

Carl Jung said that one of the main causes of neurosis in this world is that people have no way to tell their story. This is especially true in today's world where family generations often live far apart. Kid Pan Alley intergenerational songwriting residencies provide a way for these stories to be told, to be heard and to be given meaning as they are transformed into song. The seniors have an opportunity to interact with young people and share their greatest gifts, their stories. The children get to learn valuable history first-hand and hear about life from a perspective very different from their own. Both groups benefit from the opportunity to express their ideas, share their life experiences, and realize the power of their own creativity through songwriting.



"There is nothing more helpful to a developing human than to learn how to express feelings in sound. Kid Pan Alley is a fabulous way of bringing young people into the loop of reflective behavior, of constructive action. Power to the organizers of this remarkable initiative."

Maestro Lorin Maazel, NY Philharmonic

"I hope that spirit of talking with older citizens can continue in some way. The sharing of their stories and life experiences was what made the experience so rich." Jo Vining, Principal, Brownsville Elementary

"The intergenerational program brought together the past with the present and what was born...the future. Our children were enriched by the stories of our community members. They developed a bond and a unique relationship through a tapestry of memories painted in music."

Cheryl Toth, Principal, Forestdale Elementary

"Kid Pan Alley is the quintessential program for helping kids to experience their creative power, their voice, and their own self-expression. This is the kind of experience that changes lives."

Kathy Mattea, Grammy award winner



KID PAN ALLEY

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ACROSS THE AGES



KID PAN ALLEY INTERGENERATIONAL SONGWRITING RESIDENCIES





Kid Pan Alley's *Across the Ages* intergenerational programs bring the generations together creating a bridge between elders and children as they come together to share their stories, learn about one another and explore both their commonalities and differences.

In our intergenerational residencies, we bring elders from the community to talk with the children about their own experiences growing up 80 or 90 years ago. The young songwriters then write songs based on these oral histories. In addition, the children tell stories about what their life is like now and the elders write a song based on those experiences.

At the end of the week, both groups perform their songs in an afternoon school assembly and in an evening concert.

Watch the video at www.bit.ly/KAges



I Can't Remember What I Forgot

Tulip Grove Elementary 3rd grade

*I can't remember what i forgot
To brush my teeth, or change my socks
I know there's something i should have done
Send a card or call someone
Seems like i do this a lot
I can't remember, i forgot*

*Hello, what's your name
My grandson Willie, you don't say
You and your papa look the same
I'm so glad you came by today*

*I don't have much to say
I don't know sports or the latest craze
But i know time's slipping away
I'm so glad you came by today*

*My head is bald and my hearing's gone
My memory's shot and the days seem long
Though sometimes i can't remember who
I'm glad you're here to help me through
Seems like you've been here a lot*



Three Chords and the Truth

Rappahannock Senior Center

*I was born on Red Oak Mountain back in 1932
We'd sit on the porch every Saturday night
Blowin' on the jug, tappin' spoons
Sometimes we'd listen to the Opry
Sometimes we'd make our own tunes
Yeah, back when country music
Was just 3 chords and the truth*

*Back then we all would whistle
And not just to flirt with you
We'd work in the fields from daybreak to dusk
Throwing corn in the crib by the light of the moon
When our heads hit the pillow
We'd dream 'bout the songs of our youth
Yeah, back when country music
Was just 3 chords and the truth*

*Used to be 16 tons was what you'd get
Now it's just baloney...that's it
Drums and keyboards, guitars electric
Playin' country music at a discotheque*

*Those days songs told a story
Now they don't have a clue
'bout people and families just like us
'bout life and love that's gone too soon
Back when women were ladies
And men were gents through and through
Yeah, back when country music
Was just 3 chords and the truth*

Or So It Seems

Ms. Payne's 2nd grade, Rappahannock Elementary

*When I was a little girl
Only travelin' as far as my feet would take me
In my dreams and on the silver screen
I saw places I'd never go,
Places that always said no
But that was life time ago, Or so it seems*

*I used to have to walk to school
Even though the bus drove right on by
Two miles through snow, wind rain and sun
Just because of the color of my skin*

*I used to have to make my clothes
Out of an old bleached white flower sack
We barely had a penny
So we had to make everything we owned*