LISA MANN

I have always been proud of my birthmark. Strange as it may seem, this stallion stripe that runs down my forehead is a loud and clear message—I am my father's daughter. My father, whose stripe is a soft decoration to a wise and handsome face, is a man of no uncertain stature. He is mesmerizing in the intensity of his passion, his expressiveness, his sensitivity to nuance. He is a man whose dedication to the art of music is nothing short of magic, and to be his daughter, well, that has been magic too.

Even as a child I knew my childhood was special. My early memories are indelibly linked to music, to travel, and, of course, to my parents and brother. My mother's wit and flair, my father's expressive intelligence and passion, the adventures of chamber music travels, these are the fabric of my early life and I wouldn't trade it for anything. I will leave to others the observations of my father's musical brilliance. For my part, I want to celebrate the vibrancy of his life as a father, a role model, and a mentor. My dad lives large in everything he does. As his daughter I saw and felt this every day, and still do. I know I'm not the only one who cried during practice sessions with my father—much to his consternation and regret—and the intensity of his focus is renowned. And yet, his capacity to love and cherish is renowned as well. Throughout my childhood there was no greater comfort than to be hugged by my dad. At those moments all seemed possible. To have Bobby Mann on your side is, well, to feel believed in and nourished.

I have always been, truth be told, a bit of an odd man out in my family: the listener not the player, the appreciative audience and not the performer. And yet the lessons of my father have been absorbed none the less. I am a chamber music player on a different stage, someone attuned to dialogue and process, to the nuance of give and take. My father's passionate involvement in the art he loves has defined how I view life and pursuit of happiness: do what you do to the utmost and spare nothing. Bobby Mann, the musician, the mentor, the father has lived by that credo his entire life. As a member of the audience I want to say how much I stand in awe of the authenticity of everything he does and feels. As his daughter I simply want to say, "I love you Dad."

