

**BYU
ED WEEK
2005**

MONDAY SESSION
WHERE HAS IMAGINATION GONE
August 15, 2005
9:00-12:00

MENTION WEB SITE!!!!

Opera for Children by Children - The magic - THE WHY

1. *No Man Is An Island*
 - a. George Bailey in Wonderful Life
2. Why do students come to LDS Business College?
 - a. Support, attention, one on one, spirit
3. Grandmother - Service
 - a. *With a Song in My Heart*
4. Wanda Petersen
 - a. Me and Rodgers and Hammerstein
 - b. Halloween
 - c. Nathan Davies
 - d. Dying
 - i. *Teach Me To Die*
 - e. He IS my student
1. *Am I Beautiful to you*
2. Opera For Children **BY** Children
 - a. The BEST part is that YOU can do it.
3. It is SO important
4. Story of Johnny
5. *Send Me a Child* by Linda Chapman and Bonnie Heidenreich
6. How do we do that?
 - a. I'm not just speaking to educators and parents but anyone who loves children and has hope for the future.
7. Helping out in educational process
 - a. Core curriculum incorporating the arts
 - b. Music and the Mind, Chris and 50 Nifty
8. Passive vs active
 - a. Hands on Creativity
 - b. Doesn't matter that they play, but that their brain has an artistically creative Idea every day.

- c. Healing force in Children open new windows of knowledge but heals the soul
 - d. Inclusion - Wheel chair painting in Las Vegas
 - i. "Stop the Invasion"
9. Three ways to learn the Arts
- a. Passively (Lucky, not me)
 - i. Drama = Watch a play
 - ii. Music = Listen to a song
 - iii. Dance = Watch a Dance
 - iv. Art = Go to a Museum
 - b. Actively (Talented, not me)
 - i. Drama = Being in a Play
 - ii. Music = Learn to sing
 - iii. Dance = Learn a dance
 - iv. Art = Learn to draw
 - c. Creatively (I can do that)
 - i. Drama = Write a play
 - ii. Music = Compose a song
 - iii. Dance = Make up a dance
 - iv. Art = Draw from within
10. Department of Labor
- a. The U.S. Department of Labor issued a report in 1991 urging schools to teach for the future workplace. The skills recommended (working in teams, communication, self-esteem, creative thinking, imagination, and invention) are exactly those learned in school music and arts education programs 191 SCANS Report, U.S. Department of Commerce.
11. Opera for Children BY Children
- a. Rules - Nobody Gets hurt, all participate, children's own work
12. If we don't provide: Elvira Voth - East Lansing - Harmony - Community
13. 95% at prison are right brained
14. Providence Elementary - working together
15. It is so important for children to be able to tell their stories
- a. Richmond Utah
 - i. Boy with colorful language
 - ii. Girl who wanted to blow up Disneyland

- b. Wilson School - 5th grade
 - i. Story about Mayan ruins
 - 1. 3 characters, one mean, one greedy and one altruistic
 - 2. Introduce characters by what they say and what others say about them.
 - (a) Reasons for wanting treasure. Control the world, buy all Twinkies, cure hunger.
- 16. These are humorous examples of children with needs, but there are sobering ones as well relating to support from parents who otherwise had no input into the educational lives of their children.
- 17. A few years ago, as I was participating in a related performance at Jackson Elementary school as we were about to begin our performance, a little girl came forward with light and joy in her eyes and pointed out her mother in the back of the auditorium. “She’s HERE she said. She’s out of jail.
- 18. *Weep with me* by Susan Ames
- 19. Helps develop political sensitivity and **THE SPIRIT**
 - a. Class basing story on the Sandlot...Crazy old Indian woman. Perhaps acceptable some time ago, but today it could be hurtful...”No hurting” = changed to crazy old football fan
 - b. They learned social skill
 - c. Kaysville sensitivity to race -
 - d. Spirituality matures us
- 20. Harry Potter cameo appearance - Inclusiveness
- 21. Other ways in which the spirit can testify
- 22. Ways to incorporate “core” classes into the arts - French class
- 23. Thinking outside the box - Donald Rumsfeld
- 24. Being facilitators not dictators - Gospel plan
- 25. Giraffe story
- 26. Ellis wizard spoke to adult
- 27. Young man became a prince - native kindness and love if given opportunity
- 28. Ben
- 29. WE did it!
- 30.

WHAT IS IT?

1. Utah Festival Opera educational personnel work with elementary classrooms and teachers in several school districts to assist children in the creation of their own original operas. The children write their own libretto, compose their own music, and in most cases, create and build their own sets and costumes
 2. You may obtain from Utah Festival Opera a manual with step-by-step instructions in the process of helping children to create their own original opera
 - a. It contains details in the process of writing the story, and the music, building sets, props and costumes. In this forum, you can also learn how to work as teams and how to incorporate the program into cross-curricular studies. You can learn how to step back and allow the children to be the creators and take ownership of their own work.
-
1. A teacher who carried out Opera for Children BY Children describes her experience with this when she wrote:
 - a. The class was amazed that singing could be enjoyable. They kept saying all along that they wanted to do a play, but not to sing. Now they won't stop singing it. If something someone says reminds them of a line in the opera, they break out in song. It has been really interesting to see the turnabout.
 2. It has been life changing for those who have participated
 - a. In October I had a new student come to my class. She cried nearly every day saying she didn't want to be in school...Then just last week while we were rehearsing our opera she said to me in deep anguish, We only have 33 more days left. I can't believe we almost have to leave this class already."
 - b. Yesterday, my children made a list of the most memorable things from this year to put into a time capsule. Without fail, the Opera was high on the list! Anytime a person steps out of their comfort one into the unknown, maximum growth is possible! This is exactly what occurred!!
 - c. A little boy in my class...struggles academically. He has a hard time keeping his focus on the task at hand. The day that Mrs

.Ames came to help the students put the script to music, he seemed to come alive. As Mrs. Ames asked the children to sing the parts, he wanted to sing them all

- d. Thank you for this opportunity. I have involved myself in a few gigantic projects and have often come away feeling a bit disheartened and disappointed. This has been my best work. I felt so much satisfaction knowing the process, watching the children accomplish so much and seeing the finished project. I thought I was giving a gift to the children when in fact the gift was from them to me.
 - e. Typically about 80% of my children turn in all of their homework in a given week. During the few weeks preceding our performance, when we worked the hardest on our opera, my homework rates increased to nearly 100%. This is an awesome accomplishment for a teacher to see.
 - f. A very shy little girl in my class...was struggling to say her part loud enough. I watched as several other students rallied around her. They helped her practice saying her part louder every day at recess.
 - g. I noticed an overall change while we prepared this opera. Their scores in Math and Language Arts rose markedly higher, so much that there was no longer that large gap between high and low scores. I believe that when learning comes from within, a student can't help but succeed and this opera did exactly that for each one of my students.
 - i. Ann Theurer, Providence Elementary, Brooke Stoker, Hillcrest Elementary, Linda Bair, Lewiston Elementary, Julie Young, Hillcrest Elementary, Julie Orme, Hillcrest Elementary
3. Benefitting those in trouble
- a. Ben - inclusive
 - i. Hot as Summer, Cold as Winter
 - 1. Cast as a cook - can a person in a wheelchair be a cook?
 - (a) President Franklin D. Roosevelt
 - 2. Ben said we need a finale! It needs to have high notes

3. Here is what 9 year old Ben contributed to their opera
4. Ben is doing great...see front cover
- b. Ellis School
 - i. After School program grades 1-4. Should we do it?
 - ii. Girl who filled in and became a hero
 - iii. Wouldn't speak to Adults
 - iv. Learned to Read
 - v. How much is a soul worth?
 1. ***Believing Eyes*** by Susan Ames
- c. Wanting to come to school
 - i. Susan story about school being boring, not wanted to be there, then change:
 1. In parking lot..."how is it going" "not good" "aren't you excited that school will be over in only two more weeks?" That's the problem, I don't want it to be over.
4. We want them to internalize their experiences and CHANGE LIVES
5. Carousel story - Boy from correction facility
6. Opera about the Giraffe who could not sing...had never heard "his song" the Moon helped him find "his song"
 - a. We are like the Moon
 - b. Story of little girl who seldom spoke, came to Dansante to look through costumes, found big, layered slip began to talk about why it was important. We need to dance with it. Did so, and began to be conversant. Spoke to Susan Ames at the conclusion. We found "her song"

Opera for Children by Children - The tools - THE HOW

1. Overriding rules
 - a. No one gets hurt - words hurt too: Sticks and stones...hogwash
 - b. It is the Children's work
2. A premise for Growth. Carroll Rinehart
 - a. Trust-Risk-Affirmation-Growth
 - i. "Intellectual and personal growth require risk, and people are willing to take greater risks if they trust the elements of their learning environment. Thus they gain greater trust if they are applauded for their efforts. It has been said that true learning takes place on the edges of the unknown.

Students enter the unknown more readily when they are encouraged and accepted.”

3. The manual
 - a. 12 lessons which contain objective, approximate lesson length, materials needed, and cross-curricular objectives
 - b. The lessons are
 - (1) Introduction to Opera
 - (2) Selecting a Story
 - (3) Writing the Dialogue
 - (4) Writing Lyrics for Recitative, Arias and Choruses
 - (5) Organizing Lyrics Rhythmically
 - (6) Composing Melodies
 - (7) Choreography and Movement
 - (8) Casting and Auditioning
 - (9) Sets and Props
 - (10) Stage Direction
 - (11) Rehearsal Warm-Up Exercises
 - (12) Reviewing the process

Hi, Michael!

The OFCBC workshop was so wonderful! I learned so much, and am really excited about continuing working with it at our school!

The downside was that because we were so very busy I did not get a chance to talk with you. I wanted to give you the results of my little experiment.

After listening for the first time, last fall, to "Music and the Mind," and rejoicing that someone (you!) had facts to back up what I have believed fervently for many years, I began to consider how I could use this knowledge to help my first grade class more. We already listened to and participated in Lots Of Music, not just our annual opera. But what else?

I decided to play the Bach/Mozart/etc., music at the very beginning of the day, hoping to give them a "leg up." When they entered the classroom in the morning, the music would already be playing. They were to write in their journals until the music stopped.

Note that it was halfway through the year when I actually started my experiment; our school is considered an "at risk" school; one-third of my class were learning English as a second language; at least half of my class did not know--fully or in part--all their alphabet and sounds.

To my delight, they loved the music. Soon their journal entries were becoming longer

and more interesting. The invented spellings became more accurate. Those who were still not doing well with the writing were drawing incredible, detailed pictures!

Of my four distinct reading groups, the second caught up with the first. They were neck and neck until the end of the year. The other two groups kept realigning themselves until I had only 3 children in the least proficient group. The others began to catch up with the first two groups.

When I did the reading assessment at the end of the year, only those 3 children were not reading on grade level!!!! And each of the three had one or more problems interfering with their learning. But they had made progress in interesting ways. For example, a little boy who did not speak would hardly be quiet now--(hmm--maybe we need to cut him off from listening to music--)

Now that we are starting a new year I have begun already, starting the music on the second day of school. I may be a bit loony, but it seems to me that in just the first two weeks of school their behavior has improved. This is notable because the entire first grade group have been aptly referred to as "the wild bunch." My class is beginning to settle down. So think what you will--

According to the preliminary testing, this group is considerably lower in reading skills than the ones I had last year! And I have more than half learning English! (I have to get an interpreter to confer with the parents.) So I am socking it to them! I will continue with my morning music. Then, during math I will play it some more.

Last year I didn't play the music during math--I was sort of using math as a control group. I don't know how valid that was--surely there was some good carryover from the morning music! But this year they will get the full effect!

Now if I could just get a musical instrument into each pair of those little hands...

I'll let you know how part two of my experiment goes!

By the way, The Wizard of Oz was a delight! My granddaughter, age 5, was thrilled. I've received the information about the 2004 season. It looks incredible!

Thanks so much for all that you do. And yes, you ARE a teacher. The best kind.

BYU 2005

Monday, August 15, 2005

9:00-12:00 IMAGINATION-CREATIVITY

Tuesday, August 16, 2005

12:30-1:25 IRVING BERLIN

1:50-2:45 PRAISE TO THE MAN Beginning

Wednesday, August 17, 2005

12:30-1:25 RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN I

1:50-2:45 PRAISE TO THE MAN Conclusion

Thursday, August 18, 2005

12:30-1:25 RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN II

1:50-2:45 MASTERPIECES ca 1830

Friday, August 19, 2005

12:30-1:25 LES MISERABLES

1:50-2:45 CHRISTMAS WITH EMMA AND JOSEPH

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IRVING BERLIN
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Thursday, August 18, 2005
MASTERPIECES ca 1830
1:50-2:45

MUSIC AND ART SURROUNDING 1830

| | | | | | |
|-----|------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|----|------------------------------|
| 1. | 1780 | Haydn Quartets | Norton Recorded Anthology | 1 | 00:00-00:30 |
| 2. | 1781 | Mozart Idomeneo | Mozart Opera Arias Kiri Tekanawa | 7 | 00:40 |
| 3. | 1782 | Mozart Abduction | Mozart Arias Kiri TeKanawa Marten | 7 | (last 90 sec) |
| 4. | 1785 | Haydn Seven Last Words | | | |
| 5. | 1786 | Marriage of Figaro | Mozart Overtures | 2 | 00:00-00:48 |
| 6. | 1787 | Don Giovanni | Don Giovanni (CD 3) | 13 | 00:00-00:38 |
| 7. | 1788 | Mozart last 3 symphonies | Mozart Symphony 40 | 1 | 00:00-00:48 |
| 8. | 1790 | Cosi fan Tutti | Cecilia Bartoli Come Scoglio | 1 | 01:28-02:07 |
| 9. | 1792 | Marseillaise | National Anthems of the World | 4 | 00:00-00:38 |
| 10. | 1796 | Beethoven Minuet in G | | | |
| 11. | 1798 | Haydn Creation | Greatest Choral Show on Earth (CD2) | 8 | 00:00-00:21 |
| 12. | 1799 | Beethoven Pathetique | Beethoven Greatest Hits (CD 1) | 7 | 00:00-00:34 |
| 13. | 1800 | Haydn Seasons | | | |
| | 1. | Amazing Grace | Highland Pipes and Drums | 1 | 00:00-00:56 |
| 14. | 1802 | Moonlight Sonata | Beethoven Greatest Hits (CD 1) | 3 | 00:00-00:48 |
| | 1. | Christ on Mt of Olives | Atlanta Symphony Choral Masterworks | 1 | 00:00-01:10 |
| 15. | 1803 | Beethoven Eroica | Weekend Beethoven | 1 | 00:00-00:57 |
| 16. | 1805 | Beethoven Fidelio | Beethoven Fidelio Overture | 1 | 00:00-00:37 |
| 17. | 1807 | Beethoven 5 th Symphony | Beethoven Symphonies 5 & 2 | 1 | 00:00-00:46 |
| 18. | 1810 | Beethoven Für Elise | Beethoven Greatest Hits (CD 2) | 3 | 00:00-00:38 |
| 19. | 1812 | Beethoven 7 th | Beethoven Symphony 7 & 8 | 1 | 00:00-00:44 |
| | 1. | Beethoven 8 th | Beethoven Symphony 7 & 8 | 5 | 00:00-00:40 |
| | 2. | Star Spangled Banner | National Anthems of the World | 7 | 00:00-00:24 |
| 20. | 1816 | Rossini Barber of Seville | Barber of Seville | 3 | 00:31-00:55 |
| 21. | 1819 | Schubert Die Forelle | Quintet Franz Schubert Forellenquintet | 4 | 00:00-00:35 |
| 22. | 1821 | Weber Freischütz | Der Freischutz (CD 1) | 1 | 08:58-09:58 |
| 23. | 1822 | Beethoven Missa Solemnis | Missa Solemnis PLATTER | 1 | start:singing- 30 seconds |
| 24. | 1823 | Beethoven 9 th Symphony | The Great Choruses | 10 | 00:00-ALL |
| 25. | 1826 | Mend's Midsr Night's dr | Wedding March PLATTER | IX | 00:00-00:30 |
| 26. | 1829 | Rossini William Tell | Classical Thunder 1 | 6 | 00:00-00:49 |
| | 1. | Bach St. Matthew Passion | St, Matthew Passion Bernstein (CD 1) | 1 | 00:00-00:45 |
| 27. | 1830 | Mendelssohn's s w/o words | | | |
| 28. | 1831 | Bellini Norma | Maria Callas | 3 | 00:00-00:31 |
| 29. | 1832 | Chopin Etudes Op 10 | Preludes #7 in A minor | 10 | 00:00-00:23 |
| | 1. | Donizetti's L'Elisir | The Ultimate Opera | 14 | 00:33-01:10 |
| 30. | 1833 | Wagner Die Feen | Wagner Vox Allegretto | 2 | 00:00-00:46 |
| 31. | 1835 | Donizetti Lucia | Lucia Regnava (CD 1) | 6 | 00:00-00:52 |
| 32. | 1836 | Meyerbeer, Les Huguenots | Beverly Sills (O beau pays) | 4 | 02:02-02:28 |
| 33. | 1838 | Flow Gently Sweet Afton | | | |
| 34. | 1843 | Wagner Flying Dutchman | Music 1620 Lesson 9 | 2 | 00:00-01:10 |
| 35. | 1844 | Mendelssohn Violin Concerto | | | |

| | | | | |
|-----|------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| 36. | 1845 | Wagner Tannhauser | Greatest Choral Show on Earth (CD1) | 12 00:00-00:58 |
| 37. | 1846 | Berlioz Damnation of Faust | Greatest Choral Show on Earth (CD 1) | 16 00:00-00:40 |
| | 1. | Mendelssohn Elijah | Greatest Choral Show on Earth (CD2) | 10 00:20-00:48 |
| 38. | 1847 | Verdi MacBeth | MacBeth (CD 2) | 12 00:00-00:51 |
| 39. | | Martha | Legendary Enrico Caruso | 19 00:26-01:07 |
| 40. | | Liebestraum | Liszt Lieder = Brigitte Fassbaender | 1 00:00-00:32 |
| 41. | 1850 | Wagner Lohengrin | The Great Choruses | 7 03:35-04:02 |
| 42. | 1851 | Verdi Rigoletto | Enrico Caruso La Donna e mobile | 4 01:01-02:10 |
| 43. | 1853 | Verdi Trovatore | greatest Choral Show on Earth (CD2) | 2 00:58-01:28 |
| 44. | | Verdi Traviata | La Traviata (Sempre libera) | 6 01:00-00:55 |
| 45. | 1856 | Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies | Classics in the Movies | 6 00:00-00:45 |
| 46. | 1858 | Verdi Ballo | | |
| | 1. | Offenbach Orphee aus enfers | Opera Goes to Hell | 4 01:00-01:42 |
| 47. | 1859 | Gounod Faust | Robert Merrill | 11 00:53-02:02 |
| | 1. | Wagner Tristan | Tristan und Isolde (CD 1) | 1 00:00-00:57 |
| 48. | 1862 | Verdi Forza | Masters of the Opera 1851-1865 | 1 00:00-00:25 |
| | 1. | Battle Hymn | | |
| 49. | 1864 | Offenbach Belle Helene | | |
| 50. | 1866 | Massenet Elegie | | |
| 51. | 1867 | Strauss Blue Danube | Best of Johann Strauss Vol 1 | 1 01:28-02:07 |
| 52. | 1868 | Brahms Requiem | German Requiem | 4 00:00-00:43 |
| | 1. | Strauss Tales of the Vienna Woods | Best of Johann Strauss Vol III | 5 03:21-04:13 |
| 53. | 1870 | Wagner Die Walküre | Weekend Ride of Valkyries | 1 00:00-01:05 |
| 54. | 1871 | Verdi Aida | Opera Goes to War | 2 03:19-03:44 |
| | 1. | Tchaikovsky Rom/Jul | | |
| 55. | 1874 | Verdi Requiem | Verdi Requiem London (CD 1) | 1 00:00-00:30 |
| | 1. | Strauss Fledermaus | Strauss Die Fledermaus | 6 00:00-00:24 |
| 56. | 1875 | Bizet Carmen | Best of Opera | 11 00:00-00:30 |
| 57. | 1876 | Ponchielli, La Gioconda | Madison Avenue/Opera | 13 01:44-02:10 |
| 58. | 1877 | Wagner Parsifal | Music 1620 Lesson 9 disk 2 | 10 00:00-00:34 |
| | 1. | Saint-saens Sams/Delilah | 50 Great Moments in Opera | 2 00:00-00:47 |
| 59. | 1879 | Tchaikovsky Eugene Onegin | | |
| | 1. | Gilbert/Sullivan Pir of Penz | Pirates of Penzance | 13 00:00-00:55 |
| 60. | 1880 | Offenbach, Tales of Hoff | Offenbach Les Contes D'Hoffmann | 9 01:17-01:45 |

Friday, August 19, 2005

LES MISERABLES

12:30-1:25

Victor Hugo

- 1772 Birth of Sophie-Francoise Trebucher, Victor Hugo's mother
- 1773 Birth of Leopold-Sigisbert Hugo, Victor Hugo's father - becomes general in Louis XVIII regime
- 1789 French revolution begins
- 1792 First French republic proclaimed
- 1793 Louis XVI executed
- 1797 Hugo's parents wed
- 1798 Birth of Abel Hugo, elder brother dies insane 1855
- 1802 Birth of Victor-Marie Hugo
- 1804-15 Napoleonic Empire ends at Waterloo
- Both parents philander
- 1820 Writes Ode on the Death of the Duc de Berri
- 1822 Victor marries childhood sweetheart Adele Foucher
- 1823 Birth of first son, Leopold-Victor
- 1825 Awarded Legion of Honor in literature

- 1826 Birth of second son Charles-Victor
- 1827 Birth of third son Francois-Victor
- 1828 Death of father
- 1829 Birth of first daughter Adele
- 1830 First play Hernani
- Birth of second daughter Leopoldine
- 1831 Publishes Notre Dame de Paris
- 1841 Victor Hugo elected to Academie Francaise
- 1843 Death of daughter Leopoldine Hugo
- 1845 Starts Les Miserables
- 1861 Completes Les Miserables
- 1862 Les Miserables published
- 1868 Wife Adele Hugo dies
- 1870 Returns to Paris and is elected to parliament
- 1871 Resigns from parliament at death of son Charles
- 1875 Returns to Paris - elected Senator
- 1885 May 23, dies June 1 state funeral over 3M people attend

LES MISERABLES

by Alain Bloublil and Claude-Michel Schoenberg

“Music expresses that which cannot be said and on which it is impossible to be silent.” Victor Hugo

Takes place between 1815 and 1832

Premiered 1987

Work Song

I Dreamed a Dream

A Little Fall of Rain

Drink With Me

Bring Him Home

Who am I

Castle on a Cloud

Master of the House

Stars

In My Life

A Heart Full of Love

On My Own

A Little Fall of Rain

Empty Chair at Empty Tables

Finale

LES MISERABLES

“In an age of doubt and depression some five hundred years ago, Victor Hugo wrote a masterpiece of hope,. Not a treatise of hope through social or political means, but a powerful commentary on the spiritual transformation of man. While making little reference to religious practice, the work, Les Miserables, illuminates the core of religion: hope that man can extricate himself from the personal weaknesses that are so much a part of life in a fallen world - a world which worships at the altar of personal gratification. The paramount theme of Hugo’s work is a symbolic portrayal of the Christ as the means whereby men are transformed from within and awakened to the pursuit of something higher than self. We read of the man, Jean Val Jean, one who has been corrupted by the world’s injustices and hardened by society’s abuses. We experience a decisive moment in his life as he stands before the Bishop of the French village, Digne. He is in the custody of the gendarmes, his depravity apparent in a sack of silver he has stolen from the Bishop, the very man that befriended him, fed and lodged him when no one else would trust him not extend a gesture of kindness. After all, he was a paroled felon! Yet, in this moment of accusation wherein there is no defense nor defender, the Bishop, symbol of the Christ, sets aside the law that threatens to return Jean Val Jean to prison.

“So here you are!” he cried to Van Jean. “I’m delighted to see you. Had you forgotten that I gave you the candlesticks as well?...Did you forget to take them?” Such are his words of undeserved mercy as the Bishop greets the man who has robbed him. And as the astonished gendarmes come to the realization intended by the Bishop, there are suddenly no accusers nor accusations - the silver was a gift! Then, as the police remove the irons that hold Val Jean fast and leave him alone with his benefactor, the Bishop presents Val Jean with the precious silver candlesticks. “You no longer belong to what is evil but what is good,” says the Bishop with words that have poignant meaning. “I have bought your soul to save it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God...use the money to make yourself an honest man.”

This is the moment of new beginning for Jean Val Jean - the birth of a newness life within him. From this crucial moment Hugo’s masterpiece traces a story of moving service and self-sacrifice wherein a man rises from bitter cynicism and personal isolation to majestic stature. Surely this fictional account illustrates the power of the Christ in men’s lives: “I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly” (John 10:10)

Glen Roylance 2000

Friday, August 19, 2005
CHRISTMAS WITH EMMA AND JOSEPH
1:50-2:45

STORIES

1. Hill Cummorah music helped
2. Schubert story
3. Love is
4. How to grow sweet corn
5. If I Were the Devil - Paul Harvey
6. Opera By Children changes teacher in California
7. Where is God - little boy coming home from Sunday School
8. Story during depression - man bartering with marbles
9. Disabled child in baseball game
10. Einstein story. Absence of light and heat and goodness
11. Attitude 92 year old woman's secret
12. Lack of Corpus Collosum and classical music, 1330 student

1. Hill Cummorah music helped

Hi Brother Ballam.....Happy New Year. There were a couple of things that I wanted to share with you. One was that last fall our stake did the musical program of The Hill Cumorah. I was very tired and committed to other things but decided to be supportive to the conductor and organizers etc. I can't tell you how spiritual the rehearsals were and how wonderful it was to perform that music for our stake! In my own whirl of time consuming activities I had forgotten the power of the music that I was neglecting. (in spite of being a music student) What is wrong with me sometimes.

2. Schubert story

Recently Andy borrowed a book from the Library called "The Harmonica" by RonMazellan. It is the story of Henryk Rosmaryn who grew up in Czeladz, Poland. In 1939 it was invaded by the Germans.....

The book pages are wholly pictures with a little text on each one, for children. I wanted to share the text with you as you may not be able to find the book.

" I cannot remember my father's face, or my mother's, but I remember their love, warm and enfolding as a song.

Singing was like breathing to us. For a time the only music in our house was our own voices--my father's, my mother's, and mine--so off-key we could crack crockery.

Then the melodies of Schubert soared into our home, freed from the neighbors' gramophone.

We sang and we listened to the gramophones' sweet notes, and we lived our lives. I had dreams of music.

A piano was my heart's desire. A piano for playing Schubert. But like the composer, we were poor as pigeons. Even so, one evening, dusted with coal from the mine where he worked, my father came home and slipped a silvery gift into my hand. A harmonica.

On it were his charry fingerprints.

My lips loved the harmonica, cool as water. At first my breath panted in and out of its niched sides like a bellows, I was so eager.

'Gently,' said my father, a smile in his voice. 'Or you will simply blast it apart.'

I wheezed. And blew. Until somewhere in the heart of the harmonica, my mouth found Schubert. Then my mother and father danced together. Waltzed over our bare floor.

Somewhere outside, a war was raging. But it was far away--a bad dream--leaving us untouched.

I played the harmonica while my parents danced. In our dream we believed the world to be good. Until there in the heart of Poland, Nazi soldiers found us.

We were Jews. Enough for them to take my mother and father from me.

Like a length of kindling in one stroke, they split our family.

I was sent to a concentration camp, swallowed, dreams and all, down the dark Nazi throat. Barefoot, I labored alongside others, all of us dull-eyed bags of bones, digging a road through snow.

With each shovelful of frozen earth, I thought of my mother and father. Were they still alive? I wondered.

Often, to keep from losing hope, I touched the harmonica, cold inside my pocket. Sometimes I played it to keep from losing hope. I wept when I thought of my father and mother.

I awoke jolted from sleep. And I knew--my parents were dead. Then I played Schubert. Played and played while my heart reeled.

The commandant of the camp loved Schubert. By some terrible miracle he heard of me and sniffed me out. One night he spat, 'Play, Jew!'

I stood before him, my hands numb with winter. What if I fumbled? What if I ran out of breath? What if the notes rushed from my heart? Inside I trembled like a hare crouched in a bush. I had no doubt, if I faltered, I would be dead.

I remembered what my father had told me of Schubert. How he had lived in a bare room with no fire. Though his fingers ached with cold, he wrote his music. Though he ached, he could not stop creating beauty.

Though I ached, each night I, skin-and-bone-boy, played for the commandant. He listened, enthralled. Each night, when I was done, he tossed me bread.

He worked us, beat us for no reason, without mercy. Yet he recognized beauty. I could not imagine how that could be.

I felt sick, black inside, playing music for the commandant, who wore ugliness and death upon his shoulders like epaulets. I felt sick, getting bread while others starved to death.

I despised myself for every note, every harmonica-breath until one day a whisper grazed my ear. 'Bless you.' 'For What?' I asked the dark. 'Schubert.'

I slipped that into my pocket. Each night, like the very stars, my notes had reached other prisoners.

'Play, Jew!' The commandant spat, night after night.

Night after night I touched the harmonica to my lips. I thought of my father, who had given it to me. Of my mother, who once had danced. And of

prisoners, without hope, who might hear the notes and be lifted, like flights of birds.

I played for them with all my heart."

That is the beautiful story. Think of all of those stories that aren't told. It's quite sad to think that the world seems no better now than it was then. Murder and greed tread of the lives of children and adults around the world. There isn't one problem or trouble or situation in the whole world that the gospel couldn't solve if people would learn it and live it. Keep up your messages of hope and love!

3. Love is

What does Love mean?

A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4 to 8 year-olds, "What does love mean?" The answers they got were broader and deeper than anyone could have imagined. See what you think:

"When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore. So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love."

Rebecca- age 8

When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know that your name is safe in their mouth."

Billy - age 4

"Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other."

Karl - age 5

"Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs."

Chrissy - age 6

"Love is what makes you smile when you're tired."

Terri - age 4

"Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK."

Danny - age 7

"Love is when you kiss all the time. Then when you get tired of kissing, you still want to be together and you talk more. My Mommy and Daddy are like that. They look gross when they kiss"

Emily - age 8

"Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and listen."

Bobby - age 7 (Wow!)

"If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate."

Nikka - age 6

(we need a few million more Nikka's on this planet)

"Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it everyday."

Noelle - age 7

"Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well." Tommy - age 6

"During my piano recital, I was on a stage and I was scared. I looked at all the people watching me and saw my daddy waving and smiling. He was the only one doing that. I wasn't scared anymore."

Cindy - age 8

"My mommy loves me more than anybody . You don't see anyone else kissing me to sleep at night."

Clare - age 6

"Love is when Mommy gives Daddy the best piece of chicken."

Elaine-age 5

"Love is when Mommy sees Daddy smelly and sweaty and still says he is handsomer than Robert Redford."

Chris - age 7

"Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day."

Mary Ann - age 4

"I know my older sister loves me because she gives me all her old clothes and has to go out and buy new ones."

Lauren - age 4

"When you love somebody, your eyelashes go up and down and little stars come out of you." (what an image)

Karen - age 7

"Love is when Mommy sees Daddy on the toilet and she doesn't think it's gross."

Mark - age 6

"You really shouldn't say 'I love you' unless you mean it. But if you mean it, you should say it a lot. People forget."

Jessica - age 8

And the final one -- Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child. The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his Mother asked what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry"

When there is nothing left but God, that is when you find out that God is all you need.

4. How to grow sweet corn

How to grow sweet corn.

James Bender, in his book *How To Talk Well* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. Inc. 1994), relates the story of a farmer who grew award-winning corn.

Each year he entered his corn in the state fair it won a blue ribbon. One year a newspaper reporter interviewed him and learned something interesting about how he grew it. The reporter discovered that the farmer shared his seed corn with his neighbors. "How can you afford to share your best seed corn with your neighbors when they are entering in competition with yours each year?" the reporter asked.

"Why sir," said the farmer, "didn't you know? The wind picks up pollen from the ripening corn and swirl it from field to field.

If my neighbors grow inferior corn, cross-pollination will steadily degrade the quality of my corn. If I am to grow good corn, I must help my neighbors grow good corn." He is much aware of the connectedness of life. His corn cannot improve unless his neighbor's corn also improves.

So it is with our lives. Those who choose to live in peace must help their neighbors to live in peace. Those who choose to live well must help others to live well, for the value of life is measured by the lives it touches. And those who chose to be happy must help others to find happiness, for the welfare of each is bound up with the welfare of all. So if you have something good, don't keep it to yourself but share it. It is when we give that we receive...and much more.

5. If I Were the Devil - Paul Harvey

IF I WERE THE DEVIL by Paul Harvey

If I were the devil, I would gain control of the most powerful nation in the world; I would delude their minds into thinking that they had come from man's effort, instead of God's blessings;

I would promote an attitude of loving things and using people, instead of the other way around;

I would dupe entire states into relying on gambling for their state revenue;

I would convince people that character is not an issue when it comes to leadership;

I would make it legal to kill unborn babies;

I would make it socially acceptable to take one's own life, and invent machines to make it convenient;

I would cheapen human life as much as possible so that animal life is valued more than human beings;

I would take God out of the schools, where even the mention of His name would be grounds for a lawsuit;

I would come up with drugs that sedate the mind and target the young, and I would get sports heroes to advertise them;

I would get control of the media, so that every night I could pollute the mind of every family member with my agenda;

I would attack the family, the backbone of any nation;

I would make divorce acceptable and easy, even fashionable. If the family crumbles, so does the nation;

I would compel people to express their most depraved fantasies on canvas and movie screens, and call it art;

I would convince the people that right and wrong are determined by a few who call themselves authorities and refer to their agenda as politically correct;

I would persuade people that the church is irrelevant and out of date, and the Bible is for the naive;

I would dull the minds of Christians, and make them believe that prayer is not important, and that faithfulness and obedience are optional;

Hmmm...I guess if I were the devil, I! 'd leave things pretty much the way they are.

Good day.

& nbsp;

NOW THAT'S A WAKE UP CALL!

6. Opera By Children changes teacher in California

This is just amazing. Not surprising, but wonderful. I asked him if I could pass it along to other teachers.

From: Ross Jones [mailto:rjones@davisandgraeber.com]
Sent: Wednesday, August 25, 2004 3:54 PM
To: Susan Ames
Subject: Opera by Children

Just a note to make your day!!

I asked Barbie Ernest how Opera by Children was going in her classroom? She said she thought she was a good teacher and that she tried to encourage creative thinking. But as she has been working on the opera, she has learned how to be a facilitator and then wait for true creativity. She said at first it was slow but it has now come alive. Her daughter, who is in her class said to her, “.....the creativity is really flowing!”

She had her principal and one of the district administrators in her classroom to observe her and the children during their work on Opera by Children. At the end of the period she released her children for recess and began talking to her principal and the administrator about the experience, when the principal asked her what had happened to her? She said, what do you mean? He said you are so different? **She said since I have started teaching Opera by Children I have found I enjoy teaching again!! He asked her why? She said that “No child left behind” had become a process of teaching material by the book so students can pass the test. Every teacher is afraid to step out of the outlined material. Opera by Children is teaching the same material to the same students but the teacher and the children now love it and are truly excited about learning!!**

The administrator said if we could get all teachers to experience this change we would change all education in California! They encouraged her to continue doing what she was doing, it's working and it shows!!

7. Where is God - little boy coming home from Sunday School

Where is God

He was just a little boy, on a week's first day.
He was wandering home from Sunday School, and dawdling on the way.

He scuffed his shoes into the grass, and found a caterpillar.
He found a fluffy milkweed pod, and blew out all the filler.

A bird's nest in a tree overhead, so wisely placed on high, Was just another
wonder that caught his eager eye.

A neighbor watched his zig zag course, and hailed him from the lawn.
Asked him where he'd been that day and what was going on.

"I've been to Sunday School," he said and turned a piece of sod.
He picked up a wiggly worm replying, "I've learned a lot of God."

"M'm very fine way," the neighbor said, "for a boy to spend his time."
"If you'll tell me where God is, I'll give you a brand new dime,"

Quick as a flash the answer came!! Nor were his accents faint.
I'll give you a dollar, Mister, if you can tell me where God ain't.

8. Story during depression - man bartering with marbles

Good story

During the waning years of the depression in a small Idaho community, I used to stop by Mr. Miller's roadside stand for farm fresh produce as the season made it available. Food and money were still extremely scarce and bartering was used extensively.

One day, Mr. Miller was bagging some early potatoes for me. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas ... sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' strong er alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?"

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it"

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?"

"Not zackley ... but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble."

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller"

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, perhaps."

I left the stand smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later, I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering. Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently, I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community, and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his viewing that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them.

Upon arrival at the mortuary, we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform, and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits, and white shirts ... all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold, pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and mentioned the story she had told me about the marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size .. they came to pay their debt."

"We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho"

With loving gentleness, she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds.

Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.

Today ... I wish you a day of ordinary miracles ...

..... A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself.

..... An unexpected phone call from an old friend,

..... Green stoplights on your way to work,

..... The fastest line at the grocery store.

..... A good sing-along song on the radio,

..... Your keys right where you left them

They say it takes a minute to find a special person.

An hour to appreciate them,

A day to love them,

But an entire life to forget them.

9. Disabled child in baseball game

Here is an internet story that will make up for that shocking picture I just sent Please forgive me! This is a touching story and what we really hope to accomplish with the children we serve.

The Divine Plan

People always say how mean kids can be, never how nice they can be. This story puts life into perspective.

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves learning-disabled children, the father of one of the school's students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all that attended.

After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question. "Everything God does is done with perfection. Yet, my son Shay cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do.

Where is God's plan reflected in my son?" The audience was stilled by the query. The father continued. "I believe," the father answered, "that when God brings a child like Shay into the world, an opportunity to realize the Divine Plan presents itself and it comes in the way people treat that child."

Then, he told the following story:

Shay and his father had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked,

"Do you think they will let me play?" Shay's father knew that the boys would not want him on their team. But the father understood that if his son were allowed to play it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging.

Shay's father approached one of the boys on the field and asked if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance from his teammates. Getting none, he took matters into his own hands and said, "We are losing by six runs, and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him up to bat in the ninth inning."

In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. At the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the outfield. Although no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be on the field, grinning from ear to ear as his father waved to him from the stands.

In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again. Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base Shay was scheduled to be the next at-bat. Would the team actually let Shay bat at this juncture and give away their chance to win the game? Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat.

Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball. However, as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher moved a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least be able to make contact.

The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly toward Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball to the pitcher.

The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could easily have thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have ended the game. Instead, the pitcher took the ball and threw it on a high arc to right field, far beyond reach of the first baseman.

Everyone started yelling, "Shay, run to first, run to first." Never in his life had Shay ever made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled. Everyone yelled, "Run to second, run to second!" By the time Shay was rounding first base, the right fielder had the ball.

He could have thrown the ball to the second baseman for a tag. But the right fielder understood what the pitcher's intentions had been, so he threw the ball high and far over the third baseman's head. Shay ran towards second base as the runners ahead of him deliriously circled the bases towards home.

As Shay reached second base, the opposing shortstop ran to him, turned him in the direction of third base, and shouted, "Run to third!" As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams were screaming, "Shay! Run home!" Shay ran home, stepped on home plate and was cheered as the hero for hitting a "grand slam" and winning the game for his team.

"That day," said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, "the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of the Divine Plan into this world."

10. Einstein story. Absence of light and heat and goodness

A university professor challenged his students with this question: "Did God create everything that exists?"

A student bravely replied, "Yes, he did!"

"God created everything?" the professor asked.

"Yes sir", the student replied.

The professor answered, "If God created everything, then God created evil since evil exists, and according to the principal that our works define who we are then God is evil."

The student became quiet before such an answer.

The professor was quite pleased with himself and boasted to the students that he had proven once more that the Christian faith was a myth.

Another student raised his hand and said, "Can I ask you a question professor?"

"Of course," replied the professor.

The student stood up and asked, "Professor, does cold exist?"

"What kind of question is this? Of course it exists. Have you never been cold?"

The students snickered at the young man's question.

The young man replied, "In fact sir, cold does not exist. According to the laws of physics, what we consider cold is in reality the absence of heat. Every body or object is susceptible to study when it has or transmits energy, and heat is what makes a body or matter have or transmit energy.

Absolute zero (-460 degrees F) is the total absence of heat; all matter becomes inert and incapable of reaction at that temperature. Cold does not exist. We have created this word to describe how we feel if we have no heat."

The student continued, "Professor, does darkness exist?" The professor responded, "Of course it does."

The student replied, "Once again you are wrong sir, darkness does not exist either. Darkness is in reality the absence of light. Light we can study, but not darkness. In fact we can use Newton's prism to break white light into many colors and study the various wavelengths of each color. You cannot measure darkness. A simple ray of light can break into a world of darkness and illuminate it. How can you know how dark a certain space is? You measure the amount of light present. Isn't this correct? Darkness is a term used by man to describe what happens when there is no light present."

Finally the young man asked the professor, "Sir, does evil exist?" Now uncertain, the professor responded, "Of course as I have already said. We see it every day. It is in the daily example of man's inhumanity to man. It is in the multitude of crime and violence everywhere in the world. These manifestations are nothing else but evil."

DOES EVIL EXIST?

To this the student replied, "Evil does not exist sir, or at least it does not exist unto itself. Evil is simply the absence of God. It is just like darkness and cold, a word that man has created to describe the absence of God. God did not create evil. Evil is not like faith, or love that exists just as does light and heat. Evil is the result of what happens when man does not have God's love present in his heart. It's like the cold that comes when there is no heat or the darkness that comes when there is no light."

The professor sat down.

The young man's name...

Albert Einstein

11. Attitude 92 year old woman's secret

ATTITUDE

The 92-year-old, petite, well-poised and proud mother-in-law of my best friend, who is fully dressed each morning by eight o'clock, with her hair fashionably coifed and makeup perfectly applied, even though she is legally blind, moved to a nursing home today. Her husband of 70 years recently passed away, making the move necessary.

Maurine Jones is the most lovely, gracious, dignified woman that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. While I have never aspired to attain her depth of wisdom, I do pray that I will learn from her vast experience.

After many hours of waiting patiently in the lobby of the nursing home, she smiled sweetly when told her room was ready. As she maneuvered her walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of her tiny room, including the eyelet sheets that had been hung on her window. "I love it," she stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old having just been presented with a new puppy.

"Mrs. Jones, you haven't seen the room ... just wait."

"That doesn't have anything to do with it," she replied.

"Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not doesn't depend on how the furniture is arranged ... it's how I arrange my mind. I already decided to love it ...

"It's a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away ... just for this time in my life.

Old age is like a bank account ... you withdraw from what you've put in ... So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories."

12. Lack of Corpus Collosum and classical music, 1330 student

CORPUS COLLOSUM AND MUSIC

Dr. Ballam:

Recently in class we have been discussing the effects music can have on the mind. I have a comment:

My brother, who is in his 30's now has no corpus colossus (sorry I'm not sure how to spell that). He got tests done by many doctors when he was young and none knew what was wrong with him. They diagnosed him at first as being autistic and skitzo(I can't spell this one either so I put the slang term instead.). He has never been able to tell the difference between fantasy and reality (which we have attributed to this problem). In fact he is a hypochondriac. When we lived in Oklahoma he was so bad he told people that my parents had the FBI after him. He also tried to kill my dad once. Well, as the story goes, he finally got admitted into a mental hospital. He was there for a few months. His personal doctor was the same doctor that worked for Timothy McVey. My brother, at the time was on pills that would make him shake. The doctor took those pills away and did some tests on my brother. Though they didn't have MRI's back then he said that he had patience like this before and determined that he was lacking a corpus colossus. My parents were at a loss of what to do. Basically when you have a problem like this you don't have any way to fix it. He then gave my parents a tape of classical music and said "I'm not sure why, but this works on all my other patience. Have Rob listen to this every chance you get. For some reason it clears up the messages in his mind." We finally got Rob to listen to the tape and amazingly enough, after and during the time that he is listening to the tape is the only time that he isn't "sick" (remember, he's hypochondriac) We have never had problems with the "FBI being after him" or anything like that since then, though he still does complain of what the doctor terms "ghost illnesses" when he gets unbearable we just pop in some music and he stops. Now, due to this life saving doctor my brother is married and has two beautiful children. He has never hurt anyone since the time he got released from the hospital. When MRI's came out my brother (for more than one illness) was the first one up to get one. They found something astonishing. The doctor, who coined this problem before MRI's were even thought of was right. My brother has no corpus colossus. The doctors have said that they can't believe he's as high functioning as he is. They call him "high functioning autistic" because they have not other term for it. My mother said that he wouldn't be as well off as he is if it hadn't been for the doctor who gave us the classical music tape all those years ago.

My brother works night janitorial jobs because that's all he can handle. Right now he's working at a rest home. At night, when the residence wake up my brother is suppose to talk to them or play cards with them until they go back to sleep. He says that he always has classical music playing all night. He told us one day that the only night he was without it he couldn't control himself or the residence. He said they kept waking up. He then continued on to say "I think this music is my medicine." He never goes anywhere without his tape and a walkman.

--Sarah--