

## I Just Can't Sit Still

*By Marilyn Reeves*

There are some things I just can't sit still for. On those rare occasions when I'm sitting in a bar with friends listening to a live band playing Country Western music, I try really hard not to dance back and forth in my seat, but I do give in to copious toe tapping and a discreet bit of knee slapping. And who can sit still if you're listening to the oompah-pah of a German band playing The Beer Barrel Polka? You've simply got to stomp your feet, wishing you had the energy to get out there and dance!

Every so often when I'm home alone listening to a concert on TV and they happen to be playing something rousing like the 1812 Overture, I just have to get up and conduct the orchestra. I make sure to close the drapes in my living room, because if anyone were to walk by and see me standing there waving my arms in the air, they would naturally assume that I have, in fact, lost my mind.

Some tunes make me want to sway to the music. Others make me want to sing along. Still others make me wish I could get up and dance. But the hardest thing of all for me to resist is when I see the band lined up in hushed formation, their crimson uniforms so trim and handsome, their golden epaulets winking in the sun. They stand at attention, holding their breath till the conductor raises his baton and points to the snare drums.

The drums begin with a soft rat-a-tat-tat, and then the bass joins in going boom, boom, boom, and the horns start playing and the trumpets start blaring and the cymbals start clashing and the pipes start twiddling and my heart starts thumping as the band starts marching down the street.

Well, I just can't stand it! I've got to take off my shoes and get up and march around my living room, mindful of cracking my shins on the coffee table, and the neighbors be damned, because when the band's playing 76 Trombones Led the Big Parade, who can sit still for that?