

Adrya Sanchez began studying the cello with George when she joined Project STEP in 1997 as a first-grade student.

Remembrances of George R. Seaman, by Adrya Sanchez

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When I started the first grade, I had my first lesson with George Seaman at his house. When I got there, I was scared and worried that something would go wrong. After I unpacked my cello, we went into a small room with two chairs, a desk, and a cabinet full to the top of music. It's like he used magic to make me feel more comfortable and less scared after my lesson.

Mr. Seaman encouraged me a lot. He told me stories about when he was learning the cello and told me stories about his past students. He taught me in a way that made me want to listen and learn. Sometimes he spoke Spanish during my lesson. He spoke Spanish better than I did! It was always fun to talk to him in Spanish. He showed me that playing the cello can be fun.

As the time passed, I learned his routine very well. The first thing he would ask me when I got into the lesson room was, "Do you have your notebook?" I felt so lucky to have him as a teacher because he was very patient with me even when he had to repeat the same thing to me at every lesson. I think he probably said to me "tilt your bow" and "play closer to the bridge", about a million times! It made me feel good that he wouldn't get mad!

A lot of the pieces he assigned me were the pieces he played when he was a student. In our lessons, he would always smile. He made it look easy to play the cello because he played so well. He was a great teacher!

If there was one word I could use to describe Mr. Seaman, it would be kind. He was always kind to me, whether I did good or bad in my lesson. Mr. Seaman always wanted me to do good, but most of all, he wanted me to enjoy playing the cello.

When I learned that Mr. Seaman had cancer, I was so scared that something bad would happen. I couldn't believe it. Every day I prayed that he would get better, and I figured that no person as kind as him would die.

On March 25, 2003, I found out he died. I felt like I was about to crumble into a million pieces. I was so sad that it happened and I wish it never did! I thought that it was unfair that a person as kind as him had to die. Now, I understand that it doesn't have anything to do with what is fair. It can happen to anyone. After I found out, I didn't feel like looking at my cello anymore, but I knew that he would want me to continue to learn.

Now, I am still learning the cello. I remember him every day. I will always remember what he taught me, and I will have his memory in my heart!