

## Country Philosopher

### *The sound of music*



BY AMOS ARTHUR  
HOLMES

Music has played a very important part in my life. From that first soft lullaby to the stirring finale of a grand opera. I have had my senses blessed by the creativity and artistry of those who perform musical compositions.

People have found happiness in music from the beginning of time. The sweet tender notes lilting gracefully from lyre or flute. The sensual throbbing of drums and the beautiful chords strummed harmoniously on harp and guitar.

I have heard string ensembles that carried me swiftly into a land of marvelous enchantment... and marching bands whose martial airs have raced my pulse.

I have sat in great concert halls with a wild anticipation and watched the conductor bring down his baton for the downbeat that created, instantly, a glorious and good sound. It could be like the whispered humming of a million angels or like the crashing waters of some exotic waterfall. It could create laughter bubbling inside me or exquisite raptures that could make me tremble with inner happiness.

My soul has warmed to the music of a tiny child singing (badly and loudly) the simple "Jesus Loves Me" and I have stood in respectful awe as a group of high school students sang proudly the forceful strains of our National Anthem.

God certainly meant for His world to be filled with music. He hinted of (rather magnificently) the beauty of sound. The wind blowing through a grove of pines, the merry dancing of a rippling brook, or the sweet unique compositions performed melodiously

by feathered friend. It is no small wonder that I have found solace and enchantment in music.

**BUT SINCE LAST NIGHT I NEVER WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER VOICE OR ANOTHER INSTRUMENT FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE.**

I was sitting in my dining room, drinking coffee with my wife, when my daughter, Amy, came rushing into the room. She said, "Daddy, do you mind if our band practices here tonight?"

I knew that Amy had been working out with a group of young musicians and I admired her interest in music. I didn't even hesitate. I replied, "Sure baby... bring the fellows in."

My friends... you will never believe what walked into my house. Five young men, dressed in clothes that had once been rejected by Goodwill Industries, came stomping through my dining room. They were carrying about \$16 million worth of electronic equipment. When they had set the equipment up... my living room looked like a space laboratory. I sat, stunned, and looked at this spectacle as the fellows began getting their instruments ready. One fellow was dressed in pants and nothing else. No shoes, no shirt, no nothing. But the most amazing thing of all was the hair. Good gracious... I have never, never seen that much hair. Wall-to-wall hair.

Wanting to be friendly, I called into the living room. "Fellows... why don't you play, I Left My Heart in San Francisco?"

The entire band stopped fussing with their instruments and just looked at me. Finally, my daughter said, "Daddy... we don't play trash like that. WE'RE INTO HARD ROCK."

I had no idea in this world what hard rock was. But it was music, and I loved music, and so I just leaned back in my chair and waited for those young people to begin.

All of a sudden the lead guitar player leaped five feet in the air and when he came down, he screamed, "ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR."

When he said "four" the world exploded. The sound that came roaring thunderously from my living room was the loudest noise I have ever heard. It set up such vibrations, such sound waves, that pictures started falling from the walls, my toupee went flying across the room, and the zipper on my pants was torn away from the fabric.

The musicians in the living room had gone berserk. The drummer looked like he was killing a den of snakes and the organist was pounding on his keys with both hands and one foot. The two guitarists were jumping frantically and the singers were bellowing at the top of their lungs. And then, with one final tremendous, violent, supernatural CRASH... the song was over.

The house was quiet. Like a meadow after a storm. Like a battlefield after the carnage.

My wife was crying hysterically because her broken eardrums were causing a great deal of pain. I walked into the living room, and with respect and gentleness, I screamed, "GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE."

When the musicians had gone (after casting venomous looks in my direction) I put on a record of Frank Sinatra singing Strangers In The Night. I was trying desperately to rekindle my spirit of music appreciation.

But nothing will ever be the same