



Rogich Middle School student Hannah Colarusso and Orchestra Director/Department Coordinator Barbara James.

Essay #101

Hannah Colarusso
Sig Rogich MS
Las Vegas, NV 89138

The Irreplaceable Gift

When I first heard Ms. James play her violin so gracefully and flawlessly, I was inspired by her sense of musicality. She bowed the notes perfectly, and each note tied into the next as if it were a river gliding steadily along each curve and bend, not making a single stop until the end. When she finished, I thought to myself that one day, I too would be playing that same music proudly and confidently to an audience of thousands.

Whenever my teacher picks up her bow, and positions her violin to play, I look and see how I could make myself more like her. I suck in each piece of music like a sponge, not wanting to forget the beauty of the sound that fills the room. She teaches me so I can understand things as a true musician should, not asking for perfection, but only my strongest of efforts.

Everyday, I notice a progression in my musical development, however small, and I know that one day people will compare me to excellence. I know that one day I will be performing to my furthest limits, sitting first chair in a famous orchestra, my posture like an arrow, and my bow knitting a quilt of music. Deep in my heart, I will remember my very first orchestra teacher, and know that without her, my talent would not have been fulfilled.

Without Ms. James, I would not have experienced the true virtue of music. Music was the lost puzzle piece to my heart, and Ms. James helped to find it, and secured it into its proper place. Because of her, my love for music expanded beyond my expectations. She encourages me to practice as often as I can, and that is what I do every day. I pick up my bow, and position my violin to play my music.

I don't think that anything in this world could destroy my passion for music and the violin. Ms. James has definitely influenced me in many ways. I appreciate her everyday, and would never trade her for another orchestra teacher. I feel so blessed even having been able to be given the opportunity to participate in my school's orchestra. Still, when she rosins her bow, and places her instrument on her shoulder, I fall willingly into the spell of the music.

Music seems like it's a story without words, and a song with no lyrics. Sometimes, I almost want to jump into the music and dance with the beautiful notes. I cannot even explain in words how much I am thankful for Ms. James, and I will always thank her for giving me the irreplaceable gift of music.