

# THE BLUE LAKE SYMPHONY

By Cindy Taft

There once was a little tree frog named Frankie. He lived with his family in a beautiful old oak tree near Blue Lake. Frankie loved music. It was everywhere he went. It was the wind rustling the leaves. It was water splashing over rocks in the bubbling stream. It was birds chirping in the trees. Music was playing all around him and sometimes he felt he was going to explode with all the beautiful melodies playing inside him.

Frankie's dad was the lead tenor in the tree frog choir. He had a wonderful voice and Frankie longed to sing just like him. Auditions were being held for new choir members. Jonah, Frankie's best friend who played in the cricket orchestra, cheered him on. "Go for it," he told Frankie. "We have all heard you humming tunes day and night since you were a tadpole. It is time to let the music come out." Frankie decided to try.

Day after day Frankie practiced in the meadow. Finally the day came for the auditions. Everyone gathered around the stage, a large tree stump surrounded by delicate ferns. Frankie sat and listened as one by one, tree frogs auditioned for Mr. Bogg, the choir director. Beautiful voices filled the air. Soon it was Frankie's turn to perform, but sadly, Frankie couldn't sing – not a single note. The only sounds he made were loud, off-key croaks.

When the auditions were over, Mr. Bogg announced the new choir members. Frankie's name was not one of them. Jonah saw the sadness in Frankie's face. He hopped over to his friend and they slowly made their way back to the old oak tree.

The next day, Mr. Bogg found Frankie sitting quietly by the lake. "Hi Frankie," he said. "May I speak with you a minute?"

"I guess so," replied Frankie.

Mr. Bogg settled down next to Frankie in the cool grass. "Frankie, the choir and orchestra will be having a concert in a couple of months. I know how much music means to you. Singing is not where your talent lies, but you have grown up with music and I believe you are just the frog who can compose a new song for us."

Frankie had never thought about writing music. Would he be able to put words and melody together to create a song?

Mr. Bogg looked into Frankie's bright eyes. "The music is just waiting there inside you, Frankie. I know you can do this. Jonah has faith in you and so do I. The question is, do you have faith in yourself?"

Frankie thought a moment. With the support of his friends, he knew he could do anything if he tried.

“Yes,” Frankie said. “I can do it!”

The next day, Jonah helped Frankie collect the things he needed to write his “symphony.” Frankie had an old blue jay feather that would make a nice pen. Next, they picked blueberries to make some ink. Finally, Frankie gathered some white water lily petals from the lake for paper. Now he was ready.

Ever since he was a little frog, a willow branch stretching out over Blue Lake had been his special place. Many days he had seen the sun come up and the stars come out while sitting above the sparkling water. This is where Frankie was inspired. He closed his eyes and listened with his heart . . .

It's a peaceful morning on Blue Lake  
As the sun shines bright above  
All around me life is singing  
This is the home I love

Honey bees are buzzing on clover  
Nature is singing her song  
A whistling breeze blows through the trees  
Blue Lake is where I belong

Like a spring the words and music came flowing. Frankie quickly wrote everything down. Soon his *Blue Lake Symphony* was complete. He gathered up the lily petals and hopped off quickly to find Jonah and Mr. Bogg at choir and orchestra practice. Mr. Bogg looked over the music while Frankie waited patiently.

“This is excellent, Frankie,” said Mr. Bogg. “We are going to learn this right now.” Mr. Bogg handed out the parts to the musicians and singers. Soon, enchanting music was floating in the air. Jonah smiled as he saw the joy on Frankie’s face.

Finally, the evening for the big concert arrived. Frankie’s symphony was an inspiration to everyone. With the faith of his friends and faith in himself, Frankie had found a way to let his love of music show. As the melody faded, Frankie once again gathered his pen, ink and petals. Happily, he hopped back to his willow branch. A new symphony was waiting to be born.

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