John calls me up. "Hey Ananda. Sam called and said he's in town. He wants to get together and play some music on Sunday. "Sounds good," I say, and we set a date for Sunday at noon-- just for a couple of hours.

Sunday comes. John, Elizabeth and I meet for breakfast. A good time is had as always. Then we meet Sam at the club and start to play. No one has played in quite some time. John and I haven't seen Sam for a few months. We are all being lazy. Mostly, we talk, but the minidisc goes on recording. Every now and again, our conversation gets interrupted by some music. Nothing flashy... just playing... remembering... the things old friends do together to keep busy on a lazy Sunday...