Spoiled only child.

First memory: Church fair and sounds of fighting.
At 4 years old, grandmother's urge to learn recorder. Later, a practice out of duty..... In elementary school, Spanish cane. Saw for the first time a classmate drink ink for 50 pfennigs, as he got nothing to eat from his parents. No athletic activity due to accident. At 6 years old, conversion to the Catholic Church, the Catholic school was closer. "Here you must be Catholic, otherwise you can't become anything." Confirmation: Question to the bishop: "Do I have to say yes?" Confession with pre-printed sin booklet.
Joined the cathedral choir.
Didn't understand the Latin texts, no hindrance to singing.
Devotion in singing pushed images of

- foot washing of those ordained to priesthood - and of - kisses on the holy nail - into the background.

Entered high school.
Father wished to see his son as a merchant
(later business takeover).
Mother wants to make something special out of her child. Loner.
Hardly in the class community, as "shorthand star with athlete's legs."
Escape into music. Escape from pressure to perform. "If you do something, you are something."
Wore many hats, he wanted to feel less of the pressure burdening him.
Should study medicine at 19.
Decision for music brings disappointment to mother. "I raised you so that you need a lot of money and therefore you must learn a respectable profession."