

## COMMENTARY

## Councilmen should write own theme songs

**B**utterflies and beards, beauty and backbiting; who knew as I searched the Web for winged wonders, while stroking my new salt and peppers, that those four busy B's would soothe as well as sting me.

Dawdling in the summer season of our lives, Madame P and I are in a full flight of fancy; we're raising the beautiful and discerning Monarch butterfly. We're mesmerized by these gossamer gifts that dance on the winds and court flowers. We want wafting beauty in our lives. Then, while Web surfing and savoring the muse a well-loved beard provides, ding! Another entry arrived at the Artys Theme Song Contest mail drop!

A young Fairfield girl submitted a tune. It was original, clearly her's and fully supported by parental love. As is said in the business, the kid had chops.

Quick as a fond reminiscence, I was aloft and listening to the chrysalis of her creativity taking flight. Being carried on the wings of impassioned notes was the grist of why I developed the contest, became an Artys judge, answered Foy McNaughton's call to write columns and reviews, sit on committees, grew a beard and Web surfed about butterflies. Everyone's mind has a melody and a rhythm to their reason for being. This young girl's was as beautiful and engaging as any. A call to create had gone out to the



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community and a child answered.

She had her own voice, admiring many but imitating none. In early spring season of her life, the child intuited that one's talents are the greatest treasure when cultivated and communally celebrated. I told her thanks, urging her to

never surrender her wings.

Buoyed by butterflies and the simple beauty of her tune, it was on to my routine of civics; City Council videos, review of agenda packets and careful perusal of local news. An anvil chorus of backbiting grounded any hope of further flight.

**P**eople do that which makes them who they are, voters need to simply watch. At the July 3 council meeting, an opening concerto of "ca-ca" was underway. In the prelude, the man who would be king was sitting behind the name tag of his ghost writer who in turn is sitting behind the moniker of the monarch to be. It's delightful, you must see this.

After dramatically eulogizing a beloved bonafide longtime community benefactor who is seriously ailing, the valedictorian of the Dirty Harry School of Kick Butt growled with draconian flare that anyone who wants to attack the object of his eulogy is "nothing but a coward."

What? How inappropriate can we get? What next, lead weight hints about double dealing scoundrels

and scallywags in our midst? This is the sophomoric backbiting that helped encourage two talented senior leaders to retire, put one more in the wings and build a conga line of knocking knees in the city hall foyer

Then the bearded bard lectured with thinly veiled condescension on eclectic aspects of American history, which was no more than a ruse to slam the mayor with a reinforced message about his blue ribbon panel. This is after indirectly insulting the savvy and ethics of local titans of industry who comprise the panel in the press.

**T**hose who orchestrate city affairs are often first to fall out of tune, if in fact the music of collegiality and camaraderie plays in their heads at all. Their rhythmic groove is the bobbing head of unwarranted condescension and the wagging of fingers at those who do not dance to their tune.

I suggest we ask those who would lead us to craft a theme song for the council: Presently, "Hall of the Mountain King" and "Me and My Shadow" don't cut it. Perhaps we could do a live release of Monarchs, butterflies, that is, and see where they light. I suspect in their winged wisdom, they would know where the nectar does not lie.

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