

Jonathan Luther

Professor Wood

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The Angelic Redwood

I remember the first time I saw her play her cello—she was so beautiful playing her cherry wood instrument. I was in 10th grade and I was walking her home after school; we got on the topic of her cello, and she said she had played for five years. When we arrived at her house she asked me if I wanted to hear her play. I have always loved classical music so I couldn't refuse. As she took the cello out of its case, I could smell the fragrance of polish and old wood which meant two things: one it was an old cello, and two she took very good care of it.

The surface of the wood was smooth and sanded; it had a very wide body and a thick neck, although the neck was still much smaller than the actual base. The cello itself was almost as tall as her, and she sat she could almost hide behind it; in spite of this she handled it well. She held the finely tuned bow in her right hand. The bow strings were made of pure white horse hair and looked very soft, although she wouldn't let me touch them because it would tarnish the strings.

She set up her stand and laid her sheet music onto it, and at last she was ready. She used the bow to play on the strings that were very thick and sturdy looking, and I could tell that they weren't meant for any pick. She tuned the strings by ear, running her bow quickly across the strings and using the ebony colored tuning pins, she found the perfect sound. The sounds that it made were deep and soothing, almost like the bass

section of an angelic choir. The body was large and hollow with decorative holes in the front to amplify the vibrations and make the music that much more beautiful. When she slid the bow over the strings I could feel the vibrations running up my body.

She told me that it had a previous owner so there were small problems: it had a crack in the base of the neck which meant she had to be careful or she would break it; however, she handled it very gently it as if it were a child she cared deeply for. Whenever it wasn't in use, she kept it in a hard case to protect it from any damage. The case had a solid plastic cover on the outside, but on the inside, it was covered in a red velvet lining with a cutout designed specifically for the cello.

"In the Hall of the Mountain King" by Edvard Grieg, was the only song she played that I can name, but she played other songs by Vivaldi, Bach, and other composers that I couldn't identify. She let her head sway with the music as if she were in a trance, and her hands seemed to glide effortlessly across the strings as if her they knew the music independently of her mind.

She played for me alone—a private, intimate concert played by a beautiful angel on her redwood harp. She captured me like a siren with her soft music, and it was that day that I understood that she was more than just a friend, I loved her and I still do. We are married now with a wonderful son. She still plays her cello for me, but now it's not quite as private a performance because my son loves to hear his mommy play him to sleep, but she is still just as heavenly doing so.

The fact that she still has the old cello shows that she is a very careful person, also that she is protective and loving because she uses it to relax herself and our son. My wife means the world to me and I have always found her beautiful, but when she first played

for me I fell in love. The way that she carefully played every note, and completely gave herself to the music made her look just like an angel and she was playing her heavenly music just for me. My wife, like her cello, is fragile but beautiful, gentle yet powerful. I've seen her play for the past five years, but it still sounds as wonderful as the first time.

She wants to be in the symphony orchestra but has yet to audition—she doesn't feel as though she is ready—but I think she would blow them away. She also told me that she would love to be an orchestra teacher, and that would require a lot more school and training. I believe that she could do either of these things if she wished to. Until then I'll enjoy listening to my beautiful wife and her angelic redwood.