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Why not

The walls of the empty white room are slightly padded to contain the noise inside. The room is narrow and I see a lonely chair in the corner. I pull up the lightly cushioned seat and set the black plastic case on the floor in front of my feet. I open it and see it engulfs, ever so tightly the object of my passion. I reach for it, raise it up and take it front its cozy home. It is cold to the touch but warm to the heart. My good friend, Mozart, is patiently waiting for my attention on the stand directly in front of me. I press the icy metal to my lips with anticipation. My hand gently rests on the outer most bend of the curving object. My lungs are empty, gasping for air. As the air filled sacs are satisfied, I ever so carefully begin to blow the air down tubes and around twists and turns. Just as soon as the air feels there is no escape from the dark space it finds light are races towards the end; my ears feel overwhelmed with joy. A sound so peaceful begins to overcome the silence and emotions take over the absent mood. As the air moves faster the sound gets louder. As if taken by surprise, my mind loses focus on the world around it and surrenders to the blissful noise of the french horn. The meaning in partaking in such a wonderful experience is to relieve myself from stress, create comfort when I feel anxious and provide life-long enjoyment and appreciation for music. Whenever I play music, whether it be on my horn, cello or clarinet my mind is at ease; I feel perfectly content.

Not why, but how. How did I become so lucky? Music has changed my life for the better. I was on a bad path before I realized playing music was important to me. Playing music gave me a sense of belonging. It has taught me to respect something I do not fully understand and has allowed me to express myself in ways I would have never imagined. I am forever

indebted to the people who introduced me to playing music. They believed in my abilities and supported me when the people I needed most would not.

An extremely smart man once told me that humans are the only creatures in the universe that can make music. I whole-heartedly believe that statement. We may think birds "sing" but they just chirp for communication and survival. Humans transform the noise into something more civilized, something we want to throw our emotions into and be able to relate to. I would be doing a disservice to my community if I did not take advantage of the opportunity to be further educated in music. For me, the question asked is not a matter of "why music" but why not?