

Music

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Every Mother sees the genius in each of her children.
Her duty, find, encourage, cultivate this.

So it was in our family. Mom tried everything; gave up hope reluctantly. My sister and I were given Piano, Art, Singing lessons. In these classes you could not fail; but they had to be paid for, and in no time at all, Mom and I realized those talents were not in these genes. So we agreed to quit, me attending, she paying. My sister did well, could carry a tune, continued singing all her life, to everyone's enjoyment.

All this is good. For if everyone had perfect pitch, beautiful voice, they'd be no need for soloists, Glee Clubs, Opera Houses, Music teachers and Directors. In fact, I'd sing this piece to the tune of any of John Denver's Colorado melodies, and you would listen, silently muse, "That's clever; but I could do it better."
The ladies would be right.

Being tone-deaf is an imbalance between the mind and throat. I have no effect on the delicate connection between that same mind and the ear. I love listening to selected music. Most Sinatra, classical.

The mind never concedes that noise is music. So it was Sunday 7 February 2016 when the Denver Broncos played for the current Lombardi Trophy. It is likely that all Denverites thrilled to be represented, not just in our homes, but throughout much of the world, by a team that excelled through its first eighteen games, becoming Colorado's Champions. Cheers, Touchdowns, the crowd, watching expensively in that stadium, became a ballad of noise, interrupted only by the simplest music maker, the Officials' whistle.

Are you proud? Do you still thrill at the thought of yesterday's game?

Saturday before the game, I had to buy a med for my wife at a pharmacy. The druggist suggested I return to the end of the line when I did not greet him with "Go Broncos". Yes, we both smiled. But on Sunday afternoon, there were Denver women who went to see a movie, missed viewing zebras make music by blowing whistles on that beautiful California field, on which our overgrown men over-matched theirs, playing with a pigskin.