

The New Millennium NoteBooks

The VibraKids - Part III

Still More VibraKids



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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

ANNIE THE ACCORDION

Annie's first journey out into the big world surrounding the Junction Musical Instrument Factory was to a music store in a small town. The man who owned this store, Felix, had ordered a dozen different sizes and models of accordions. Felix would pack the accordions into his van and travel around to other small towns going door to door selling them. He showed his models to the people, played some of them and gave them a catalog of what was available. If he didn't have the right size or model in the van, he would order it from the factory. Felix was quite successful and even went into the neighboring state to make his sales.

Annie was one of the slightly larger accordions. She was a little too big for small children and not quite large enough for a grown man. She would probably be considered a lady's accordion. Some of the bigger models were too heavy for women to play especially if they had to stand up. Also, she wasn't as attractive as some of the other accordions. She was plain black instead of being some bright pearly color. She didn't have fancy scroll work or glittering buttons, but she did have a pretty sound.



Felix was going around selling these accordions but didn't care whether the people who bought them ever learned to play them or not. He did not want to teach – he only wanted to sell them. For this reason he contacted music teachers in the small towns where he had made several sales and gave them a list of people who had bought accordions.

“Mrs. Jones” he would say, *“Would you consider teaching the accordion? I’ll give you a list of names of people that I’ve sold accordions to in your area and you can offer lessons to them.”*

One teacher he approached, Miss Donna, was a piano teacher. She said, *“Oh, I’ve always wanted to play the accordion. I don’t own one but I think I’ll buy one from you. I want to learn to play it myself before talking to people about teaching it.”* She bought Annie. At the same time she hired an accomplished accordionist and called the people on the list to take lessons from him. She also took lessons from him. Annie was very excited.



*“What a blast, she’d better learn real fast;
Learn real fast, so I can make music at last.
As my bellows go in and out the music will spout,
And I won’t be idle like in the past.”*

Miss Donna did learn quite fast. She played piano and organ in a dance band and also for a little theater group. She began taking Annie on jobs with her and playing her for a few pieces, mostly polkas and sometimes waltzes.

“I LOVE TO PLAY THE POLKAS,” Annie thought. “I LOVE THE EXCITEMENT OF THEM AND I LOVE TO WATCH THE PEOPLE DANCING TO THEM.” The waltzes were slower and were nice, but she really loved playing polkas.

After a time Annie began to be jealous of the organ that Miss Donna moved around to the dances to play. She thought, “I SOUND JUST AS GOOD AS THE ORGAN AND I’M CERTAINLY MUCH SMALLER TO MOVE AROUND.” Annie’s jealousy grew and grew and got to the point where she would deliberately act up when out on a job. She thought to herself, “IF I THINK HARD ENOUGH I CAN MENTALLY INFLUENCE THE CHORD BUTTONS TO STICK. THIS WILL CAUSE A LOUD DRONING SOUND THAT WILL BLOT OUT THE MELODY MISS DONNA IS PLAYING ON THE KEYBOARD. I ALSO KNOW IF I PUT MY MIND TO IT I CAN CAUSE THE KEYS ON THE KEYBOARD TO RISE UP SLIGHTLY HIGHER THAN THEIR NORMAL PLACE. THIS WILL MAKE MISS DONNA’S FINGERS “TRIP” ON THEM AND HIT WRONG NOTES.” Annie laughed to herself gleefully. “I GUESS I’M ACTUALLY USING “BLACK MAGIC,” she thought, proud of herself.



*“But I’m mad! Really mad! I know I’m being bad;
I’m being bad and that makes me feel sad.
I really sound good like polka music should.
If she’d use me more I’d be so glad.”*

Annie was being bad deliberately without realizing what the consequences might be. One consequence she hadn’t foreseen was that Miss Donna would start leaving her at home

instead of taking her on the jobs at all. After all, she could play the polkas on the organ just as well.

For some time Miss Donna played in a band that also had an accordionist in it. The two instruments, the organ and the accordion, didn't blend very well. They were quite similar but also quite different. Because they were so much alike it was unnecessary to have them both in the band. Actually some of the newer organs being made had sounds on them that were like real accordions. Soon the accordionist was dropped from the band, but all the while he was playing with it Annie had to sit at home in the closet.

Miss Donna was asked to play for a musical theater performance. She took Annie with her because there was a place in the play where accordion music was to be heard in the background. Annie was very excited about this. She loved sitting in the orchestra pit and watching the play take place on stage. When it came time for her "solo" she felt useful and that she was helping with the overall success of the play and the enjoyment of the audience. Shows that used accordion music didn't come along very often and before she knew it she was back in the closet and quite lonely again.

One day some people from Switzerland came to the music studio and started their three children on the piano. Annie was disappointed that they didn't choose the accordion. The mother really loved the piano, although the father would have preferred the accordion. Actually, the little boy himself really wanted to learn rock guitar, but the mother insisted that they all start on the piano.

This family had been hired to come to America to run a Swiss Cheese Factory that the Amish people had started in the next town. The Amish were all farmers with milk cows and needed a way to sell their milk. The dairies that purchased milk from other farmers in the area wouldn't buy the Amish farmer's milk because the Amish people couldn't refrigerate it. They didn't use electricity. The cheese factory seemed like a good alternative. The town began holding a "Swiss Cheese Festival" every year and Miss Donna was asked to play music on the stage each year to entertain the crowds.

One year the people running the festival asked her to bring her accordion besides the organ. They wanted to present a special stage show with music similar to that played in Switzerland. They even had one of those real long horns on stage. It was called the Alpenhorn. The show went quite well and everyone loved the music. Annie was in seventh heaven. She really did love to entertain people.

After the first few days on the outdoor stage, Annie began to not feel well. Her bellows wouldn't work as easily as they used to and she started having a fuzzy sound come from her. Miss Donna tried to figure out what was going wrong and finally decided it must be the smoke from the barbecue pit where they were cooking chicken that was causing the trouble. This smoke had been blowing right towards the stage all during the festival and at times it had even made Miss Donna herself feel ill. There were only a few days of the festival left so she thought she would stick it out. Annie didn't sound as well as she should, but the other instruments playing with her helped cover up the fact that she was not up to par.



*"I don't feel right, my bellows feel tight.
My bellows feel tight; I must be quite a sight.
I squeak and squawk; people are starting to talk.
But I'm trying with all of my might."*

On the last day of the festival Miss Donna got dressed up in a brand new pretty blue dress with a big straw hat to keep the sun off from her. She stepped up onto the stage to begin playing and looked out into the audience. There, in the front row for all to see, was another woman with the same dress on. Miss Donna was very upset. She panicked and turned around and walked off the stage. How could she go on with someone she was being paid to entertain standing right there in the very same dress?

Now Annie got upset. After all, it was the very last day and when the festival was over she would be put back in the closet. She couldn't stand the thought of it. She used all her mental abilities to clear the oily barbecue smoke from her bellows and the keyboard and started making sounds without Miss Donna touching the keys. She could do all of this by thought when she concentrated on the powers of the mind. She was almost a "magic" accordion.



*"You look fine, you look fine! Please don't whine;
Please don't whine, just let your light shine.
Clothes fade into the past but your music will last.
You'll see you're going to do fine!"*

When Miss Donna heard the chords coming out of her accordion she was amazed and a little bit frightened. Then Annie used the power of her mind to impress her thoughts on Miss Donna. "WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE DOESN'T MATTER. AFTER ALL, THERE ARE LOTS OF ACCORDIONS THE SAME BLACK COLOR AS ME. THERE'S EVEN ONE ON STAGE WITH US. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE HOW MANY PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE HAVE THE SAME DRESS ON? THEY CAN'T GET THE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OUT OF THE ACCORDION OR THE OTHER INSTRUMENTS THAT YOU CAN."

Annie continued impressing her thoughts on Miss Donna's mind. "IT SIMPLY DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THE OUTSIDE OF YOU LOOKS LIKE AS LONG AS THE INSIDE OF YOU CAN PRODUCE SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC." Miss Donna shook her

head a little like coming out of a daze and stepped back out onto the stage. She stepped to the front and with Annie's help, by mentally overcoming the oil slick that covered her; they played the most gorgeous music that had been played so far for the whole festival.

It was so fantastic that a man in the audience came up to Miss Donna afterwards and gave her his card. He was a television producer from a big city near there and had a show called "Polka Party." The show was on every Sunday and he wanted Miss Donna and her accordion to be on the show each week. Annie was filled with joy. Her dream had come true – she was to be a real entertainer. She would not have to go back to the closet and be stored. She would be taken to a repair shop and cleaned up and fixed up and together she and Miss Donna would make appearances on the show.

Immediately Miss Donna began to fret about what she would wear because she didn't have enough money to buy expensive, clothes that no one watching her would own. Annie had to go back into her prompting mode and convince Miss Donna through thought impression again, that what the outside of a person looked like simply didn't matter.



*"Stop it! Stop it! That doesn't help a bit;
Doesn't help a bit for you to have a fit.
There's two dresses it's true but just one of you.
And your music is grand you must admit."*



Annie had to convince Miss Donna that what really mattered was what was inside the person and how the person was able to bring this out for others to see and hear. A person had to be not only able to do this, but also had to be willing to do this. Perhaps this willingness was even more important than the actual method used to bring out what you feel inside. Many people have this inner beauty but aren't willing to let it show to others.

Annie knew all of this because of originally being part of the mighty organ, "All." Remember that "All" had exploded sending the inner thoughts in the form of musical instruments out into the world to experience. Annie was part of the inner beauty of "All." She knew that even without being in the body of the accordion she was beautiful, but being inside the instrument made it possible for her to express this beauty to everyone. This was why Annie was not concerned about having chosen a plain, black accordion to enter. At the instrument factory, even before she had entered the plain black accordion, she was aware of the inner qualities of that particular accordion. She knew it would make her happier to have a beautiful sound than to have a beautiful body. Annie also knew that someday all these thoughts of different instruments would come together again. At that time they would join into a much more experienced, beautiful and wiser version of the organ than the one that exploded when the lightning hit it.



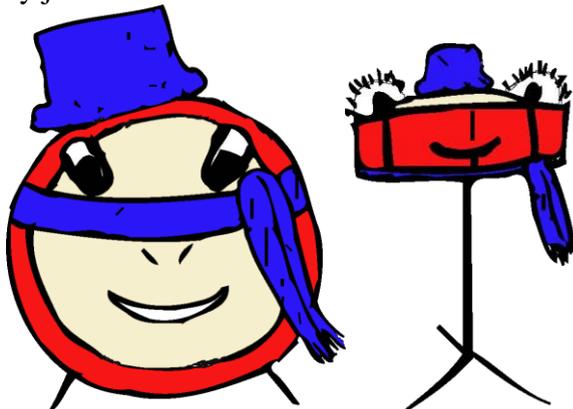
*“Wait for the call! We’ll all have a ball;
We’ll have a ball as back into the organ we crawl.
The heavens will abound with the beautiful sound.
That came from the Mighty Organ ALL.”*

Chapter 2

PAUL AND PAULA, THE PERFECT PAIR

It was midnight in the Junction Musical Instrument Factory. Everything was dark inside the percussion room except for the glow of the street light coming in through the window. There was a row of bass drums directly under the window and a row of snare drums opposite it. Both rows had drums with many different colored finishes on them. In each row there were some that matched up.

Paul and Paula had been friends for a long time. Before “ALL the Almighty Organ” had been struck with lightning they had been side by side in their respective positions in the chimes section of the big organ ALL. After the lightning strike they had stayed together while floating around over the city. They just felt comfortable with each other.



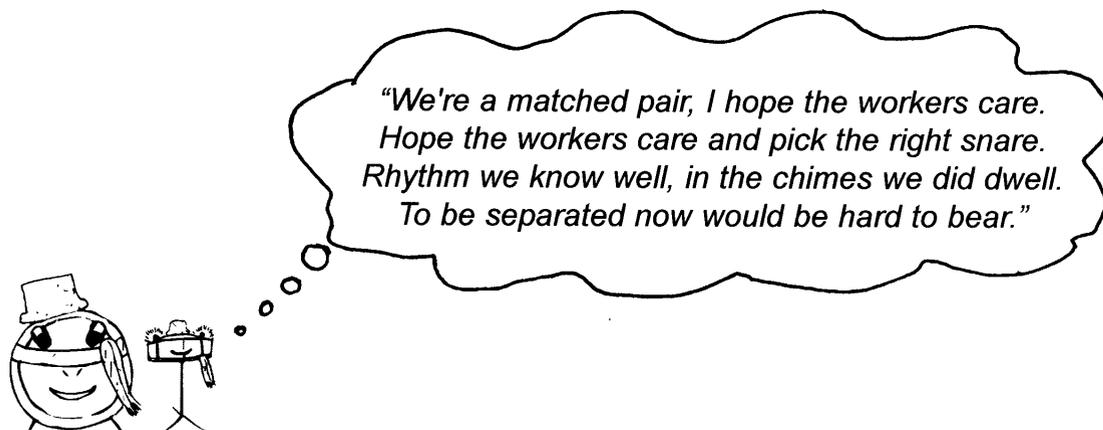
“Why don’t we both enter drums?” Paula asked Paul.

“That sounds like a great idea,” responded Paul. ***“That way we can experience music from that mathematical perspective. I think I like this bass drum with a beautiful red mother-of-pearl finish.”***

“I think I’ll enter a snare drum with exactly the same finish,” said Paula. ***“Maybe we’ll be kept together as a set if we choose matching colors,”*** she said to Paul.

“That would be great,” Paul answered.

Now, in the middle of the night they found themselves directly opposite from each other in the rows of bass and snare drums. They were so close Paula could still communicate with Paul.



Both Paul and Paula had a restless night wondering what tomorrow would bring and whether they would be shipped together as a matched pair to a music store or would be sold separately. When morning dawned at last they were packed into shipping bags with labels attached as to their destination. They managed to get a glance at their shipping labels and realized they were being sent to the same music store in the far away state of Alaska.

“Alaska! What did we do to deserve this?” sighed Paula.

“It’s so bitter cold up there we’ll both have a hard time trying to stay in condition to be played,” uttered Paul.

“Yes, but we’ve got to look on the bright side of it,” Paula answered, ***“at least we’ll be together.”***

“Yeah, we’ll have to keep that in mind on the trip,” said Paul as he was being lifted into the truck. Paula was put in later. The bigger instruments were loaded first with the smaller ones to the front of the truck. For this reason Paula kept being taken out and put back in because she was going the furthestmost distance of any of the snare drums.

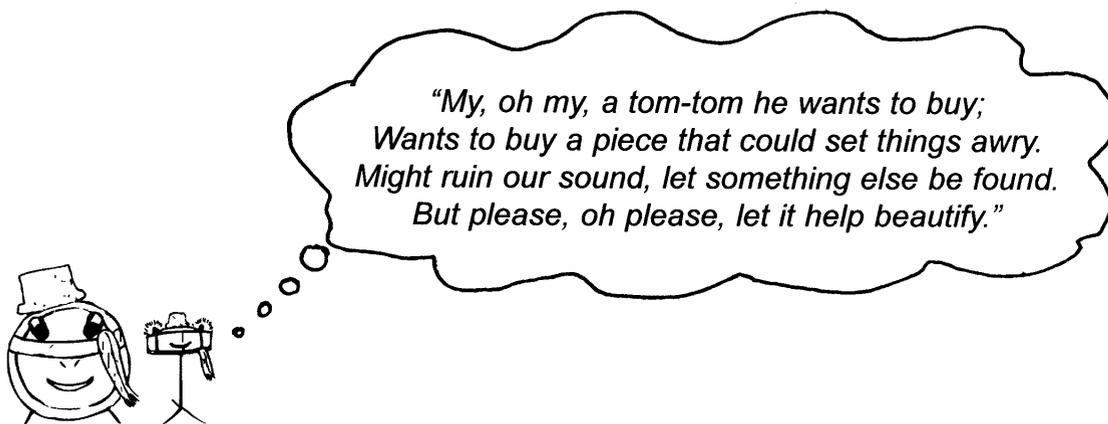
Finally after a long trip by truck and by air they arrived in Alaska and were delivered to the Glacier Music Store. Here they were set up as a pair, with the snare being bolted on to the top of the bass drum. They were put in the display window of the store. Many people stopped to admire them as they passed by.

One day a young man named Jake came into the store and asked if he could try the drum set out. Paul and Paula were taken out of the window; a seat and a pair of drum sticks were located and Jake sat down and started to play. After taking a drum key and making a few adjustments to the tuning he was quite pleased with the sounds he was able to get from the set. He remarked that the two seemed to compliment each other. They fell exactly into the right balance as far as loudness and softness went. They actually were a perfect pair.

Jake made arrangements to buy them right then and there and the next day they were delivered to his house. Being taken out into the freezing temperatures got them out of tune with

each other and Jake had to work at getting them to sound as good as they did in the store. He was becoming concerned that this would be a problem when he started moving them out several times a week to play dance jobs. He experimented with turning the heat off in the room they were in and seeing how long it took to get them right again the next day. It finally got to where it didn't take long at all. Once they had adjusted to the dampness of the climate, the degree of temperature didn't seem to make that much difference. Jake began moving them to jobs several times a week and fell in love with them all over again.

Paul and Paula were very happy with the way things were going. They loved keeping the beat for the music the band played. Then one day they heard Jake call the music store and order a tom-tom in the exact same finish that they had. This upset them for they knew that if the tom-tom didn't have a VibraKid inside it that they would be in trouble.



When the new tom-tom arrived and was added to the top of the bass drum, Jake was very happy. But when he sat down to play with all three pieces he was dismayed. The tom-tom sounded terribly out of place with the other two pieces. He couldn't understand it. It stuck out like a sore thumb as far as its sound went.

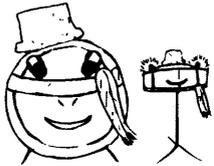
Paul and Paula decided they would have a talk with it.

"Hey, Mr. Tom," Paul said, "You're not the most important part of the drum set you know."

"Yeah," said Paula, "You're actually the least important. You need to keep your place as far as volume and balance and add to and blend with us in harmony."

"Perhaps once in a while you may get a chance for a solo passage," said Paul, "But the rest of the time you will be in a smaller role."

This talk helped. Eventually Jake got the tom-tom tuned better and things started going much smoother. But just as things started going well, there was an accident one night. The band was playing on the second floor of a lodge hall. As Jake was carrying the drums down an outside staircase, he spotted an elk in the alley below. He was so surprised that he lost his balance and slipped sending the tom-tom to the ground below. Jake saved the rest of the set and himself from falling but the tom-tom was a complete loss. Paul and Paula were stunned.



*"What a mess! He must be in great distress;
In great distress, repair would be useless.
He had learned quite fast to serve as contrast.
Have to train a new one the right way to express."*

Jake knew there was no fixing the tom-tom. He threw it in the trash and promptly ordered a new one. When the new tom-tom arrived, it took time to get things working smoothly again. At last it was all working well together.

Then Jake decided to add a cymbal. He needed one to add interest and excitement to his drum playing. He hadn't had the money to buy everything at one time. He waited until he had played enough jobs and added one thing at a time in the order of their importance as far as sounding good in a band.

Jake hadn't had the cymbal too long when he got called to play for a wedding reception. While the band was playing a beautiful slow dance for the bride and groom, the young man thought he'd add some cymbal to the final chorus. As a sort of climax, he wanted just a soft pinging sound as the music was drawing to an end. When he touched the cymbal it bonged quite loudly and spoiled the mood that had been so painstakingly created for the lavish reception. Jake was embarrassed and upset. So were Paula and Paul, the perfect pair.

Paul immediately got on the cymbal about knowing its place in the scheme of things. He told him, *"Even though you're unusual and have a "one of a kind sound" you cannot take over a song like you tried to do."*

"You have to respond to Jake's wishes," Paula chimed in. *"He's the one who orchestrates the performance. You just can't do what you want."* Paul and Paula really laid it on the line to the cymbal.



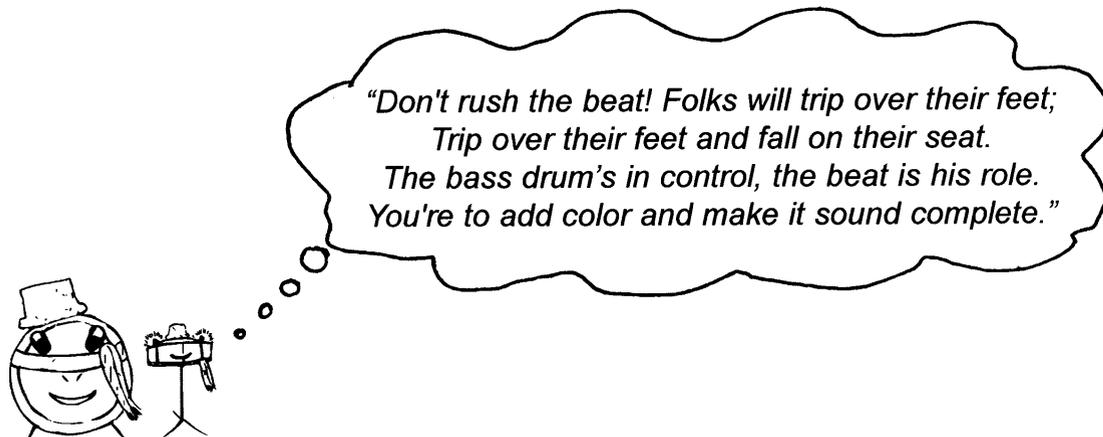
*"How dare you gong like that out of the blue?
Out of the blue, you're just too new!
People's ears rang when you let out that clang.
You'll learn that sounds like that are taboo."*

Jake was able to control the cymbal after that but decided to add a hi-hat cymbal also. The high-hat was operated with his foot and he felt he'd have more control as far as getting the effects he wanted in certain songs. The only problem they had with it wasn't the loudness or softness, it was in tempo. The hi-hat wanted to rush everything. This was in direct opposition to

the beat that Paul set. He never had a bit of trouble with Paula rushing the beat, or the tom-tom or the hand cymbal, but he sure was having trouble with the hi-hat.

Paul told the high-hat, ***“Just like your name, you seem to think you’re better than the other parts of the drum set and you want to be the one to set the beat. This just can’t be.”***

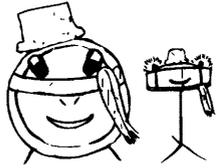
Paula said to him, ***“Even though you have an unusual sound, it’s not your isolated sound that is wanted. We all have to all cooperate as a unit.”***



Things settled down after that until Jake decided he wanted to add a wood block, a triangle and a cow bell. These were really specialty sounds. The wood block didn't give too much of a problem. In fact it was just plain lazy. It didn't have enough volume. When the rest of the band was playing and Jake wanted the sound of the wood block for a special effect, it couldn't be heard over the rest of the music. He finally had to send it back and order a new one that was made of better wood and was more expensive. Jake decided it was worth it because he had no more problems with the wood block. The triangle never gave a moment of trouble. The cow bell was a different story. It was much too loud and also it wouldn't quit reverberating after Jake struck it. He only wanted its sound for one beat, but it would keep ringing sometimes for a whole measure. He also had to return it and order a new one.

Paul and Paula were relaxing one night when Jake was not playing a job and had gone out to a party. They talked about how as each new part of the drum set was added it had to be made to fit in with the rest of the pieces. It had to find its place in the scheme of things.

They noted that although each one's sound was unique and beautiful, if it was heard at the wrong time it brought disharmony and nearly caused chaos. They tried to encourage more of the VibraKids to enter percussion instruments. There were some very difficult lessons to be learned in these situations and once they had learned them their path back to rejoining the big organ ALL would be much easier.



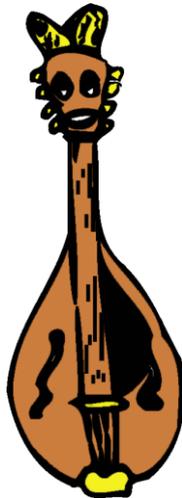
*"Gather 'round and hear what ALL holds dear;
What ALL holds dear is really quite clear.
Know you're unique, but attention don't seek.
Blend with others and harmony will appear."*

Chapter 3

MANDY THE MANDOLIN

As the two little sisters entered the music store their eyes were big and bright. They had an excited expression on their faces. The younger girl Nora was about ten years old and her older sister, Dorothy was twelve. Their mother was with them and they were there to buy a guitar for Dorothy and a mandolin for Nora. The two girls both played the piano quite well and loved bluegrass music. Actually it was called “hillbilly” music in those days. They listened to jamborees on the radio (this was in the days before TV) and learned to sing all the songs that were popular. Now they wanted to be able to accompany themselves on “bluegrass instruments” instead of the piano.

Mandy the Mandolin was also excited. She had been in the music store for almost a year and no one had expressed an interest in her until now. The salesman showed Nora three different mandolins. When she looked at Mandy she fell in love with her. *“I really love this one,”* she said. *“It’s beautiful.”*



The salesman said. *“It’s made out of fruit wood, actually from a pear tree and its finish is absolutely gorgeous.”*

“It has the best sound of the three mandolins too,” Nora said. It was settled. Her mother bought Mandy and Nora could take it home with her that night after her first lesson. She was very happy.



*“Yippee yi ay, yi ay! What a great day!
What a great day, my strings she will play.
I feel that quite soon I'll bring forth a tune.
And make folks want to dance and sway.”*

Nora would get quite upset when anything happened to the mandolin. One time she was wearing a belt with a metal buckle and scratched the back of it. Another time she dropped it on a concrete floor and put a mark on the front of it. Nothing seemed to bother the sounds that came from it but she certainly became much more careful. Nora learned to play quite fast. Both the sisters learned rather fast and it wasn't too long until they were playing and singing for school programs. The two sisters started entering amateur contests and singing around at different places. The girls' uncle also played the mandolin. Actually they had a lot of aunts and uncles who played guitars, banjos, basses and fiddles, etc. One even played the accordion. Their grandmother played the piano and wrote music. So Mandy was introduced to many other instruments, but didn't recognize any of them as being VibraKids.



*“There's so many here and they're all so dear;
All so dear, but not pretty I fear.
They squeak and squall, makes you want to bawl.
They all need some help it's quite clear.”*

Nora who owned Mandy was very shy and quiet. She was inclined to play Mandy in a very timid manner. Her uncle got her to play with him. *“You have a beautiful instrument,”* he said. *“It's a lot better than mine.”* His was a very yellow wood, sometimes referred to as “blonde” wood and was pretty but it truly had a tinny sound. Nora loved the way her uncle played though and tried her best to imitate him.

The family would attend a bluegrass festival in the fall of each year in a nearby state. It was held in the mountains and there were many homemade instruments there. There were also

many that had been built in a factory such as the one where Mandy had been made, the Junction Musical Instrument Factory. While Nora and Dorothy were walking around looking at homemade crafts, including quilts, and trying different snacks, they saw an old man standing by a tree leaning on a cane.

“Look at him,” Dorothy said excitedly. They watched in astonishment as the old man sat down, picked the cane up and began playing music with it. It seems it was a three string dulcimer (most have four strings) that served double duty as a cane.

Nora had been carrying Mandy and Mandy immediately recognized the cane as having a VibraKid in it because of the beautiful tones that came from it. Mandy even knew the Kid inside it. It was Jerry.



*“It looks like a cane the man uses for pain;
Uses for pain but let me explain.
It can make music too and out of the blue
You could hear this beautiful refrain.”*

Mandy and Jerry began talking of their different lives and Jerry said, *“I’m very glad to be able to serve a dual purpose as both a dulcimer and a cane. I think it’s quite sad that you have to spend so much time doing nothing. What a big waste of your talents.”*

Mandy said, *“I agree but I don’t know what can be done about it at this point.”*

Jerry nodded agreement as the man put him down to use as a cane and began to move away through the crowd. Mandy was quite pleased at having seen another of her kind at the festival.

As the years went by, Nora eventually got married and learned to play several other instruments. She learned almost all of the ones that her aunts and uncles played and began to teach lessons on them. Mandy the Mandolin was put in a closet and only taken out when Nora had to teach a lesson on her or when her favorite uncle came to visit and brought his mandolin. As a result, when Nora did try to play Mandy she very unsure of herself and the instrument. For this reason Mandy didn’t make any effort to sound her best. She thought *“WHAT’S THE USE? I’LL JUST BE STUCK BACK IN THE CLOSET AGAIN FOR A LONG TIME.”*



*"I'm sad, really sad, I feel very bad;
I feel very bad, seems I was just a fad.
I could do so much, many people I could touch.
To be useful again would make me glad."*

Nora was asked by her neighbor across the street if she would play the mandolin for her daughter's wedding. The daughter wanted something different from what everyone else used for their weddings. Nora took Mandy out of the closet and set about practicing wedding music for the mandolin. This was the longest period of playing the mandolin that Nora had done since she had been a little girl. She began to realize that she truly did have a beautiful instrument and that it was different – it was unique, in fact. She even became interested in playing classical music on the mandolin and purchased music for mandolin and orchestra.

At this time Nora and her husband undertook a big move across the country to a different state. Mandy was once again packed away. During the process of moving Nora accidentally dropped a TV set on her right arm. It was put in a cast and eventually she had surgery on it.

Ever after this it hurt quite badly when Nora played the mandolin. It didn't hurt on all the other instruments, only the mandolin. The woman determined that it was doing the tremolo that bothered the arm so badly. The basic way of making the sound last longer on the mandolin was through the use of the tremolo. This frustrated Nora and it was a very long stretch of time until she took Mandy out of her case and started playing her again. She had started writing music and was curious to hear how some of it sounded on the mandolin. She started playing Mandy a little at some of the performances she made. Everyone always commented on the quality of sound that came from Mandy. What no one realized at any point was that there was a VibraKid inside Mandy. Mandy blamed herself for no one knowing this although she had never had a real chance to come forward and let herself be known.



*"What a shame! But I've only myself to blame;
Myself to blame, I didn't want fame.
Wanted to work for a cause, not for applause.
To help others was my only aim."*

At about this time Nora herself went through a process of spiritual growth and had an extraordinary event take place in her life. It was a very similar process to a VibraKid entering a musical instrument to give it inner beauty and energy. The very same thing happens to humans also at a certain stage in their growth. When this happened to Nora she overcame her shyness and began to realize that she was a beautiful, unique individual. She also realized that she needed to get out more in the public and let her beauty, goodness and creativity be known. She started performing her own compositions on all the different instruments that she played. She also became a much better singer at this time. There was just more quality in her voice than there had been. In her teaching she began to emphasize the fact that no musical instrument can be played timidly and sound its best. You must be bold when you play. She told the story of Mandy who, as a very rare, excellent sounding mandolin, had never been able to live up to her potential because she, Nora, was very shy when she played her.

Once Nora went through her spiritual rebirth and then took up Mandy and started playing her she was amazed at the sounds that came out of the mandolin. The two went on to become quite famous in the bluegrass field of music. She went into a recording studio and took Mandy to play backup for some of her own songs.

The man who owned the demo recording studio wanted to buy Mandy and offered Nora a fantastic sum of money for her but Nora wouldn't sell her. He couldn't get over Mandy's tone that reproduced so beautifully on tape recordings. The woman had inspired him and he went out and bought a new mandolin for himself but was never satisfied with the quality of tone it produced. Through the years many people offered to buy Mandy from Nora but she always refused to sell her.

Nora took on a few students on the mandolin. One was a ten year old boy named Steve. Steve was highly intelligent. Both his parents were doctors. His father was of Italian descent and his mother of Chinese descent. He was very bright and started taking piano lessons at the beginning. "You know," he said one day to Nora. "I'd really like to play a different instrument than everyone else plays."

Nora said, "I've got a mandolin. Maybe you'd be interested in playing one of them. I'll bring it to the lesson next week and let you hear it." The following week Nora played some songs on the mandolin after Steve's lesson.

"I like it, I like it," Steve said. "That's the instrument I want to play. It will make me stand out from others. I want to be considered different. I don't want to do exactly the same thing as everybody else."

When Nora thought about Steve's attitude she realized that this was the way she had always been also, but could never put it in words. She had always wanted to be different, to express her individuality. Well now she was different and hoped that between her and Mandy they could help Steve achieve his goal.

His parents bought him a mandolin and Nora started to teach him mandolin besides the piano, and at the same time she started to talk to him about spiritual beliefs. "You know Steve," Nora said, "If you would study some of the new teachings on spirituality you could achieve the breakthrough that took place in me. Once this breakthrough happens and the spiritual link is made, you will no longer have to try so hard to be different. You just will be able to express your own individuality. You won't be able to help it. In your case with you being so good at playing the mandolin and if the mandolin has a VibraKid in residence, the combination will be unbeatable," Nora continued.

One thing Mandy determined to keep in mind the next time she had an opportunity to enter a different instrument was to choose one that could serve more than one purpose. So much time was spent in an instrument after entering it that she couldn't stand the thought of wasting time being stored unused in a closet. Mandy thought, "THERE MUST BE A WAY THAT ALL INSTRUMENTS CAN SERVE MORE THAN ONE PURPOSE SO THEY CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY POSSIBLE MOMENT WHILE IN THAT INSTRUMENT. I'M GOING TO DEDICATE MYSELF TO THIS GOAL." Her thoughts continued, "MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT A LOT OF INSTRUMENTS. FOR INSTANCE, THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT A MANDOLIN AND A VIOLIN ARE PLAYED EXACTLY THE SAME WAY AS FAR AS WHERE TO PUT THE FINGERS ON THE STRINGS TO PRODUCE THE NOTES. MAYBE A COURSE IN INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR USAGE SHOULD BE PART OF EACH SCHOOL'S LESSONS SO THAT KIDS CAN LEARN ABOUT THEM AT AN EARLY AGE." The more she thought about this the more determined she became to do what she could to solve the problem. Mandy wanted children to learn not only the difference between the mandolin and the violin, but many other things as well.



*"It's not my twin! Not my twin it's a violin;
It's a violin and held under the chin.
It has more renown but both can play a hoe-down
Our sounds are different but still akin."*

At the same time that Mandy was realizing this Nora was also coming to the same conclusion. Most people don't know the two instruments are identical except that the mandolin is divided with frets and has double strings. Of course, the method of producing sound is different. The violin uses a bow and the mandolin a pick. Actually Nora could play a violin by simply studying bowing techniques, due to the fact that she already knew where to place her fingers to get the notes.

She felt that perhaps she should write a course on the different instruments and their uses and methods of playing them. She wanted to tie this in with people and compare humans to instruments as far as expressing their inner beauty. Mandy had the Mighty Organ ALL to thank for her insight. The woman had her own equivalent of the Mighty Organ ALL to thank for hers.

Chapter 4

OLIVER THE ELECTRONIC ORGAN

Oliver wanted very much to be just like ALL, the Almighty Organ. He even took the name Oliver because the first syllable of Oliver, “Ol,” sounded like “ALL.” He thought this would inspire him to the musical heights that ALL had attained.





*"How perfect, it's one way to connect;
One way to connect and show my respect.
ALL was so great, too bad about his fate.
The memory of his sound I want to protect."*

At this time Oliver was still floating around above the city where the Junction Musical Instrument Factory was located. They did not make electronic organs at this factory and by this time Oliver had decided that this new-fangled organ was the instrument for him.

Oliver wanted to be like the Almighty Organ ALL but what he didn't realize was that ALL was built and operated on all natural ingredients. There was no electricity in ALL until after the lightning had struck him.

The organ Oliver wanted to enter was not based on natural ingredients. It was based on electricity. All the sounds were electronically produced and were not true reproductions of the various instruments. Oliver could enter an organ like this because he was one of ALL'S thoughts after the lightning strike.

Oliver had to move on to the large city in the next state where they did build electronic organs. He discovered that there was a plan at the Lake Organ Factory to build the biggest, best electronic organ there ever was to sound just like a real pipe organ. This was at the beginning of the popularity of electronic organs.



*"I'll wait, I'll wait, there's no debate;
There's no debate here's where I'll locate.
This organ will be grand, respect it will command.
I'll have a chance to be ALL'S helpmate."*

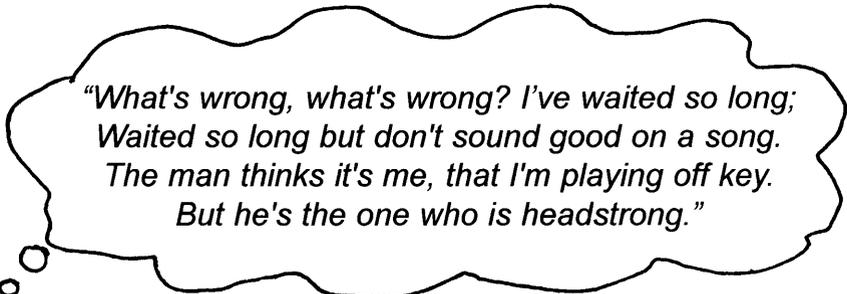
Oliver hung around the Lake Organ Factory watching while the plans were drawn up and the organ was being built. He had made up his mind. This was the only organ he had any desire to enter. It was to be installed in a famous church. Oliver immediately made plans to enter the organ when it was finished.

The great day soon came when the organ left the factory and was shipped to the church. Oliver was overcome with joy. He entered the organ before it was put on the truck and could

hardly contain himself until it was installed in the auditorium of the church. Everyone was there that day, the minister, Pastor James, the organist (a man who had never played an electronic organ), the choir director, the church secretary, even the janitor and a lot of parishioners.

When the workers were finished and had plugged the organ into the electrical outlet, the organist sat down and began to try out the different sounds the organ could make. He wasn't very happy with the quality of some of the sounds. This man was a fantastic musician. He had won a scholarship to a prestigious university right out of high school. He gained a certain amount of fame and even had a weekly radio show for a half hour on Sundays. His music was always performed on a pipe organ and this electronic one just didn't have the same sounds. There was nothing he could do to make any of it sound better.

Oliver was not happy either. He certainly wasn't satisfied with the "fake" sounding flutes and horns that came from the instrument, but he was stuck in this instrument and knew that he had to make the best of it. He spent a lot of his idle time thinking about what he could remember about the mighty organ ALL. He even called on some of the other VibraKids who were not yet in instruments to tell him what they remembered about ALL.



*"What's wrong, what's wrong? I've waited so long;
Waited so long but don't sound good on a song.
The man thinks it's me, that I'm playing off key.
But he's the one who is headstrong."*



Throughout the years Oliver never stopped trying to sound like ALL the Almighty Organ. He would change stops after the organist had set them, trying to come up with a better sound. The organist would call the repair man because the organ wouldn't hold the settings that he applied. This went on for several years.

Finally the organist quit in disgust and the church had to advertise for a new organist. Each one they interviewed was given a period of time to try out the organ before playing an audition for the church committee that was to hire the new organist. Of the first ten who tried the organ out only three went on to give an audition. None of them were satisfactory. The church continued to hold their meetings using a piano for the musical aspects of the service.

One day an older man named Herbert stopped by the church just to meditate on some troubles he was having in his life. His health was not good and he had been given the news that he had just a few years left to live. He was quite depressed. He ended up talking to Pastor James who showed him around the church. When they came to the organ Herbert's eyes lit up.

"Can I try it out?" he asked Pastor James.

Pastor James said, *"Yes, or course. I'll show you how to turn it on and off and then leave you alone with it for awhile."* Pastor James went back to his office thinking that if he left Herbert for about a half hour it might make him forget his problems for a while. He went back to his office, sat down and immediately stood up again from his desk in astonishment at the sounds that began to come from the auditorium. They were absolutely heavenly sounding. He rushed back to the auditorium and found others who were in the church at that time also hurrying to the doors of the auditorium to see what was happening.

Herbert was playing his heart out. He had his eyes closed but the tears were running down his cheeks. His feet were flying across the pedals and his hands were pushing stops on the four different keyboards. It was astounding. Herbert was so devastated at the news that his doctor had given him that he was playing with all his heart and soul in denial of the medical prediction. He didn't realize the effect he was having on the people listening. He just knew that he had to pour out the pain in his heart.

Oliver sensed that there was a spiritual closeness between Herbert and the Almighty Organ ALL that he so loved. He adjusted the sounds right and left as the man tried all the buttons. This actually gave Oliver a chance to put forth some sounds that the previous organist wouldn't let him do. The last organist had kept him under such tight control that Oliver never had a chance to show what he was capable of. He hadn't been given that freedom. Now he was being given the opportunity due to Herbert's curiosity.



*"This man's good, plays like he should;
Plays like he should, at last I'm understood."
The chords rang out, Oliver wanted to shout.
As he gave it the best sound he could.*

Herbert stopped playing after about forty-five minutes and just sat there with tears of joy still coming from his eyes. The minister immediately went down the aisle and up to the organ.

"Are you okay?" he asked Herbert. Herbert assured him he was.

"I haven't played for fifteen years. The last time I played it had been a pipe organ. What kind of organ is this? How can it produce such true to life sounds?" Herbert asked.

The minister responded, *"How did you get those beautiful sounds from this organ?"*

Herbert and Pastor James spent the rest of the day discussing what had just happened. It seemed as though a miracle had taken place. The church had been on the verge of selling the organ because they could find no one to play it. The man had given up on life and was preparing to die when he found a place for himself as the organist for the church. Oliver was the happiest of all. He had finally been able to prove that the Almighty Organ ALL could be emulated with the newest invention of electronics. The ever pervading goodness of ALL would always be available to be emulated no matter what the newest and latest technology was. ALL had been built to be able to adapt to anything new and innovative. It seems the newer and more creative the technology, the more ALL loved it and provided ways for everyone to adapt to it.

There was only one provision though. Every instrument that wanted to be part of new technology had to have a VibraKid enter it. In the same manner, each person that wanted to adapt to new technology had to have the equivalent of a VibraKid within them. The electrical spark in a musical instrument will latch on to and heal the body of the human who has an electrical spark of the Creator within it. For this reason the old man Herbert who entered the church that day lived far beyond his estimated time of three years. The music coming from Oliver connected with the spiritual spark within Herbert and due to hearing the music each day Herbert was healed.



*"I'm truly happy, I feel quite free;
Feel quite free to demonstrate my vitality.
The old man is so wise, we truly harmonize.
Our spiritual and musical goals do agree.*

Herbert lived another twenty years before passing out of the picture. Meanwhile he was appointed Minister of Music at the church. He proceeded to teach many others about music, the power of the organ, the combination of the different stops and how to use the feet, hands and eyes in combination. He also taught them about spiritual values that mattered in this world. He taught them that new technology can be better than the original technology. He truly was a Minister of Music. He went on to instruct many in the healing powers of music not only for their physical bodies but also their emotional, mental and spiritual bodies as well. Oliver served the old man well in his Ministry of Music, thereby achieving his own goal of wanting to build a new Almighty Organ ALL.

Oliver put out the word to all the VibraKids he could find to come and be part of this new electronic organ. He told them that when they all gathered back into it, it would sound every bit as good as the Almighty Organ ALL. Those who were not stuck in bodies of other musical instruments started gathering in. The ones who were in bodies would come into the new organ when they could no longer go on in the bodies they had.



*"When old friends meet and each other they greet;
Each other they greet, the music will be sweet.
As each VibraKid takes their place under the lid.
The Almighty Organ ALL will be complete."*

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.