NICHOLAS MANN

Dearest Dad,

I have always been asked the questions, “Isn’t it hard having such a famous father?,” “Do you really want to be a violinist?,” “Aren’t you worried about all the comparisons to your father?”

My Answer to everyone:

“Just the opposite, I would not change places with anyone. What a gift to have lived with, learned from and shared so much with my father.”

My life, my values and my love of music are indelibly connected to my relationship with you.

What an experience to live up close to such passion; a passion not just for music, but for all of life.

How lucky to have shared with you not only your insights into late Beethoven but also the mountain passes of Colorado, and all the small moments that make life so rich.

What an education to watch your unending search for meaning within and beyond the printed notes.

How inspiring to see your committed musical involvement and values unwavering throughout each and every minute of the day, year after year.

What a joy to make music with you; to be part of your poetry of sound.

How comforting to know that from day one, I have had your complete support as I found my own life in music.

What was that question about having a famous father?

I don’t see the ‘famous’.

I see the father I treasure within my heart.

Love,

