clancys CLICHÉS



It's hard being a pianist. Try getting all four paws playing at the same time. Sometimes each one plays 4 or 5



notes ALL - AT - THE - SAME - TIME! Oh, my! Each digit playing is like a different instrument in a symphony. The left hand pinky, the tiniest of all fingers, might play all the big deep bass Bohmmm-ba-duhmp-buhmp! The notes. heavy thumbs have to make sure they don't play too loudly. And those silly ring fingers? They have a mind of their own but play an

important role. Other fingers join in to create a color all their own, too. The beautiful thing? How each balanced and controlled sound works with the others in creating an exquisite harmony - as long as the piano is in tune, of course.

Starting with a blank palette, we each enter the stage as different instruments in the fabric of life's harmony. The first sounds blurt out as cacophonous announcements individualism. A "here I am. Listen to me," proclamation. The myriad colors of statements protruding from instruments can appear ugly at first since they're so different. Yet, when we make the attempt to get



accustomed to them, we hear the beautiful message in each. Little by little, recognition and appreciation surfaces. What if ...? What if I...? What if we...? Harmony happily happens once we open our way of thinking and accept the different instruments in life's composition.



Of course, it takes continued practice. Ask any musician. Even Glenn Gould, Prince, and Schroeder always practiced. Listening, sharing, balancing, reflecting, whispering, hopping, breathing, and so many more elements must join together. It can be challenging at times, but the end result? Life's glorious symphony full of heart and love. Bravissimo!

Howlin's hootn'; Growlin's not gooten! - Clancy





Clancy's Cackles

He was a fire-quacker!

What protests did dogs hold in 1773?

The Boston Rea Party!

Who is a dog's favorite Founding Father?

Bone Franklin!

Which colonists told the worst jokes?

Punsylvanian!

