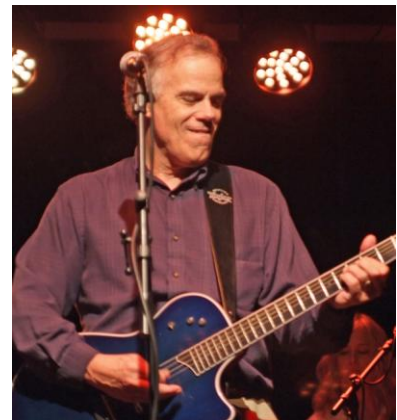


The Cowsills Play the Silver Reef Casino in Ferndale, WA

The first time I saw the Cowsills in concert, I was 11 years old. It was 1968. They played the event center at the University of Southern Mississippi in Hattiesburg. My cousins and I had just discovered the Cowsills—I was crazy for John, my cousin was nuts over Barry. The concert was, in many ways, typical of the 60's—the boys wore suits and ties; Susan and her Mom, Barbara, wore silky one piece suits. The girls all screamed for Barry. Except me, of course, the lone voice for John, the drummer. But all of us were entranced by the show. The music was great—the Cowsills could harmonize like nobody else; those blood harmonies were amazing.



Fast forward to September 18, 2010. I am living in Gig Harbor, WA. The Cowsills are appearing at the Silver Reef Casino in Ferndale, WA. My dream come true. I could not believe that after all these years, I would finally get to see them again. Barry died in Katrina. Bill died of cancer just a few months later. John is the drummer with the Beach Boys. So the Cowsills are made up of Susan, Paul, and Bob; the rest of the band is now comprised of sons/nephews; Susan's husband, Russ, and their friend and bass player, Mary Laseigne. I didn't know exactly what to expect. I knew the music would be great, but I wasn't familiar with the venue; I had not heard this new group of Cowsills. However, once we walked into the room, I really started to get excited. The room was set up with the stage on the right, the chairs in a semi-circle around it. And no reserved seating meant that, since we were lucky enough to be close to the beginning of the line, we could sit close to the front. And I made for the third row, middle two seats. It was perfect. I knew that Paul would be in the middle, Susan on his right (our left) and Bob to his left (our right).



My camera was out. I was ready. They opened with “Monday, Monday,” a song that they sang all those years ago in Mississippi. I did not stop smiling for two hours. Well, make that four, since I smiled all the way home to Gig Harbor. Not only did they perform brilliantly—they had fun, which meant that all of us had fun, too. The banter between Susan, Paul, and Bob was worth the ticket price! The venue made us feel as though we had invited them into our living room and that we were sitting with them, laughing, talking, and singing. And I was not the only one to sing along with every song! The intimate setting was perfect for this show—the audience felt an immediate connection to the group, which fits their style perfectly.

After the show, they stayed for a “meet and greet”—I was in heaven, along with everyone else who stayed. Not only did I get to meet them, but Susan hugged me and signed my Lighthouse CD; and Bob got his picture taken with me, and also hugged me! These folks understand how much they mean to their fans. And that we all grew up with them—I wanted to be Susan Cowsill when I was a little girl. I used to play their records and sing along, doing all of the dances I remember Susan doing on stage. The venue for this concert was outstanding in every way. It was intimate, and the acoustics were wonderful. The lighting was perfect—everything was crystal clear, and every memory will remain so.

