

# The End Of Songs I Have Learned

Yesterday was an emotional roller coaster. Thursday night, I hardly slept at all... maybe 5 hours tops (which some people I know are lucky to get in a week ;)). Being off stage for almost a year and a half created a huge amount of excitement and at the beginning of the day a little nervousness which I know surprised even me but several things throughout the day alleviated that fear. By the time I was ready to leave for the theater, I was ready to go... physically and mentally.

Adrenaline still there but the fear I seemed to be feeling was gone (if indeed it was fear). I arrived at my designated time and was soon joined by my accompanist and my cousin who joined my coach and I in a trio. I ran through just two of my more problematic numbers and waited on the other two participants to arrive to run through my pieces with them.

With a half hour to spare and the first audience members began to arrive, I headed backstage to put the finishing touches on my attire. While it does still fit (a fact that amazed my pal :)), I need to use suspenders to hold the pants of my tux up.

Thankfully, I have lost some weight since my days with the BGSU Men's Chorus. Moments before I went on stage, my best friend, third brother, and mentor came back and led one of my traditions: the pre-show prayer. Unfortunately for both of us, he and members of his family have been really under the weather for a while so he had to leave. But I was SUPER glad that he came behind the curtain for a pep talk, prayer, and hug (don't care if I catch whatever they are having). I'm sorry they had to miss it knowing how much they have meant to me in the past 6 years but their health is so much more important.

A little high school game on the BGSU campus with a victory meaning a trip to the state tournament, kept all but 7 of my

immediate family members from attending but what I had left was an audience full of wonderful friends plus my two sisters and 4 of my nieces (Kyli came down to the stage after I completed the show and gave me a hug). The music was great; however, I hope no one asks me to emcee an engagement in the near future. I am so better suited to a scripted show than attempting to offer extemporaneous (there's your .10¢ word of the day) comments between songs.... Awkward to say the least.

But the duet and trio of the evening went remarkably well and my solos went as well as I could hope. I am told that video clips are ready but either my cousin goofed on my email address or there was a goof up along the way somewhere. In either case, when I get them I will post them (maybe those awkward extemporaneous comments scattered throughout were omitted). I detest watching myself on film (most of the time). I can handle Morat from time to time but that is about it.