

San Francisco School Alumni Reminisce

Collected by Amanda Hahn

So many of us have been part of levels courses, workshops, and master classes with Doug Goodkin and Sofia Lopez-Ibór, inspired by their wisdom and warmed by their joy of teaching. We've heard Doug's thoughtful lectures and Sofia's beautiful singing. We've enjoyed their books as important references for our music classrooms. Some of us have even been lucky enough to hear the CDs or attend concerts and demonstrations of their students.

As we think about our morning with Sofia and Doug, let us see what a few recent graduates from their San Francisco School would like to share with us about these beloved teachers.

Hoping they would enjoy being reflective, as they enter into their high school career, I asked them what they are glad to take with them, thanks to Doug and Sofia.

Katie: "Music is for fun, for cheer. Not to be really serious about and to frown over the one missed note for months. To spread joy and to bring people together; to have fun with it."

Selena: "I know I'll always feel comfortable in a music room... I'll have no problem joining right in."

Songs or pieces they learned that they just can't get out of their head?

Gina: "I remember La Rotta [Anon., 14th c.] which Sofia taught to us and I like it a LOT because it's really fast, but it's complicated and I can't believe I learned it."

Adrienne said she remembers Everybody Loves Saturday Night, especially having just heard it again while babysitting this summer. The little boy she was watching had an interactive globe, which, when you press on a country, plays local music from that region: "He hit a country in Africa and that song came out and we sang it together. It really made me miss [the San Francisco] School and the music... while at the time [we first learned it], it was just another song."

A beautiful memory from Selena:

I'll never forget the last music class, right before graduation. You could just feel the years of skill we had gathered from all the music classes flowing through our hands as we played a percussion piece together. For that one moment, I felt as if the world ljaround us had stopped, and only my classmates and I were able to move. We controlled the earth. Our power was the music.