

## **The Story of Moses**

*By: Liona Boyd*

Until I wrote my autobiography, few people knew that my record company, Moston Records, was named after two teddy bears, Moses and Tonka, constant companions since childhood.

In the fifties in England on Christmas morning when I was four, a beautiful honey colored bear was sitting in a pale blue stroller next to my bed. Besides a sweet but wise-looking face Moses (or Mosey for short) had a feature that delighted me. When tipped backwards he would let out an affectionate "grrrr." I adored this lovable stuffed animal and he became my best friend as my parents nomadic lifestyle took us three times by ocean liner between England and Canada.

Mosey slept in the bed beside me, was privy to my make-believe stories and proved a willing listener to my childish poems. Whenever my mother cut my sister's hair I trimmed Mosey's fur, convinced that it would grow back just as my sister's hair always did. Alas, my poor bear became pre-maturely bald, but I loved him just the same.

Once, while camping with my parents by the seaside, a brush fire threatened our campsite and I was panicked at the thought of Mosey alone in the tent, but just as many years later in the Malibu fire, he was lucky, and both times I rescued him from the approaching flames.

When we moved to Canada he rattled around our neighborhood in my bicycle basket and back again in England I sewed him a homemade school uniform like mine to "play school." Unfortunately, his ability to "growl" had gone, and although I tried in vain to make him speak, he had lost his voice.

Throughout my high school and university days Mosey received less and less of my attention but he sat on his own little chair guarding my bedroom and every Christmas was brought into the family living room to watch us open our presents. Then one day I took off to pursue my classical guitar studies in Paris, and for two years Mosey was left alone with nothing to do but meditate in silence. There were no more hugs, pats on the head or shared confidences.

When I finally returned to Toronto in 1975, one of the first things I did was to give Moses a kiss. My mother had even placed a small French flag between his paws. To my utter astonishment he let out the "grrrr" that I hadn't heard since childhood! I could scarcely believe it and hopefully tipped him backwards again. But it was not to be; that was the last time Mosey ever spoke. In my heart I knew that my faithful companion had performed a miracle. It was his way of thanking me for all the love he had received and his way of welcoming me back home.