

## The First Noel

When I was 3 years old both my parents worked. We would take turns going to one or the other's shop Christmas party. That year it was dad's turn. It was a huge party for hundreds of workers. The children were placed in a large auditorium. There were 15 seats in a row that went all the way back. Then there was a huge aisle and another section of 15 seats. On the floor were the young children sitting 9 rows deep and I was one of them. We were watching a puppet show. All of a sudden I heard the most beautiful melody that was probably piped in music overhead and could not concentrate on the puppet show anymore. I was a brand new musician and did I ever have it badly. I had to find my daddy to tell me what that piece was. So I crawled out of the rows on the floor, got up and ran down the aisle and out the auditorium. There were several rooms for the adults to enjoy. I searched for my dad, then the music stopped. So I had to do the next best thing and find a piano. One of the rooms had a stage with a velvet curtain. I crawled under the curtain and sure enough there was an old upright piano slapped against the wall. I played what I could remember and tears were streaming down my face. I don't know how long I was there, but here came that piece again. So I left that room and finally found my dad. Little children aren't very polite as I grabbed his pantleg shaking it asking him, "What piece is that?" He leaned down and told me, "The First Noel" I tried to capture that precious moment. The grand harmonies of The First Noel and the innocence of a 3 year old.