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Thanks For the Lessons

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Thanks For the Lessons

By Mary Ann Brookman Rosenbalm



Artwork by Marc Williams

She sits in her chair next to the piano bench, leaning over a little, her hand on the piano tapping—counting.

She's teaching. She's teaching me to play the piano as perfectly as I can.

At the time I thought that was all. "Do it again, Mary Ann." "You need to memorize this piece." "No, No. Your rhythm is off." "First, practice these scales." "Clip those fingernails, please."

It's been years since those weekly lessons, And I see clearly so much more she gave me. She didn't just teach my hands—my fingers; she taught all of me.



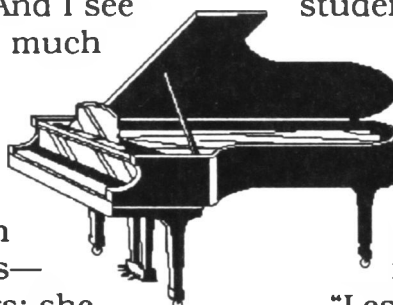
My mind—"You're in control of what you do." My character—"Work hard and do your very best." My patience—"It takes

hard work to be good." My attitude—"No can'ts, nervousness, or luck." My heart—"Always love and appreciate good music."



Teaching. Teaching the only way she knows how. As if her every student will become

a concert pianist. Thank you, Mrs. Nichols; Thank you for the "Lessons."



Even now She sits in her chair, Next to the piano bench. And I think of her often. *

(MARY ANN BROOKMAN ROSENBALM, former piano student and resident of Clinton, is a public-school teacher in Edmond.)