please Sister Squak,
We want to learn to give a talk.

3. Speaking looks like so much fun.
We want to learn just how it's done.

2. We want to debate and demonstrate.

1. We want to do selling and story-telling.

2. We want to give an impromptu speech,
And meet folks the way you'll teach.

3. We want to recite and announce about a special night.

1. We want to speak properly on the phone.
We want it now that we've been shown.

2. Oh, thank you, thank you, Sister Squak.
When can you help us with a talk?

Squak: Whenever!! Any time you want to give a talk
Call 226-2897—and ask for Sister Squak.

PART IV: ROADSHOW

ROADSHOW: PEOPLE'S OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

One dog enters – barks – immediately two other dogs enter from the sides of stage. They talk then bark toward audience and other dogs enter from back of hall.

Dogs: We just heard some terrible news.
Called you together to hear your views

People are starting to act like hogs [little barks]
And we just heard the country was going to the dogs [growling]

And we don't want this country [barks]
Not like it is now [barks and growling]

People could come to a terrible end;
And man is dog's best friend [whining].

We'd better help the people, starting right now.
We'll use "Doganomics." Let's talk about the people and figure out how.

Song: "Entrée":

MEN FRET ABOUT FAT AND ULCERATION
THEN THEY OVEREAT FOR RELAXATION
THEN IT'S "POOR OLD JOE
HE WAS MUCH TOO YOUNG TO GO."

AND WOMEN JUST THINK, SELF-BEAUTIFICATION
AND HOW TO PREVENT OVERPOPULATION
THEN THEY SAY "I'M BLUE,
THERE'S NOTHING NEW TO DO."

KIDS LIVE OFF POP AND SUGAR RATIONS
AND THEY DON'T EAT THEIR VEGETATIONS
THEN ITS "HEY MOM, COME AND LOOK AT ME(S).
I'VE ONLY GOT SIX CAVITIES.

And the nice dentist gave me a lollypop!

AND TEENAGERS, TEENAGERS, TEENAGERS, TEENAGERS

Teenagers are just great [barks]
Except they've been taught to discriminate – It's:

YOU PUNKIE DON'T YOU COME AROUND HERE
YOUR HAIR IS CUT TOO WEIRD AND YOU'VE A RING IN YOUR EAR
YOU'RE NOT STRONG AS ME, AND YOU DON'T SEEM VERY SMART
SO BEAT IT, JUST BEAT IT.

AND THE OLD FOLKS FEAR THEIR FATE

IS TO SIT IN PAIN AND WAIT.

An they're all unhappy, because they're disobeying every rule.
What they need is a good obedience school.

And Obedience School for people, we'll all come and teach
Maybe that's the way their mixed up minds to reach.

WE'LL HAVE CLASSES TO TEACH THEM EVERY RULE
AT OUR "NEW BEGINNINGS" TRAINING SCHOOL.
FOR PEOPLE TO START GAINING,
THEY NEED OBEDIENCE TRAINING,
WE'LL HAVE CLASSES JUST RIGHT FOR EVERY PLIGHT
AT OUR PEOPLE'S OBEDIENCE SCHOOL.

MEN

As curtain opens dogs are placing signs and men are frozen on stage.

Song: "You Can Be a Rich Man":

Bs. Man: YOU CAN BE A RICH MAN, IF YOU JOIN OUR FIRM
IN TWO YEARS YOU'LL HAVE MONEY YOU CAN BURN

Doctor: IF YOU'RE FEELING VERY VERY ILL, TAKE ANOTHER SUGAR PILL.

Bs. Man: WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK HARD, DAI-DLE DEE-DLE DAI-DLE
DIG-GUH DIG-GUH DEE-DLE DAI-DLE DUM.

Attny: I NEED MONEY, PAY MY LEGAL FEE, IF YOU DON'T YOU WILL BE SUED BY ME!

Mort: WE HAVE A NICE PLOT WHERE YOU CAN REST IN PEACE.
IT'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN.

Bs. Man: OUR STOCKS ARE UP WHILE MOST STOCKS ARE GOING DOWN.

Attny: PAY MY FEE MY LEGAL FEE OR YOU'LL BE SUED BY ME.

Doctor: YOU SAY YOUR PAIN IS NOW JUST EXCRUCIATING, LOOK IT MAKES IT WORSE IF YOU WEEP – I RECOMMEND YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP.

Attny: PAY MY FEE MY LEGAL FEE OR YOU'LL BE SUED BY ME.

All: IF I WERE A RICH MAN, I COULD FIND A WAY SO I'D NOT HAVE TO PAY
MUCH INCOME TAX – I'VE JUST GOT TO – GOT TO FIND A WAY.
SO I CAN RELAX EACH DAY AND NEVER HAVE TO WORK HARD
DAI-DLE DEE-DLE DAI-DLE DIG-GUH DIG-GUH DEE-DLE DAI-DLE DUM

AND I CAN – WHEN I AM A WEALTHY MAN.

Dogs: All right men, you're business is now through.
You have lots of conditioning to do – Let's go – some jogging –

Song: "Push Ups":

Men: PUSH UPS EVERY MORNING, THEN SOME DEEP-KNEE BENDS
Dogs: DO THEM EVERY MORNING
Men: DO SOME JUMPING JACKS, EXERCISE THOSE BACKS
ROLL YOUR SACROILIACS

Dogs: [Dogs sing] DO THEM EVERY MORNING NOT JUST NOW AND THEN.

Dogs: Now dog pants 1 – 2 – 3 – 4 – Faster – 5 – 6 – 7 – 8 – Now some pushups [men do pushups]

[Dogs sing] GIVE THAT CHICKEN FAT BACK TO THE CHICKENS
AND DON'T BE A CHICKEN AGAIN.

Now Speak

Men: GO YOU CHICKEN FAT GO AWAY, GO YOU CHICKEN FAT, GO! [Men collapse]

Dogs: Get up – Get up – Don't lie there playing dead, get up we said [men crawl off stage]

They may be men of great authorities, but they've sure neglected some of the first priorities.

Curtain

KIDS – All Girls

Kids enter – radios playing – eating junk food – all have "punk" style one-eyed hairdos dancing to music.

Dogs: Girls, girls (no response) Bark, bark
Uncool, we don't want to appear
But that music is too much for our sensitive ear.

(Collecting radios) How you girls even survive is amazing to me.
With that music and hairstyle, you can neither hear nor see.

Obviously, last week's lesson, didn't get through (collect junk food)
So we'd better do our Health March before starting something new.

Girls: Do we have to?
It's such a stupid thing to do.

Dogs: Don't give us that rebellious bit.
SIT (girls sit like dogs with hands hanging)

You girls would be so much more wise,
If you could only see with both your eyes.

STAND – HEEL – STAY – Now SPEAK

Song: "In Our Own Happy Valley":

Girls: IN OUR OWN HAPPY VALLEY, THERE'S GOOD FOOD FOR YOU AND ME
WHICH WILL HELP US TO BE GOOD AND STONG AND WISE.
DRINK NO SODA AND WE'LL EAT, BUT A VERY LITTLE SWEET.
THEN WE'LL HAVE NICE HAIR AND SKIN AND TEETH AND EYES.
HARK, HARK, HARK.

(The football team enter on, "Hark, Hark, Hark")

Girls: The football team
How embarassing

Finale: HEALTHY FOOD WE EAT EACH DAY.
HELPS OUR WORK AND HELPS OUR PLAY
AND WE'RE MORE WISE
SINCE WE CAN SEE WITH BOTH OUR EYES.

All: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
OUR DISOBEDIENCE WE DID MEND.
THE DOGS HAVE PROVED THEY'RE MAN'S BEST FRIEND
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

ALL TOGETHER SHOUT IT NOW.
YOU DOGS GO BACK TO JUST "BOW WOW"
WE HAVE A HAPPY ENDING NOW
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN *(Dogs start barking).*
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

TEENAGERS

Teenagers (football team) enters at end of kids' song.

Football: Look boys, I think today is going to be our final test
So when the dogs come in, let's treat the band boys our very best.

Yeah, or we'll be in this stupid human relations class 'till next fall.
And never get to play basketball.

We get it – when the dogs come in – we grin.

[Band boys enter]

Football: Well, if it isn't the cute little toot-toot boys
We see you're hanging on to your security (puts thumb in mouth) ball.

Song: "Teens":

Ath: Watch in bub – yeh, watch it bub, WE'RE SUPERIOR
Band: YOU'RE INFERIOR
Ath: WE'RE THE BIG ATTRACTION, YOU'RE SO SMALL
Band: WE PLAY AT THE HALF
Ath: THAT'S JUST FOR A LAUGH.
Band: WE COULD BEAT YOU SHOOTIN' BUT WE DON'T LIKE BALL
Ath: (big laugh) ANYTHING YOU CAN DO WE CAN DO BETTER
SHOOTIN' OR TOOTIN' WE'RE BETTER THAN YOU
Band: NO, YOU'RE NOT
Ath: YES, WE ARE
Band: NO, YOU'RE NOT
Ath: YES, WE ARE
Band: NO YOU'RE NOT
Ath: YES, WE ARE
(wrestling position)

[Dogs enter]

Ath: We weren't doing anything wrong, just arm wrestling.
The boys in the band sure are strong.

Dogs: Line up boys – This is a very important test,
So we expect you to do your very best.

Both: Although we are not just alike, We've got to realize
You're okay and I'm okay, we're both two real nice guys
Who don't do everything the same, and don't always agree
That's 'cause you're a special you and I'm a special me.

(Boys put arms around each other) "First rate, you're really great, etc."

[Boys exit – yell is heard]

Dops: They're already in a fight.
It's a good thing people don't bite.

[Dogs exit]

Finale

Boys: Although we are not just alike, we don't discriminate.
Guys who toot and guys who shoot can get along just great.

All: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
OUR DISOBEDIENCE WE DID MEND.
THE DOGS HAVE PROVED THEY'RE MAN'S BEST FRIEND
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

ALL TOGETHER SHOUT IT NOW.
YOU DOGS GO BACK TO JUST "BOW WOW"
WE HAVE A HAPPY ENDING NOW
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN *(Dogs start barking)*.
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

WOMEN

Women enter on the following speeches:

Women: And I said, "If I don't keep buying new clothes for me,
I won't have any old clothes to give to charity.

This psychology stuff has just got to stop.
I've missed half my appointments at the beauty shop.

But I didn't say "wearing black made her look half-dead."
I said "She might look quite life-like if she wore red."

Imagine sending a woman like me to training school!
It's ridiculous and just plain cruel.

[Dogs enter]

Song: "Women"

Women: THERE OUGHT TO BE A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO POOR UNFORTUNATE WOMEN, POOR UNFORTUNATE WOMEN, POOR UNFORTUNATE WOMEN – LIKE ME.

Dogs: Ladies, you've got to change your attitude.
Maybe – maybe a little more gratitude.

Women: But we're so bored

We've got nothing exciting to do.

Dogs: What you really need is another child or two.

Women: And get up nights
And not have our rest
We'd get bags and wrinkles
And look depressed.

Dogs: Not if you're happy. Unfortunately you don't have tails to wag,
But just keep smiling and your jowels won't sag.

Women: And we'd get fat,
Lose our figures,
And our husbands, too

Dogs: That's just not true.
You have some negative thinking which is all wrong.
Now try thinking positively while we sing this song.

ROCK A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS…

Women: That's it, etc. etc. [women run off stage – except one]

I'll bet my husband put you up to this. [Exits – dogs follow]

Finale

Women: ROCK A-BYE BABY, ON THE TREE TOP
HAS MORE REWARDS THAT THE BEAUTY SHOP

All: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
OUR DISOBEDIENCE WE DID MEND.
THE DOGS HAVE PROVED THEY'RE MAN'S BEST FRIEND
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

ALL TOGETHER SHOUT IT NOW.
YOU DOGS GO BACK TO JUST "BOW WOW"
WE HAVE A HAPPY ENDING NOW
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN (DOGS START BARKING).
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

OLD LADIES

Ladies: Come on in ladies, this is the place.
It says "New Beginnings Training School,"
You must obey every rule.
It says here, "the first class is free,"
And it says "can help rheumatism, bursitis, and arthritis [two ladies] arthritis!"
And guaranteed to cure inactivitis!
I think that's what I've got, I'm sure inactive a lot.

Song: "Old Ladies"

MY POOR OLD LEG IT JUST KEEPS AN ACHIN'
MY BACK ALWAYS FEELS LIKE IT'S A BREAKIN'
THE SKIN ON MY ARMS AND LEGS KEEP CAKIN'
EACH DAY I FEEL I DO A BIT MORE SHAKIN'
I HURT BUT MY FAMILY THINKS I'M FAKIN'
EACH NIGHT AT THREE OR FOUR I KEEP WAKIN'
I KNOW THAT TOO MANY PILLS I'M TAKIN'
OUR HOPES IN THIS CLASS WE ALL ARE STAKIN'
PLEASE HELP OUR POOR DRY BONES
OUR BONES NO DOG WOULD BUY BONES
OUR BONES THAT MAKE US CRY BONES
PLEASE HELP OUR POOR DRY BONES.

Dogs: Thank you, the computer says "Instead of more little pills,
Ladies should dance and sing for their ills."

And to help each of the aches and pains start to go,
Therapy to be used 'Do Me So Do'.

Ladies: When can we start?

Dogs: Right now.
Our instructors will show you how.

Dogs & Ladies: DO DO TI RE MI MI DO DO
DO TI LA SO FA MI RE DO
SING AND DANCE YOUR PAINS WILL START TO GO
NO MATTER WHERE YOUR ACHES MIGHT BE,
YOU'LL IMPROVE WITH SONG-DANCE THERAPY
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, SING AND DANCE A SONG
WATCH YOUR PROBLEMS FLOAT AWAY
IF YOU'RE SOMETIMES AND TOO OFTEN MAD
YOU MUST SING AND DANCE AND DANCE AND SING MUCH MORE EACH DAY
DO TI LA SO FA MI RE DO, SOON YOUR AGE WILL NEVER SHOW

Dogs: Now remember, when things go wrong, medicate with dance and song.

[Dogs exit]

Laides: Why I feel better, just everywhere
Me, too, I wonder if it's covered by Medicare
[Two old ladies start clogging] Sabrina we can still do clogging.
Tomorrow – let's start jogging
I feel like I've been given a second chance.
I feel like starting a new romance.
The men your age are all gone.
There's no way you can
I'll just have to find a younger 70-year-old man
Mark my word, you'll be headin' for trouble
I may be headin' for a weddin' [Ladies all exit as they sing]

I'LL DANCE AT YOUR WEDDING, I'LL DANCE AT YOUR WEDDING

FINALE

Men: PUSH-UPS EVERY MORNING, RUNNING EVERY DAY
SHOO'D OUR CHICKEN FAT AWAY.

Kids: HEALTHY FOOD WE EAT EACH DAY, HELPS OUR WORK AND HELPS OUR PLAY
(AND) WE'RE MORE WISE SINCE WE CAN SEE WITH BOTH OUR EYES.

Teens: ALTHOUGH WE ARE NOT JUST ALIKE, WE DON'T DISCRIMINATE
GUYS WHO TOOT AND GUYS WHO SHOOT CAN GET ALONG JUST GREAT.

Women: ROCK A-BYE BABY IN THE TREE TOP
HAS MORE REWARDS THAT THE BEAUTY SHOP.

Oldstrs: DO TE LA FA ME RA DO
HOW OLD ARE WE, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

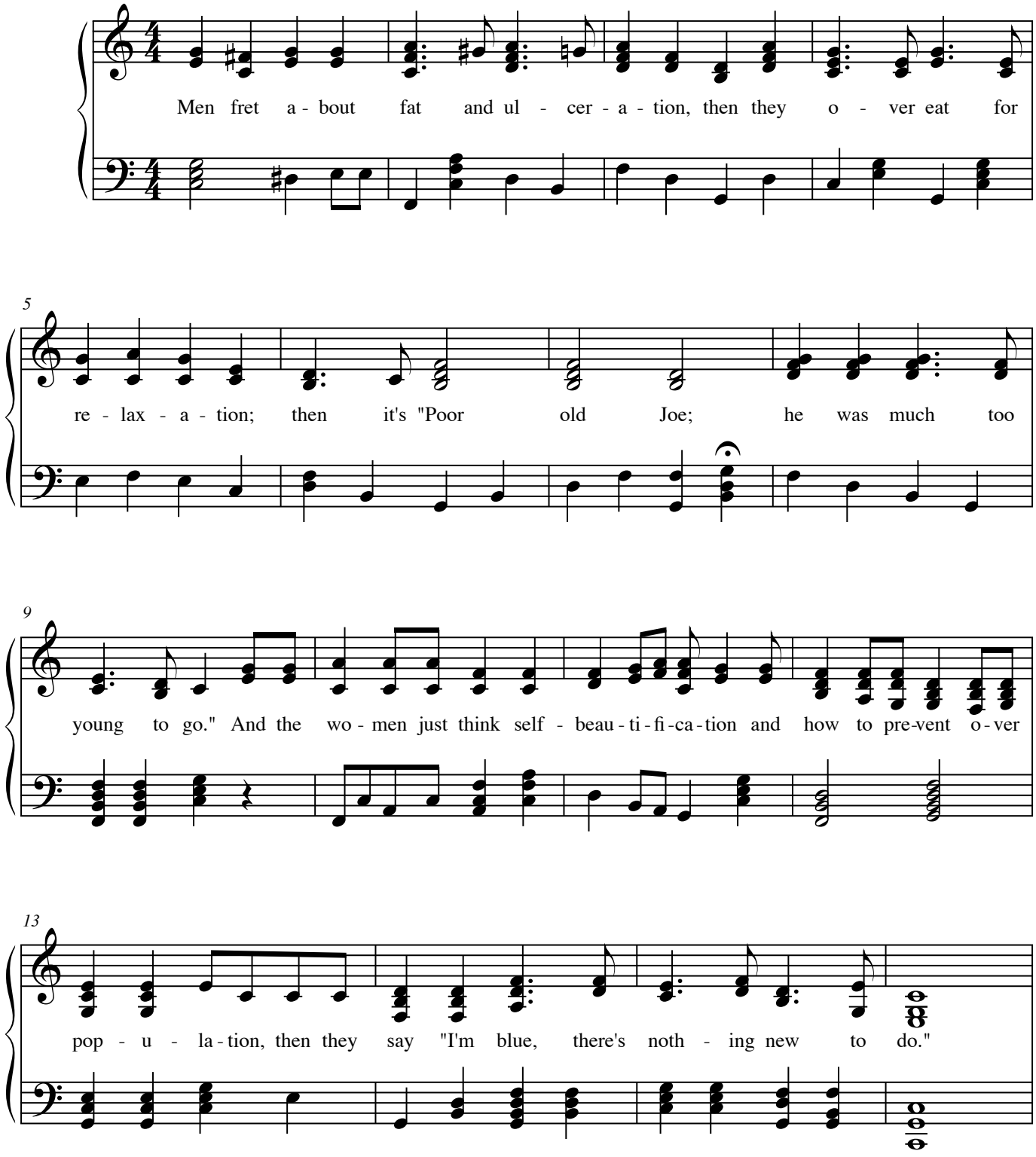
All: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
OUR DISOBEDIENCE WE DID MEND.
THE DOGS HAVE PROVED THEY'RE MAN'S BEST FRIEND
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

ALL TOGETHER SHOUT IT NOW.
YOU DOGS GO BACK TO JUST "BOW WOW"
WE HAVE A HAPPY ENDING NOW
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN *(Dogs start barking).*
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

1- Entree

Tye Noorda

Dogs: People could come to a terrible end, and man is dog's best friend (whining)
We'd better use "dogmatics" and help them right now. Let's talk about the people and figure out how.



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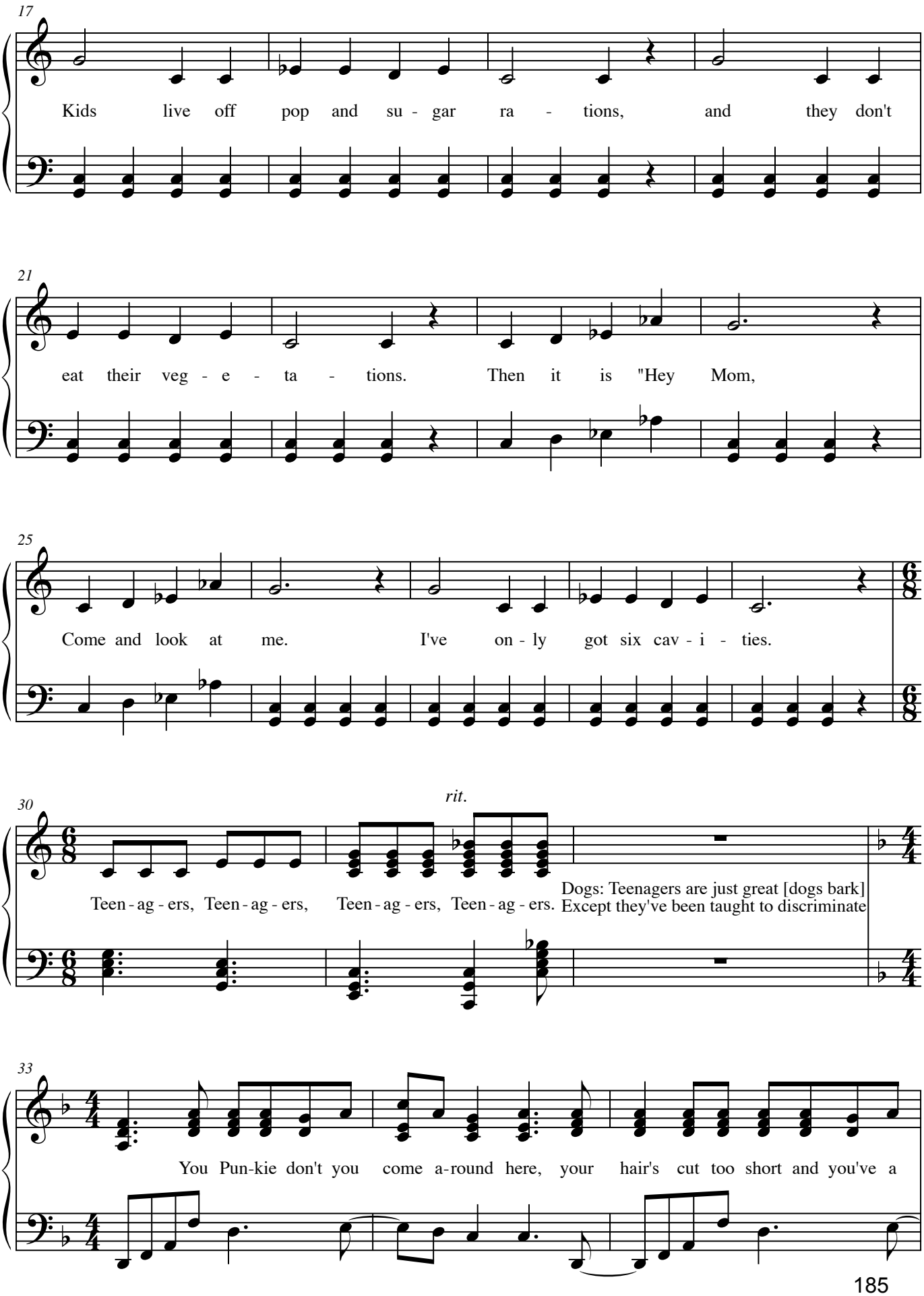
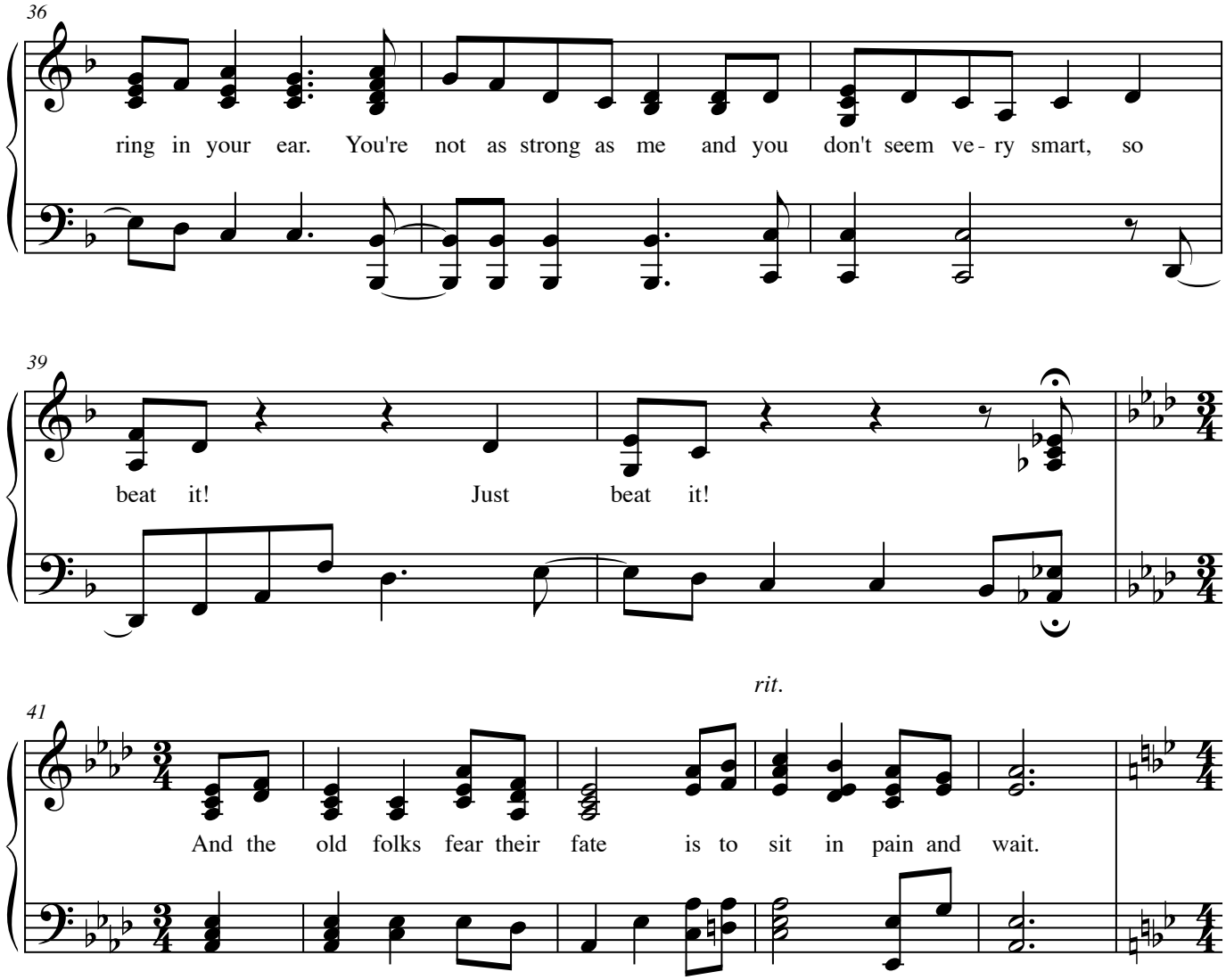
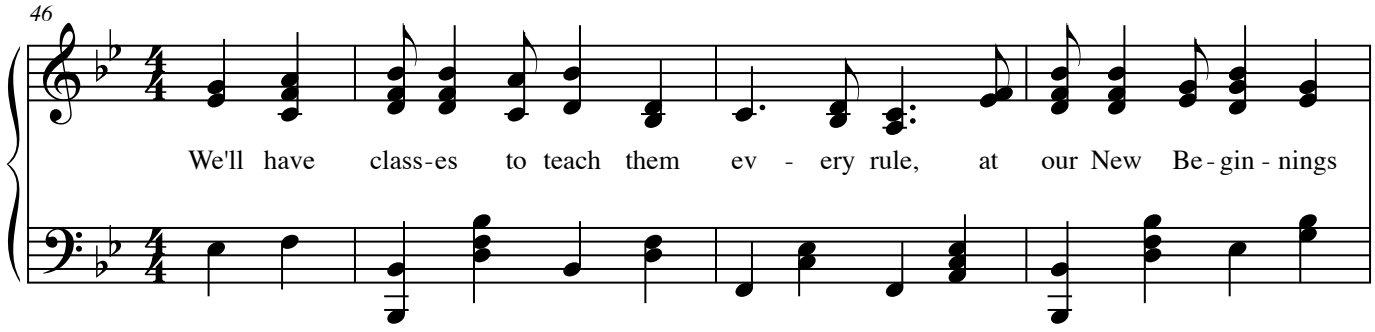
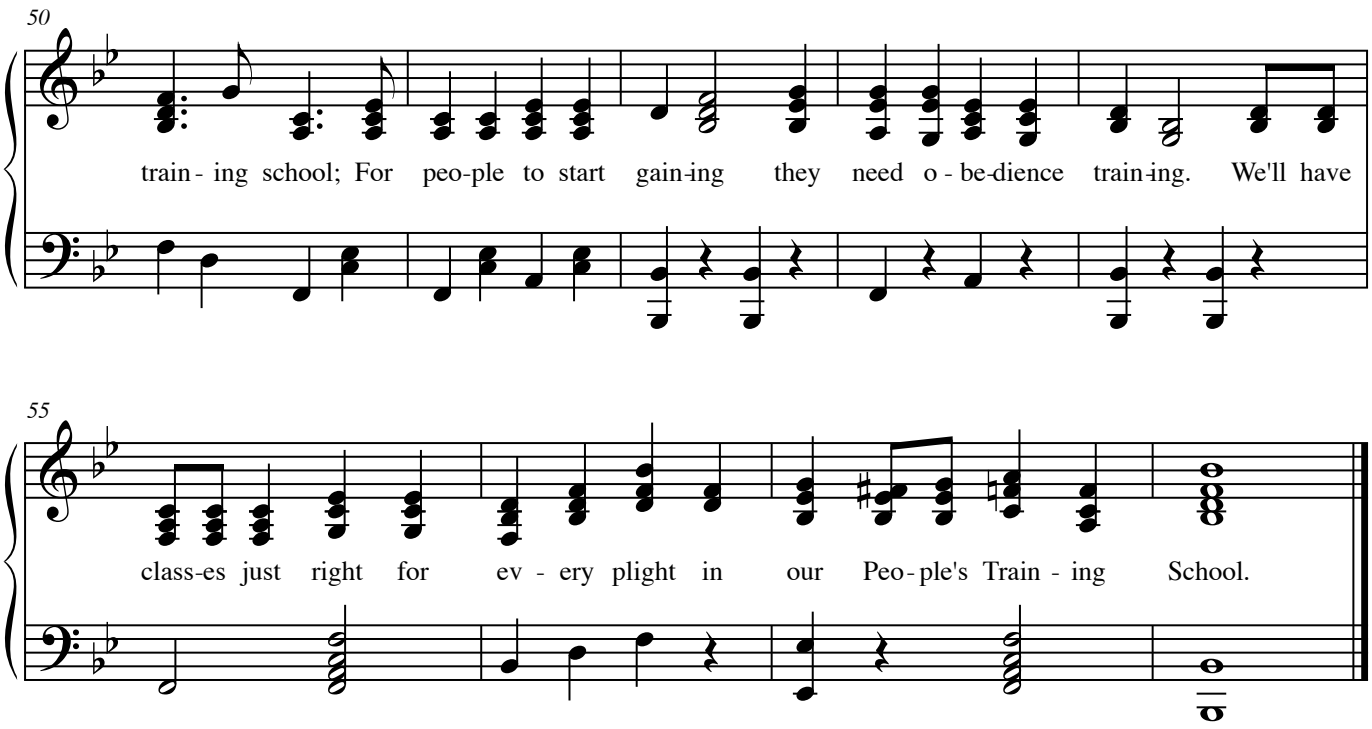

17
Kids live off pop and su - gar ra - tions, and they don't
21
eat their veg - e - ta - tions. Then it is "Hey Mom,
25
Come and look at me. I've on - ly got six cav - i - ties.
30
rit.
Teen - ag - ers, Teen - ag - ers, Teen - ag - ers, Teen - ag - ers.
Dogs: Teenagers are just great [dogs bark]
Except they've been taught to discriminate
33
You Pun-kie don't you come a-round here, your hair's cut too short and you've a



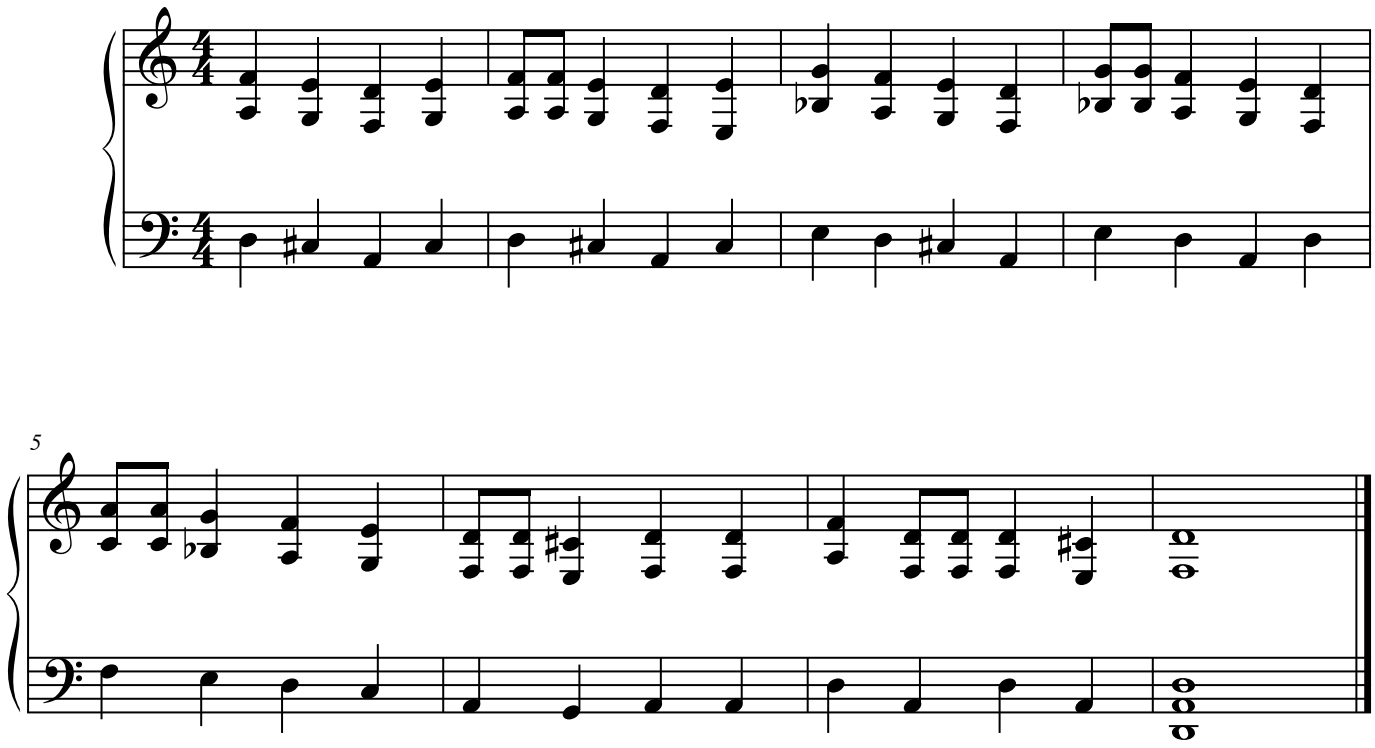
Dogs: An Obedience School for people, we'll all come and teach. Maybe that's the way their mixed-up minds to reach.




50
train - ing school; For peo-ple to start gain-ing they need o - be-dience train-ing. We'll have
55
class-es just right for ev - ery plight in our Peo - ple's Train - ing School.

1a- Entrance of Dogs

Tye Noorda



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2-You Can Be a Rich Man

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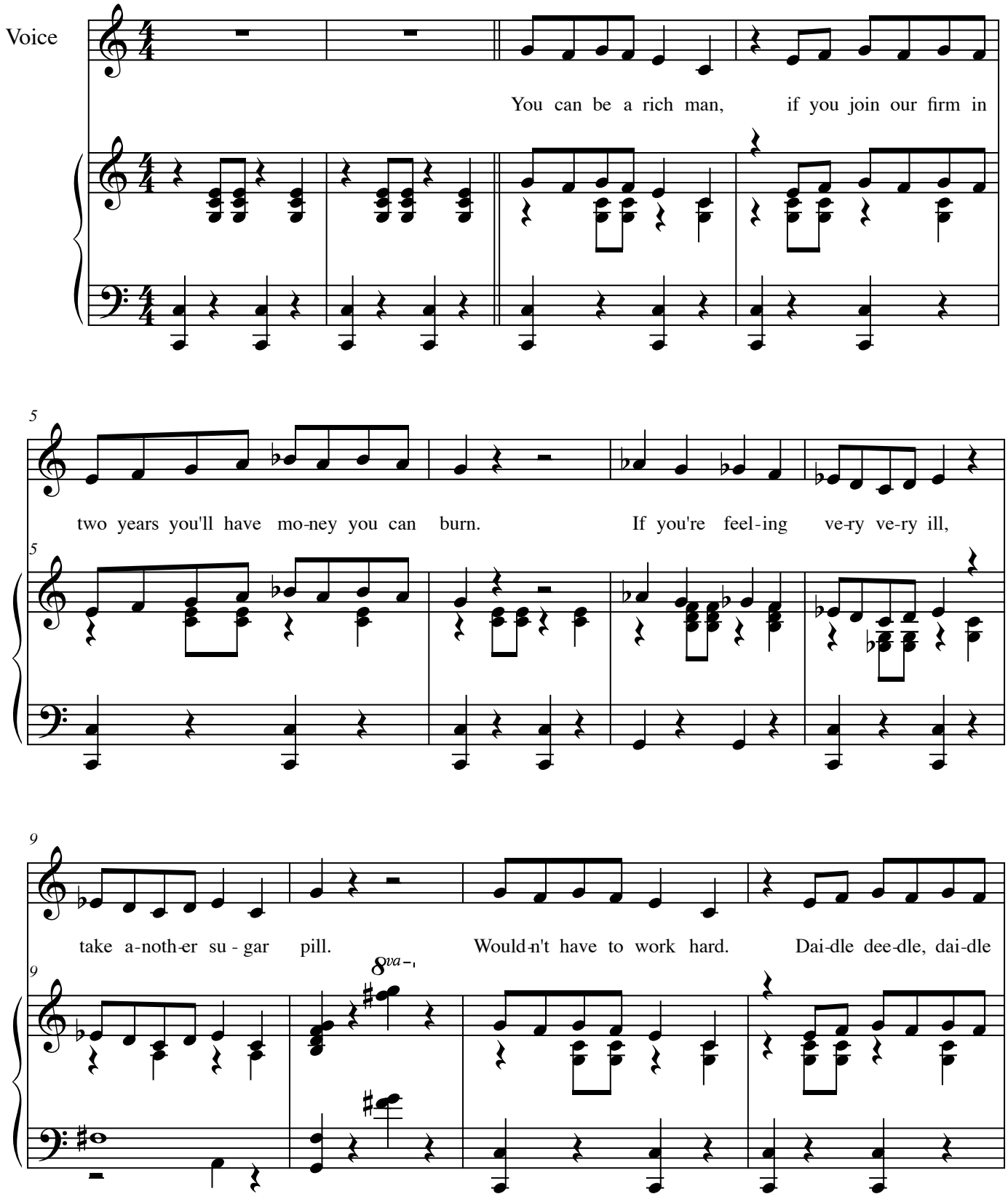

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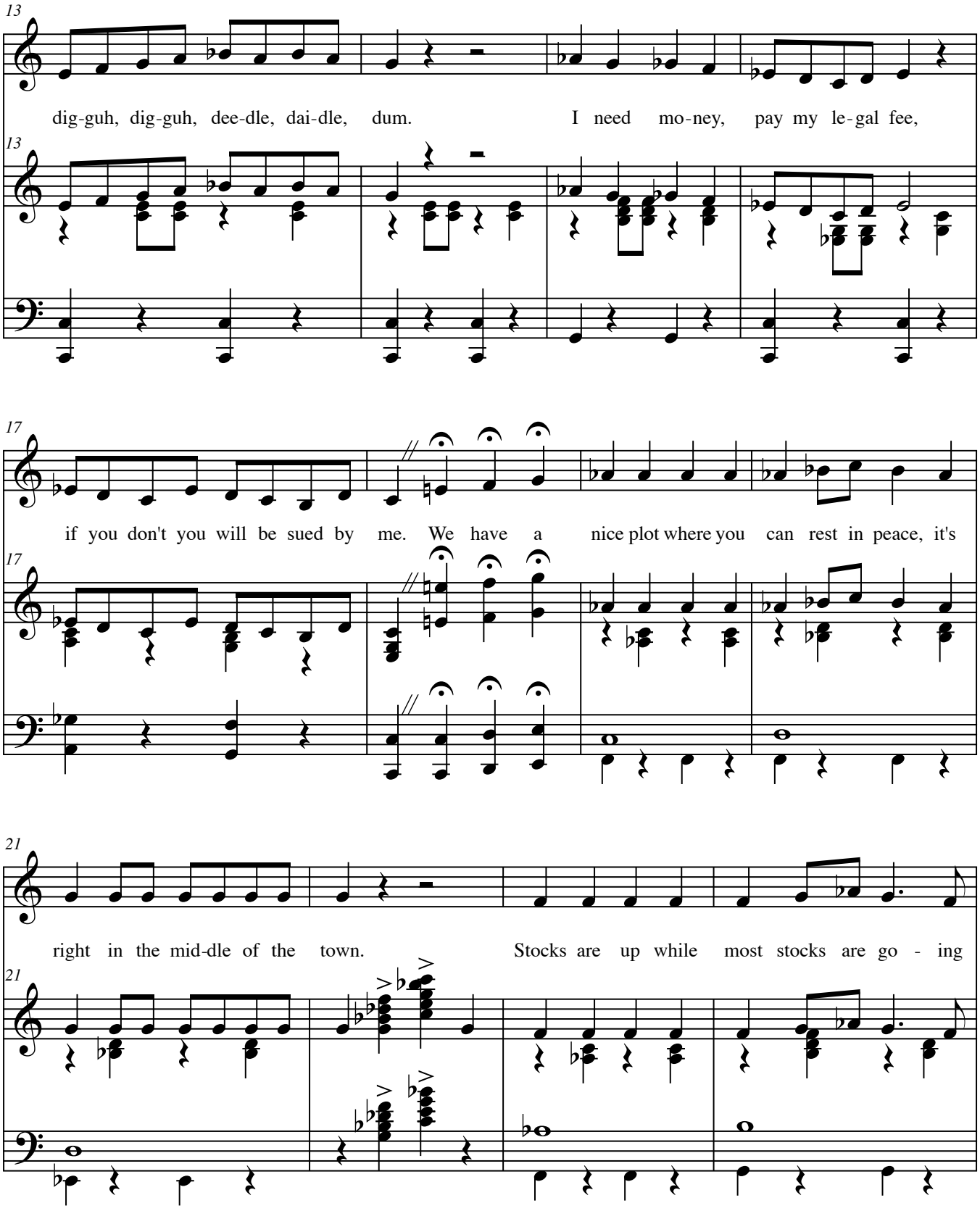
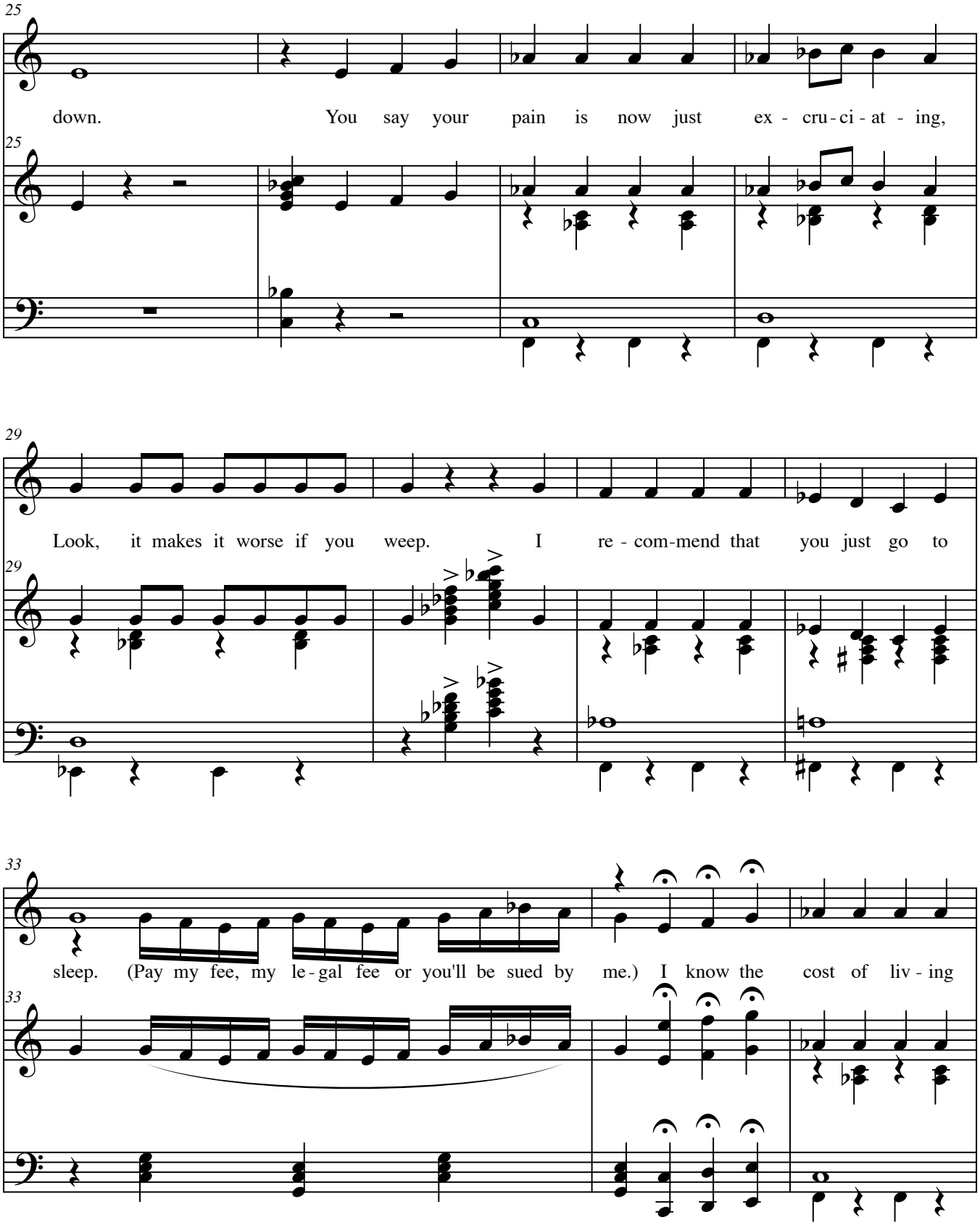
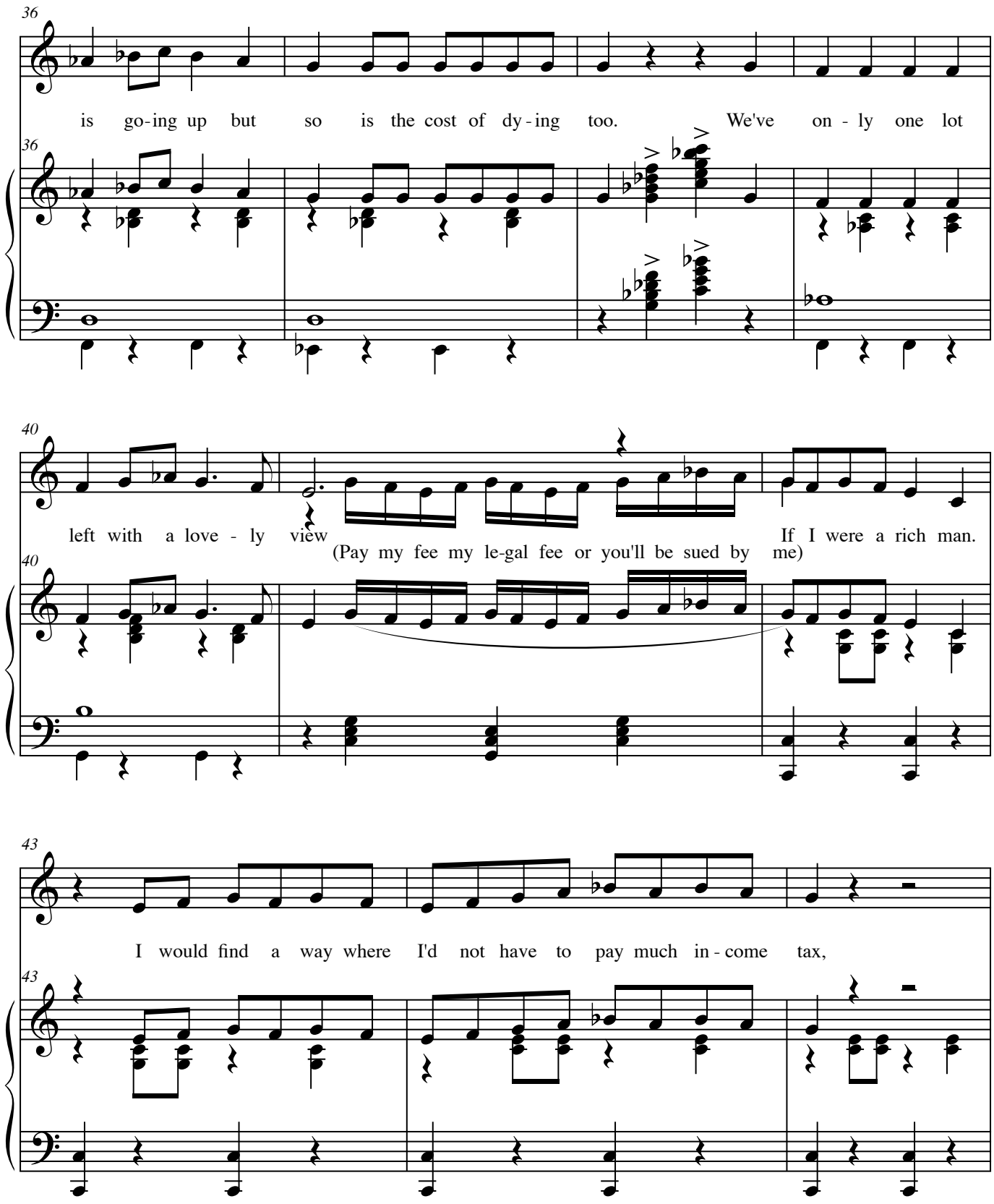
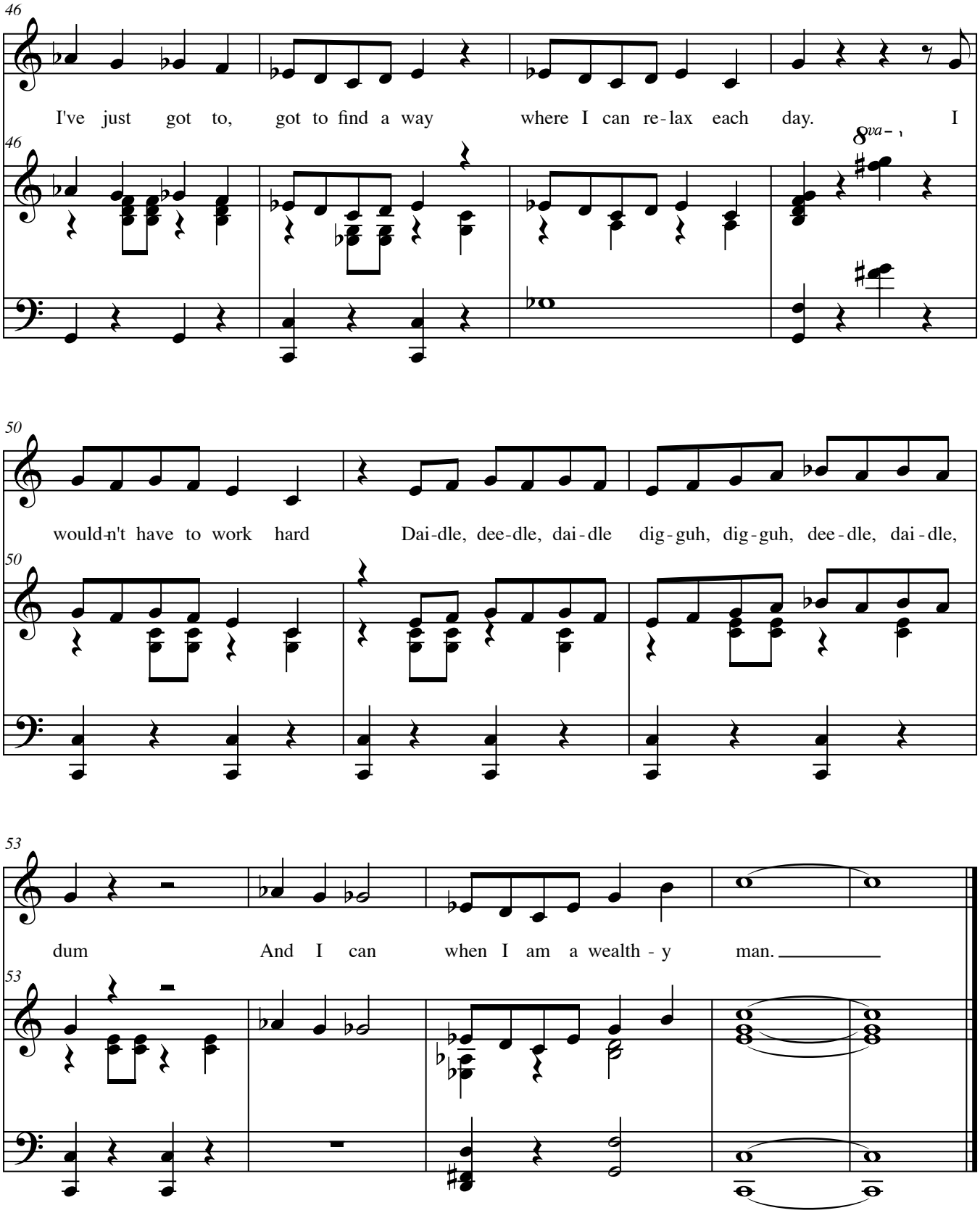

13
dig-guh, dig-guh, dee-dle, dai-dle, dum. I need mo-ney, pay my le-gal fee,
13
17
if you don't you will be sued by me. We have a nice plot where you can rest in peace, it's
17
21
right in the mid-dle of the town. Stocks are up while most stocks are go - ing
21

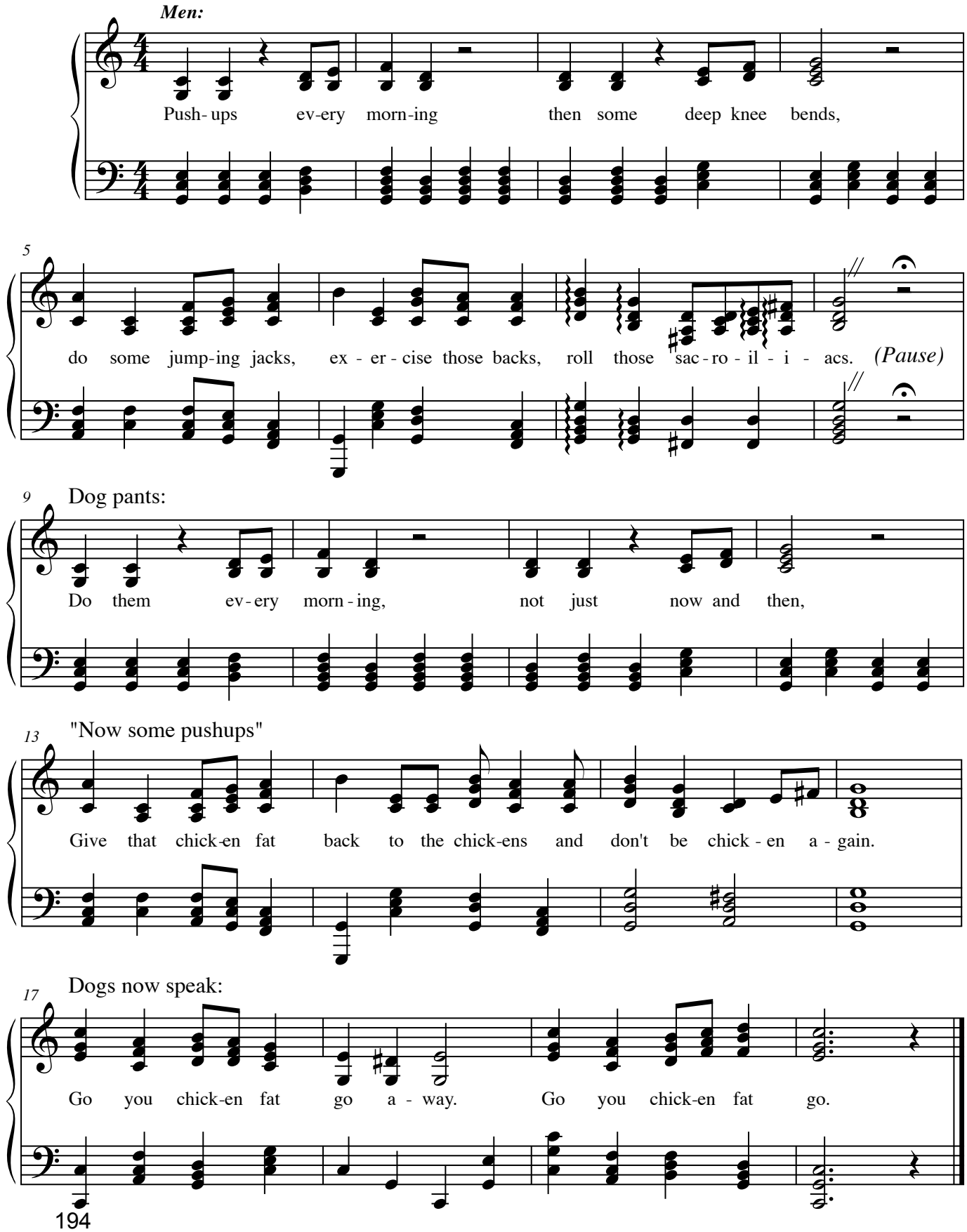

25
down. You say your pain is now just ex - cru - ci - at - ing,
29
Look, it makes it worse if you weep. I re - com-mend that you just go to
33
sleep. (Pay my fee, my le - gal fee or you'll be sued by me.) I know the cost of liv - ing


36
is go-ing up but so is the cost of dy-ing too. We've on-ly one lot
36
40
left with a love-ly view (Pay my fee my le-gal fee or you'll be sued by me) If I were a rich man.
40
43
I would find a way where I'd not have to pay much in-come tax,
43


46
I've just got to, got to find a way where I can re-lax each day. I
8va
50
would-n't have to work hard Dai-dle, dee-dle, dai-dle dig-guh, dig-guh, dee-dle, dai-dle,
53
dum And I can when I am a wealth-y man.

3-Push ups

Tye Noorda



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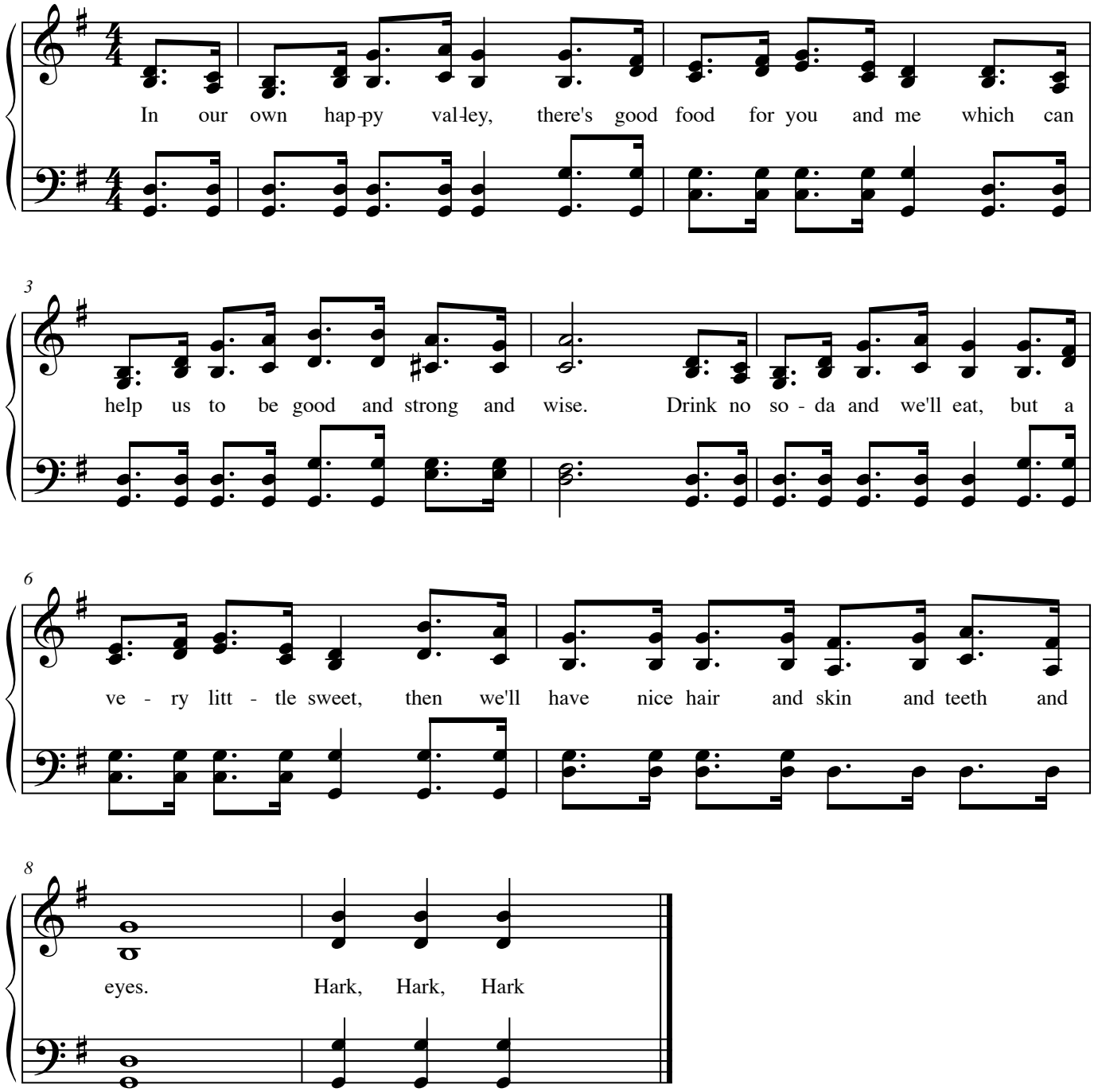
4-In our Own Happy Valley

Tye Noorda

Dogs: Line up, you girls would be much more wise, if you could only see with both your eyes.



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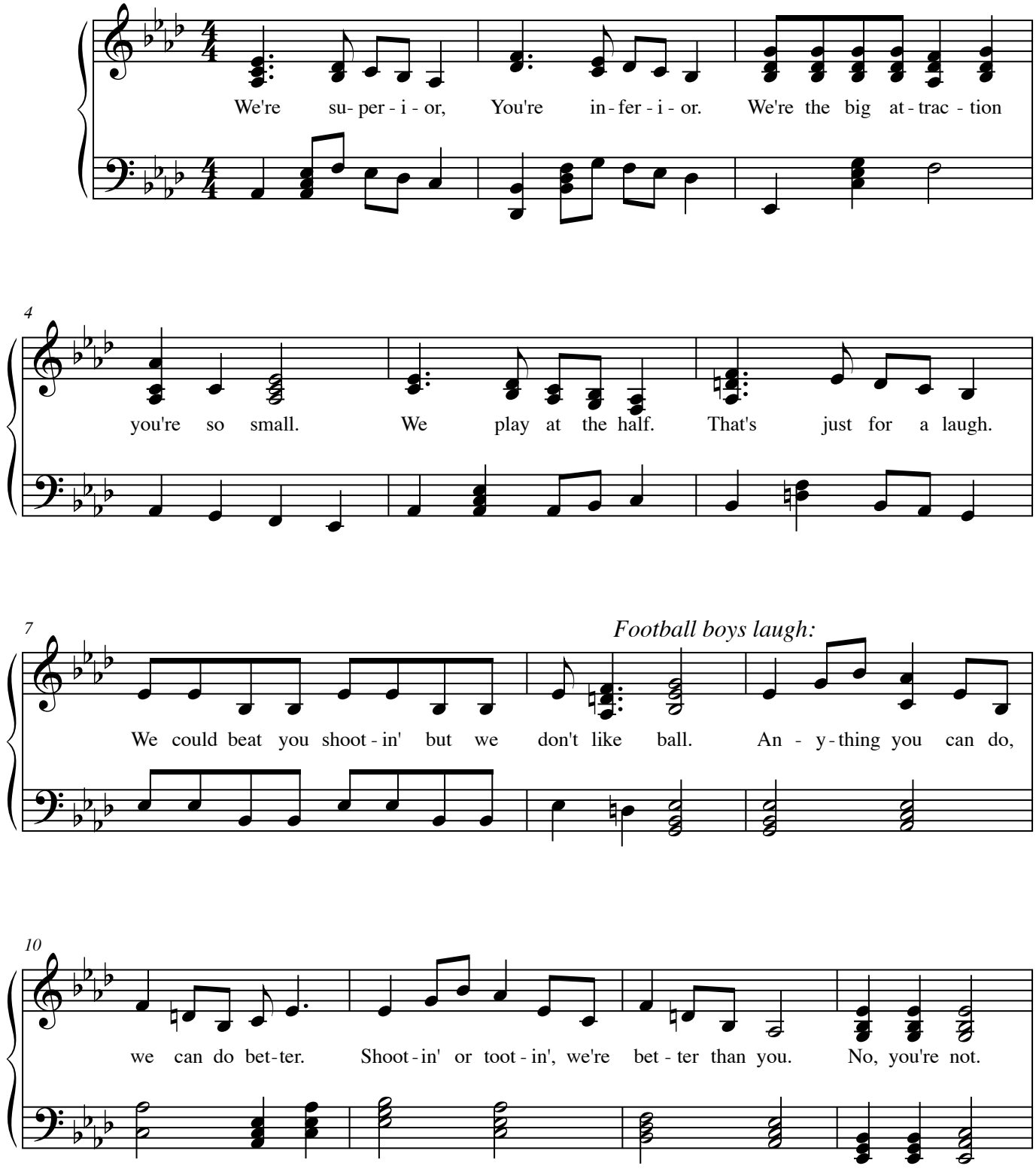
4a-Teens

Tye Noorda

Band boys: We left them where they're supposed to be--out in the hall.
We see you're hanging on to your security ball.

Football boys: Watch it Bub.



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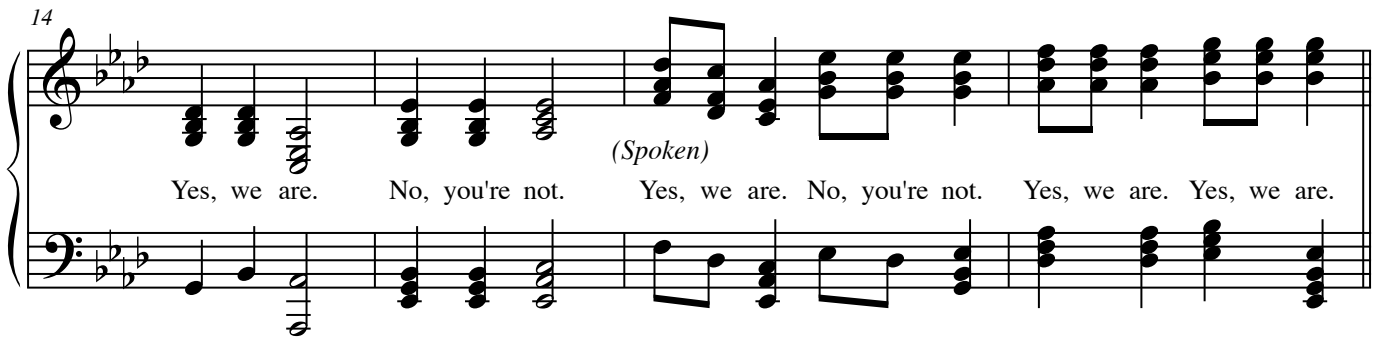
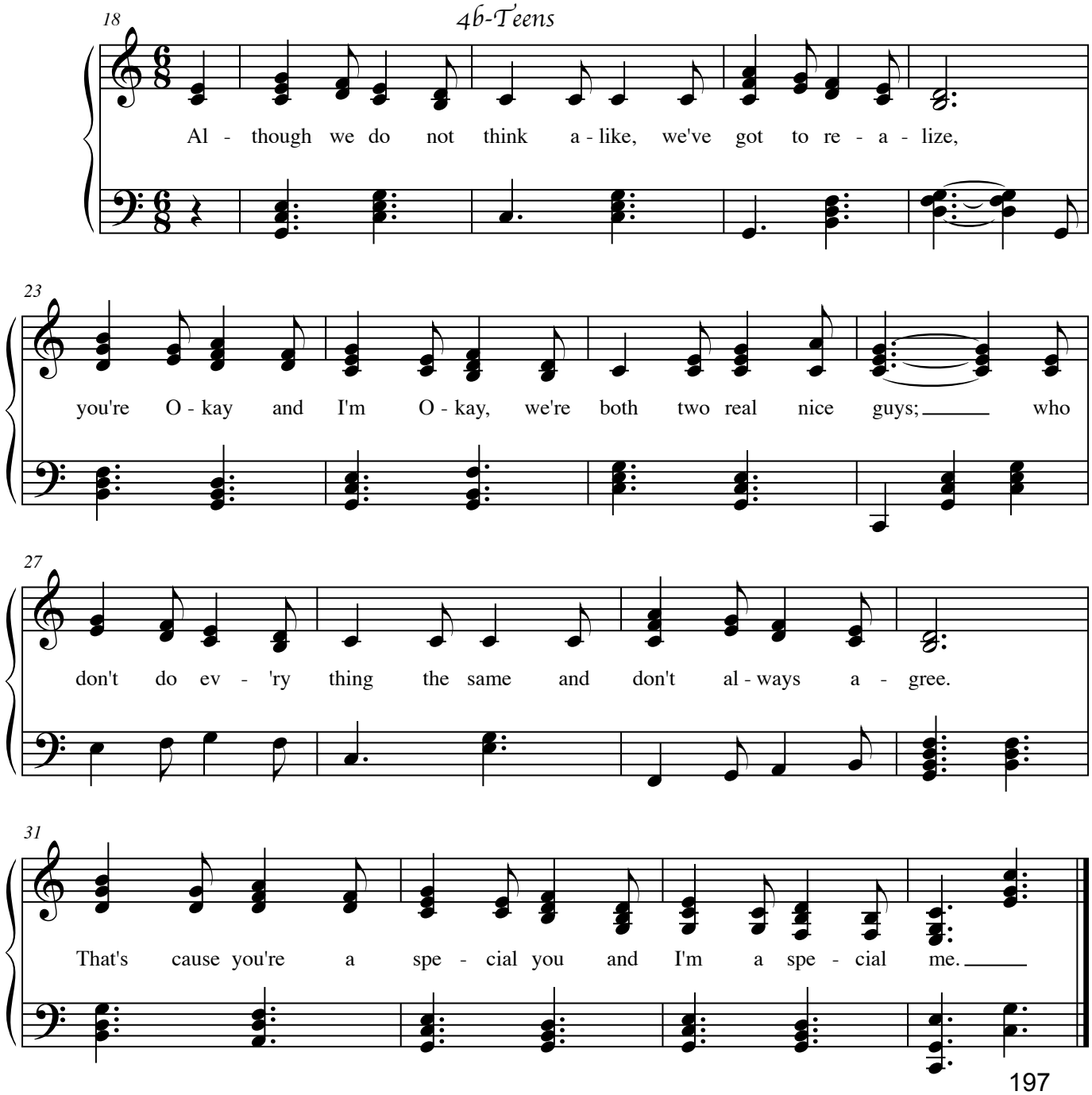


Dogs: Line up boys- This is a very important test
So we expect you to do your very best.

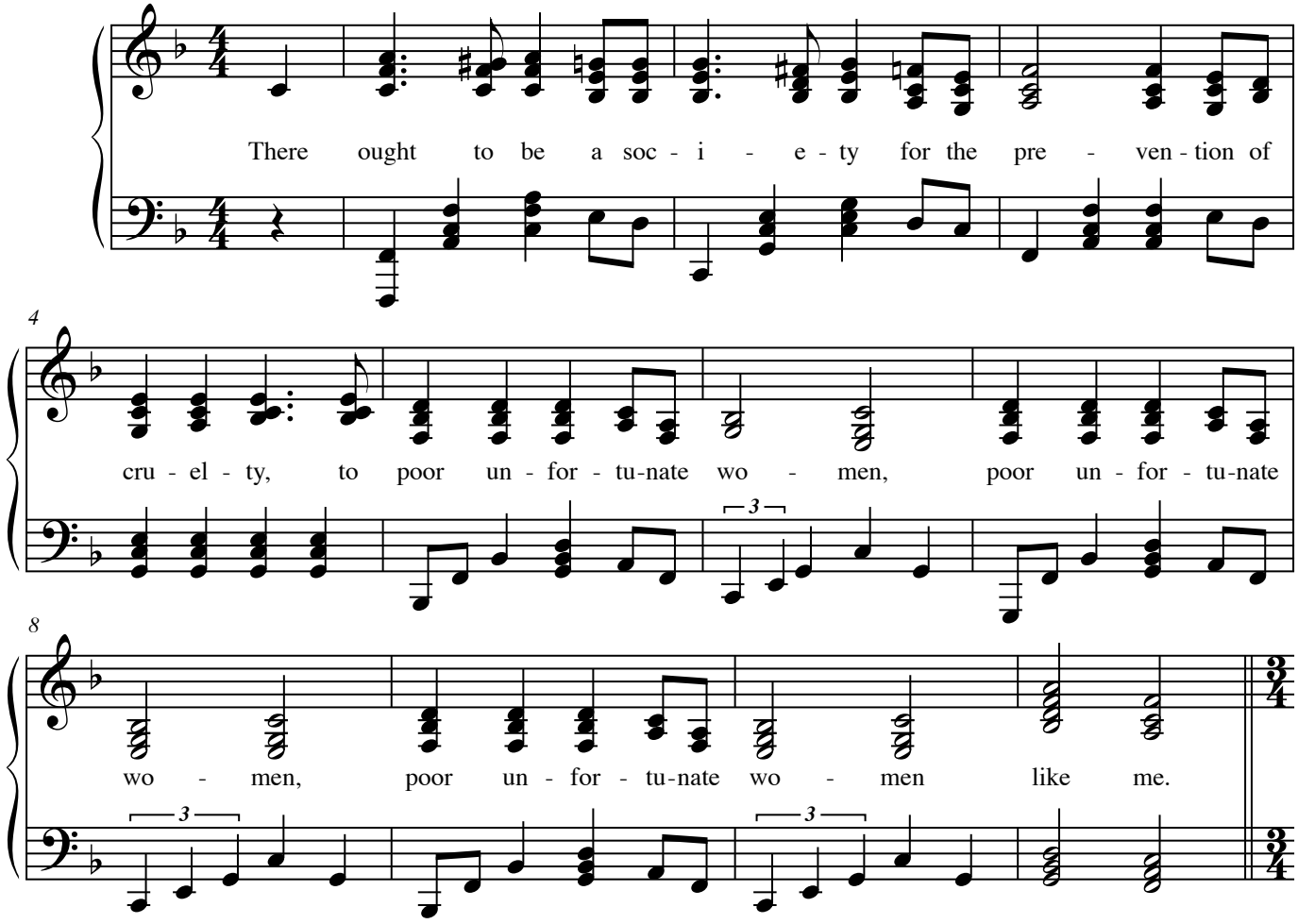
4b-Teens



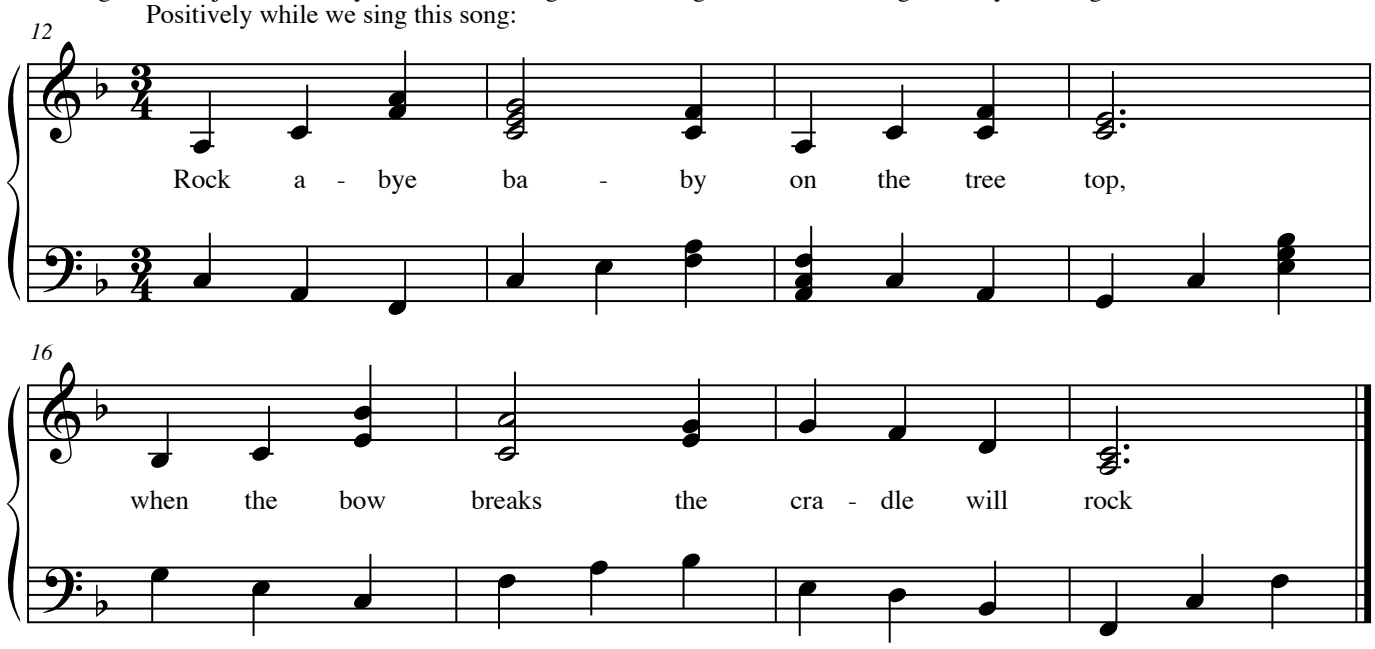
5-Women

Tye Noorda

Women: But I didn't say "wearing black made her look half dead, I said "she might look quite life-like if she wore red."
Imagine, sending a woman like me to training school. It's ridiculous and just plain cruel.



Women: And we'd get fat, lose our figures, and our husbands too.
Dogs: That's just not true, you have some negative thinking which is all wrong; now try thinking
Positively while we sing this song:



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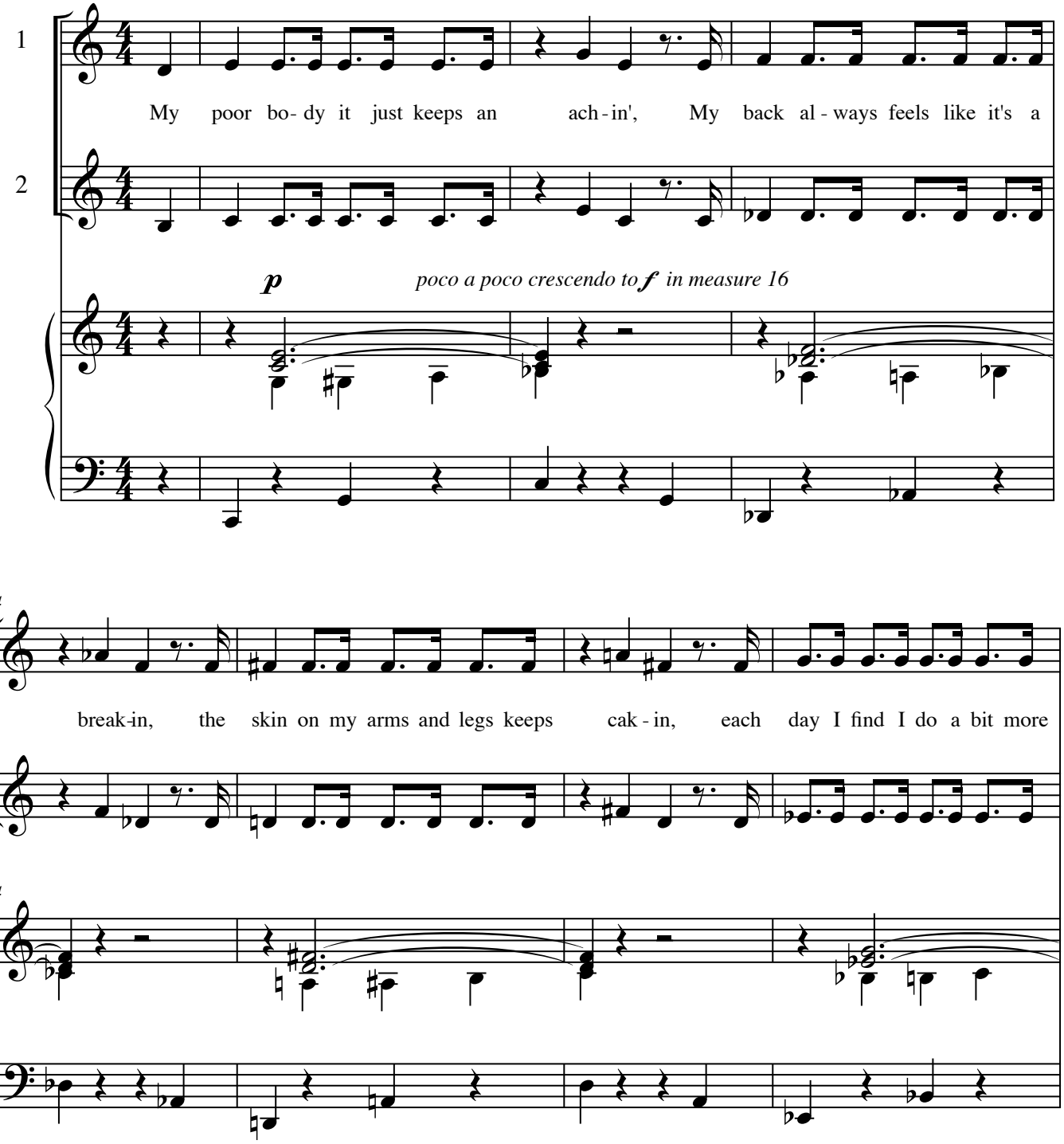
6a-Old Ladies

Tye Noorda

Ladies: And guaranteed to cure inactivitis-- I think that's what I've got. I sure inactivate a lot.

Dogs: Come on dear, just register here.



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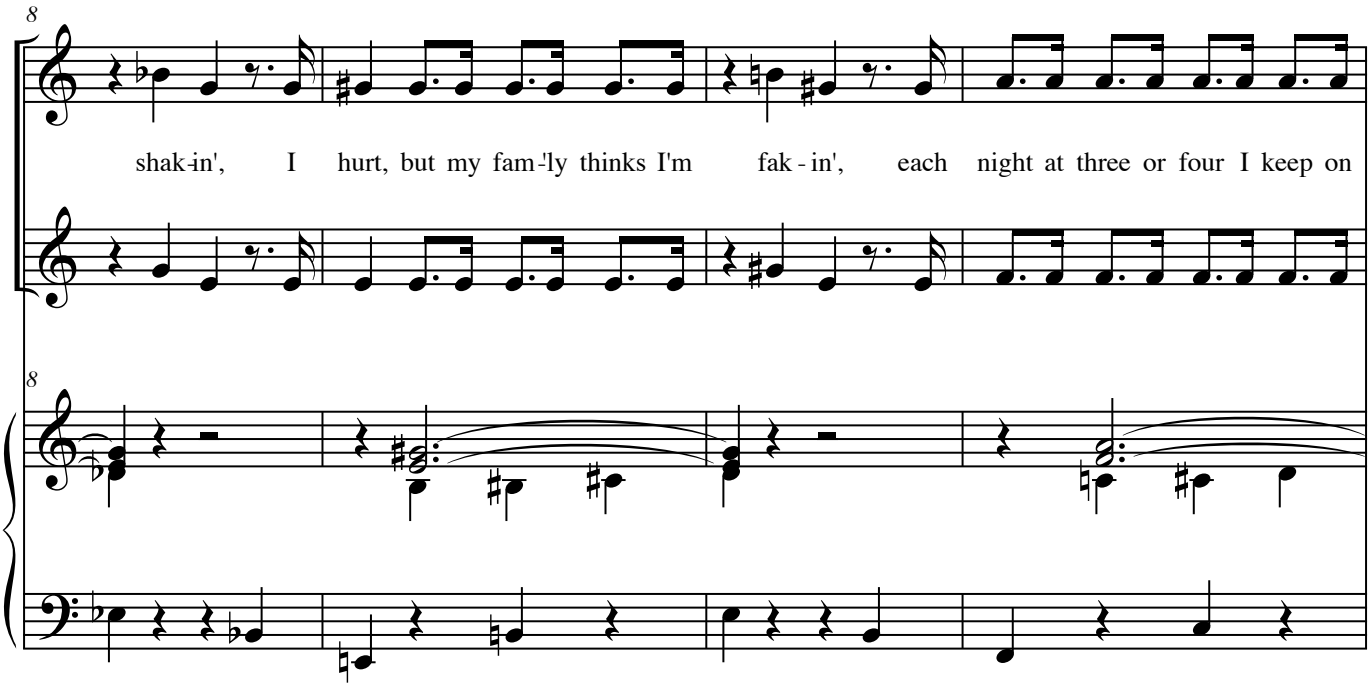
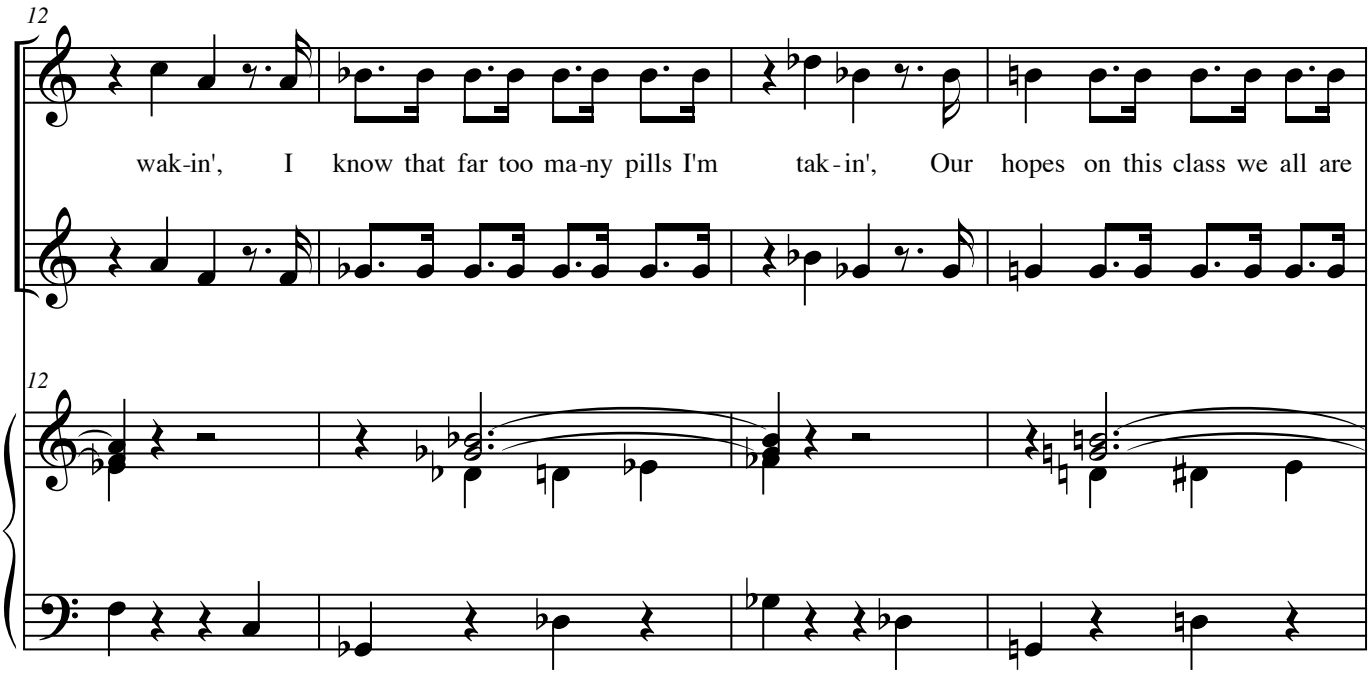
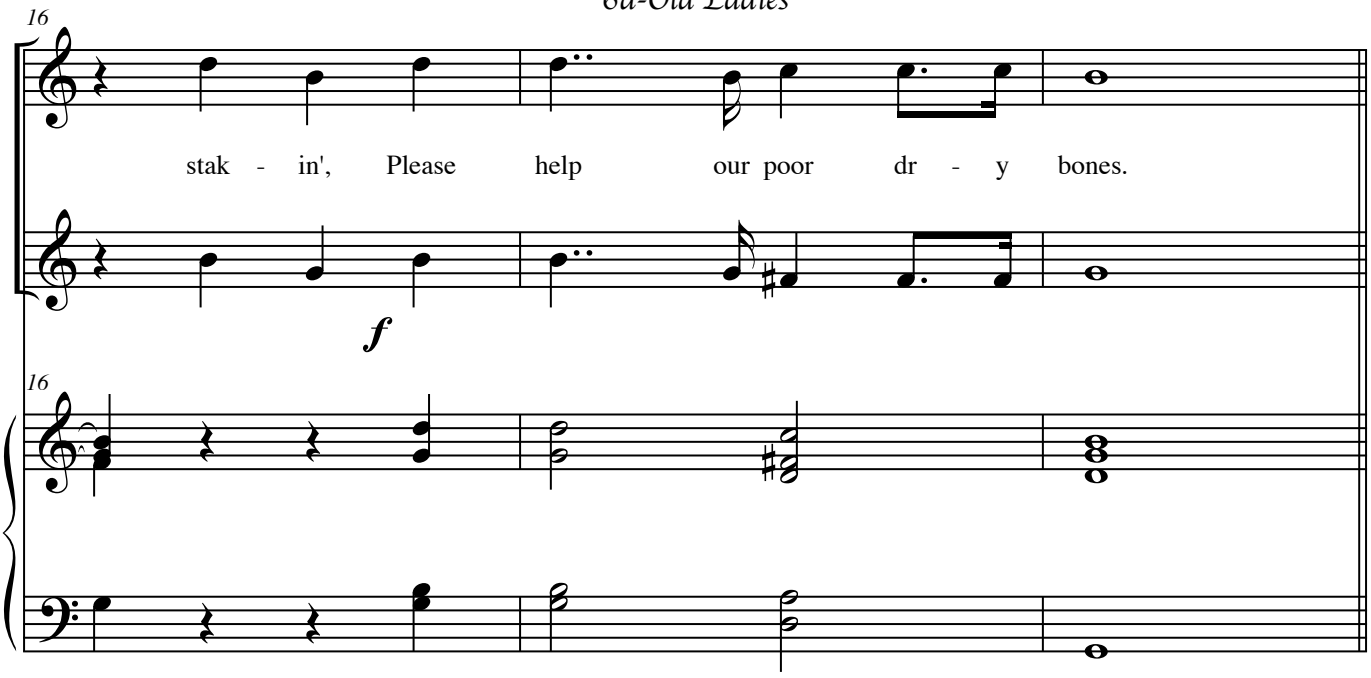
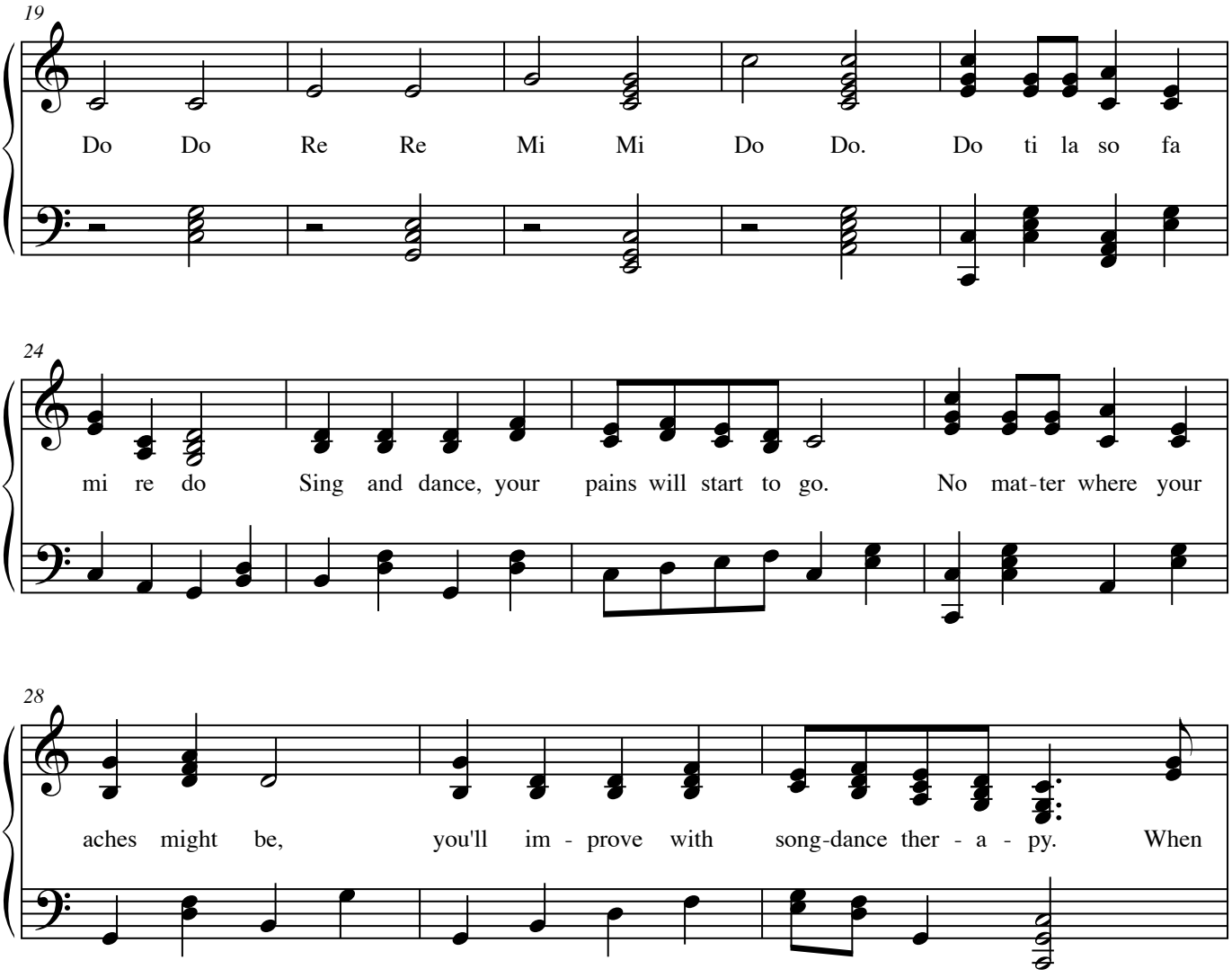
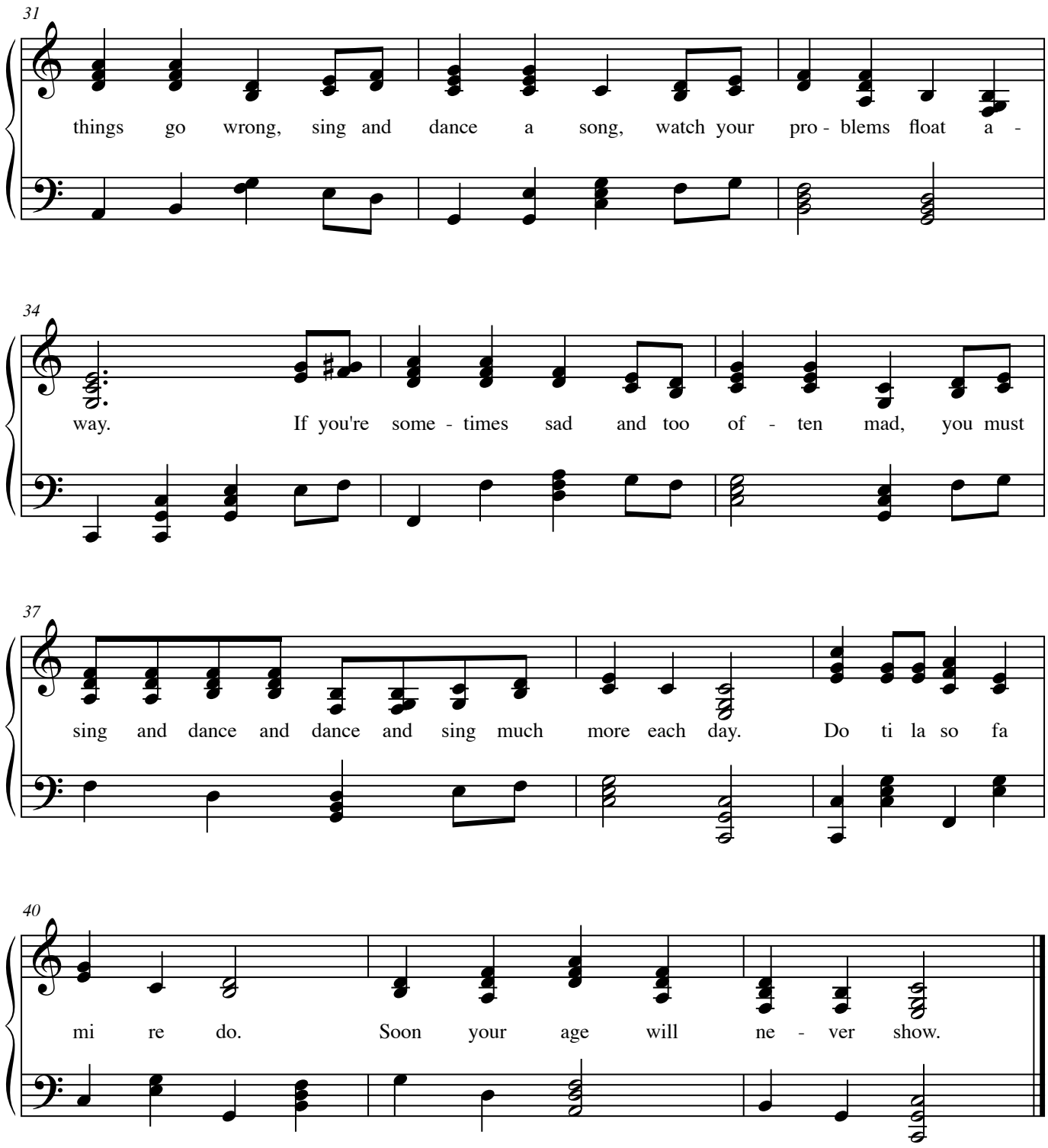

8
shak-in', I hurt, but my fam-'ly thinks I'm fak - in', each night at three or four I keep on
8


12
wak-in', I know that far too ma-ny pills I'm tak - in', Our hopes on this class we all are
12



Dogs: Ladies, just tell us your problems and we'll compute what to do, so you can begin your life anew.

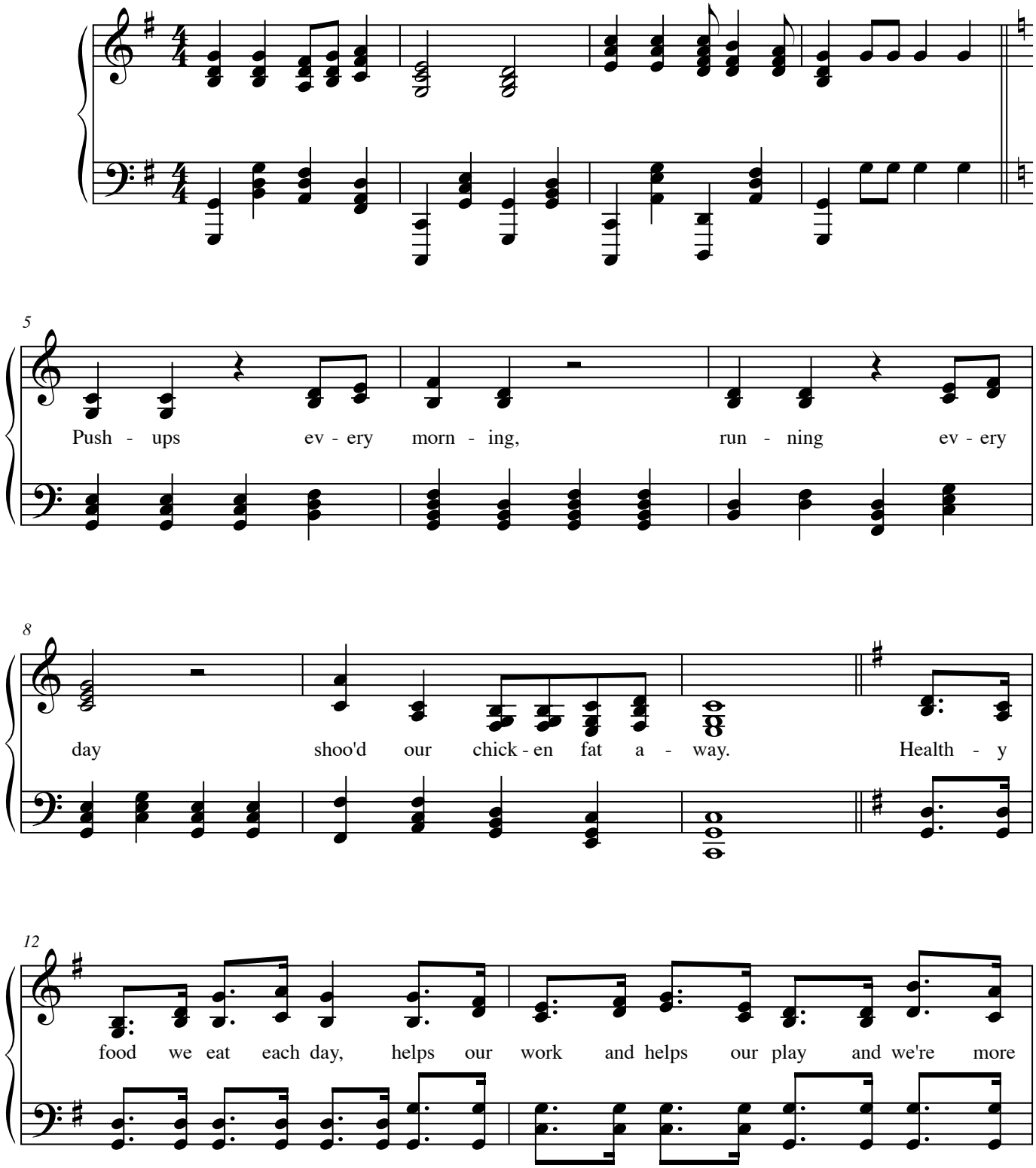



31
things go wrong, sing and dance a song, watch your pro - blems float a -
34
way. If you're some - times sad and too of - ten mad, you must
37
sing and dance and dance and sing much more each day. Do ti la so fa
40
mi re do. Soon your age will ne - ver show.

7-Finale

Tye Noorda

Old Ladies exit singing "I'll dance at your wedding- I'll dance at your wedding"



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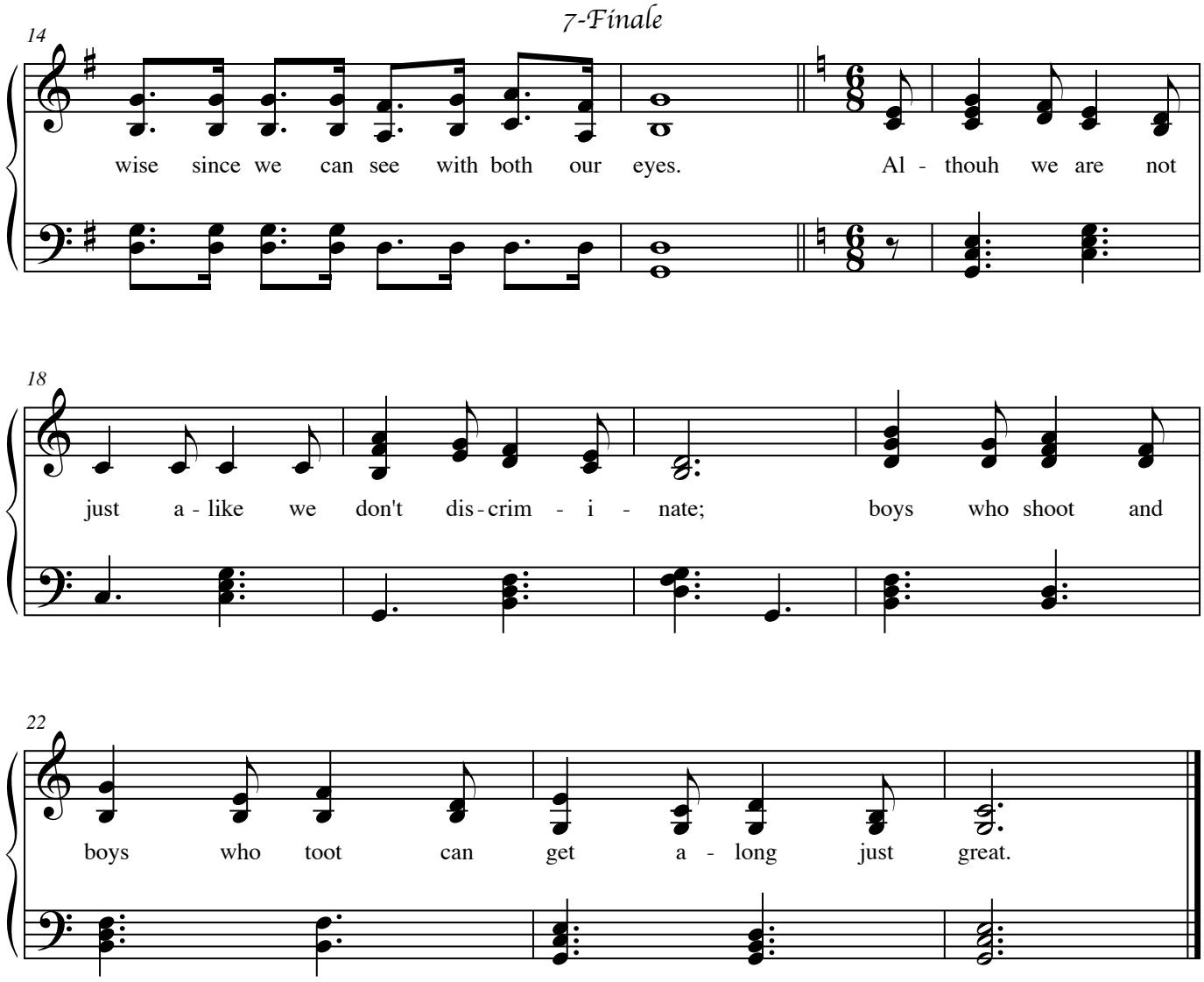
14
wise since we can see with both our eyes.
Al - thouh we are not
18
just a - like we don't dis - crim - i - nate;
boys who shoot and
22
boys who toot can get a - long just great.

Post Script

I have often been asked why I have one name, "Lewena", which I use for business and legal purposes; and another, "Tye", which I use for everything else. Since I'm getting older and don't know how long I'll be around to answer this question I am including this post script.

I used my legal name, Lewena Taylor, at all times until I was about twenty-two years old and even the name Lewena was often mispronounced. Then when I was working with Zaz Vorka, who had a modeling school in the Hotel Utah, the hotel often invited us to go to dinner with some of their special guests who were involved in the entertainment business. At one dinner it was suggested that my name did not "fit me" and since it was getting late and there was not much business left to talk about, almost half an hour was spent finding a better name for me than Lewena. The name everyone agreed on was "Tye" and they gave many logical reasons why Tye Taylor would be better for the modeling business than Lewena Taylor. I did not have my name legally changed but I used the name Tye Taylor for everything except writing out checks—until I became Tye Noorda, which name I used for everything except signing my marriage certificate, checks, legal documents, and the letter I wrote to my mother. Since Ray had met and corresponded for a year with "Tye Taylor"—and thought "Lewena Noorda" was a lot of "uhs"—I've never considered using "Lewena" for my household name.