

**The New Millennium NoteBooks**

# **The VibraKids - Part I**

**The Almighty Organ Called "ALL"**



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Excerpted from  
**The Chrysalis Teachings**  
by **Norma Hickox**

## PREFACE

This is the story of an organ named “ALL” that is crated up and waiting inside an auditorium which is under construction. During a thunderstorm it is hit with lightning and explodes, sending all the musical instruments that it was made up of flying out into the night as “thoughts” of music. They spread out over the city floating around until they find a musical instrument factory. One of them gets brave enough to enter a horn as it comes off the production line. Once inside the horn he cannot get back out. The others all follow his lead and enter the bodies of different instruments. Some of the thoughts from the organ “ALL” do not enter instruments. They elect to stay up high above the city because the city noises hurt them. They help the ones who have entered instruments in any way they can.

This book is an analogy of the “Big Bang” and the fact that the spirits enter the bodies of humans and all have a desire to join back into the body of our Creator. The “instruments” are an analogy for human bodies and the thoughts that enter them are spirits. The thoughts that stay up high and do not enter instruments are an analogy of angels. Each chapter tells of the experiences of a different VibraKid and the instrument he or she has entered.

- Tommy the Trumpet demonstrates the importance of attitudes and their effect on those around us.
- Jennifer, a violin, knows that the true inner spirit of a person will come through without any help from “things” outside ourselves.
- Fanny the Fancy Flute teaches that it is better to be an active member of society rather than an item of beauty collecting dust on a shelf.
- Heather, a piano, tells almost the same type of lesson – that it is far more satisfying to be of use to many others, especially underprivileged children, than to be a beautiful instrument only available to a few.
- Ed, a guitar, is looking for excitement and thinks he’ll find it by belonging to one owner. He discovers his mistake when he ends up as a rental instrument with many different experiences.
- Bobby, the Bass Viol, faces and accepts the fact that life moves on and that we must adapt with the times or be left behind.
- Annie the Accordion, after overcoming feelings of envy, realizes that the way a person dresses, the way he or she looks, is not as important as the ability to entertain others and make them happy.
- Paul and Paula, a bass and snare drum set, help others realize that we can’t all be in the limelight and that each one has a contribution to make to the whole.
- Mandy the Mandolin had to learn to overcome shyness in order to bring out the best of her talents and express her individuality.
- Oliver the Electronic Organ wanted to emulate the almighty Organ “ALL,” but found he couldn’t until he was in the right relationship with spiritual people. When this came about he was able to heal others through his music and become closer to the perfection of “ALL.”

Their experiences teach them about different aspects of life and how to get along with others. They draw on the wisdom of the original organ “ALL” and pass this wisdom on to others. All the VibraKids have a deep desire to someday be able to return to the body of the big organ “ALL” (return to our Creator) and be able to make beautiful music together again.

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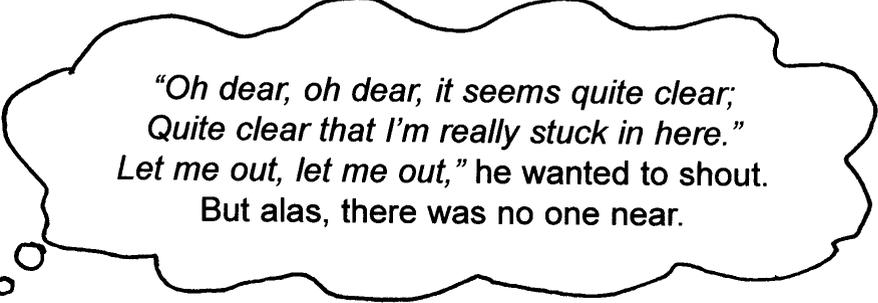
## Chapter 1

### THE ALMIGHTY ORGAN ALL

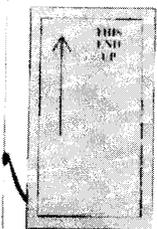
It was winter in the city. Temperatures were below zero and a fierce wind was blowing. The electricity had gone off and the streets were still and dark. Everything had come to a standstill because of an unexpected blizzard. There was a large new building under construction on the north side of the city. It would someday be a beautiful auditorium for the people of the city to use for many different purposes. Right now it didn't look like much.

The cold wind whipped through openings in the unfinished building and filled the huge main room. This room had very high ceilings and, as yet, no seats in it. At the front of this room near the stage sat a big wooden crate. Inside this crate was a large pipe organ. It was silent now, but it was filled with sounds for people to enjoy when the auditorium was completed. For now the lonely, silent organ just sat there waiting inside its shell of a wooden cabinet. This organ's name was "ALL" because of all the musical instruments that were inside him.

ALL wasn't very happy. He was thinking, "WHAT AM I DOING, JUST SITTING HERE ALL ALONE INSIDE THIS BOX?" He tried and tried but he couldn't remember anything that had taken place before waking up inside the box.



*"Oh dear, oh dear, it seems quite clear;  
Quite clear that I'm really stuck in here."  
Let me out, let me out," he wanted to shout.  
But alas, there was no one near.*



He was curious about where he came from, what was happening, why he was here and what he was supposed to do now. He thought about it some more and then it came to him! He was a musical instrument whose place in this world was to bring beauty, harmony, hope and inspiration to everyone. With this thought he began to feel better. At the same time he realized he was feeling warmer.

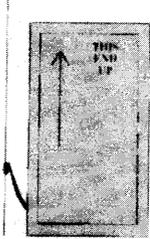
What ALL didn't know was that the electricity was back on in the city and when the workers had come into the building to finish the construction, they had turned the heat on.

"Boy is it ever cold in here," said one of the workers named Joe. "I think we'd better turn some heat on for the sake of the organ." He took off the wooden back of the case the organ was in and handed the plug to Dave who stood nearby watching and said, "Here, plug this into the wall outlet."

“Okay,” Dave said as he plugged it in. “Now I’ll turn the power button to the on position. Let’s hope this small bit of electricity will keep the organ from being hurt from the cold,” Dave said.

ALL was feeling warmer and more powerful now since the workmen had plugged him in. He was feeling stronger and better all the time due to the vibration that the electrical current had set up inside him.

*“I feel quite strong, gee it’s been so long;  
So long since I’ve played a song.  
But I feel funny, deep down in my tummy.  
I do hope that nothing is wrong.”*

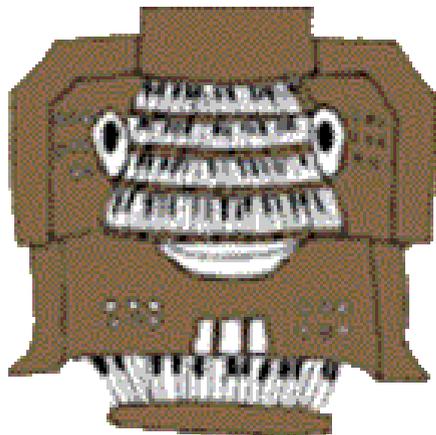


“WOW!” he thought, “SOMETIMES IT TICKLES; OTHER TIMES IT FEELS ITCHY. I CAN’T WAIT UNTIL I CAN START PLAYING MUSIC AGAIN.” He knew that he used to make people feel good by the looks on their faces as the music poured from him. He helped them experience a sense of togetherness with everything in the world

It took several months to complete construction on the auditorium and the workers left the organ plugged in all the while they were finishing up. ALL just sat there growing more impatient and frustrated while waiting. There was no way the organ could be played yet because it was not hooked up to the mighty banks of pipes that stretched across the wall above the stage.

Soon it was spring and the building was almost completed. The workers were back. “Hey Joe,” said Jose, “Help me tear away the rest of the box from the organ.”

This exposed ALL to the colder air outside his cozy, warm box. He became very excited even though he was cold again without the protection of the box, but he soon adjusted to the temperature change.



*“Come on over Dave and help. Let’s move it into position,”* said Joe. *“After we get it where it’s supposed to be we’ll be able to hook it up to the pipes.”*

*“Okay,”* said Jose. *“Then Mike can come in and test it to make sure it sounds are okay.”*

After a short testing period, Mike said. *“All the pipes are working and ready. I think everything’s going to be okay. Let’s go home now and enjoy our long holiday weekend.”*

*“Right,”* said Joe. *“But let’s leave the power to the organ on because we’re going to turn the heat down in the building and we don’t want the insides of the organ to get too cold.”*

What they didn’t think of was that this would cause drops of moisture to form inside the organ.

ALL was alone again but very happy. **“FINALLY,”** he thought, **“NOW ALL THE WAITING IS OVER. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN.”**

*“I’m on my way, I’m here to stay;  
Here to stay each exciting day.  
But I feel lots of heat, down by my feet.  
I do hope that everything’s okay.”*



That night after the workers left, another storm was blowing up outside the building. The wind started howling. Because of a mistake in the way the pipes were hooked up, some of the gusts of wind accidentally crept into the pipes of the organ and sounds began to come out of the different instruments. First came the sound of the strings, then a blare from the reeds, then the brass let loose with their sound.

ALL was entranced by the sounds he was making all by himself. He was amazed at the difference in tones coming from the different rows of pipes. He thought, **“THERE’S A LOT MORE GOING ON INSIDE ME THAN WHEN THE WORKERS DID THEIR TESTING.”** What he didn’t realize was that the wind was causing the beautiful, gentle sounds coming out of him now. He was excited as he felt the small bit of electricity moving through his body.

As the storm grew worse, the wind that was accidentally blowing into the pipes increased. This caused the sounds made by the organ to get louder. All the banks of pipes were making sounds at the same time and it was getting louder and louder. Then the wind let up and slowly the pipes grew silent again.

**“WHAT A LETDOWN,”** ALL thought, and he started to feel alone and sad again. The storm had taken the electricity out once more and he was growing very cold. By the next morning he was shivering and the banks of pipes looked like rows of icicles to him.



*"I feel like ice, the heat's gone off twice;  
Gone off twice, it doesn't feel very nice.  
Didn't know what to do, when that fierce wind blew,  
And there was no one to ask for advice."*

Eventually the electricity was fixed and the building started to warm up. ALL started to feel the electric current going through his body again.

"YES, YES," he thought, "THAT'S MORE LIKE IT." Then that night another storm came. It was even worse than the last storm. This storm was different from the one that had taken the electricity out when ALL was first moved to the auditorium. It was spring now and the outside air was warmer. This was a thunderstorm and had brilliant flashes of lightning and loud rumbles of thunder.

ALL was fascinated by what he was hearing outside the building. As the wind started getting stronger, the same thing happened as before. The wind was able to make sounds come out of the pipes on the organ. ALL heard the sounds coming out of him join in with the sound of the storm and it kept getting louder and louder.

"SOMETHING IS WRONG," he thought. Instead of the soft, gentle sounds he heard during the last storm, these sounds were becoming harsh and discordant and even ugly and scary sometimes.



*"It sounds like a plane or maybe a train;  
A train whose whistle gives my head a pain.  
I'm terribly cold, seems everything's on hold  
And now it's starting to rain."*

What had happened was that the constant temperature changes inside the organ had caused drops of moisture to form and this was causing trouble with the passage of electricity through the organ. The volume kept building as the storm grew worse. The lightning flashed more often and the thunder rolled.

“WHAT A ‘CONCERT’ THIS IS,” ALL thought. He became more and more excited as the wind kept getting stronger, until all of a sudden he felt that he couldn’t contain himself anymore... and then it happened. He was hit with lightning!

The organ blew up; it exploded! It shattered into pieces. The wooden parts of it burned and the rest of it just fell apart into a pile of wires and pieces of metal. ALL’S thoughts shattered also and took on the forms of the different instruments that had been inside him. His thoughts were just “parts-of-ALL” now or “partial” pieces of the total design of the organ that had once been so big and powerful.

When ALL’S thoughts scattered from the explosion, a spark of the original current of electricity that had kept ALL warm throughout the long, cold winter, entered each of the partial pieces of All as a vibration that would become the sound of each instrument. This would be the way each of the different instruments could stay in touch with the rest of the parts-of-All.

All the thoughts of the different instruments were sent flying out into the large, empty auditorium. Because the roof of the building had been torn off by the lightning strike, there was nothing to stop the pieces-of-ALL and they went sailing right on out into the night. They were separated parts of ALL and didn’t exactly know what had happened to them. They were kind of scared and felt lost and alone with no one to guide them or tell them what to do. They were sent out into the world and would have to learn and experience and grow on their own.

They remembered ALL the Almighty Organ. They longed for ALL; for the comfort of being “safe” within the cabinet of the large organ. They longed to someday be able to return to that safe place inside the body of the mighty organ to make beautiful music again with all the other instruments. What would happen to them now? Faintly from afar, they heard beautiful music and then the voice of ALL saying:



*“Don't cry, don't cry, hold your head up high;  
Hold your head up high and look to the sky.  
The bells will ring; the flutes will sing.  
We'll be together again bye and bye.”*

## Chapter 2

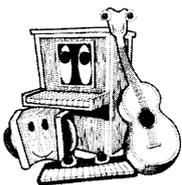
### THE VIVACIOUS VIBRAKIDS

When ALL was struck with lightning and shattered, the wooden parts of his cabinet burned and the rest of him was a twisted pile of metal. What went flying out into the night through the huge hole in the ceiling were his thoughts. These were the thoughts that had led him to know that he was able to make beautiful music. His thoughts separated into many pieces. Those who were to be stringed instruments broke into many different sizes and strengths. The same thing took place with all the other sounds of instruments that were inside ALL. These partial bits of ALL's thoughts are the "VibraKids."



Now, floating outside the empty, dark auditorium with the storm still raging, the shattered pieces of his mind were all scared. The lightning was flashing and the thunder was terribly loud. The wind lifted them and they were soon spread throughout the whole darkened city. They were all alone, heavy with the dampness from the rain, wondering where they should go and what they should do next. The worst part of it was being separated from each other.

*"Where are you, where are you" came from a few;  
A few who cried as their fears grew.  
When off from afar, came the light of a star.  
And they knew ALL was with them too.*

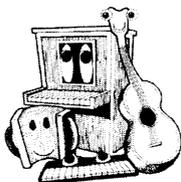


When the storm was over and the sun came out the next day, these little pieces of musical vibration all dried off. Soon they regained the strength of their own particular sound. This sound was the part of ALL's vibration that they were left with along with the electricity of the lightning strike.

There were three main groups that the VibraKids divided into. These were the strings, the horns, and those Kids who were mixtures of sounds that were fused together at the time of the explosion. Some of them had almost exactly the same bit of electricity or vibration as other VibraKids and they soon began finding each other. How happy they were to meet another one that was vibrating at almost exactly the same tone that they were.

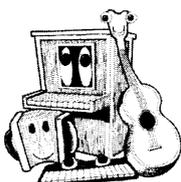
The horns were the bravest of all the VibraKids. They started looking around at all areas of the city. The strings were more shy and fearful, but they soon began following the horns and learning their way around.

*"What to do, what to do, just look at that view;  
Just look at that view, it must be the zoo."  
As the animals pranced, the Kids wanted to dance  
And be able to run like that too.*



The Kids who were mixtures of different sounds didn't like the city at all. Because their vibration was higher and finer than the other two groups, the lights and sounds of the city made it painful for them to try and come down. They pretty much just stayed up in the air above the city, some of them higher than others. Besides, they could see more of what was going on in the whole city by staying up high. They called to the VibraKids as they tried to keep them all together.

*"Come here, come here, everyone stay near.  
Everyone stay near; a good home will appear."  
But the Kids spread out and started looking about.  
There were many good spots it was clear.*

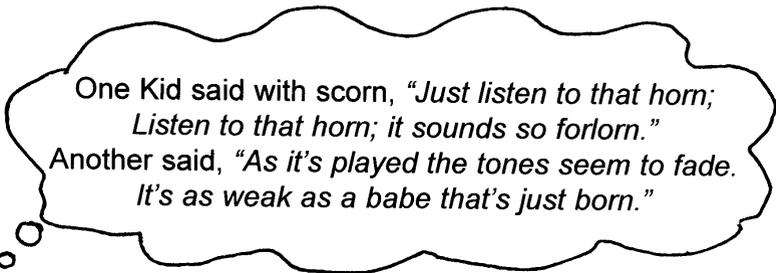


Before long groups began forming in the different parts of the city that appealed to them. Some of the VibraKids liked the area around the lake at the southern edge of the city and they formed their own little city there in the branches of a large pine tree. Others liked the excitement they found out by the football and baseball fields and made their home under the grandstand. Still others liked to hang around the botanical gardens and settled in the attic of the butterfly house.

They finally ended up with seven different groups of VibraKids spread throughout the city. While exploring around the city one day, a few of the VibraKids from under the grandstand, the horns, discovered a musical instrument factory on the other side of town. They began hanging around the building and watching happily all the different musical instruments that were being made. There were two different parts of this factory. One part made instruments that used the wind to make sounds. The other part had sounds that were set into motion by the vibration of strings. This was fascinating.

This group of VibraKids began telling the other groups of what they had found and soon all the VibraKids were hanging out down by the Junction Musical Instrument Factory. Each VibraKid was a small bit of music but needed some way to express this music – a body of some kind to serve as an instrument. They also knew that to be able to make the sounds that ALL could make before the lightning struck him they would have to group together and be able to blend and mix.

The VibraKids floated around above the musical instrument factory and watched with great interest. They listened when the instruments were being tested for the sound of each one's "voice."



One Kid said with scorn, *"Just listen to that horn;  
Listen to that horn; it sounds so forlorn."*  
Another said, *"As it's played the tones seem to fade.  
It's as weak as a babe that's just born."*



It was at this point that one of the VibraKids decided he wanted to experience what it would be like to be inside this newborn trumpet that had just come off the assembly line. He felt sorry for the horn and he decided that he would enter the trumpet. This way he would know what it felt like to make musical tones through the body of the trumpet and also the trumpet would no longer sound so bad.

It was Tommy who entered the trumpet. When this particular trumpet got to the room where the trumpets were being tested it had a sound that was far better than any of the other trumpets. It was sweet and clear as a bell and very easy to make beautiful music with.

Frank, one of the workers in the instrument factory, said, *"Isn't the sound coming out of this trumpet something special?"*

*"It sure is,"* responded Clyde. *"Let's look it over and test it some more and see what makes it so good."*

By this time Tommy had had enough fun for the day. He decided to get back out of the trumpet so he could roam around with his buddies, free to go wherever he wanted. All the while he was in the trumpet he had to do trumpet things. He had no control over what happened to the

trumpet, where it went, what it did, who played it or if it got played at all, or what kind of music was played on it. This wasn't any fun like Tommy thought he would have while inside the trumpet. But what do you know? Tommy couldn't get back out of the trumpet. He was stuck in it; he was caught between two valves and just couldn't get loose. He tried to get the other VibraKid's to notice him.



*"Look at me, look at me, can't you see?  
Can't you see I'm stuck on a key?"*  
Tommy was scared and thought no one cared.  
All he wanted now was to be free.

The other VibraKids didn't listen to Tommy. After seeing what he did, many of them had gotten brave enough to try the same thing and before long all of them had found an instrument they liked and had entered it.

Fanny had chosen a flute because she thought it would show how she felt better than some of the others such as the trumpet that Tommy had entered. The trumpet was bold and daring which suited Tommy.

Martin chose the cello because he thought it was the prettiest sounding of them all. Trent, who was slightly overweight, had entered a tuba, a large horn; skinny little Sally was inside an oboe, a very slim instrument. Nathan was caught in a saxophone; Bill was enmeshed in the workings of a clarinet; Jennifer had chosen a violin and Bobby insisted on getting into the big bass viol. Matt picked a viola that Maxine wanted so she chose a slide trombone instead. It went on this way until they all found themselves inside an instrument. Once they were inside none of them could get back out of the body of the instrument they had entered.

By this time some of the VibraKids who had stayed up above the city because they were mixtures of different vibrations, had also found some instruments being made that appealed more to them because they were different. These VibraKids didn't have pure sounds like the horns and strings and wouldn't have been happy in those instruments. They felt they would be better able to fit into one of these other instruments. These were the accordion, guitar, mandolin, drums and the piano.

Paul entered a bass drum and Paula a snare drum, Heather and Linda both crawled into pianos, Mandy chose a mandolin, Frankie a banjo and Ed picked a guitar. At the last minute Annie decided to come down and join them when she saw what fun they were having and she entered the accordion. Judy followed her and chose the piccolo. Now they were all caught inside the instruments except the ones who had stayed up very high because they were so sensitive they couldn't stand the sounds of the instruments.

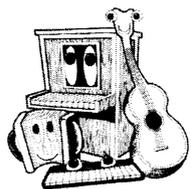
Before ALL had been hit with lightning he wanted to be able to make beautiful music with all the different possibilities of sound inside him. Because of this the VibraKids felt right about being inside the instruments, but they didn't like being at the "beck and call" of them. They wanted to be in control and be able to make the instruments respond to their thoughts. If

they were sad they wanted to express it through the body of their instrument. If they were happy, they wanted to be able to get “happy” sounds out of their instruments. They soon began to see that they were in for a long period of learning about their chosen instruments and how they could improve their control of them.

The VibraKids all had a common goal that they wanted to reach. This was for all of them to join back together inside a cabinet like the one that ALL had been in. They wanted to make beautiful music together again as one instrument, a mighty organ. You see they were still ALL’S thoughts so they all had the same thoughts, goals and desires. They wanted so badly to be able to do this for ALL.

Those VibraKids who didn’t like the city and had risen up high above it saw what had happened to their friends. They were determined to stay up high and give their friends as much help as they could. They wanted to help them learn to control the instruments so they could all meet again and plan the new, improved model of the mighty organ that they had all started out together in.

*“The course was charted that we Kids started.  
And once it started, from ALL we were parted.  
The trip will be long, but with the help of a song;  
Those above will keep our way guarded.”*

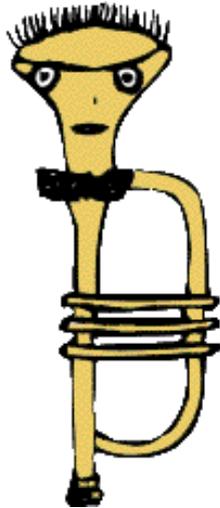


Thus begins the journey of the VibraKids and their travels in the city and beyond. In some cases, the instruments they got inside of are harmed by being dropped or perhaps totally destroyed. When this happens they enter another instrument, maybe the same kind as the one that was destroyed or perhaps something totally different. This depends on how brave they are, what they feel they are ready for and what they need to learn. They know it will be a long time before they can all meet again. For that reason most of them decide to reenter another instrument and learn more about the music of life instead of just waiting above the city for the others.

## Chapter 3

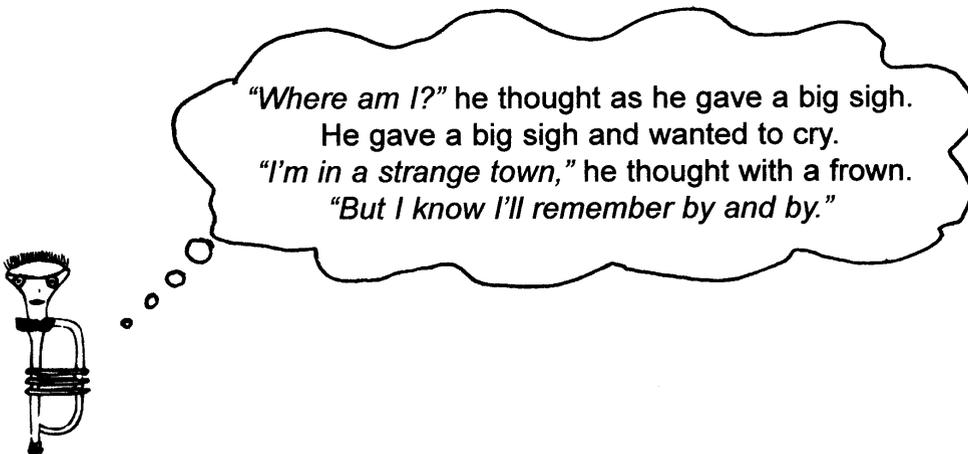
### TOMMY THE TRUMPET

Tommy the Trumpet woke up with a start. He didn't know where he was. He looked around at the room he was in and then ran to the window and looked out.



"I MUST BE IN A DIFFERENT CITY," he thought. "NOTHING IS FAMILIAR."

He was really scared now. He was no longer in the Junction Musical Instrument Factory where he had decided to explore and had entered the body of the trumpet.



"Where am I?" he thought as he gave a big sigh.  
He gave a big sigh and wanted to cry.  
"I'm in a strange town," he thought with a frown.  
"But I know I'll remember by and by."

"OH, NOW I REMEMBER," he thought to himself. The sound of his tones was so pretty that those in charge at the musical instrument factory had decided to send him to a customer in a big city clear across the country. This man was famous for his trumpet playing and was the leader of a band that appeared weekly on a famous TV show.

The room Tommy was in now was part of the man's house and seemed to be a music room. There were a few other instruments in the room along with a large piano and several

music stands. There was a microphone setup and a wall lined with mirrors. On the opposite wall there were book shelves filled with books and magazines and sheet music of all kinds.

Tommy looked around his new home. He thought to himself, "I WAS USED TO BEING ABLE TO ROAM WHEREVER I WANTED BEFORE I GOT CAUGHT IN THIS TRUMPET." Now that he couldn't do whatever he wanted he didn't know what to do with himself. He decided to explore the book shelves and found many books about trumpets, the people who played them and the uses they were put to.

"WOW," he thought, "LOOK AT THIS BOOK. IT TELLS ALL ABOUT THE TRUMPET AND HAS PICTURES OF EARLY TRUMPETS." He was curious to know how the body of the trumpet had come about, what it looked like in the beginning and what it had been used for in the past. He also wondered what it was mostly used for now and what would he could accomplish while he was inside the trumpet. He hoped he'd find some answers in the books on the shelves. Since he had nothing else to do, he settled down in a big easy chair in the corner and started to look through the book.

He was so excited he started talking to the piano in the room. "*Miss Piano, did you know that in the beginning the trumpet started out as a piece of wood from an oak tree limb and was just a whistle that people would blow into? Then they carved holes in the long part of the whistle and placed their fingers over the holes to be able to get different sounds when they blew into it. Isn't that exciting?*" he asked Miss Piano. She had nothing to say. She yawned to show Tommy that she was bored by what he was saying.

"OH WELL," he thought. "I'LL JUST KEEP READING AND LEARNING ABOUT IT BY MYSELF."



*"I like this book; think I'll take a good look."  
He'd take a good look; didn't care how long it took.  
He read and read, 'till it was time for bed  
And the story changed his whole outlook.*

The early trumpets didn't have much use. Some farmers used them to call animals, but for the most part they were toys for children to play with. As the years passed, more people became interested in this toy and changed what it was made of. They started making it out of a bright shiny metal with a bell shape at one end. Then a flapper was made that would close over the sound holes so more tones could be made when someone blew into it. It grew to be an important instrument, especially for kings or queens when they wanted to talk to the people or use it to announce when they were arriving at a certain place. It was a very loud and brassy, bold and beautiful instrument. Eventually people discovered that it did have a softer sound that could be quite nice and they began to use it to play pretty pieces instead of always just having it bold, loud and showy.

All of this was fascinating to Tommy and he couldn't wait to have the chance to try making the different sounds. No one had tried to get music out of him since he had left the factory. The man he had been sent to was away on a trip. Tommy couldn't wait for him to get

home. When the man did come home, he had company with him and didn't pay much attention to Tommy until the company left. When he finally picked up his new trumpet and began playing it he was thrilled with the sounds he was able to get from it. Tommy was also happy about the sounds coming from him.



*"This is great; it was worth the long wait;  
The long wait 'till I discovered my fate."  
The man started to play, Tommy's cares went away  
And in harmony they began to communicate.*

When the man played slow, sad songs, the trumpet had a beautiful, flowing, mellow sound. When the man wanted to be sassy and bold and naughty in his playing, the trumpet responded right away. The trumpet was very responsive to every thought, wish and desire of the man who was playing it. He had never before owned such a beautiful instrument. He couldn't get over it and put it down to go call his friends and tell them about his new trumpet.

*"Sam, you just won't believe the beautiful sound I get from my new trumpet,"* Don said. *"I picked up my old trumpet and started playing it. It sounded dead. It didn't have any life in the tones that came out of it. There was no heart and soul in that old horn so I put it back in its case and just sat there looking in amazement at my new instrument."*

*"It sounds almost like magic,"* Sam replied, *"like the trumpet is alive. It's hard to believe. I've heard of the Magic Flute that Mozart wrote about, but never a Magic Trumpet."*

*"There's probably no way I can make you believe that it's not magic. It's an ordinary trumpet. Why don't you and Wayne and Alan come over tomorrow to hear for yourselves?"* Don asked. Then he put the phone down and went back to the music room to play his beautiful, new trumpet some more.

Meanwhile, the man's daughter Amy had come from school and had come into the music room to practice her piano lesson.

**"THIS IS NOT A PRETTY SOUNDING PIANO,"** thought Tommy. **"IT CERTAINLY NEEDS SOME HELP."**



*"This is not good, doesn't sound like it should;  
Doesn't sound like it should, maybe it's the wood."  
Of all the pianos around, it had an awful sound.  
He'd get it some help as soon as he could.*

*"Why do you sound so bad?"* he asked Miss Piano when Amy had left the room. Miss Piano just looked at him with anger flashing out of her eyes, but had nothing to say.

Tommy wondered if he could get one of the VibraKids to enter this piano. He knew that if it were played at the same time he was playing it would make him sound bad. He wanted the other instruments he played with to make music that was just as pretty as his was.

The man's friends came over the next day and Alan sat down at the piano to play along with the trumpet. Because of the bad shape the piano was in, Tommy got stubborn and decided not to help make the sounds anything special. It sounded just like any other trumpet.

Don couldn't understand it. Sam, Wayne and Alan left after teasing him about being a little bit weird the night before when he had raved about the trumpet. Don decided to play the new trumpet some more. The house was all quiet now and there was no one there to play the piano so Tommy gave it his all and the beautiful music began coming out of the trumpet again. Don just didn't understand it. He even began to be a little afraid because he couldn't figure out what was going on. He wondered if it really was magic. Then he thought that maybe it was something inside him that made the difference in the sound. Puzzled, he finally packed Tommy away in his case for the night and went upstairs to bed himself.

*"Miss Piano, you've got an attitude problem,"* Tommy said to her the next morning. *"True, you're an older instrument and perhaps didn't have good care in the past, but I still can't understand why you can't make pretty sounds. Is it just because you don't care, or are you really unable to sound pretty? I'm going to have a big problem living in this house with you unless I can do something about the horrible sounds you make."*

Miss Piano was jealous of Tommy. *"I really don't like you,"* she said. *"I know that you don't think that I'm very pretty. I know that you're really a much better instrument than me, but why do you have to be so mean about it?"* she said to Tommy.

She didn't understand why he was a much better instrument and was really envious of him. "IT TICKLES ME THAT I HAVE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CONTROL OVER TOMMY," she thought gleefully to herself. "HE WOULDN'T RESPOND TO THE MAN'S THOUGHTS WHEN ALAN WAS PLAYING ME ALONG WITH TOMMY." This gave her a feeling of power, to know that as long as she made ugly sounds that Tommy would too.

But deep down inside, somehow this way of thinking didn't seem right to her anymore. She really wanted to become like Tommy, not have him act like her and be mean, but she didn't want to let him know it.

The next day when Tommy woke up, Miss Piano asked him, ***“How come you can make such beautiful sounds? Are you made out of different stuff than I am?”***

Tommy replied, ***“Yes, because I’m younger, the material I’m made out of is a better quality metal than what your sounding board is made of. Mine has a higher vibration due to a new way of making the metal. But the biggest difference is because of ALL,”*** Tommy told her.

***“What do you mean?”*** she asked immediately.

Tommy then began to tell her the story of ALL the Almighty Organ and the VibraKids.



***“The Kids are part of ALL; each part is very small.  
Each part is very small, but able to stand up tall.  
By lightning He was hit, and to them He did transmit;  
His love of making music for all.”***

***“Oh,”*** she cried, ***“I want to have one of the VibraKids take up residence in me. I’d like to be able to make beautiful sounds like you do. I also want us to be able to make great music together. I don’t want you to stop playing beautiful sounds just because I’m an ugly duckling. How can I get one of the VibraKids to come live in me?”*** she asked.

Tommy thought about it for quite awhile. Finally, he told her, ***“You’ll have to work very hard on yourself. You’ll have to change a lot of your ways of thinking, especially your ‘I don’t care’ attitude as far as trying to make better sounds. You can help raise your own vibration you know, and this is what you will have to do before a VibraKid can live in you. The ones who live in pianos are those whose vibrations are higher than the others because they are a mixture. They’re the ones who stay up high because the bright lights and harsh sounds of the city bother them. You’ll really have to work hard to attract one of them to you.”***

Miss Piano was quiet for a long time thinking about what Tommy had said. ***“How do you know that ALL knew everything there was to know about pianos?”*** she asked.

Tommy replied, ***“Because everything that makes up a piano was part of what made up ALL. He had the possibility of being any instrument he wanted because he was made up of all of them. There is no instrument that he couldn’t have become and still can become if a suitable body is found for the fragment of his mind that was the thought for that instrument.”***



*“ALL was great, even spending time in a crate;  
Time in a crate, boxed in and needing to wait.  
He could play such sound, it left others spellbound.  
And His life to music He did dedicate.”*

*“You’ll just have to believe me because of my beautiful sound,” Tommy continued. “There is no other proof that I can give you because ALL is no longer in one piece. Besides, you can’t know what he’s like until you change your bad attitudes and start to raise your vibrations. Then you can attract a VibraKid to come live with you – one who will have past knowledge of your kinfolk. When this happens, you’ll know that you will forever after be one with the great organ called ALL”*

Beginning at that time Miss Piano started working on herself. Soon Tommy could actually stand to stay in the room when Amy practiced each day. Previously he had tried to hide and cover up his ears. Now he was beginning to hear a prettier sound coming out of the piano.

*“Dad, do you realize that this piano is starting to sound better.”* Don’s daughter Amy said. *“Did you have it tuned,”* she asked?

*“No,”* answered Don, *“but that would be a good idea.”* They had the piano tuner come in and give Miss Piano a check up. The tuner stretched the strings into the best tune he could. He fixed a few other problems such as certain keys that didn’t work.

Miss Piano listened real hard every time Don played his new trumpet and noticed how the different songs all came out sounding just like they should. The response of the trumpet was perfect for each different feeling that Don wanted to express.

Miss Piano kept hoping that Don’s friends would come back over so she could see if Tommy thought she had improved enough to play with. Before this could take place, Miss Piano had something strange happen to her one night. The next morning, full of excitement, she said to Tommy, *“I felt a tingling and a feeling of really being alive enter my case and move along my strings and perk up my sound board. I know that something very important took place last night.”*

Tommy cried, *“Peggy? Is that you Peggy? Did you decide to come live with Miss Piano?”*

*“I most certainly did,”* Peggy said. *“It’s great to see you again Tommy. Now I don’t feel so lonely.”*

*“Same here,”* responded Tommy. They began to talk a mile a minute about old times and what had happened to others that they both knew.

Later that day Don’s friends did come over again and when Alan sat down at the piano and started playing it sounded so beautiful that Tommy responded with his absolutely finest tones.



*"That piano sounds fine; its tone's as good as mine.  
As good as mine, in harmony our notes combine."  
The trumpet started to blow, magic sounds did flow  
And the music they made was divine.*

Don's friends were amazed. *"You were right all along,"* said Wayne. *"We just couldn't hear the difference before but we sure can now."*

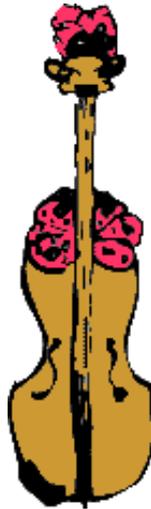
Sam asked, *"Are you sure it's not a Magic Trumpet? Where did you buy it and by the way, who fixed your piano?"*

Don's friends were inspired to go home and take out their own instruments and look inside them and see what they could do to improve the sounds they were getting out of them. What they realized now was that one instrument making beautiful sounds will make all the other instruments it comes in touch with want to do the same.

## Chapter 4

### JENNIFER'S JOURNEY

Jennifer woke up early with a start. The train whistle sounding in her ears was very loud and she also kept hearing a clickety, clack sound. It was a nice rhythm, but it bothered her. She had never heard it before. Then she realized that she was moving. "WHERE WAS SHE?" she thought. "WHAT IS HAPPENING?"



She was scared! Slowly she opened her eyes and looked around. She saw that she was actually on a train, in the baggage car. Then she remembered that she was being sent to a famous music school in the eastern part of the country where the best musicians went to study. She was proud that she was chosen to be the violin sent to that school. She began to relax and enjoy the rhythm of the train wheels on the track.



*"This is so great, so great I can hardly wait;  
Hardly wait; the train should get there about eight."  
Wasn't it cool she was being sent to a school?  
She was so happy her strings began to vibrate.*

The Junction Musical Instrument Factory quite often would take some of their finest instruments and send them to a school like that to be tested. They were especially likely to do this if there was something different or unusual about the instrument. After Jennifer had taken up residence in the violin that day, it had been considered one of the finest instruments ever made in recent times. It was even compared to a famous violin made in the past. Therefore, the Junction Musical Instrument Factory wanted this violin tested and tried and heard by musicians at one of the most famous schools in the country, so they sent it on a trial basis for approval. They hoped the school would like it and order more of that model. Of course, what they didn't realize was that there was only one Jennifer and she was what made the violin special.

The train was slowing down! "WE'RE HERE!" Jennifer thought. "WE'RE ALREADY IN THE CITY WHERE THE SCHOOL IS LOCATED." She was so excited. How she longed to get out of the case that was protecting her on the ride and be able to look around and to smell the air in this new city. "HOW MUCH FUN IT WILL BE," she thought, "TO BE GOING TO A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE MAKE MUSIC ALL DAY LONG AND PART OF THE NIGHT TOO." She would have every chance to express herself through the many different musicians who would try the violin out.

She was taken out of the baggage car, loaded on a cart and taken inside the station where it was very noisy. She could hear people walking all around her and calling to each other. She heard the trains being announced as they arrived and departed and began to get scared again. Maybe she wasn't where she was supposed to be yet. Maybe she had to get on another train and continue her journey. It sure was hard not knowing what was going on!



*"All aboard! I heard as the whistles roared."  
The whistles roared but she was being ignored.  
She hadn't a clue as to what she should do.  
"I hope they come soon, I getting so bored".*

She waited there for quite a while still on the cart, before a young man and woman finally came to claim her.

"Hey Marcel," Susan said. "Let's get her off the cart."

"Yeah and we need to wipe the dirt off of her," Marcel answered.

After wiping her off, they went over to some chairs, sat down and opened the case. This was Jennifer's first view and smell of her future home and she liked what she saw. She also liked the man and woman who were looking at her to be sure she hadn't been damaged on the trip.

"I guess everything's okay," said Susan. "We'd better hurry and get back to school. I can't wait try her out."

She closed the case as Marcel went over to the counter to sign the papers. Soon they were in a car on their way to the school. When they arrived at the school they took the violin to the practice room, opened it up and tuned it.

"Gee, it really isn't very far out of tune," Susan said as she began to play the violin.

Jennifer was very glad to at last be fulfilling her purpose of making beautiful music. The tones that came out of her were absolutely heavenly.

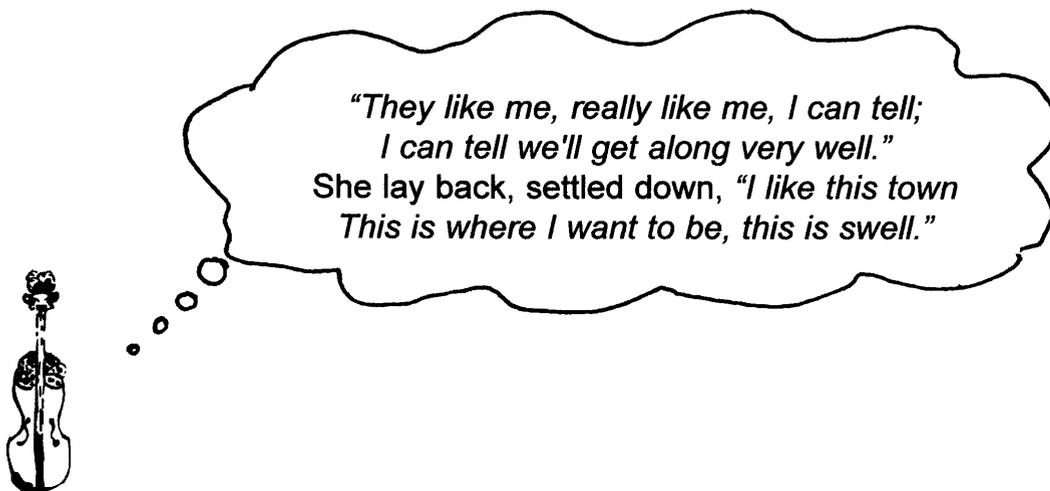
*"Hey, it's my turn now,"* said Marcel.

The violin responded the same way to his playing. It sounded so beautiful they were amazed. Other students and teachers going by in the hall heard the sound of the violin and came into the room to listen to the gorgeous music.

*"What kind of violin is that?"* asked Ben.

*"Can I play it?"* Donna asked.

Finally, after several others had taken a turn playing the violin, Marcel and Susan put it back in the case, but they were so excited they forgot to put the bow in with it. They also left the lid of the case open so the violin would become used to the temperature inside the room.



Later that same day while Jennifer was taking a nap, she was awakened by the sound of an argument. Two other violins in the room were fighting over her bow that had been accidentally left out of the case.

*"Give me that!"* Aaron yelled.

*"No, it's mine! I saw it first!"* Peter cried as he pulled the bow out of Aaron's hand.

*"It's a magic bow,"* Peter said.

*"I know it's a magic bow,"* answered Aaron. *"That's why I want it. Give it here!"* These two violins had been in the room when everyone was playing the new violin and they thought that the secret of the beautiful music coming out of it was due to the bow. Now they were fighting bitterly over it.

They each wanted it because they thought it would make them sound better. They were older and had been used for many years by students who couldn't play well and didn't know how to care for an instrument. Because of this they were afraid that the school was going to ship them off to the old violin's home where they would never be used for making music again.

Jennifer watched as the fight became more intense. Finally she couldn't stand it any longer. She went over to where the fight was going on and took the bow from Aaron and Peter.



***“Stop it! Stop it! Why don't you quit?  
Just quit fighting, go to the corner and sit.  
She felt ignored, and then her tears poured  
And with that the bow she did split.*”**

She broke the bow in many pieces, divided the pieces into two piles and gave one pile to each of other two violins.

***“There, now you can share the bow,”*** she said. The other violins looked at her in amazement. They couldn't believe what she had done to the “magic” bow.

Jennifer said, ***“Now you two might as well be friends again because there's nothing left to fight over any more. Isn't it better to have a good friend and no “magic” bow, than to have no friend and no “magic” bow either? It isn't the bow that makes the better sounds. It's nothing used on the outside of the violin that makes it beautiful. The beauty comes from what is inside the violin”***

Aaron and Peter were curious as to how she knew so much. Jennifer proceeded to tell them the story of the great organ, ALL which fascinated them.

She explained to them that the violins were very important to the total sound that ALL would have been able to make if lightning hadn't hit him. She also told them about the VibraKids, the shattered parts of ALL'S mind. They immediately wanted to know how they could attract one of the VibraKids.

Jennifer said, ***“You guys were too quick to fight each other over what you think is a “magic” bow. You need to know that things used on the outside of the violin like the bow might make some difference, but not a big difference in the quality of sound. In order to improve your sound the work you need to do will have to be done on the inside. You will have to change the way you think about things and the way you treat other instruments instead of fighting with them.”***

She also told them they would have to set goals for themselves. A certain amount of work on the body of their instruments would help. For instance a new finish would seal up any cracks in the wood that might be present and a new bridge to hold up the strings would also help.

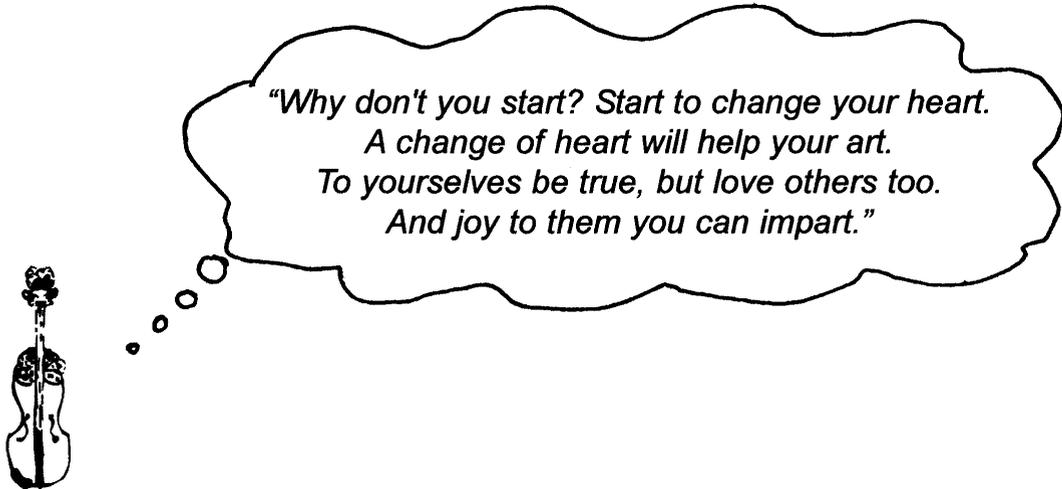
***“Your sound could also be helped by new strings and tuning pegs. But the best thing you can do will be to work on your attitudes of jealousy and one-upmanship. You both have a bad habit of always trying to be better than others; also you think you know more than the next guy.”***

When Marcel and Susan came into the practice room the next day, they couldn't understand how the bow they had left lying on a table had been broken up.

*“It was probably just vandalism by some of the younger students,”* said Marcel.

*“Maybe some visitors did it,”* responded Susan. *“Let's go to the storeroom and get another bow so we can practice again on the new violin.”*

The violin still made the same mellow, smooth tones that it had before. When Aaron and Peter who had been fighting over the bow heard them practicing they were amazed. They really had thought it was the bow that had made the “magical” sounds. By the demonstration of her “voice” (tonal quality), they knew now that everything Jennifer had told them was true. They were ready to listen and believe her when she talked about the great organ ALL. She told them of the potential he had and would have again for making beautiful harmony all within himself.



Peter and Aaron worked and worked on getting along with all the other violins. They even told a lot of the others about their new goal, which was to have a VibraKid take up residence in them so they could someday be a part of the great, glorious organ ALL.

Jennifer was always an example for the other violins who wanted to get the beautiful tones that she was capable of. The violin section of the school orchestra began to have a much better sound to it than the other sections. The conductor mentioned this several times to the rest of the group, daring them to improve themselves as much as the violin section had. Of course the violins had some help because Jennifer had made Marcel and Susan realize that the other instruments needed to be kept in as good a shape as possible. After Aaron and Peter, the two violins that had been fighting, had been all fixed up and made like new, they did have VibraKids enter them. By this time their attitudes had improved and they had raised their vibration enough that the Kids could reside in them.

When the school held its spring concert, these two violins, Aaron and Peter, were featured in a violin trio along with Jennifer. The audience was amazed at the absolutely beautiful sound the trio made. They played unaccompanied by any other instruments because there were no others who could blend with these three. These three had a heavenly sound to them. In contrast, there was always a totally different sound from the other instruments. The three soloists received a standing ovation and had to play an encore.

The teachers and students from other music schools in the area went backstage after the concert. They wanted to ask the conductor where these instruments had come from. He told them that Jennifer had been built by the Junction Musical Instrument Factory and that they had also fixed up the other two violins.

The sweet harmony of the violin section of the college orchestra began to win prizes and soon became famous throughout the musical world, as also did the Junction Musical Instrument Factory.

More and more of the violins learned about ALL. They started digging into their background; into the history of how violins came into being and they learned about the most famous violin itself, the Stradivarius. They debated a lot about what the secret of it's powerful,

but beautiful, mellow tones had been. Had it indeed been the finish that was used on it, as some people thought? Was it the aging of the wood it was made of or, perhaps, its shape, or the shape of its sound holes? Was the secret in the strings themselves?

Actually, it was all of these things and more. Jennifer, of course, knew the answer all along. She just waited for the others to figure it out for themselves. They finally came to realize that it was the spirit of the violin, the thoughts of the violin that allowed the beautiful voice to come out of that instrument. It was a beautiful coming together of all parts that made up the Stradivarius that enabled it to express such beauty.



*"It's no mystery, no mystery at all don't you see?  
Don't you see that all parts must agree?  
It's the spirit of ALL, you will recall,  
That allows it to sound in sweet harmony."*

This series of New Millennium NoteBooks will hopefully further our understanding of things that happened long ago and far away from the time period we are experiencing now. Analogies are used in many places to help with understanding. Teaching through the use of analogies will be the trend of education for the future – AnalogicThought. While contemplating these NoteBooks I hope you will allow yourself to imagine that perhaps I have been given incredible insight into some of the mysteries of the universe. Please allow your mind to expand and wonder “what if” it all took place as being presented.