



"Music" | Milton Derr

## ♪ Music ♪

Music, the universal language. Happiness, sadness, joy, anger, beginnings, endings, infinity, sexuality, solitude, grandiosity, anxiety, love, hate, feeling special, feeling alone, desperation, creativity, frustration, peace, excitement, possibilities, pleasure, hurt, pain, freedom, imprisonment, fascination, heart ache, full heart, falling, strength, power, all these emotions and more can be communicated through the sounds, the notes, the chords, the voices, the rhythms of this thing called music.. Nature is music, a heartbeat is music, even falling down the stairs is music!!! It is the cry of a baby, chewing of potato chips, the crashing of the waves, the dentists drill, the clunking of a car motor ready to expire .... Tuning into the sounds around us everyday in every conscious and non conscious moment as in dreams can be a symphony to feast upon....living our lives like we are part of the universal notes that ebb and flow and dance with every high and low. Not needing to be on pitch, no need to KNOW what to do it doesn't really matter, because someone somewhere will be connecting the same way to this universal language. We all are part of it, we have no choice, it just is!! Enjoying the beauty of it fully and releasing all expectations of what music "should be" is key to the full enjoyment of this beautifully life giving force called MUSIC.

## I Remember

Music has always been an instrumental part of my life. Being brought up in the church, I used to listen to my mom's sweet gorgeous voice. It filled the sanctuary with an intensity that sometimes I had to plug my ears from her soaring high notes. Now I know that this was due to her years of training.. a control that is still intact in her 86 year old body. I remember the first time I held a flute in my hands, it was shiny, new and full of possibilities .. possibilities of creating the sounds that I'd admired from various flutists. I remember my first band concert !! I was part of a special group that was there purely to share the sounds created by composers past and present. It was magical! Then, in what seemed like an instant, I found my voice! The voice that was hiding in me waiting all along to emerge. It was no longer just a dream, no longer just my mother's voice that I heard. It was mine! It was cathartic! I was free to be what I was born to be. My journey of being a singer had begun. As I write this I realize I am free of my past disappointments. They have led to this bright day. A day of living fully. Remembering. Not forgetting the lessons I have learned. Remembering both the peaks and the valleys that help me conquer my fear of being myself. I vow to never forget any of what has helped me succeed.

Tableful of Memories

