

Neil Sedaka passes away

By William Corden

I am just totally bereft at [this news](#)

The Tra- La days are truly over .. I have played that song so many hundreds of times over the past 53, yes 53, years and it is still as heavenly today as it was when I first heard it.



Recording artist Neil Sedaka poses for a portrait Tuesday, Jan. 26, 2010 in New York. (AP Photo/Jeff Christensen, File)

His LP of the same name is still one of my favourites, if music soothes the savage breast then he was the one who did it for me... such a gift to the Earth.

I went to see him perform at the Queen Elizabeth Theater in Vancouver back in 1975 with a backing band of 10CC, and the performance brought the house down.

I can remember the feeling in the lobby during the interlude in the theater lobby ... everybody was just stunned, in awe of the fabulous display of talent that came out of this lovely, modest man.

He played his 60's hits and had everyone dancing in the

aisles. Then he played flawlessly "The Flight of the Bumblebee". Then onto his 70's hits and it was the best show I have EVER seen, everybody came out walking on air.

Many years later I visited New York City and went to the hallowed "Brill Building", where he wrote most of his songs. And I can tell you that my entire being buzzed when I pushed on the same, well worn, brass handle that Neil (along with Carole King and many other musical geniuses) had pushed to get into the office.

My favourite story about him highlights more of his sweetness and self effacing nature, than anything else.

In an interview, he was telling the audience about a trip he had made to China. He boarded a tour bus but of course, because it's China, nobody knew who the hell he was.

In a marvellous moment as the coach got going, they started to play one of his songs over the speakers. So he went up to the driver and thanked him for playing his music and let him know that he was the one who was singing.

The driver wouldn't believe him, and through a translator Neil eventually proved who he was by showing him his Passport, only then did the driver open up with admiration for such sweet entertainment.

I usually have " The Tra-La Day are over " on my play list at the gym. Tomorrow it will have added poignancy.

Rest in Peace Neil, you have given me so much pleasure in my life.