



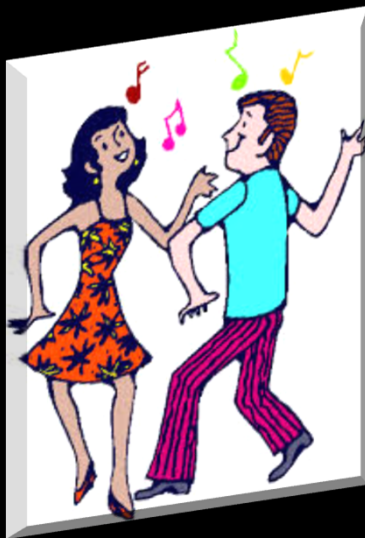
MUSIC MATTERS

The Foster Home Series

By ThinkJP.Com

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One of the fun things I always did with the foster people whenever Jack was out of town was play loud music and dance with them. They LOVED it! A couple of my guys were actually very good dancers. I have always enjoyed dancing myself, so we had ourselves a good party.



I will never forget the time I escorted one of my foster guys and his date to a special dance that was sponsored for the mentally challenged. It was a formal affair and my guy looked very handsome in his white suit and baby blue shirt. He had beautiful blue eyes and the color of the shirt really accentuated their brilliance that night.



He stayed on the dance floor and danced every single dance, even though his date grew tired and had to rest through a few. He didn't care *who* he danced with; he was just enjoying every minute of the party.

He led the entire group when the YMCA song came on. I was quite proud of my young man for how nice he looked and how well mannered he was throughout the night.

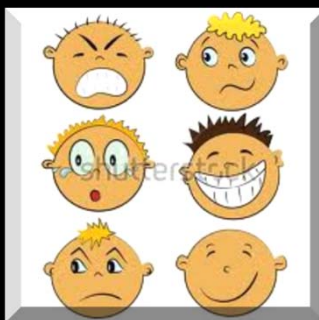


All of our folks loved music and dancing, even Johnny, our most severely impaired. Of course we had varying tastes in our selections, but it seemed that the one genre we all agreed on was "Today's Country".



One particular female vocalist seemed to be Johnny's favorite. Whenever his favorite song of hers came on, he would furrow his brows and make a crying like noise. While he liked most of her music, that particular song really tapped into his emotions.

Johnny sat through all of our practice sessions for J & P Ministries and was often our toughest critic. When trying new music, Johnny would communicate through his emotions and attentiveness the degree to which he either liked or disliked our selections.



We soon learned that if he was "touched" by a song, it would be a winner with our audiences as well. There was *never* a song that Johnny didn't "really like", judging by his emotions, that wasn't also popular with our listeners

It was a special gift he had, and of course he *loved* being included. He also *loved* to attend our concerts and would clap and sway to the music he liked. He was positively our most faithful fan.



Johnny's favorite country singer finally came to Grand Rapids, Michigan shortly after he died. We had always promised Johnny that we would take him to her concert if she ever came near us. I guess for some reason, it just wasn't meant to be. We invited a couple of friends to go with us and enjoyed great seats, and a really nice time, even though the sound wasn't all that great.



Being a certified Audio Technician for many years, Jack felt impressed to call this singer's Stage Manager the following Monday morning. He saw and heard something unusual and wanted to mention it, thinking it might help to improve her sound quality.

The secretary told Jack that the Sound Techs were in a meeting discussing that very sound problem from the concert that exact minute. She put him on hold to see if they wanted to speak with him right then.



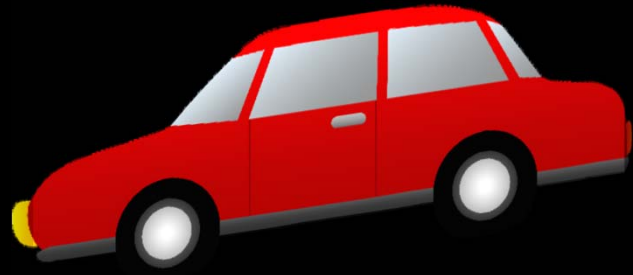
The next voice he heard was not that of the sound tech, but of Reba herself, the very famous country singer. They had him on the speakerphone and were very interested in hearing his suggestions.



After discussing the sound issues for a while, he had the opportunity to share with them some of our religious beliefs regarding the Sabbath, and how hard it was for us to get decent tickets because the tickets were on sale only during the Sabbath hours.



He also had the opportunity to tell Reba about Johnny and how much he *loved* her music. She was very touched, and promised to see that we had some of the best seats in the house the next time she was in our area.



Jack could hardly believe that he was having a conversation with such a popular musician on a cell phone. He actually pulled off the road so he could give his undivided attention to the conversation.

We never really know why we are given the opportunities we are, but we do know that we are counseled to always be ready to share our personal testimony with others. God has been so good to us and it would be wise for us all to count our many blessings each day.





The End