

## String Memories

My name is Sam -- Play it again Sam. I'm an acoustic guitar, a Coronet 6-stringer. In 1995 a new village resident purchased me for only \$50; it was a steal of a deal because of friendship.



My new owner strummed my strings gently; I could tell she really liked me. At first she strummed the same three chords and made those three chords work for many songs. I suspect she bought an instruction book because soon I magically was able to make much more music. It was thrilling to hear the melodious notes resonating from my strings.

We performed together -- she sang and I provided accompaniment. We were on stage in front of bright lights. It felt very strange, but then just after we performed together, I heard the sounds of appreciation -- people cheering and clapping. I couldn't help but swell with happiness and pride because I was so glad that people liked the music that I enjoyed so much.

My owner took me to hospitals and nursing homes where we performed for patients, some of whom were friends. At first I was very concerned and worried because when we performed I noticed tears were running down cheeks -- I would have stopped playing, but my owner kept

going. It was then I learned something very interesting about humans -- Sometimes they cry when they particularly like something. Who can figure?

Soon we began to travel together as partners and friends. We were in many parts of California and Washington, Nevada, Wisconsin, Michigan and Colorado. As we traveled together our sound kept improving and everywhere we went, we made people happy. We performed in show after show. One time in a rented villa on a golf course we gave a show for family members and friends. The location was lovely, the home beautiful. In a room filled with friends and family, my friend enjoyed hors d'oeuvres and we had a fun musicale. It was so lovely and then the unthinkable happened. Just after a well-received song, my owner turned and of course I turned with her. My neck knocked over a glass of red wine onto a white carpet. Everyone said it was ok, no problem, but for me and for my owner, the evening was covered with a dark cloud.

We traveled via car, via plane to family reunions, to various special events, gatherings and banquets. These were precious, loving and unforgettable times. We performed excellently and happily together in little shows, big shows, or under the stars with just my friend and me for close to fifteen years.

One day as my owner tried to make my strings sing, she found her fingers could no longer make the hand formations required to make clear and true sound. I felt her tears fall and I knew these were not tears of happiness. If I were human, I too would have cried.

Now I sit in a corner with 2 electric guitars, another acoustic guitar and 3 ukuleles; late at night the other instruments and I share wonderful stories of times gone by. You see, none of us can make beautiful music by ourselves; we need someone to help.

My owner discovered a new ability; she plays one string at a time on a bass guitar, so now she has a new friend, a baby blue beauty.



I'll admit the bass guitar makes lovely rhythmic sounds -- looks good too, however, egotistical as it may sound, her new friend will never accompany her singing as well as I did.

My owner planned to find new homes for us, but at the last minute, she broke down and cried, "I don't want to lose you."

Maybe someday, she will be brave and find someone who will lovingly make my strings ring and sing again. I can only hope that my name "Play it again Sam," foretells the future.

