

....Nightingale-God.....  
and with you i'm at peace. OM

Jacqueline du Pré

Those of us who tinker with our cello's remain fastened to her memory. She brought us to the instrument, sang it like no one else, and died early shaking into death through her MS. It was acted on a short film on Ytube and nothing brought home more the horror of it as a young man attempted to feed her while she shook uncontrollably.

It is no use trying to dissect the pure and personal sound that her soul was able to express through her cello. It is incorruptible and against her future suffering all one can do is bow. How can we who remain bring ourselves to practice on that instrument whose music was almost her reason for living. Then let us be commissioned with her spirit in its inestimable worth breaking us down to our component parts, that we may find an equal love, and an equal eternity on the charity of her wings which cover all our nights and lend us a capacity to face our own furnace.