

Loving Grows the Heart Bigger

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One rarely gets an opportunity to converse with a wild carrot. My wife and I had that unusual good fortune recently. Of course, most of you may already know that the wild carrot I'm referring to is the musical duo of Pamela Temple and Spencer Funk.

They first became acquainted with each other while Spence was very actively involved with the Queen City Balladeers as president and Pamela was performing at the Leo Coffeehouse. Yet, the evolution of wild carrot took some time.

Pam studied classical vocal technique. Her performance repertoire has included appearances with the Cincinnati May festival Chorus, the Columbus Symphony Chorus, and the Coast Rican National Symphony Chorus. Yet, when Pa sings as part of wild carrot here is no histrionic prima donna lurking about but rather a sincere experienced voice of awesome beauty expressing the real down to earth drama of life.

Pamela spent a couple of very formative years as a volunteer Occupational Therapist for the Peace Corps in Costa Rica in the early '90's. Her song "Bringing On the Rain", which aired on WNKU's "Exit 89" last August 1, was greatly inspired by the regular afternoon rains she experienced in that tropical country.

Meanwhile, Spencer continued to devote energy to his teaching and remain busy with forty-some regular students. Currently, he teaches at this studio in Glendale, the Famous Old Time music Co., and at his home.

In addition to the folk influences one might expect of a balladeer, Spencer's wide ranging styles also reflect his classical studies and training as well as jazz persuasions. However, what distinguishes Spencer's playing beyond his years of wood shedding, credentials and obvious technical abilities is the tasteful and creative manner in which he augments the lyrical and musical gifts of his partner and soul mate, Pamela Temple.

There is a seamless wholeness to wild carrot that goes beyond the ordinary summing of parts and into the realm of special magic. I remember a performance last fall at the Krohn Conservatory when Pam was telling about revisiting her grandparent's place in the Smokey Mountains of North Carolina after having been away for many years. The old dirt road was paved and many of the simple beauties were gone.

But rather than focus on what was missing she wanted to take note of what was still present. The nearby Black Eyed Susan's tenacity served as a muse for the labored genesis of the song by that name. Having just been down a road that had given up priceless gifts of time to the contrivances of man, I felt deeply touched personally by the melancholy enchantment of "Black Eyed Susan". That evening at the Krohn Conservatory an infant cried an accompaniment to the chorus: "She cries for what will never be/She cries for loss of simplicity/She cries for what our children will not see/ I'll cry for you/ Cry for me."

The seemingly effortless way that Pam and Spencer perform is a powerful testimony to the years of enduring and struggle to get it right. See them before a

big yellow taxi comes and takes them away.

– **John Krehbiel**

