

IS IT JUST ME?

25 MUSICAL THINGS ABOUT ME -- AND A FEW RANDOM ONES -- THAT MAY OR MAY NOT BE TRUE OF YOU

Okay, I never did this particular Facebook Note, so maybe I've been feeling left out. Or maybe I'm just feeling the urge to make a list. Whatever the impetus, I hope you'll read on, and perhaps respond if something resonates with you (*pun intended*).....

1. Singing impersonations: I do a pretty good Betty Boop (*"I wanna be loved by you, just you, and nobody else but you...."*)
2. I do a pretty bad Marlene Dietrich (*"Falling in love again, never wanted to...."* from the film *"Blue Angel"*)
3. My husband does not appreciate either of the above. I don't know why.
4. I love conducting a choir more than anything else I've ever done in my professional life.
5. I almost never get to do it.
6. I learned to harmonize as a kid, standing between by grandpa and uncle in church, and finding the alto part.
7. I didn't know that wasn't typical until junior high girls' glee.

- 8.** As a senior in high school I got to perform on Disneyland's Tomorrowland Stage as a member of the Young Americans.

- 9.** I mostly loved it, but had one terrifying moment when I realized that no one had told me (*a last-minute alternate*) what my cue was to stand up during our big musical climax!

- 10.** When I sing in heaven, I'd like to sing bass (*at least for the first 10,000 years or so*).

- 11.** There is a "music critic gene" in my family that goes back at least 4 generations. My great-uncle once spoke up at a funeral, announcing to those near him that the soloist was flat. (*Unfortunately for the soloist, Uncle Jess did not utilize whisper mode.*)

- 12.** My kids have inherited this gene. When my son was a preschooler, I had to explain to him why he still had to sing with the other church kids in the Christmas production, even though "they sing bad, Mommy".

- 13.** I suspect my first grandbaby, Cameron, now 7 months old, has this gene. He always gets still and cocks his head when his musical toys play, and he appears to prefer the Mozart.

- 14.** My mom and all 4 of her brothers have been choir directors and/or worship leaders (*back when they were called "song leaders"*).

- 15.** My mom was always either the church organist or pianist.

- 16.** As a voice major, I took just enough keyboard to pass my piano proficiency test. (*Personally, I would not have applied the adjective "proficient" to my piano playing.*)

17. This was never an issue when I was on staff at larger churches, since I had great keyboardists to rotate into the schedule. It came back to bite me years later when my husband took his first senior pastorate in a tiny church and the pianist left after three weeks – *(it's a long story, and not as dramatic as it sounds)* – leaving me as the sole instrumentalist for worship music.

18. I could hear my mom's playing in my head – *(and I accused her of praying for this day to come)* – but I couldn't make my fingers reproduce those lovely chords and arpeggios.

19. That was 23 years ago, and I now love to play, but I still hate it on those occasions, *(blessedly rare)* where I have to lead and/or accompany worship singing with no other instrumentalists.

20. My highest highs in this church music thing we do, have been the times when I'm leading a team of creative, committed volunteers and we're hitting on all cylinders, working toward one goal.

21. My lowest lows have been the lean times, when I *was* the team. *(Refer back to #18.)*

22. One of the most breath-taking and worshipful experiences of my life was walking into St. Peter's Basilica in Rome.

23. Even after 33 years in music ministry, and I've-lost-count-of-how-many productions, I still get those nightmares before a big musical. You know, where you show up for the big event *(a)* late, *(b)* with the wrong script or music, or *(c)* in your pajamas – *(or worse!)*. I mean, really, do those ever stop!?!??

24. I once directed part of a Christmas dress rehearsal with a paper bag over my head *(ala the "Unknown Comic" long ago on Saturday Night Live)*. I had a raging fever and

strep throat, so my rowdy tenor section made it for me, so that I wouldn't spread my germs to them. *(You know how tenors are, so caring and sensitive.)*

25. A photo of Jesus and the Twelve from one of my Living Last Supper productions hangs on my office wall. They're all in their biblical gear, wearing Groucho Marx glasses, noses, and mustaches. It represents to me all the fun I've had doing this church music thing, and reminds me not to take myself too seriously!