

Class of 2005 Asher Goldman Memorial Scholarship

Music, My Best Friend

There is something about music that is captivating. I do not think I have ever heard anyone say that they absolutely do not like music. Music is amazing. It brings people together; it cannot be seen, felt, tasted, touched, but it can be heard. Music can embody any emotion; it creates laughter, tears, anger, frustration, peace, and most of all it creates the essence of what it means to be human.

Music has made me who I am today; it is my constant companion.

I was born prematurely, at two pounds and some ounces that I can never exactly remember. Since I was so small, I spent a lot of time in the hospital. I must have been pretty bored because I apparently started whistling in my crib. By first grade, my teacher had to call me out on whistling in class a couple of times. Thankfully, I have outgrown that stage in my life, but music is still as important as ever.

I remember sitting on the Kindergarten swings crooning heart-wrenching Edwin McCain ballads. It must have been good that no-one heard me, so I decided to pick up an instrument instead (I thought maybe people might listen to me then). I took up the classical guitar and clarinet in the sixth grade. I sounded quite terrible but the guitar and clarinet started the beginning of a very important personal relationship.

Just through middle school band, I slowly began to gain a steady stream of friends, many of which I will be leaving when I graduate next month. Sometimes I look over next to me in band class when I play the clarinet and realize that I will not see any of these people very much ever again. But, as cheesy as it may sound, I will have the memories. In music, I have grown up with my instrument and my peers.

As I have gotten older, music has truly become my friend. Music has supported me and given me confidence. Through music, I earned the privilege of being one of the drum majors for the high school band in my senior year. That has been the COOLEST thing I have ever done in high school. I never thought that I could stand in front of a huge audience and conduct a huge band.

But when school is over, music still is always there for me. When no one understands my teenage angst, well, I just turn up some '80s pop-punk! My favorite music memory was when I was sitting on the dock of my old house and listening to my favorite space-rock band, Angels and Airwaves, watching the stars over the glistening water. It made me feel fearless for the first time in my life, and for just a few minutes, the world was mine. That is why I love music. Even when my life seems to be falling apart, music gives me a sense of control. If there is an apocalypse, I know I will be the one driving with the windows down blasting a favorite CD.

And of course, music, like any good friend, gets on my nerves too. When I haven't practiced, my guitar always glares at me in the corner of my apartment bedroom. But, no matter how long I put off my practicing, I always come back to music.

Music is so important to me. Even before I could talk, I have always had a connection with music. I have truly grown as a human being through music. It has given me confidence, discipline, peace, and most importantly it has been my friend.