

1863

A moment after Arky turned his horse toward the pontoon bridge, he heard a faint sound. He reined his horse to a stop at the foot of the bridge.

He strained to hear over the clod, clatter and creak of horses pulling supply wagons across the wooden-planked bridge. He heard some kind of music. The more he heard it, the more he was certain what it was. A cor anglais.

He weighed a decision. Cross the bridge and ride toward the roaring chaos of battle at Chancellorsville, or find the source of the music that would send them home?

Arky wheeled his horse, rode away from the bridge, and followed the music pulling him into the forest.

As the sounds of the marching army faded behind him, and the music grew clearer, came the biggest surprise. It wasn't any music being played on a cor anglais. It was the solo in Dvorak's *New World Symphony*.

Arky pulled his horse to a stop. The slow, sustained notes seemed eternal next to his pounding heart. What they signaled made his heart race. Dvorak's 9th Symphony, *From the New World*, had been written in 1893, thirty years in the future. There was only one person who could be playing it. His mother.