



## March 2008 in Frankfurt Germany

by [Richard Gilewitz](#)

After a very busy, fun-filled event at Musikmesse in Frankfurt, Germany (see cover story), I encountered what might be referred to as "a sign". A giant guitar! Believing this to possibly be the official "Guitar God", I was compelled to pay my respects and ask forgiveness for all the times I watched television instead of practicing my guitar.

Thinking that I might need more help in redeeming myself, it crossed my mind to call upon my friend Gary Mobley of Shubb Capos and Matthias, his German interpreter, to vouch for me noting my hard work in placing sticky balls on the backs of posters for their booth display wall. However, I quickly

acknowledged that the whole reason for me being at Musikmesse was directly the result of this sponsor, so I still needed to continue groveling for forgiveness from the Giant Guitar.

As a result, I was rewarded almost immediately in quite an unusual way. While cruising down the aisles of Building 3 I encountered someone who had not yet left the building. Yes, it was ELVIS - or as I realized at once when he introduced his band - at least a German rendition of the musician that the world refuses to let rest in peace. But it was a brilliant performance to close out the show and I am glad I was witness to his revival - again. Who could ask for more?

Having just one day off to venture around town by way of the convenient rail and bus systems, I caught a few choice shots of "The Working Man" in front of the Musikmesse, a picturesque shopping area complete with some wonderful buildings, and a marvelous clock tower. Taking a stroll along the river under a canopy of some unusual trees, I reflected on my fortune in being able to play music, travel around the world, experience other cultures, and live my dream.



Following my trek back to the train station and ultimately back to my quaint hotel, I encountered some fine entertainment on one of the many bridges. Music does transcend all borders and will always survive!



Last but not least, CHOCOLATE! One of my reasons for traveling the world is my quest to find the best chocolate from each country I visit, and the *Hauptbahnhof* (train station) had a shop that sold a lip-smacking variety that I will now add to my list of the best of the best. Immediate confirmation showed up before I even took my first taste. Carrying my latest purchase in hand, I was stopped on the street by a wide-eyed man, pushing a child in a stroller, desperately trying to speak English. He finally found the words and blurted out, "Where did you get that!" Well, I won't tell you the brand, but there must be one happy kid in Frankfurt. For you --you'll just have to visit Frankfurt.