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From Mozart to Madonna: I Believe In Music

Katie Hicke
kah034@bucknell.edu

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From Mozart to Madonna: I Believe In Music

I believe in music. I believe in the power of music to heal, to transform, to transcend, to awe. But mostly, I believe in the power of music to unite.

As I write this, I am sitting in my bed in my new dorm room. I moved in today, and as my parents unpacked my things and bade me farewell, I felt a great emptiness at saying goodbye to those who had nurtured me for all these years. After matriculation and an orientation activity, I found a fellow hallmate and walked back to the dorm with him. Once there, I rounded up as many people on my floor as possible and forced them to attend the "Rock Around the Block" event with me as "hall bonding time." One boy chose to stay behind; the rest of us ventured forth to see what the night would hold. We had no idea what music would be played, how big the bands would be, or even where we were going. But we were united by the hope that we might be on a path to something wonderful.

The first place we went was awful. As we trekked back to the dorm in disappointment, the sounds of rock music filled the air. Following our ears, we found a band set up in front of McDonnell Hall, playing on a truck flat bed under the open night sky. My hallmates and I simply stood and watched for a while, until one suddenly said to me, "You aren't dancing! You're not even swaying!" I am not a person who enjoys being called out on something, so I grabbed his hand and the hand of the boy next to him, and pulled them with me to the inside of a crowd of dancing people. Although they may not realize it, I felt like I was pulling them, and myself, into some great unknown. For a moment in time, it didn't matter where we came from, when we had met, or even what we were like. For that moment, we were simply caught up in the music, spinning each other around, laughing, dancing like fools. And we loved every second of it. For those minutes, music united us under the starry sky, and the emptiness I had felt when my parents left was gone. We were now bonded, perhaps not yet by friendship, but forever by music.

I now know that this is where I belong, and when I feel homesick, I will remember dancing on my first night with my new companions. I do not know where college, or life, will take me. But I always know that music will be in my heart and mind wherever I may go.