



A Celebration of Life Concert
in Loving Memory of

David Joseph Carón

March 19, 1941–December 20, 2024

Program

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Adagio and Fuga from Sonata No. 1 in G Minor

for solo violin, BWV 1001

Raphael Ryger (No. 143)

J.S. Bach

Prelude and Sarabande from Suite No. 3 in C Major

for Violoncello Solo

Brian Snow (No. 101)

John Williams (b.1932)

Theme from Schindler's List for violin and piano

Ari Le (No. 167)

Jacquelyn Helin, Piano

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Vocalise No. 14 for viola and piano, Op. 34

Toby Appel (No. 159)

Jacquelyn Helin, Piano

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Trauermusik

Solo Viola: Toby Appel (No. 159)

Violin: Raphael Ryger (No. 143), Paul Tullis (No. 141)

Ari Le (No. 167), Andrea Gore (No. 174)

Viola: Anne Louise Martin (1965), Joey Tullis (No. 40)

Cello: Egor Antonenko (No. 84), Charles Magby (No. 175)

Bass: David Homer

Conductor: Terry King

INTERMISSION

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Elégie for violoncello and piano, Op. 24

Egor Antonenko (No. 84)

Jacquelyn Helin, Piano

David Popper (1843-1913)

Requiem for 3 violoncellos and piano, Op. 66

Brian Snow (No. 101), Klarissa Petti (Petti No. 5), Rebecca Carón (No. 165)

Jacquelyn Helin, Piano

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1 for Orchestra of Violoncello

arr. for 2 violas and 6 violoncelli

I. Introduction (Embolada)

II. Preludio (Modinha)

Viola: Joey Tullis (No. 40), Anne Louise Martin (1965)

Cello: Egor Antonenko (No. 84), Brian Snow (No. 101),

Rebecca Carón (No. 165), Klarissa Petti (Petti No. 5),

Charles Magby (No. 175), Stephen Baum (No. 120)

Conductor: Terry King

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Adagio from String Quartet No.1 in B Minor, Op.11

Violin: Raphael Ryger (No. 143), Ari Le (No. 167)

Paul Tullis (No. 141), Andrea Gore (No. 174)

Viola: Anne Louise Martin (1965), Joey Tullis (No. 40)

Cello: Rebecca Carón (No. 165), Egor Antonenko (No. 84)





Egor Antonenko is the Principal Cellist of the Naples Philharmonic Orchestra and an internationally recognized soloist, chamber musician, and orchestral performer. He made his solo debut at age eight with the Kaliningrad Chamber Orchestra and has since performed with numerous leading ensembles in Eastern Europe and the United States, including appearances with the Longy School Symphony and the Syracuse University Symphony Orchestra.

He has appeared at major venues such as the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory, Symphony Hall in Boston, Walt Disney Concert Hall, and Jordan Hall, performing under conductors like Nathalie Stutzmann, David Robertson, Robert Spano, and Mikhail Pletnev. A laureate of several international competitions, Mr. Antonenko has received awards from the Città di Barletta Competition, Civic Morning Musicals, and others.

An active chamber musician, he has collaborated with artists including Inon Barnatan, Andreas Ottensamer, and James Ehnes, and joined the Indianapolis String Quartet in 2024. Mr. Antonenko studied at the Moscow Conservatory's Central Music School, Longy School of Music, and Syracuse University, where he served as teaching assistant to his mentor, Dr. Terry King. For nearly a decade, he has performed on a David Carón cello generously loaned to him by Dr. King.

Violinist/Violist/Narrator **Toby Appel** has appeared in recital and concerto performances throughout North and South America, Europe, and the Far East. He has been a member of such renowned ensembles as TASHI, and the Lenox and Audubon Quartets. Mr. Appel has been a guest artist with the Vermeer; Manhattan; Alexander; and Dover Quartets, as well as a frequent guest with the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society and with jazz artists Chick Corea and Gary Burton. Festival performances include those with Mostly Mozart (NY); Santa Fe (NM); Angel Fire (NM); Seattle (WA); Bravo! Vail Valley (CO); Chamber Music Northwest (OR); Colorado College (CO); Manchester (VT); and Marlboro (VT), as well as festivals in England; France; Korea; German; Italy; Finland; and Greece. In 1975, Mr. Appel was featured in a CBS television special performing works commissioned by him for three violas, all played by Toby Appel. In 1980, Mr. Appel was the winner of Young Concert Artists International.



A most versatile artist, Mr. Appel has narrated performances including: A Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra by Benjamin Britten; Ferdinand by Alan Ridout and Munro Leaf; Ode to Napoleon by Arnold Schoenberg; L'Histoire du soldat by Igor Stravinsky; Masque of the Red Death by Andre Caplet and Edgar Allan Poe; and Facade by William Walton and Edith Sitwell. Mr. Appel is a frequent commentator for National Public Radio's Performance Today.

Toby Appel entered the Curtis Institute at age 13 under the guidance of Max Aronoff. He is currently on the viola and chamber music faculties at the Juilliard School in New York City, where he has been teaching for the past 32 years. Other teaching has included professorships at the State University of New York, Carnegie Mellon University, and The Yale School of Music. He has toured for the United States State Department and performed at the United Nations and at the White House. Mr. Appel's chamber music and recital recordings can be heard on the Columbia; Delos; Desto; Koch International; Opus 1; and Musical Heritage Society labels.



Stephen Baum is a Phoenix native who, in a former life, put himself through law school playing the cello professionally. These days he's overdue to retire but frets he'll miss his weekends too much. Husband of the lovely Melissa, father of the precious Amelia, his redoubtable son(-in-law) Matthew deserves credit for Steve's finally discovering his true calling: grandfather of the rambunctious Solomon and the irrepressible Alexander. Having once briefly borrowed Yo-Yo Ma's cello, Steve can confidently ask, "Who needs a Strad when you have a Car?"

Rebecca Carón was born and began cello studies in Seattle, Washington. Awards include a Hill Burton Music Award, Presser Scholarship, and Meadows Artistic Merit Scholarship. Her primary teachers were Terry King, Lev Aronson and Joanna de Keyser. She has performed with the Carón Quartet, Oncydium Chamber Baroque, Moveable Music, Music from Angel Fire, and Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival, Preston Hollow Chamber Orchestra, Dallas Chamber Orchestra and Taos Soundscapes. She lives in Valle Escondido, NM and gratefully performs on a cello made by her husband, David Carón.



Andrea Gore is Professor and Vacek Distinguished University Chair in Pharmacology at the University of Texas at Austin. Her NIH-funded research lab is investigating effects of environmental endocrine-disrupting chemicals on the developing brain. A lifelong musician, Andrea began piano at 4 and violin at 9. In high school, she trained at the Manhattan School of Music, and was selected for the New York All-State Orchestra and the All-Eastern Orchestra. She went on to play in the Princeton University Orchestra and sing in the Princeton Glee Club, and was a member of the University of Wisconsin Madrigal Singers. Andrea is very active in the classical music scene in Austin, TX, where she spends time with her rescue dogs (2), Texas tortoises (35), and husband (1).

Steinway Artist **Jacquelyn Helin** consistently wins acclaim for her vibrant and musical playing of a wide-ranging repertoire. A versatile musician, she has played solo recitals in such venues as London's Wigmore Hall and Nice's Musée Chagall; New York's 92nd Street Y, Carnegie Recital Hall, Merkin Concert Hall, and Town Hall; and Washington DC's Corcoran Gallery, Hirshhorn Museum, and the Smithsonian Institution. As concerto soloist, she has appeared with such orchestras as the Richmond, Santa Fe, Hudson Valley Philharmonic, Greenwich and Mesa Symphonies. Active as a chamber musician, she has performed with the Santa Fe Opera, the New Mexico Performing Arts Society, Chatter, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, Taos Soundscapes, and the Santa Fe Chamber Music Society. jacquelynhelin.com





David Homer began his bass studies with Harold Siegel in Chicago at the age of 9. For over twenty years he has been Principal of the San Juan Symphony. He has performed in the Telluride Chamber Music Festival, Durango Bach Festival, Animas Music Festival and previously with Soundscapes. In addition to classical, David plays jazz and, for a few years, was in the Celtic quartet Acoustic Medicine. David and his wife, Laura, recently moved to Durango from Telluride. His instrument is an Austrian Schetzel circa 1875—not a David Carón creation, but two of his elegant carved wooden spinning tops sit on David's music stand.

Grammy®-nominated cellist **Terry King**, acclaimed as "A wonderful cellist"..."a master player" ..."a master technician"... Following his debut, The New York Times proclaimed that his playing "could not be faulted... playing with relish and technical aplomb."

As a protégé of the legendary Gregor Piatigorsky, he served as his assistant in the famed master classes at the University of Southern California. King wrote a highly praised biography Gregor Piatigorsky: The Life and Career of the Virtuoso Cellist (McFarland, 2010).



King is a devoted teacher – with students placed worldwide in orchestras and in the teaching profession – as well as a unique cellist, chamber musician and conductor. Among his students is Gold Medalist in the XIII Tchaikovsky Competition Sergey Antonov. King is the first American teacher of a Tchaikovsky competition Gold Medalist in cello.

His repertoire features the classic works for cello including unknown masterworks he has found throughout the world. Many prominent American composers have written works for King including Roy Harris, Paul Creston, Lou Harrison, and Otto Luening; he has also premiered solo works by Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, Henry Cowell, Miklós Rózsa and Lukas Foss. Mr. King is a member of the Mirecourt Trio, specialists in new repertoire, and has served on the faculties of the San Francisco Conservatory, UC Berkeley, California State University at Fullerton, Grinnell College, and the University of Iowa. He currently teaches at both the Longy School of Music of Bard College and the Hartt School, University of Hartford. In the summer months he teaches at the Castleman Quartet Program and is Artistic Director of LyricaBoston of which its LyricaFest chamber music program brings together highly talented young professionals throughout the world.

His recording of the complete Mendelssohn works was praised in Fanfare Magazine, "of all versions this is the most consistently thought out and expressively realized...intensely poetic" and was also the preferred recording mentioned on the nationally syndicated radio program, "First Hearing." His groundbreaking series CELLO AMERICA has been met with similar praise worldwide. Terry King has recorded for labels too numerous to list here, but include Sony, Music and Arts, ABC, MCA, A&M, Varese Sarabande, Albany and Bay Cities.



Ari Le began playing the violin and viola while growing up in New York and continued to play in orchestras and chamber ensembles in Providence, Paris, Boston, and San Diego. He has studied violin with Hisako Resnick, Charles Sherba, Rictor Noren, and Calvin Wiersma. Ari serves as concertmaster of the Santa Fe Community Orchestra (SFCO) and has performed as a soloist with the SFCO, the Los Alamos Symphony Orchestra, and eSSO in Santa Fe. He works as a plasma physicist at Los Alamos National Lab.

A native of Tulsa, Oklahoma, **Charles Magby** began cello at the age of 11. His professional career started in 1969 with the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra where he became the principal cellist in 1973. He studied at the Taos School of Music for four summers and in 1976, began graduate study in cello at Yale with Aldo Parisot. Prior teachers were Robert Marsh, Paul Olefski and Rya Garbosova. In Connecticut he played with the Norwalk, Bridgeport, New London, Hartford and New Haven symphonies. In addition he played principal cello for the Foxwoods Casino show orchestra for five years and was principal cellist with the Donn Trenner orchestra for 20 years.



In 1975 Charles began his apprenticeship with David Carón that, in many ways continued for the better part of fifty years. In 1976, he opened a full service violin shop, which continues to this day. Charles Magby Fine Violins, based in Guilford, Connecticut, serves clients locally as well as in the greater New York City and worldwide music community. The company offers sales of violin family instruments as well as their repair and restoration. The full service workshop includes appraisals, rentals and ongoing support for the wide range of musicians it serves.



Anne Martin is a graduate of the Yale School of Music. She conducted the Taos Community Orchestra and Chorus for 10 years, and the Santa Fe Youth String Orchestra in New Mexico for 9 years. She has performed as a violist with the Spoleto and Casals Festivals, The Philly Pops, the Philadelphia Opera, the Santa Fe Opera, and The Orquesta Sinfonica de Guanajuato. She served for 10 years as assistant principal violist of the Santa Fe Symphony and for 3 years as the principal violist of the Delaware Symphony. She performed on chamber music recordings by the Taos Chamber Music Group.

Ms. Martin was a member of the faculty of Northwest College in Wyoming, where she conducted the Northwest Chamber Orchestra, the Northwest Civic Orchestra, and the Yellowstone Youth Ensemble. She received a faculty grant at Northwest College to record a jazz/classical album with her colleague, Jeff Troxel. Ms. Martin conducted the Modesto Symphony Youth Concert Orchestra for several years. She also taught at the United World College in New Mexico and Kinhaven Music School in Vermont.

Anne Martin performs regularly with the Con Brio String Quartet, the Modesto Symphony Orchestra and The Elegant Ladies of Jazz Trio. She served on the faculty of Modesto Junior College from 2001- 2022. Professor Martin conducted the MJC Community Orchestra and directed the Modesto Junior College

String Program. Her mother, Frances Martin, was a music teacher and her daughter Jessica is a music teacher in Los Angeles!

Anne Martin has presented poetry and music performances with poet, Michele Belluomini in Philadelphia and California.



A Colorado native, **Klarissa Albrecht** (née Petti) began learning cello at the age of 14 with Ann Rule. She continued her cello studies with David Schepps at the University of New Mexico, where she also enrolled in Peter White's violin making class. She made a cello during her first three semesters, followed by two violins. David Schepps introduced her to David Carón in 2013, who was sufficiently impressed with her first instrument that when, two years later, she asked if she could study with him, he generously obliged. Twice a month for over nine years, she made the journey from Albuquerque to Taos to spend a few days with David in his workshop, learning his methods and absorbing all the knowledge he offered.

Klarissa works independently out of her own workshop in the Albuquerque foothills. She now teaches the violin making class at UNM, helping 8-9 students at a time learn to handcraft a violin over the course of 5 to 6 semesters.

She is performing today on her fifth cello, made under David's direction and on loan from Ann Rule who, regrettably, is unable to attend this celebration.

Raphael Ryger, violinist, was born in Israel and grew up in New York City before returning to Israel and later returning to the U.S. for graduate study in Philosophy at Yale. His violin training included some of the greatest pedagogues in both countries. He has been soloist and concertmaster with many orchestras in Israel and in Connecticut, and has been in those capacities with New Haven-based Orchestra New England since 1988. On his academic side, he is an active computer scientist and leads a Yale faculty discussion group on Science, Technology and Utopian Visions.



Cellist **Brian Snow** is Associate Professor of Cello at Bowling Green State University.

Praised by the Boston Globe for his "...pugnacious, eloquent, self-assurance...", he has performed and recorded with a variety of artists, including Meredith Monk, The National, Max Richter, Björk, and the Emerson String Quartet and has worked closely with composers including Nico Muhly, David T. Little, and Martin Bresnick.

In 2013, he and violinist Caroline Chin released a critically acclaimed CD of violin and cello music by Elliott Carter on Centaur Records. This will be followed by a 2025 release of violin/cello duos by Samuel Adler, Christopher Dietz, and Jessie Montgomery on the Toccata label. He has also appeared on New Amsterdam, Innova, Deutsche Grammophon, Cantaloupe, and Naxos labels. He has performed regularly with many prominent contemporary music ensembles, including ACME, Alarm Will Sound, Da Capo Chamber Players, and Talea Ensemble. As principal cellist of New York Symphonic Ensemble, he had performed in halls throughout Japan on that ensemble's annual tours and has appeared as soloist at halls in Fukuoka and Sendai. He was formerly a member of the New Haven Symphony cello section and serves as a frequent guest cellist of the Cleveland Orchestra. Other concerto appearances include Riverside Orchestra in New York, Longy Chamber Orchestra in Boston as winner of the Longy Concerto Soloists Competition, Crescent City Symphony in New Orleans, the Hartt Symphony as first prize winner of the Paranov Competition, and the BGSU Philharmonia. He has presented recitals and masterclasses nationally and internationally at institutions including Oberlin Conservatory, University of Missouri, Sam Houston State University, and Sichuan Conservatory in Chengdu, China. He received a DMA from Stony Brook University, a MM from Yale, and holds degrees from Hartt and Longy Schools of Music. His teachers have included Aldo Parisot, David Finckel, Terry King, and Colin Carr. Dr. Snow has previously served in faculty positions at Sarah Lawrence College, Western Connecticut State University, and Brooklyn Conservatory. In the summers, he serves as artist faculty member at Brevard Music Center.

Since 1998, he has been the proud owner of David Carón's cello No. 91. Today he will be performing on No. 101, owned by Ann Rule and on loan by her for this occasion.

Paul Tullis, a native Texan, studied at Boston Conservatory. After performing with the Orquesta Mexicana in Mexico City, he returned to the US to join the Dallas Opera Orchestra, playing under the baton of Nicola Rescigno and guest conductors such as Richard Bonynge and Donato Renzetti. In addition to opera, he has appeared with the Dallas Symphony, including tours of Europe and several recordings. For sixteen summers, Paul performed with the Utah Festival Opera in Logan, Utah, which also afforded opportunities for hiking and fly fishing, and made annual visits to David in Taos very convenient. He has toured and performed with such diverse artists as Andrea Bocelli; Asleep at the Wheel; Dame Joan Sutherland; Ray Charles; Peter, Paul and Mary; and Luciano Pavarotti.



Joey Tullis is a violinist, violist, composer, and arranger based in Fort Worth, Texas. He will earn his Bachelor's in Violin Performance from Texas Christian University in May 2026.

Joey performs regularly around the Dallas-Fort Worth area with his brother, Jeff, and his father, Paul. Joey has performed as a soloist with the TCU Symphony Orchestra, Brazos Chamber Orchestra, and the Texas Boys' Choir. He has symphony orchestra experience on both violin and viola, with repertoire as grand as Mahler and as delicate as Vivaldi. He is a member of the TCU Symphony Orchestra and the Brazos Chamber Orchestra.

Joey is also an experienced arranger and transcriber. He has completed arrangements of works by Elvis Presley, Metallica, and Jeremy Soule for a variety of ensembles. His compositions have been performed by the Fort Worth Civic Orchestra, the Brazos Chamber Orchestra, and the TCU Trumpet Ensemble.



David Joseph Carón, age 83, passed away peacefully at home on December 20, 2024. His suffering and struggles with a rare lymphoma, endured with courage, have concluded.

David was born in Chicago, Illinois, where he spent most of his early life; his family briefly lived on a farm in Arkansas. He returned to Chicago, and nearby Champaign, IL, where he fell in love with violin making. His career ultimately brought him to beautiful Taos, NM, where he enjoyed the peace, the mountains, and nature and where he now rests. His profound soul remains and will be treasured by us and future generations through the legacy of beautifully conceived and crafted stringed instruments.

He was a human being who loved to fix and create things and make them better, facilitating his search for a better instrument. Through performers, his instruments continue to sing his wonderful musical imagination. His instruments augment the voices of the artists who play them. Performances are forever affected by the contributions of David Carón and his creations. They have presence and envelop all who hear them with an incredible depth and breadth of sound. He could think outside the box because there was no box for David Carón. History will celebrate and remember David Carón as one of the most innovative and accomplished violin makers. He was also a true Renaissance man who in his youth was a fine cellist and later in life became a pilot and enjoyed soaring with raptors and ravens; additionally, he enjoyed skiing, wood turning and art, especially painting watercolors.

David was the third of eight children born to Amos and Helen Lucile Carón. He is survived by his wife Rebecca, his sons Christopher and Michael, his older sister Cece, his older brother Paul, and his younger sister Mary, along with many nieces and nephews. His daughter Sandra passed away in 2000. His beloved mentee Klarissa Petti will carry forth his creative legacy.

In Loving Tribute....

To my soulmate.....

I was incredibly fortunate to share 39 years of my life with David Carón. He was an exceptional human being—a true Renaissance man. David marveled at the miracles and intricate designs of nature, valuing kindness over prestige and authenticity over pretense. He possessed keen powers of observation and an insatiable love of learning.

He overcame dyslexia to fulfill his deep curiosity by reading voraciously about chemistry, physics, and the wonders of the natural world. His interests spanned science, human nature, history, literature, art, and architecture. He was a keen observer—not only of animals but of people in all their psychological and situational complexity.

David shared many qualities with the cats he loved over the years: an abhorrence for harsh noise, an endless curiosity, and a deep, sincere affection for those he chose to be close to. He respected the delicate balance of ecosystems and understood how every element—no matter how distant or obscure—was intricately connected and mutually dependent.

As a child, David was happiest outdoors, climbing trees and gaining perspective from their elevated heights. He learned to run fast—not just for the joy of it, but to escape bullies—and he came to love running, especially when playing tennis with his father, where strategy mattered as much as speed. He delighted in fixing things and was always eager to understand their inner workings.

Because of his dyslexia, music became the first realm where he truly felt successful. He became an accomplished young cellist, able to express himself musically when words—hindered by a stutter—had failed him. Music liberated him. It gave him a voice and a sense of mastery that shaped his early identity.

To return to his Renaissance inclinations: as an adult, David became a glider pilot, learning to join the birds in flight—riding thermals, allowing his plane to rise on warm columns of air beneath cumulus clouds, then converting that altitude into speed, and beginning the cycle again.

He was a devoted follower of Formula 1, captivated by the symbiotic relationship of separate, dynamic, but independent living, breathing organisms: high performance machines, the ever-changing variables of the track, and the demands drivers placed on their cars. To him, it echoed the relationship between great musicians and their instruments—the nuanced interplay between performer, acoustic space, and audience.

He was a prolific writer—drawn to the page by introspection, writing to process, understand, and make peace with his life. But he also wrote to reach outward, to share his wit, observations, and the pithy, memorable stories that only he could tell.

He delighted in the study and practice of art, admiring how great artists could capture the play of light and shadow, guiding the viewer's eye through a composition. To David, this was akin to how a composer leads the listener on a journey through sound—always with the promise of bringing them home again.

I am profoundly grateful that fate led Terry King to send me to study with Lev Aronson at the Meadows School of the Arts in Dallas—and that Lev, when I asked who could rehair my bow, pointed me to David Carón. Lev had said that no one anywhere matched David's skill and care in tending instruments and rehairing bows. From that day forward—until neuropathy from chemotherapy robbed him of that gift—David was the only person I trusted to touch my bows or care for the extraordinary cellos he created for me with such love and artistry.



We were married in 1986. By then, David had made violins and violas, but despite being a fine young cellist himself, he hadn't yet made a cello. He always meant to—but just hadn't gotten around to it.

Then there was me, struggling to wrest any music from my stubborn Czech cello, which refused to sing the way I wanted. The endless hours I spent battling that thing—and my refusal to give up—finally forced David's hand. It was either that, or endure my growing frustration and the soul-crushing monotony of my unyielding cello day after day.

Plus, it meant we'd get to spend less time together because I was wasting too many hours on sheer futility.

So, the kind man who rescued distressed musicians—and injured squirrels and stray cats—ended up rescuing me, too, liberating me from a cello that was more obstacle than instrument.

David had an old French cello that was badly damaged—the top was destroyed. This gave him the perfect opportunity to test his concepts of cello top arching, so he set to work rebuilding it for me. The result was remarkable. I won an audition playing that cello—even before the top was varnished.

The panel was stunned. They heard me from behind the screen, and when we met face to face, everyone marveled at how wonderful the hybrid cello sounded, even without varnish. Imagine, they said, how exquisite it would be once finished.

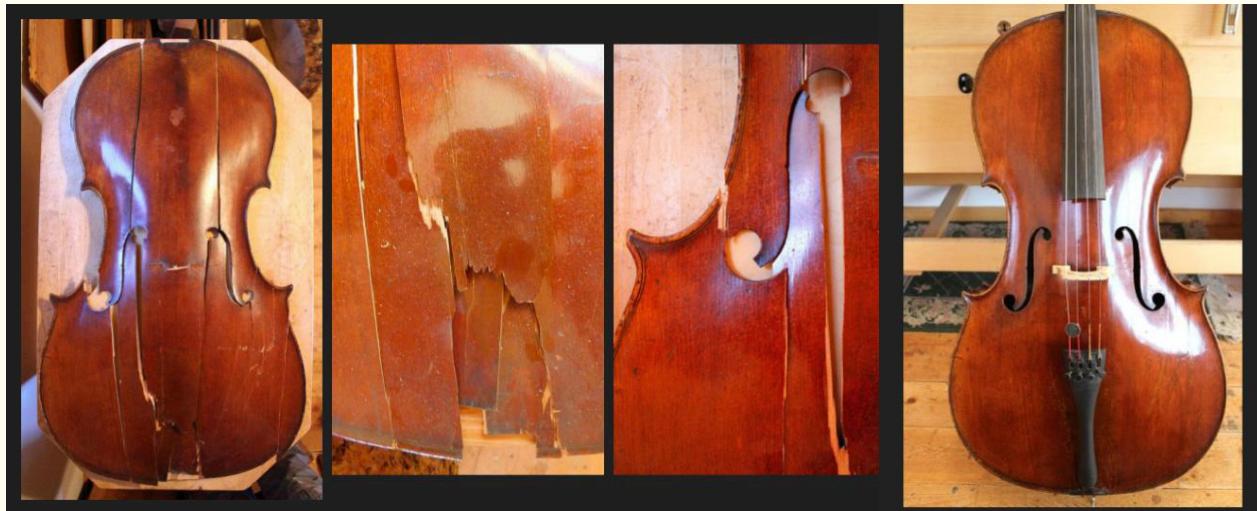
We took it on a visit to Terry King, who played it after the varnish was applied. He was impressed—and open-minded enough to wonder aloud what a full Carón cello might sound like. He placed an order, which made it possible to design and build the first true Carón cello, which is being played tonight by Egor Antonenko.

Over the years, David made several remarkable and beautiful cellos for me, even as he crafted instruments for other, more accomplished and distinguished cellists. Inevitably, those other players would covet the cello he had made for me, and it would be sold on. Each time, I believed that the current cello couldn't be surpassed by the next—but with every new model, David captured fresh nuances and refined his vision of what a cello could be. So, I would part with the previous instrument and embrace the evolving ideal.

Finally, in 2003, after reluctantly parting with “Leonardo” to the appreciative Sam Cristler—himself an esteemed conductor and cellist—I formed a lasting bond with “Rodin.” Each Carón cello taught me invaluable lessons and became a treasured companion, but it was Rodin who became my enduring musical partner.

I often say that every cellist I know who plays a David Carón instrument believes theirs is the best—perhaps because David crafted each one with its future player uniquely in mind.

He was deeply passionate about the tradition of creating and caring for instruments—both the craft and the reverence behind it. One summer at the Aspen Chamber Music Festival, *The Red Violin* was screened shortly after its release. He enjoyed the film—and, of course, Joshua Bell’s exquisite playing—but one scene ignited his ire: when the master violinmaker smashes an apprentice’s instrument.



David was adamant: “Shops are where instruments go to be healed and born—not destroyed.” This profound respect, combined with his affection for Sally Guenther, inspired him to take on the monumental task of restoring her Betts cello—a job that was more like a series of intricate reconstructive surgeries. Every other workshop she consulted had deemed the cello a total, irreparable loss. But David embraced the challenge wholeheartedly, determined to resurrect the beloved instrument and reunite it with its player. He hoped that others would show the same tender skill and care to his own creations, if ever needed.

One more essential observation about David: cats were a constant in most of his life—from his childhood, and again throughout our years together. He identified with their curiosity, their instinct for exploration and adventure, and their deep aversion to brutal noise. Cats are not sycophants; they come to you on their own terms. If they spend time with you, it's because they genuinely like you. David understood this and felt a kinship with them—and cats, in turn, seemed to recognize something familiar in him.

The same could be said of the courageous, open-minded musicians who choose to play his instruments. They do not select them as symbols of status or vanity, Instead, they choose them as their voice—as supple vessels through which they can explore and express the music they imagine. Instruments that allow them to connect, to captivate, to inspire and engage audiences with the musical tales they tell. Stories told in what Rilke called “the language where all language ends.”

So thank you, David—the Renaissance cat man who shared with me the quiet miracles of nature. You always respected the sanctuary of my practice time, yet you knew when to gently pull me away for a moment: to greet our deer friends, to spot the first Western Tanager of the season, to hear the “pooder-ee-ert” of returning Red-winged Blackbirds heralding spring, or to welcome back our familiar Canadian Geese. You helped me witness so much of the beauty unfolding each day and night.

You called me out to watch the last embers of a sunset kindle the sky, to stand in awe beneath lunar eclipses, solar eclipses, and other celestial wonders—so I could carry those moments inside of me, into the cellos you had made for me, and rediscover them there.

Thank you for nurturing the musicians and friends in your life, and for nurturing Klarissa's talent,—ensuring that the lineage of giving musicians their voices, confidantes to their music, would continue. A tradition that began with Amati, passed on through your teacher Franz to you, and now lives on through her. That gift will carry into future generations, not only through the care and curation of your instruments — and other great ones --but in the creation of new ones, too.



It takes a rare and enlightened soul to put soul into the creation and care of instruments—ones that reflect both our humanity and something of the divine. That, and everything I've tried to share here today, offers a glimpse of insight into how you imagined and created far outside the boundaries of convention. But there's more—so much more—than I could ever put into words. That's why we agreed: your instruments, and the musicians who have made them their voices, would speak for you today.

Thank you, David. Your concept of sound—and the magic within it—will live beyond our lives and continue to touch others with exactly what they long, and need, to hear.

Into eternity.

With Abiding Love,—

Rebecca Carón



Dad, a father, husband, teacher, savior, idealist, realist, inventor, engineer, artist, sound sculptor, philosopher, and poet. Words are inadequate to describe the experience one would have with such a person. He will be missed by family, and the music world. His legacy will continue to influence. I miss you dad.

— Mike Carón



I met David Carón at age zero. As it happens, he is my dad. I don't remember, of course, being freshly born and having a terrible memory. What I do remember from the early days was chaos, as my father dealt with losing half of his family to a car accident and a recent divorce from my mom, fighting for his rights to be a father, etc. My childhood was spent being ferried back and forth between my parents, as is the case with most divorce situations. From those early days, my dad tried hard to enrich the lives of my brother, my sister, and me, filling our little visitations with fun, adventure, and learning, whether it was a trip to the mountains, a night at the movies, nature walks in the park across the street, a quiet night of cards, or just whittling in his shop. This always stuck with me. Regardless of his flaws and our lack of appreciation, one thing was clear: he loved us unconditionally and tried to be the best father he could be.

As I grew into adulthood, I let time and distance get between us. I got married and had a family, and while I always kept in touch, I see now that it wasn't enough. I look at his life through the things he covet and find myself missing all the little nuances that made him who he was. Yes, he was a fantastic violin maker, but it's more than that. His instruments are a melding of art and science. He didn't just make art; he molded science into art. He packed experience, adventure, and awe all into a beautiful wooden box to be delivered by the player through performance, inspiring lasting memories. This is who he was — ever the teacher, the storyteller, a person who saw art in the practical. His creative, practical mindset found enjoyment in all things, the perfect and the flawed. The flaws were a part of it. Without them, the whole was incomplete.

I've never been an artist. Most of my dad's influence falls on the practical side. I'm resolved to enjoying others' creations. This has always nagged at me. I will never be my dad. I now understand that was never the point. He only wanted me to be happy. There was no pressure to be anything but. This revelation is both comforting and depressing. Only now do I understand these things. Only now does my dad's perspective on life click into my own. Only now do I see and understand the person he was creating in me. And now I am too late to let him know that I understand. But, perhaps he knew. He saw the developments in me. I resolve myself to being ok with this. To let him show through in me. Life's purpose is the experience of it, not the result. The point of it is to live in it and not to fight against it. The gift of life is the ups and downs. And while it's hard to suffer the lows, it's important to remember they reflect the highs. This is my dad's legacy in me - to remember his life and death as reflections of him in me.

I miss my dad. I mourn my dad. I celebrate my dad. While he will always be my father, and I his son, I hope I am always the person he saw in me on day zero.

With forever love,
Chris Caron



The Runner

When we played "statue-maker"
he always took a runner's stance.
When "turned on" he ran
and ran and ran.

When we played hide and seek,
he ran to a distant tree,
climbed to the top, sat in silence
and let us hunt and hunt.

When he was twenty
he threw stuff in his car
and left.

He was gone over a month.

He came home, he said,
because he almost drowned
and discovered he was lonely.
Maybe he just ran out of money.

But I never knew –
was he running away,
or running toward?
It's hard to tell the difference.

Do we ever find
whatever we are chasing?
Do we ever out-run
whatever is chasing us?
Did he?

Today he has been silenced;
run his last race.
Now his instruments speak for him:
beautifully made cellos, velvet violas, soaring violins
speak with beauty and eloquence
of all that was in his soul.

We will hear him in the music
and we will carry him in our hearts.

M. Stevens
9/22/14 – 3/19/ 25



Some Memories of My Brother David

With his birthday in March, David received many kites as presents. I'm sure he was given other things too, but the kites are what I remember most. One year, when we were still living on the farm in Malvern, Arkansas, he and Paul set out to fly his newest kite. It being March—and windy—they succeeded in getting it quite high, probably using up all the string they had. And, as March winds tend to be unpredictable, the kite was carried off over the orchard. I'm not sure what happened next—whether the string broke or the wind died—but the result was inevitable: the kite came down over the trees, string draped across the tops of apple trees, peach trees, and persimmon trees—yards and yards of it! They spent hours climbing those trees trying to salvage the string. I don't remember if they ever succeeded or finally gave up.



Another memory: for a brief time, we actually had a functioning string quartet in the family—Barby and I on first and second violin, Kathy on viola, and of course, David on cello. We played together a few times (not many). Our mother had purchased two sets of string quartet books—one of Mozart and one of Haydn. Since David was by far the most accomplished musician among us, we had to stick to the easier quartets to accommodate the rest of us. I think he sometimes got bored with the cello parts! It had been a dream of our mother's to have a family quartet.

When I was getting ready to apply to colleges, one of my high school teachers suggested I audition at Illinois Wesleyan, a small Lutheran college with a decent music program. We expanded the plan so that David could audition as well. When it was his turn, he sat down at his cello and said, "I'll just warm up with a little unaccompanied Bach." The professor looked surprised and said, "I usually warm up to play Bach!" David was offered the scholarship. I was told I could be accepted into their music program. He didn't accept the scholarship, though—it came with some big strings attached: if he didn't graduate, he would have to *pay it all back* to the school!

David was the sibling closest to me in age. Being only one year ahead of me in school, we shared many experiences—playing in the same high school orchestras for three years, attending school dances, and riding the bus together every day, though we never got on at the same stop; I left the house early to catch an earlier stop and get a seat. David, on the other hand, ran up at the last minute to the final stop—still munching his breakfast toast.

— Mary Stevens



In the mid-1960s, David was beginning to develop his craft in viola and violin making in Champaign, Illinois. He had moved there from Chicago to become the sole string repair technician for the University of Illinois music department and orchestra, where his sister Mary played violin. I was a graduate student in the sciences at the University at the time—and married to Mary.

David was passionately experimenting with creating the ideal violin varnish, aiming for something close to what Stradivarius might have used. From time to time, he'd ask me to help him acquire small quantities of various chemicals to test in his varnish recipes. I remember a chemist once cautioning me to tell our aspiring violinmaker to be extremely careful—some of those substances were highly flammable!

As you may know, Mary still has the very first violin David made.

I also remember a wonderful conversation I had with David at his sister Margy's wedding reception. We found ourselves talking shop—David with his violins and me with my interest in relief wood carving. He generously shared his knowledge of chisel sharpening, complete with hand-drawn diagrams, which proved incredibly helpful for my own carving projects. I, in turn, told him about a remarkable honing tool I'd discovered at a woodcarving workshop in Michigan. We exchanged all this valuable information in a cozy, dimly lit dining room just before the reception dinner.

— Rick Stevens

Like expectant parents, we had been waiting on pins and needles to welcome our new cello into our home. Instrument No. 120, 1995. Finally, we learned that it was on the way. What we had not quite thought through though, was that it was being delivered in the dead of summer in Phoenix. The day of arrival it was 118 degrees in the shade. As the Fed Ex fellow brought it up the sidewalk and handed it off, heat waves seemed to shimmer off the case. The clasps nearly needed welder's gloves to touch, much less open. Yowza! No cello should get that hot. Surely glue would be melting and seams popping... But we need not have worried. The cello was fit as a fiddle that day, and now 30 years later, through hot and cold, dry and humid, we know David's instruments are rock solid. We're extremely grateful for the privilege of stewarding one for our lifetimes.

- Melissa and Steve Baum, Phoenix, Arizona



I am the incredibly fortunate caretaker of two Carón instruments. Violin #174, the last one crafted by David (2005), was a loan for a concert in 2015. I refused to give it back and have loved it ever since. (I did pay for it!). Viola #36 was David's first small (15-1/2") viola, made in 1977 for Leslie Van Becker. It was stolen from her house in 1982, and miraculously recovered in 2020. I had been bemoaning the lack of small Carón violas when Leslie's showed up at David's shop in 2022 for repairs. David was able to broker the deal and my collection is now complete. I am truly blessed to play both a first and a last in the Carón legacy, and to have had David as a friend.

- Andrea Gore



It has been said that a great instrument is the best teacher. I can attest that even though I have been lucky to have some truly great cello teachers (including Rebecca - my first!), I have learned as much from Carón cello No. 91 as from any of them. There's a certain magic in hitting just the right combination of string length, contact point, bow speed, and pressure on a Carón that must feel a little like what Pavarotti felt while belting out a high note in *Nessun Dorma*; a perfect balance of elements that allows the sound to effortlessly explode from the instrument. Once I experienced that feeling and that sound--so round, rich, and powerful, and probably mostly by accident the first few times--I wanted to learn its secrets, to learn to reproduce it and bend it to my will. Those of us who have been lucky enough to play on one of David's instruments understand that he has given us a great gift through his art: the ability, without having been born a Pavarotti, to find a Pavarotti-like voice through these great instruments.

Besides being a great artist and craftsman, David (and of course Rebecca) was always kind and generous to me, opening his home to me and putting many hours of work into keeping my cello in tip-top shape, while explaining all the details of what he was doing to the instrument and why. I learned a lot from him in my many visits to Taos about what goes into making a great instrument, and I am very grateful for the time I got to spend with him. He was truly one of a kind and will be deeply missed.

- Brian Snow

I met David in 2005 during a Christmas trip to Taos. I was 15 years old and my dad had recently gifted me with one of David's violas, (#168). We were making a pilgrimage up to David's workshop for an adjustment to see how the viola was settling in to its new home. Just as we started up the mountain a horrible snow storm began. My father walked ahead of our car to show Mom where the road was under all the snow. We Texans survived the blizzard and eventually made it to David's workshop where I met the brilliant and endearingly eccentric gentleman who would become a respected mentor, dear friend, and honorary family member for the next 20 years of my life.



I owe so much of my musicianship and life views to David. I know there will be much talk of remembering David through his instruments, but for me he will also be remembered for his love of the Sangre de Christo mountains, affection for his beloved cats, enjoyment for a well plated dish of beef bourguignon, and, perhaps most importantly, as the person that took time to write weekly emails to an eighteen year old conservatory freshman to offer constant encouragement, pithy comments, and entertaining updates about the Taos wildlife living in his backyard. David will be much missed, but never forgotten.

- Becky Glass



I met David when I came to Dallas in 1976. As a new member of the DSO, I asked colleagues for a good luthier recommendation. David's name came up many times, so I called him and my journey with David began!

From the beginning, I loved his bow rehairs, his expert adjustments, his kindness and his never ending patience. I was on his doorstep for every buzz or open seam!

When he and Rebecca moved to Taos, I visited them as often as I could and always before a recital or an important performance. David's adjustments and bow rehairs were the very best and always worth the trip.

In 1983 I bought an old Italian viola. I only trusted David to adjust and care for it. He always knew exactly what to do to keep it healthy and sounding beautiful.

In 2019 I purchased #181, an instrument that he lovingly made for me. We fondly named it "Gaspar de Taos".

I considered David a trusted friend, always willing to help and give instrument advice when asked.

The last time I saw David, he kindly offered to work on Gaspar. I know he was in terrible pain, but I sat with him as he worked and corrected a problem that had bothered me. He was so careful and meticulous. Now it's absolutely perfect!

There are no words to express my gratitude to David. I'm still impressed by his dedication to creating amazing instruments and his willingness to work with the owners to keep them in beautiful playing condition.

Thank you, David, for your generosity, your expertise, your patience and your courage. I consider it an honor and a privilege to have known you. You will always hold a special place in my heart. You are truly missed.

Love,
Barbara Sudweeks



David was my friend, teacher, and mentor for 50 years. His finest gift to me, aside from my initial training, was that he taught me how to continue to train myself for whatever challenges the violin trade threw at me. This has allowed me to achieve a high level of standing within this very difficult trade, and I am forever grateful for that gift. There wasn't any question he couldn't answer, nor any technique or procedure where he couldn't give me the direction I needed. David's level of understanding of how a violin functions, which he graciously imparted to me, far surpassed that of any other luthier I have met during my 48 years in the violin trade. This knowledge made it possible for me to learn how to set up and adjust any instrument that was put in my hands so that its full potential could be reached. During these decades, I have continuously promoted David's fine instruments throughout the marketplace. As an internationally recognized dealer in fine stringed instruments and a professional cellist, I have been in a good position to do so. It became my way to repay David for all he gave to me throughout the years.

I will be playing on DC#175 made in 2005. This cello is one that David made for his own use, and I feel very privileged to play on it.

- Charles Magby



On one of the occasions Charles Magby invited my wife Karen to join him on gigs at the Foxwoods casino in Connecticut, Karen noted the particularly round and resonant sound of Charles' cello. Note, Charles seems to have the ability to draw an impressively full sound from any cello, but this was different. What was the instrument? It was by David Carón, his revered teacher and mentor ... and it was for sale! Karen soon purchased the cello, and we have enjoyed its playability and sound ever since.

- Raphael Ryger

Every great instrument has a name. My cello needed one as well but, I wanted to let time and circumstance choose for me.

The best names are those that come from outside ourselves, so I waited.

In the fall of 2008, two years after my cello came into my hands, I took on a new student, a little girl named Christine, talented and eager to excel. During our first lesson together, I played for her and her mother. When I finished, a moment of silence was followed by an animated conversation, in Mandarin, between mother and daughter. I thought nothing of it, because few arts are as multilingual as music.

We worked together for several months before Christine decided to quit and move on to other things, despite her immense talent. I was disappointed, but of course gave her my blessing and wished her well.

But she and her mother left me a forever gift.

Several years later, I learned what had been said in that brief, long ago chat.

Christine's mother, in awe of the sound of my cello, had called it 天籟, literally, "sky voice" or "Heavenly Voice."

I have had few compliments in my life that were as sincere. I could never give such a name myself, but I can easily accept it as a sincere gift. And that is the name of my cello, the 176th instrument from the hand of David Carón.

天籟

Keel laid in December 2005, test-played in June 2006, sent to me on the 30th of that month, with me ever since, and forever more.

My first cello was the most emotionally torturous possession I have ever owned. Sold to me by my teacher, an unrepentant crook who either did not know or did not care that it had worms. Active, real life wood worms, that were literally eating the cello I had bought with such hope and faith. When I first noticed a wormhole and mentioned it to my teacher, he looked at the ceiling and said, "...probably some kid with a drill."

I had frequent nightmares about opening my case in the morning to find a cello scroll hanging from the top strap in the case above a large pile of sawdust that had been my cello. (The worms were successfully dealt with and the damage repaired as well as possible, but I was happy to see the last of that cello). In 1995, I acquired a wonderful cello by Stanley Kiernoziak, and put worms into the past

In the spring of 2006, a colleague, who also owned a Kiernoziak, tried out a David Carón. I knew David. One of the great modern makers, he had worked on my worm eaten cello, and several of

my other colleagues had Caróns: several violins and violas, and a cello, so I knew and respected his work.

One evening after rehearsal in Irving, my colleague and I remained in the concert hall for a long time, playing cellos side by side, one of us in the auditorium while the other played.

The Carón was superior in every way, and it wasn't close.

I went home that night and contacted David. He was finishing a cello, but fine varnish takes a long time to dry, and this one still needed a few months.

He sent it to me on June 30, 2006.

I opened the enormous shipping case and was struck by a feeling of, "That's it?"

I was looking at a rather boring, glossy red-orange cello, without any of that silly antiquing. A wolf eliminator made from a 1985 nickel bridged the G and C string. I took the cello out of the case. It felt warm to the touch and every surface was glass smooth. To my surprise, it was in tune, even after being shipped from New Mexico, and the plucked strings resonated round and full. I looked it over. The bridge was marked with David's personal logo, and the tailpiece was handmade out of Cocobolo wood. The endpin was double-headed, and I didn't like it. I picked up my Siefried bow and played an open G. The sound was solid but unspectacular. I played open C, and the sound jumped out. A scale. More scales. Bach, Dvorak, Kabalevsky, Cilea.

After a couple hours I was pleased but not blown away. "For so much money, I want to be blown away."

I had the cello for a month, however, and it was brand new. One cannot judge a cello in the first hour of playing, or even in the fiftieth hour. A hundred hours gives an inkling. A thousand hours gives more. Over time, instrument and player grow together. Maybe the cello breaks in. Maybe the player learns the cello. Who knows? But it takes time.

But over that month I kept playing that Carón. It was always the cello I reached for. The foibles, among them a bizarre mobile wolf, and a decided preference for certain temperatures, didn't bother me a bit.

I called David and told him I was keeping the cello.

And I am keeping it. Forever. My cello. My Carón. #176.

Some people love the idea of continuing a tradition: being the next in a long line of care-takers of a great instrument, each of which has a lineage; good, bad, amateur and great players going back a hundred years or two hundred, three hundred, more. A new caretaker has it for a time, sharing in the past and contributing to the future, until passing on to the next in line, becoming part of a history spanning centuries.

Others start a tradition, and take the first steps on that long journey to tomorrow.

My Carón starts with me. Every day God sends, that cello is either in my hand or in the case. Every day, I take care of her, because in 200 years, someone will be playing her, and every time she speaks, they will remember me.

"Heavenly Voice."

天籟

My Carón.

And theirs.

-Philip Taggart



In the 40-plus years I knew David, following him from one location to another, one thing never changed. Whenever he worked on my violin or viola, he would play it himself to test his adjustments. The piece he played never varied; it was always the Adagio from the Bach G minor Sonata, the first movement of the Sonatas and Partitas. If he was holding a viola then the key became C minor, but the music was the same. That was fine, since as a cellist, David was excused for not having a huge violin repertoire under his fingers. However, there was a twist: he held the violin or viola vertically in his lap like a miniature cello, squeezing his fingers together, and played the Bach that way. Once he was satisfied, he would hand the instrument back and say, "OK, see what you think."

What I always thought was, Wow, it sounds like a new fiddle! Even if I thought it sounded fine before, he would make it sound fabulous. The man not only had a gift for making instruments, he was also really, really good at repairs and adjustments. He knew how to make wood sing.

- Paul Tullis

I first met David on my birthday in 2013, a visit that would ultimately define my life when, two years later, I asked to study with him. I was very surprised when he said yes and since then have visited him and Rebecca in Taos once or twice a month – for the past nine and a half years. I remember my first visits, sitting with him and Rebecca at the dinner table after a day of work, being regaled with stories of his childhood, musicians, instruments, anything and everything else. I couldn't fathom how I came to be so lucky, to be welcomed with such generosity by such a great violin maker into his shop and his home. What began as a mentorship grew into something much deeper. David became more than just a teacher; he and Rebecca became family.



I didn't realize until after I met David that my first cello teacher, Ann, played a cello of his. It was an interesting and fortuitous coincidence – perhaps the universe had been weaving our fates together long before we crossed paths. By the time I started working with him, David had already been retired for nearly a decade. Then I came along—an eager and devoted student. During our time together, David made several more instruments, which brought him great joy and renewed purpose, and gifted the world a few more exceptional tools for creating music.

In the last few years, as his health declined, David was no longer able to work, so I would visit just to keep him company and help around the house. After over 60 years of working with his hands, the neuropathy caused by chemotherapy was especially hard for him to bear. He often expressed how he felt useless, that storytelling was all he could still offer. I hope he knew how much those stories meant to me, that I wouldn't trade the hundreds of hours spent listening to them for anything. I know it brought him comfort to have someone to listen. Our time together was a gift—both for him and for me.

It meant a great deal to him that I was learning everything he had to teach, and he took real pride in my work. He was more and more proud with each instrument I made. He cried a bit on hearing my last cello. His belief in me was both humbling and deeply affirming, even if I sometimes feel unworthy of it. His mentorship didn't just shape me as a violin maker; it transformed me as a teacher. I strive to carry forward his kindness, patience, and generosity with my own students.

David strove to live well, to be honest, fair, and kind. He looked for ways to make life meaningful, and to continually improve himself. He drew, painted, flew sailplanes, wrote poetry and prose, read widely, relished in the animals and natural beauty of his home surroundings, and enjoyed photography. But life knocked him around quite a lot. He was familiar with deprivation, loss, and injustice. These affected him deeply, and though he could have allowed

bitterness and grief to permanently overwhelm him, he instead used them as a catalyst to reinvent, explore, and contemplate. He used his innate talent for all things mechanical and working with his hands, along with his passion for creating and improving things, to fuel his pursuit of an ideal tonal and artistic aesthetic in his instruments, always striving to improve his techniques and understanding. I admired him greatly for his strength of character and lifelong pursuit of excellence.

I saw David for the last time at my wedding, a week prior to his death. It meant everything to Alex and me – and to everyone who knew our story – that he was there. I had always imagined I would be there with him at the end, but it was not to be. I'm glad then, that our last meeting was part of such a joyful occasion.

I've been highly privileged throughout my life to have incredibly generous and caring mentors and friends, and I am honored to have had David as both. There are few greater things in this life than to know the love of a beautiful soul and kindred spirit. I'll hold in my mind and heart his knowledge, his stories, and the feeling at our last meeting of his hand in mine as long as I live.

- Klarissa Albrecht



I was, for many years, after college and a stint in the military, an enthusiastic but lightly talented cello player. I was perfectly content with the \$300 student-level instrument I then owned.

Work and supporting a family interrupted my cello playing for several years.

When I retired, then in my fifties, to a small town on Chesapeake Bay, the cello came off the closet shelf where it had lain unplayed for three decades, and I resumed practicing and playing.

One day, I attended a program by a young husband-wife team; she was a violinist, he a cellist. I was stunned. The cellist whose name is now long forgotten was skilled, but I remember the instrument; it was warm and vibrant. At intermission, I went backstage, met the cellist, and asked about the instrument: it was by David Carón. The contrast with my modest student cello and the Carón was dramatic. I decided I would acquire a Carón cello. I contacted David Carón, and, yes, he would make a cello for me, but it would not be ready for over a year.

In time, it arrived and I experienced the joy of playing on an instrument whose capacities far exceeded my skills...

I was stunned at the cost of the cello and wondered how young musicians could afford to own such an instrument. The answer, after researching the question, is that most cannot. Many very skilled young musicians are playing on instruments that limit their musical growth.

My experience with David Carón's cello was the catalyst that led to the creation of the now twenty-eight-year-old Virtu Foundation, which is dedicated to finding ways to get quality string instruments into the hands of skilled young musicians. My beloved Carón cello has long been on loan to the Foundation, which now holds over sixty instruments: violins, violas, and cellos. Virtu now has two Carón cellos in its portfolio.

- Curtis Peterson, President, the Virtu Foundation



In the '80's and early '90's my wife Leah and I lived within a three minutes walk from David and Rebecca in Cañon.

I had an old Romanian violin which I had inherited and needed repair. I approached David, not to repair the violin, but to give me an idea what might be involved. David in his generosity, not only did that but invited me to rebuild it with him in his studio. During the many hours of side by side work and education on my part, we became friends. His quiet and humble personality and deep intellect resonated strongly with me, as did his incredible skill in instrument building.

We spent many hours quietly talking about music, art, and the worlds mysteries. When he and Rebecca moved to Valle Escondido and we moved from Cañon to a new home near the foothills, our regular visits became rare, but the friendship that I held in my heart for David never diminished, and I will always remember him with great admiration and affection.

The rebuilt violin is being played by my nephew, who is a very talented musician - an ongoing memorial to David.

Jonathan Sobol

Taos, NM

David Carón could easily have been Antonio Stradivari reborn. I consider it the height of good fortune that David and I met at precisely the point in my career when acquiring a truly world-class instrument became an absolute necessity. Without David, I would never have experienced the joy of playing a cello capable of producing such a huge, gorgeous, complex, magical, and "four-dimensional" sound. Without David, access to such an instrument would have remained no more than an unattainable "impossible dream". Whenever a listener shares their enjoyment and appreciation of expressive, singing tone quality, they are proudly informed that what they heard was one of the greatest string instruments ever created – antique or modern, Cremonese or Taos.

Luthier Extraordinaire, David Carón, has bequeathed to present day and future generations of string players a unique and priceless legacy of artistry, originality, and tonal beauty, combined with his superb and uncompromising craftsmanship. His life and creativity will always be cherished and remembered as a high-water mark in the long history of the world's greatest Musical Instruments.

- Louis Lowenstein



I work the wood
With my hands
In the quiet of the day
Each slip of the knife
The wood grain stands out
Yielding to my touch
Soon a shape takes form
And I move on
Each step a process
That takes time and thought
Every movement I take
Transferring a piece of me
To the wood I work
Dark thoughts stain the wood

Richly bringing out the grain
Each pain I feel
Adding to the sound it will make
Soon I have strung the neck
And righted it just so
I apply the bow
And listen close
The sound rises softly
Into the air
Releasing the pain
I have transferred there
The joy of the song lifts
Me high
My pain is gone at least for a little while.

By John Berg, Author of From a Dark Mind and A Walk Through the Shadows



