

Spread Your Wings And Soar

Boy, I am just now beginning to see that this blog can be therapeutic as well as entertaining. These past few days have been really tough but I am finding that with the support of some of the "bestest" friends I have ever had, grieving and remembering one of the best people I have ever known is bearable. I know that I will repeat myself so bear with me. I have already told you that Emily Curtis was much, much more than a music teacher to me. The last few years of her life, she gave up at least one of her lunch periods a week TO ME. I would go to school for a voice lesson on Tuesday mornings. Sometimes we would use them for other things as well. Upon arrival, I would always ask how Amanda and Jonathan were doing. Being the proud mother she is, Emily would boast about their latest accomplishments. On one occasion, she told how she and her daughter had just gone to see Jekyll and Hyde (WITHOUT ME!!! ☹). While Jonathan was at West Point, they would travel to NYC to see shows at least twice a year. One of my lessons was mere hours after Jonathan was sent to Iraq. I asked her if she wanted me to come that morning. She told me that she needed ME more that day than I needed her; just to hear me sing? I even called her at 10pm on a school night to tell her that auditions for an area production of *Joseph...* was in two days. "Get your butt (ok...maybe not that word, but, I like to keep this a family site) over here TOMORROW!!!"

The last show of mine that she came to see was *The Odd Couple*. Following the Sunday matinee, my crowd of admirers gathered at the Dairy Queen across town. When I entered the restaurant, a group of at least 10 rose to their feet and applauded all led by Emily. It was then that she again reminded me that I should not limit myself to musical theatre alone but to "spread my wings and soar" and to "not hide my light under a bushel basket". Definitely, one of my staunchest supporters and biggest fans.