

Whimsical Wandering

The path from music to drawloom weaving.

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Presented to:

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Early memories

- I grew up with the sound of organ music in my home. Not just a tiny small organ, but a giant instrument that took up most of the living room.
- My lullabies were jazz and standards – music suitable for theaters and bars, popular music.
- Both my mother and my father could play the organ.
- My father's mother was a music teacher.
- My mother's plan for my success was that I would learn to play the organ and go to college and become a music teacher like her.

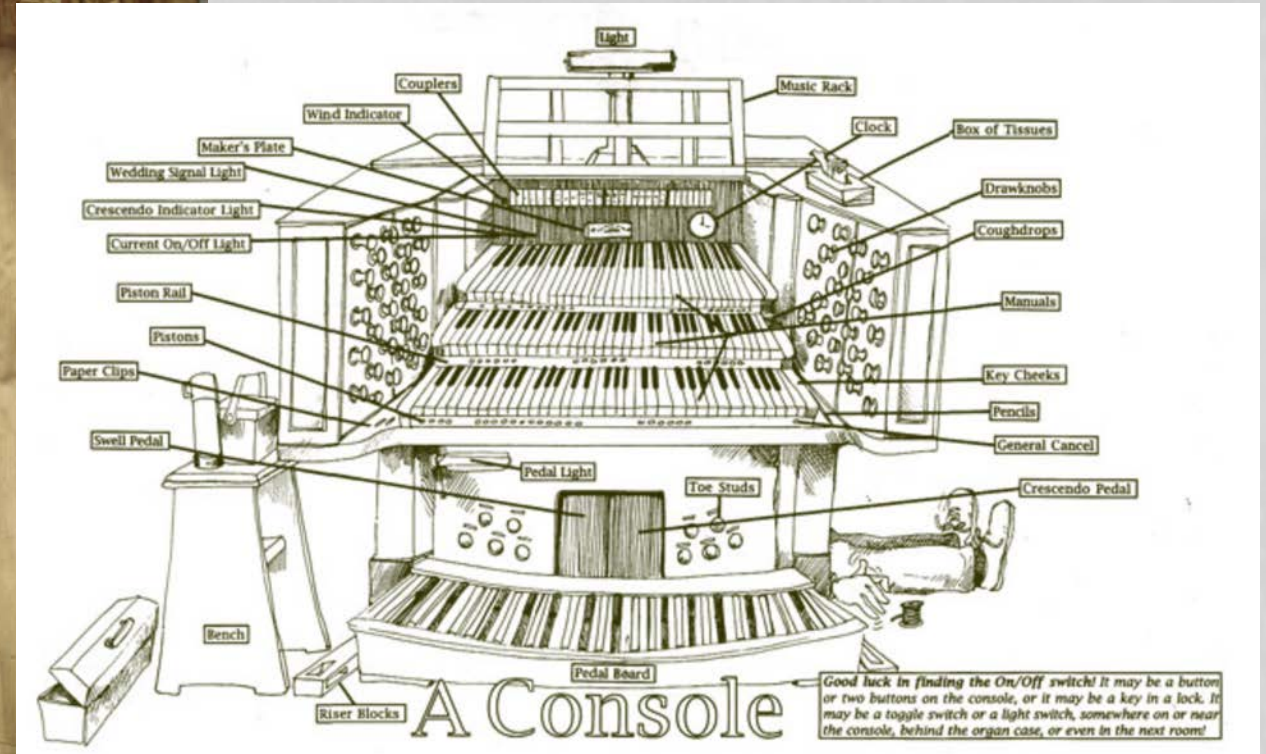
My first instruments -



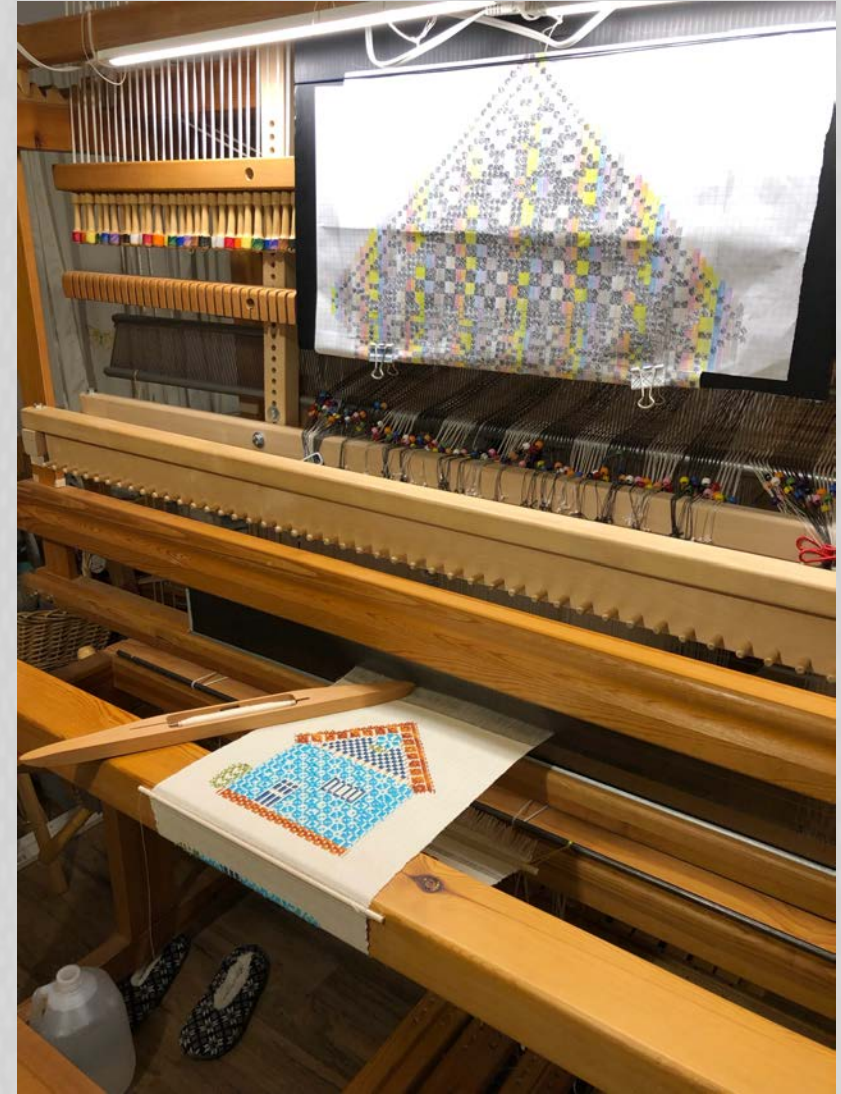
Music lessons

- Began in 3rd grade
- School brought opportunity for a free cello
- Choir was part of the normal class offerings
- An classical organ teacher came to my house once a week
- Lessons continued until I moved to my fathers house in Sophomore year of high school.
- I was offered and accepted a full scholarship to my state college as a musician majoring in organ.

Organ aspirations – Radio City Music Hall



My drawloom



Do these look similar?

