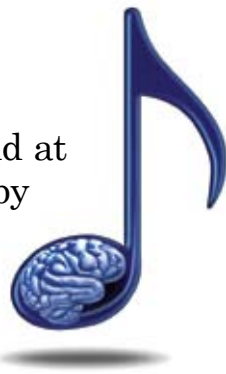


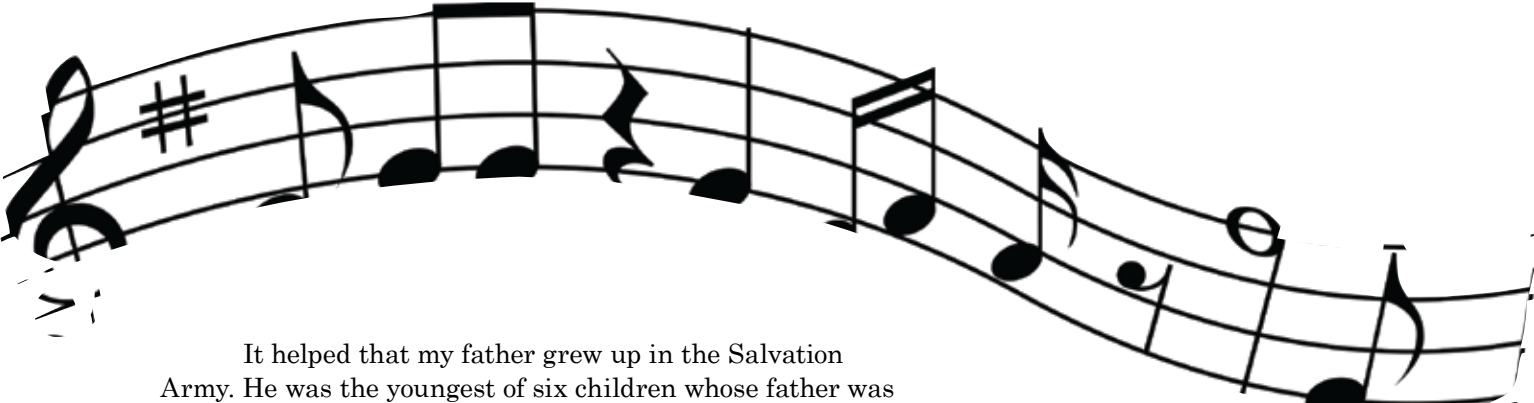
The Marvelous Musical Brain

by Julie Raymond Chalk

At the beginning of our lives and at the end, music is the language by which we communicate.



I grew up in a singing family. We sang our graces before meals. We sang in the car, on walks, and before we said goodnight. And at family gatherings we always sang, in parts, and rounds, and canons, and never with songbooks. Sometimes these would be accompanied by a ukulele, and later a guitar, when, as a teenager, I learned to play. Singing was in our family blood, never questioned, always present. It connected us in ways that just being together could not.



It helped that my father grew up in the Salvation Army. He was the youngest of six children whose father was the band master for their local Corps (parish) in Boston, Massachusetts. His parents and all of his siblings played different brass instruments. My father joined the group when he was just four years old, playing a bass drum which was attached to his older brother's back. As they marched along the streets in Boston, inviting the neighborhood to come in to sing and to pray and to hear the message, my dad followed his brother, beating the bass drum all the way. When he grew old enough to play a horn, he quickly learned the brass instruments from his older siblings.

continued on page 12