



MUSIC IS THE BREADTH AND DEPTH OF ME MUSIC LEADS ME TO MEMORIES OF HEARING RAY CHARLES ON SATURDAYS / WHILE WE CLEANED THE HOUSE / JAZZ OR GOSPEL ON SUNDAYS, DEPENDING ON WHAT MY FATHER WAS GOING THROUGH OR HOW HE WAS FEELING.

MUSIC IS LISTENING TO THE INTRICACIES OF A PIANO PLAYER WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A PIANO PLAY RATHER THAN PLAYING THE PIANO.

MUSIC IS THE HELPER OF MY SOUL WHEN I PUT DOWN THE LID ON MY 21-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER'S CASKET AFTER I KISSED HER BODY FOR THE LAST TIME AND COVERED HER. I NEEDED THE HAND-CLAPPING MUSIC AND NOT THE SOMBER MUSIC. THE CHOIR KNEW AND ABIDED.

MUSIC IS WHAT I RECALLED THE FIRST TIME I MET MY SOUL MATE, AND HE MET ME. IT WAS VIOLINS AND SO IN SYNCH.

MUSIC IS WATCHING TWO ANOINTED MUSICIANS PLAY PIANO AND CELLO WITHOUT WRITTEN MUSIC, / JUST FEELING EACH OTHER'S SOULS FOUR SOULS – THEIRS AND THEIR INSTRUMENTS.

MUSIC IS LOOKING AT MY DADDY PLAY PIANO, DRUMS, CLARINET, ORGAN, AND SING AS I MARVELED AT WHAT AN INCREDIBLE MAN HE WAS.

MUSIC WAS SHARED DURING HIS HOSPICE STAY, BRINGING IN HIS COLLECTION OF HIS FAVORITE MUSIC, AND JUST FOR FUN, THROWING IN THE NEWER MILES DAVIS WHICH HE HATED – SO I COULD SEE HIS FACE FROWN UP AND HIM LOOK AT ME ONE MORE TIME, AND SAY "GIRL IF YOU DON'T TURN THAT OFF". FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS PRAYER - MINUS HIS EXPLCTIVES. COLLECTION.

MUSIC IS MAKING UP A SONG FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, MY FIRST GRANDCHILD, SO SHE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER ME.

MUSIC IS THE DRIVING FORCE WHEN I AM DRIVING BACK FROM DETROIT, TIRED, SCARED, THE ONLY DRIVER IN THE CAR ALONE WITH MY 10-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER AS SHE HAD COMPETED AT A NATIONAL TRACK MEET, WITH A SEMI-TRUCK ON MY REAR AND A SEMI-TRUCK IN FRONT – GOING DOWN A STEEP HILL AND WATCHING THE CARS HIT THEIR BRAKES. "PLAY THAT SONG AGAIN, TAM, PLEASE, JUST KEEP PLAYING IT. WE MUST HAVE PLAYED IT - 100 TIMES DURING THAT DESCENT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. GOOD OLD - GAP BAND'S - EARLY IN THE MORNING.

MUSIC POURS OUT OF ME. "LET ME SING A SONG FOR THE BUS ON THIS BUS TRIP, MOMMY." LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT MY RENDITION OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S YOU AIN'T NOTHING BUT A HOUND DOG WOULD BE MY CHOICE. HEY, THE BUS CROWD LOVED IT. MY MOTHER – NOT SO MUCH. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SING ONE OF THOSE CUTE SONGS THAT YOU'VE LEARNED IN 1ST GRADE." POOR MOM. "I'LL NEVER SING AGAIN, MOMMY". **NOT**

MUSIC MAKES ME MOVE, DANCE, SHAKE ALL OVER. I CAN JUMP UP AND BUST A MOVE BECAUSE OF THE ENERGY / THE LIFE FORCE THAT GOD HAS PLACED INSIDE ME. "CAN I DANCE NOW, MOMMY?" I WAS THE LITTLEST PERSON IN THE ROOM, BUT I BELIEVED THAT THERE WAS MORE ROOM WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, SO I PROCEEDED TO LEAVE MY MOTHER'S SIDE. SHE GRABS ME AND PULLS ME BACK TO HER. I LOOKED UP AT HER WITH TEARS IN MY EYES. "I'LL NEVER DANCE AGAIN, MOMMY". **NOT**

MUSIC HELPS ME THINK, PRAY, CREATE.

MUSIC IS IN THE BACKGROUND, THE FOREGROUND, AND THE UNDERGROUND OF MY THOUGHTS.

MUSIC IS THE LITANY OF THE MANY PSALMS SUNG AT EASTER VIGIL, THE VARIOUS LITANIES AND CHAPLETS THEMSELVES – THE SUNG DIVINE MERCY CHAPLET – TAKES MY BREATH AWAY AND IT PLAYS CONTINUOUSLY IN MY HOME.

MUSIC IS PRAYER FOR ME – IT IS THE DEPTH AND BREADTH OF MY SOUL EXPRESSING ITS JOY WITH BEING A CHILD OF THE DIVINE CREATOR, WHO MADE THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH AND ALL THAT IT CONTAINS FOR US TO ENJOY.

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