

Waxing Philosophic

*For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given,
and the government will be on his shoulders.
And he will be called
Wonderful Counselor, ' Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.*

These words taken from Isaiah chapter 9 foreshadow the arrival of He whose birth we celebrate this day. The God made man in the form of an infant immaculately conceived and born in a lowly stable. My prayer for this early Christmas morning is that the world would remember to set aside a few moments in the joy and chaos of presents, parties, and merriment to remember. The church choir performed "For Unto Us a Child is Born" from Handel's Messiah at mass tonight. Not an easy piece but very beautiful and really set the mood for the late evening mass. The choir loft was filled with people singing the praises of the savior's birth.

While at mass, I could not help but to wax philosophic on she who is no longer with us, physically. However, I know that every time I open my mouth and any note good or bad that comes forth is in great part due to her influence upon not only my singing voice but to every part of me. I felt her presence so strongly tonight that it was almost overwhelming. I sincerely hope that Emily's family experiences the sheer love she had for them on this first Christmas since she was called to her great reward. From the hundreds of students who walked through the doors of her music room, to the thousands of troops around the world who met her through care packages, letters, and in person she touched so many.

May you all (from the casual reader to the best friends I have ever known) feel the joy that comes in celebrating the Most Blessed Time of the Year.