

Magic Music Moments

By Eydie McDaniel

The delight of music for me depends not so much on impressive finesse of the musicians as my state of openness in the moment. When I am ready, a song so simple or a symphony so grand moves me profoundly.

I treasure a simple song delivered yesterday in my church zoom. The singer, a young mom, also provides generous tech skills that supply problem solving to give us music, music, music, Sunday after Sunday. The song had words of welcome to all. That is beautiful. She sang it well. To me, showing her heart mattered most.

In 2001, coming out of a serious illness the tones of Bach seemed to go through every cell of my body as I sat with a pal in St. John's on 14th Avenue. I suppose this happened because a special vulnerability sat in me. I feel a bit of revel recalling some silent backstage moments, with others in elaborate rented costumes, as the orchestra liberated the grandest of overtures for more than three dozen performances of Opera Colorado. I appreciate that music affects spirit in a community.

One of the first times I recall its wide healing influence arrived in my conscience at Mackey Auditorium in Boulder about forty years ago. As hundreds of people meandered out, I believed those people, filled to the brim with the inspiration of hearing Marilyn Horn, would carry kindness and peace into the world.

You may know, I brace to get through winter and Christmas too. But one winter night I drove home into Windsor Gardens with my radio on NPR. Right there amid my "can't wait for spring time" attitude, my eyes took in beautiful lights we create here just as my ears received an orchestra passion of "Silent Night." That one magic moment helps me remember good things in winter to this day.

Last December I had a voice-threatening cold, but gambled and successfully gave my short solo at the end of our chorus concert. Then on Christmas Eve, I refused to miss the chance to sing my very favorite holiday solo. I wrapped up and held back on my part in the choir to save my voice. My turn for "Gesù Bambino" called on my courage. The director, Billie, had approved my singing the lower G at the end. I got through the rest just fine but with all my being, I wanted that high G. I stared into a candle flame and in a full breath prayer I went for it and I nailed it.

We may make music. We may take music. I believe music heals us when we accept it.