Billy Brandon

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Concert Night

I’m waiting backstage for my signal to go on stage. I can hear the orchestra warming up. It sounds like disorder, because everyone is playing something different. I’ve been practicing for months now. I will be singing a hebrew song, and boy am I nervous.

This all started back in February when someone from the orchestra gave me a call, and said. “We need a soprano solo, your voice isn’t going to change on us is it?”.

I said, “I don’t think so…”

“Good!” he said.

I went to the first practice. It was with the community choir. The director of the choir gave me a CD with him singing my parts. Just saying, It was very humbling to hear an older man stumble thru a high soprano solo. I couldn’t help but smile when I first heard it. I took that CD, and listened to it at least 100 times. I mostly practiced in the car, when we were driving somewhere. I did not practice very much out side of the car, as we did not have a CD player in the house.

The director calls my name. I can immediately feel my heart race. Its time. What I have been working on for not very long at all… I walk out thru the curtain, and step on to the stage. The lights are so hot! Witch doesn’t really help the nervousness, I think I may be visibly shaking now. I take a few deep breaths to try to stop it. That doesn’t really help much, but I try to just ignore it. One thing I have learned from singing in the past, you never want to think about how nervous you may be. That just makes you more nervous in the long run. Witch if not controlled, can lead to passing out, and I do not want that. But the stage is so full of life that I can't help but to smile. My place on the stage is the front right, and when I get to that spot the audience claps, and cheers. I get that feeling I get right before I perform. It’s not really describable. Its like a mixture of fear of messing up, and the power of the crowd.

I await the strum of the harp. “After it strums I go.” I think to my self.

I hear it strum, and then without missing a beet, I sing my solo.

The applause after I sang was thunderous! I take a bow, and indulge a little in the clapping. My joy is almost palpable.

I give a handshake to the director, a smile to the crowd, and walk off the stage.

. As I walk thru all the people to get to my seat, I can smell perfume, and Cologne. I sit down and enjoy the rest of the concert. It was amazing.

I sigh a breath of relief. “I did it.” I say to myself. It’s all over now, and everyone loved it. All that hard work paid off. All the hours singing with the choir, All the irritation when I just couldn’t remember that one part of the song. All the stressing the night before the show. All the waking up at 6:00 just so I could get to Springfield on time to practice. Even all the times I ran thru the song in my head just before I when on stage to sing. It all paid off, and formed that beautiful peace. And it wasn’t just my solo. It was all the parts. The cellos, the violins, the choir in the background It was all the result of everyone giving there all, and working together.

Looking back now, I realize how important being literate in music was. I had to know how to sing, and be literate in what i was singing to be any good at it. I probably wasn’t thinking about it at the time. As I look back now, and think about why literacy is important to me, this story comes in to mind.

If only you were there.