

Waiting for a trumpet

Being a younger sibling is not always easy.

Two years ago, when our older son entered fourth grade, we found out he had the opportunity to learn to play an instrument in the school band. We rented a trumpet, and he started lessons at school.

His younger brother desperately wanted a trumpet, too. But he was only in second grade. Unfair though it might seem, brass instruments are a fourth-grade thing.

So, he waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Finally, finally, it was the summer before fourth grade.

"I can't wait to get my trumpet!" he would say as the summer wore on.

The days pass so slowly when you're 9. Eventually, though, we reached the end of the summer. School started again. He knew the trumpet was coming. Or he hoped it was.

"What if I don't get to play the trumpet?" he asked us. "What if I have to play a different instrument?"

I don't know anything about brass instruments, but I assured him that the teacher would help him pick a good instrument. Still, he had his heart set on the trumpet.

The first day of school passed.

Then the second day passed.

Finally, at last, on the third day of school, the instrumental music teacher met with our boy and confirmed that the trumpet was a good fit for him. That same night, my husband took him to the music store to rent a trumpet.

Our 9-year-old was so excited that he blew that trumpet in the car on the way home. He played it until I told him it was bedtime—and he kept blowing into it until I insisted that he stop and brush his teeth.

Each of us should have something that we look forward to that much.