



The Noble Architect Foundation

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Conversations with My Daughter “What is predictable dad?”

Tuesday September 26th, 2006
Driving home after school activity

T: Dad, was anyone else like Beethoven and Mozart (pauses) oh and Chopin?

Dad: Yes, tens and tens of them. No one as capable and talented as Beethoven; But, yes many.

T: Tens?

Dad: Tens, maybe even more.

T: Who?

Dad: Handel, Vivaldi, Tchaikovsky.

T: (Interrupts) Oh I know Tchaikovsky – Nutcracker!

Dad: Yes "**The Nutcracker**". And, Bach, Mendelson, Brahms; let's see, Hayden, - and one of my favorites Sibelius – and many more...

T: I know Bach too daddy. He is in my computer. You know Starfall.com.

Dad: I know you do honey.

T: Beethoven is my favorite.

Dad: He is my favorite too.

T: Dad, why you don't like Mozart?

Dad: Who said I don't like Mozart.

T: You told Miss "L" he is predictable.

Dad: Do you know what predictable means?

T: Nope.

Dad: Nope? First of all, I said his music is predictable, not him. And, secondly, who said you can listen to other people's conversations?

T: She's my teacher.

Dad: That she is. See, when you hear bits and pieces when other people talk and you are not part of a conversation you get puzzled.

T: And, she was mad at you.

Dad: No she was not. I did say that I admired his music genius.

T: But she said you should not talk about Mozart that way.

Dad: She said "she would not talk about Mozart like that". I think she loves Mozart; that's all.

T: What is predictable dad?

Dad: Something you can predict is predictable. It is something you can guess. It's something you know. Let's see. Look at that green traffic light. Soon it will turn yellow and then red. Everyone knows that it will happen. We know what that light is going to do. That light is predictable.

T: Mozart is like that?

Dad: You should listen to his music and decide for yourself. I think I was out of line to talk about Mozart like that. He was a genius. He composed music when he was five years old.

T: Dad, tell me that story about Beethoven when he was deaf.

Dad: Again?

T: Please, Please. Please dad?

Dad: Well, Beethoven lost his hearing and at some point in his life he became completely deaf. To hear his music he cut the legs of his piano and tried to listen to the notes by pressing his ears against the floor.

T: Wow. I love Beethoven.

Dad: He lived around the same time as Mozart - and, Hayden too.

T: Dad I wish I could play "Ode To Joy" now.

Dad: Wait honey. There is no rush. The future is all yours. Don't rush.

T: Can we listen to it dad?

Dad: Sure we can.



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T: Can you press the repeat button?
Dad: I sure can.
