

## *Sunday Morning<sup>1</sup> (59) Playing with a Needle*

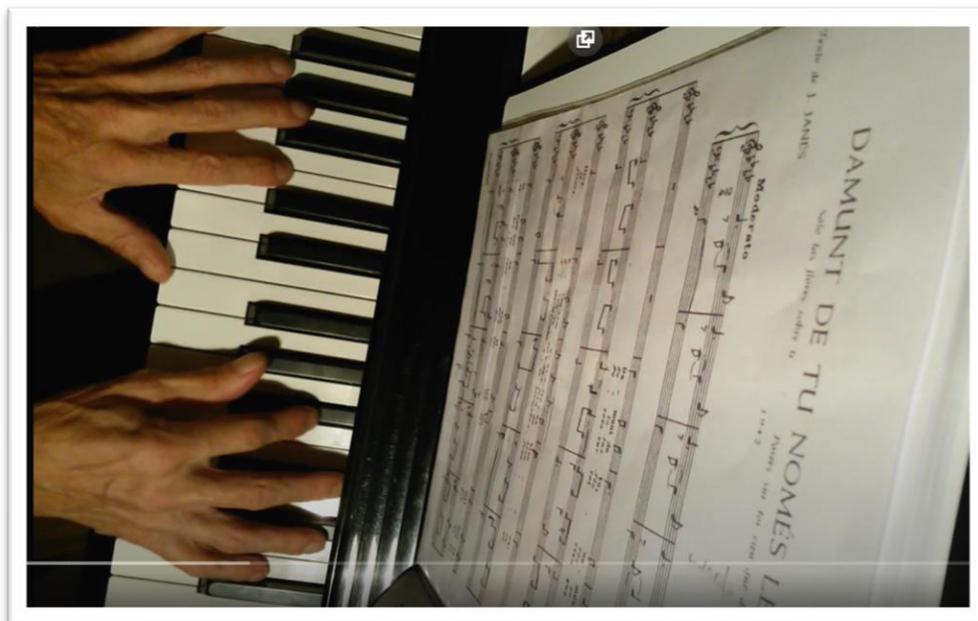
No, this is not about me getting thrifty with the sewing kit.

Sifting through some home video's I made, I found [this one](#), featuring me playing the piano. Three things are special for me about this video:

1. It is music from the Catalan composer **Frederic Mompou** (1893-1987), who was inspired in his compositions by the Christian mystic and Spanish priest **St. John of the cross** (1542 – 1591). Mompou tries to convey stillness with his music. Listening to his work is a spiritual experience for us. I wrote a Tale about Mompou on our website, you can read it [here](#). There are many great music video's of Mompou (almost all piano music) on the tube. You will find some links in my Tale.

Originally, this composition was inspired by a poem from Josep Janés called *Damunt de tu nomes les flors* (above you, only flowers) and it was set to music by Mompou as song with piano accompaniment. I translated the poem from Catalan into Dutch (comparing it to other translations, because I don't speak Catalan at all), it's is on our website too [here](#).

It is projected on a beautiful drawing that **Debbie** made especially for the poem, which is about the corps of a girl, covered in flowers at the burial, and the poet wishing to be the sigh of those flowers, so that he could be with her eternally. I so much love the melody, that I made my own arrangement of the song, for piano solo. When I was ready, I recorded it on 7 April 2015, in our living room, on our piano Yamaha U3, just using my mobile phone placed on the piano, looking downward. I extracted the audio file of it too, only sound, so you can listen to that [here](#) on our website if you prefer.



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<sup>1</sup> This is one of my Sunday Morning columns I write since 59 weeks on the forum of [Cystic Fibrosis News Today](#)

2. The perspective of my hands only, mostly the left hand by the way. I find it intriguing to look at the hands moving very carefully along the keyboard, even without the sound. The reason for my soft movements is the next point:

3. At the time of the movie recording, I was enjoying a course of intravenous antibiotics, the uncomfortable needle of which was put slightly wrong into my left wrist, so I had to accommodate by keeping my hand as steady as possible to avoid pain. You can hear the sound of the intravenous pump squeaking every fifteen seconds, which is a nice touch. And the clock was ticking too. Still, I enjoyed this recording and the music making very much. It was in fact one of my last IV courses, in August 2015, after having twenty or so in two and a half years, I was so lucky to break a couple of ribs falling down the stairs and I started diclofenac as a painkiller for a couple of months. The anti-inflammatory effect of the drug was so strong, that to my (and my doctors) surprise, my lungs calmed down considerably and no further IV's were necessary. I could manage the inflammation and infection with oral antibiotics since. Grace. Of course, after starting Kaftrio 8 months ago, I don't even need oral antibiotics anymore. More Grace. It's a miracle how Oneness moves through us. This movie is becoming even more of a dear prehistoric document for me in that respect as well.

I hope you enjoy the video, the music, the Tale about Mompou and have a great Sunday!

Cheers,  
Paul

PS What do you think about the melody? I think it's to die for (later). I heard the Irish comedian **Dave Allen** (1936 – 2005) recently in an old recording. He said:

*“I love getting older, particularly considering the alternative. I am looking forward to be looking back on my old age”.*

That's priceless.

J.Paul Jordaans  
*Grathem, 1 Mayl 2022*  
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