

Notes from the Choir Loft

by
Karen W



Our Lady of MOUNT CARMEL



The Morning Choir





Notes from the Choir Loft

by
Karen W



F O R E W O R D

It seems that just before mass begins, I have a few minutes to breathe, look around, and ponder on whatever happens to be bouncing around in my head. It's a calming and pleasant time for me--almost an out-of-body experience. I feel invisible as I observe what's going on around me.

A few years back I started jotting down the thoughts that would float through my brain during this time and I'd email them to Fr. Pat, the priest at Our Lady of Mount Carmel. He never responded to any of my emails, so I'm not sure if he just thought I was demented or that they might be drunk confessions and he wasn't supposed to acknowledge them. I kept send them nonetheless.

Just before moving from Chicago, IL (US) to Italy I decided to have them printed, in particulare for one of the key players of the show in my head--Paul French.

Paul, the church's choir director made my time in Chicago bearable, sometimes even delightful, always beautiful. I could write an entire book about Paul French, as could anyone who has met him. In the eight years that we knew each other we both changed, He inspired me to become a version of myself I never thought I could become.

Through him I met Mike Jones who gave me confidence. That led me to Davin Youngs, who gave me my spirit. Eventually, I found my way to Hilary Feldman who gave me power, as well as control of that power. But before Hilary, and after Mike, there was Beckie Menzie. Beckie did the most important thing for me. She helped me find my heart. And much like the Tin Man, I know I have one because I feel it breaking.

I will miss you.

*For Paul and for Beckie--
my inspiration, and my heart.*

December 7, 2015

God the Mother

Since we've been married, my husband has always traveled quite a bit for work--between 75 to 80%. That's left me with managing 100% of the household and that is the world our son was born into has grown up in.

In his world, Mom gives him food, gets him dressed, picks him when he falls, or leaves him on the ground and lets him cry, if she thinks in that instance it's the better route to go. She scolds and sometime punishes him when he's misbehaved, but also lets him climb in bed with her when he's afraid of monsters.

As he's grown older, Mom's also the one who watches TV and listens to music with him, talks to him about his friends, his feelings, and the world at large. She still yells and him sometimes, but sometimes he still curls up beside her on the sofa.

But Dad's a chemist. And this boy, goes to a selective enrollment high school here in Chicago. He wants to be a theoretical physicist when he grows up. So when Dad's home, the two guys spend a lot of time talking about string theory and fractals, and play with page-long equations that Mom can't begin to understand.

While sitting in Spirituality class last week, a question came up of who you pray to. I find that I always pray to God because I find him more approachable. Think about His patience with Adam, Moses, Lot. The Israelites. (Oy.)

Think about Jesus. He was the Great Teacher, and without him we with cannot proceed to the God,

because of his sacrifice. However, I always thought he was a bit snippy with the disciples, and not always very patient.

This made me think. We always refer to God as “God the Father,” but when I relate it to our household, God really is more like God the Mother.

Just thought I'd share that with you.

October 18, 2016

The Choir Loft

It's 10:55 a.m. on Sunday.

Kelly Dobbs-Mickus is playing an organ prelude. I'm standing about a foot away from her, in my maroon robe, watching her...in awe. Her tiny arms and legs fly with confidence and surety across the pedals and keys. The music sounds triumphant as air escapes the many pipes. The remaining choir members file in and take their positions. Some have been doing this for a decade or more. For some it is their first or second time. I'm somewhere in between. The seasoned members help the "newbies" get settled and find their places.

Paul French is here, too. He's peering over the balcony, looking at the music on his stand, glancing at the choir --in general looking as if he's conducting for the first time. I'm smiling. I know it's not his first time.

Kelly's prelude comes to a close and the "bells" begin to chime signaling the start of mass. I take one more quick look around. The stained glass. The organ pipes. The wooden railing. These people. These beautiful people that I love.

It's all I can do to keep from crying because my heart feels as if it will burst open with joy.

It's time for the opening hymn. I open my black binder. Paul's baton is poised. All eyes are on him.

Simultaneously we inhale. And begin.

I cannot imagine that heaven is a better place than this.



Paul French

Merry Christmas future

Our family moved from Central America to New York when I was three, so I've always considered myself American. I grew up watching American television, having American friends, being completely immersed in American culture, yet coming home to a household that was anything but American.

Just to give you an example, I didn't taste cole slaw or cranberry juice for the first time until I was in college. We ate primarily Mexican or the Central American version of Mexican food. My grandmother was Mayan, so there was a bit of Native American flair in the food.

Christmas was celebrated, but never really in an American way. As I got older I tried to get my family to have an "American" Christmas which never worked out. My mom never quite got it. I tried to explain the "stockings" and how small gifts should be inside. But she always bought gifts that were much too large and had to be placed on the ground under the stockings.

My mother was a teacher and always received many more presents than the rest of us, which she bragged about. Additionally, my mother, who is a depressing and miserable person in general, felt that after the presents were opened, Christmas itself was over, would let out a deep sigh, followed by, "Well, that's Christmas." She'd get up from where we had opened the presents and go about preparing food for the meal to come later that day.

The phone would ring continuously throughout the day (for her) with wishes of Merry Christmas and she would

inevitably force me to say hello to people I didn't know. All in all a horrible day. I couldn't wait to get older and have my own wonderful Christmas.

When I was older and lived on my own, I worked in the medical field, and always signed up to work on Christmas in order to avoid this dismal day at my mother's house. Of course, I'd tell her that I couldn't get out of it. I was the newest on staff...I didn't request the day off in time...A lot of people are out sick...

Once I was married I knew it would be different.

Well, in-laws made sure that didn't happen. Just another dreaded day of encounter. We spent Christmases alternating between them and my mother's house.

So now we come to my first Christmas as an almost divorced person. And I'm alone in a hotel room in Detroit. Wasn't quite how I planned it.

I'm sure there's a Merry Christmas in my future.

Maybe next year.

October 2, 2017

Marriage and the organist

Kelly is a very petit woman. And if you're standing almost anywhere but just beside her when she's behind the organ, you might not see her. Sometimes when she plays very difficult and complicated pieces her husband, Jeff, would turn pages for her. Of course, any number of the gifted and musically educated singers could do it, but as Jeff once expressed it, "No one wants that pressure." Today was one of those days. Jeff was in the choir loft, turning pages for our spectacular organist.

But today something happened. It was a small thing. Maybe no one else noticed. Probably no one else noticed. Not even Kelly nor Jeff. At one point, between songs, she was reaching for a binder that contained our next piece, and her tiny arm was just too short to grasp it. Jeff, who was sitting beside her, without a second's hesitation, grabbed it and passed it to her. Not a word was spoken between the two—at least none that I could hear, and I stand right beside Kelly. Kelly opened the binder and began preparing for our next song.

I smiled at first, but then I had to stop myself from crying.

As I continue on my journey through my divorce, that millisecond summed up what was missing from my marriage—anticipation of need.

I tried to explain that to my husband. When I'd come through the door, laden with bags from the grocery store, struggling to get to the kitchen and he sat on sofa watching me...or when my knee was broken and

he watched me prepare meals then push the plates along the floor with my crutches from the stove to the table. As we went through counseling his defense was, “Well if you want help just ask! I’ll do anything! Just let me know!” But I’d anticipated his needs constantly. Why couldn’t he anticipate mine? He said it’s because I was odd and he was busy.



Kelly Dobbs-Micus

Was Jeff odd and Kelly busy? Maybe. Or did they just love each other.

I met someone recently and he came over for dinner. I

sent him home with the leftovers which he took to work for lunch. Apparently, a lot of leftovers. Enough for two days’ worth of lunches. I sent him a text saying that he must be a bit sick of it after having eaten it three times. His response: “Nope. Grateful.”

I nearly cried.

I think if my ex-husband had ever been “grateful” for anything I’d ever done, we’d still be married.

It seems there are two things essential to a happy relationship: anticipation and gratitude. It’s not different from the relationship we have with God, is it?

January 14, 2018

Upstairs, Downstairs

The Skinner organ is being repaired so the choir will be singing from downstairs for some weeks to come. I'm happy about that. I've heard that we sound better when we sing from the loft above. Even my atheist ex-husband who attended only one mass at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel said it sounded like "angels' voices" were descending from on high. The architects must have planned it that way. Many of the choir members prefer singing from upstairs as well. Even though the space is cramped, and we're forced to stand for almost the entirety of the mass, I guess they like the safety of anonymity.

But I like being downstairs. I like seeing the people. I get to see them as they walk in. The friends that greet each other. Even though I can't hear them, I imagine them making quick plans to chat after mass. One handing off a package to another. Perhaps a borrowed bowl. Young parents getting fidgety children settled with a toy.

A few people may glance at the choir, but not really. I feel almost as if I'm wearing a magical cloak of invisibility and I'm spying on them. It's fun.

Then the mass starts.

There are regular parishioners that may never have been to the 11:00 a.m. mass and never heard our choir. Or perhaps visitors. Or regulars. But if we have a really good opening hymn, one that ends with the sopranos and tenors wailin' out a thundering descant part—they're looking now.

Then we might do a beautiful Kyrie and Gloria from Hayden, like we did today, and when we're done, I look up from my music folder and see a few faces in the congregation smiling with appreciation.

As the mass continues, every note from the choir and organ connects with the congregation, straight through to the final hymn that ends the mass with the same thunder with which it began.

A few clap at the end. But that's not important. You can sense the power of our voices creating movement in their hearts.

It feels so good to be one of them and not above them.

I love you

Some words are harder to say than others and it's sometimes odd which ones roll off our tongues with ease. When someone cuts us off while we're driving, the word "asshole" tumbles out our mouth without much thought. When we make a purchase at the register the cashier gives us our change and says, "Thank you. Have a nice day." We say, "Thanks. You, too," with just as much thoughtlessness and lack of sincerity. We're being polite. It's not a bad thing.

There are other times, maybe when you're in the kitchen or coffee nook at work and a co-worker asks, "How's it going?" Your husband may have just lost his job and your daughter suspended from school for doing drugs. But you respond, "Great! How 'bout you?" Now, of course, you don't want to get into a discussion with Bob, your co-worker about all your personal woes, but you're also isolating yourself from an opportunity to open your heart and to possibly to let Bob open his. A truthful response, without giving away too much information could be, "Things could be better. A little rough at home." Bob may offer some general comforting words like, "We've all been there. Hang in there." Or he might say, "That's too bad," grab his coffee and walk away. Or he might start opening up about his own woes making yours seem minuscule.

Who knows. The point is, being more thoughtful on occasion when we respond to these mundane, everyday questions, could change how we relate to the world around us. It could create a more honest relationship with the people we touch and those that touch us.

Especially the ones that touch us very closely.

I've been dating someone and it seems that whether you're 50 or 15 it's a big deal who says "I love you" first. It's almost a sign of weakness, of giving in. It took me until now to realize how silly this is. "For God so loved the world..." God loved us first. Does that make Him weak? And the Greeks, as I recall, had six words for love. Personally, I don't think that's enough. There are so many levels of love.

When my best friend Christopher and I used to talk on the phone, whether it was three times in one day, or after three weeks, whenever he'd end the conversation he'd say, "Love you!" and I'd say, "Love you, too." This would happen with texting as well. So when he died, I never regretted that I hadn't told him that I loved him.

Now, as you know, relationships don't always go smoothly. The person I'm dating, Tom, and I have broken up and gotten back together a couple times. In one note I recall writing, "You know how I feel about you even if I've never said the words." I look back now and wonder why I hadn't. What was I waiting for? For him to be first? To be sure? Or to be sure he'd say it back. Obviously, I know how I felt. Did it matter if he said it back?

Does it matter to God if we say it back?

So as a new rule, I've decided to say "I love you" more. Not just to Tom but to all the people that I love. If it makes them wiggly and uncomfortable, I don't care. Love makes us all wiggly and uncomfortable sometimes. Maybe it will start a conversation. After all, God is love, and he created us in His image. Ergo, we are love. It shouldn't be harder to say, "I love you," than, "Watch where you're going asshole!"

May 21, 2018

Babies and Ave Verum

It's Easter Sunday and we're singing the "Ave Verum Corpus" by Saint-Saëns (not the one by Mozart that most people are familiar with.) It's beautiful. And we've gotten to the climactic moment in the piece...

esto nobis praegustatum/in mortis examine

And a baby in the nave below begins to wail...loudly.

Paul is pissed.

I can't help but smile, which makes it difficult to sing for a moment. The baby's crying doesn't bother me and it only lasts for a moment. Our choir of 50 soon overpowers her and she's either soothed or terrified into silence.

It reminds me of my son. He's been coming with me to church since he was a week old and he's been to many choir rehearsals since. I remember bringing him to my choir practice in the Netherlands in his little carrier, and the choir director, not quite so cantankerous as Paul French, but almost, asking me what "that" was which I'd brought to practice. My husband travelled a lot so I had to bring the infant with me or not sing. My son was probably the only infant to be serenaded to sleep weekly by the best Catholic choir in the Netherlands.

Once we moved to Chicago, and he was older, he would sit on the side at a table doing his homework while we sang. He never joined the Treble choir or Schola, but did become an altar server. We're never

working the same masses so he rarely gets to hear my choir but compliments us when he does. He's impressed with Kelly, our organist, as is everyone.

Although he listens to rapper Kedrick Lamar, he also listens to Mozart. And he writes both rap and classical music.

So Paul may have been upset with that little baby for crying at a peak moment in our choir's singing, but I thought about how wonderful it was that the parents of that little baby were exposing her to such glorious music each week. And that the music, our music, would be ingrained in her and become a part of her soul, the way it had become a part of my son's.

It made me smile again.



January 27, 2019

Water bottles and socialism

The water bottle situation in the choir loft is getting out of control.

When I first started singing with the choir the rule was that the cantor for the mass could discreetly hide a water bottle in the podium and slip out occasionally to take a sip of water if absolutely necessary. That was the only water bottle allowed in church.

I realize at this point I'm starting to sound like "that" little old lady but hear me out.

On some days there are 50 or more choir members in the loft. I don't know if you have ever been to the choir loft but it's tight up there. Imagine if each person brought a water bottle. Currently somewhere between four to seven members bring water bottles. And on occasion a water bottle has fallen over—thankfully never with the lid off. I should mention it's not just a plastic water bottle. It's usually metal water bottles that clink every time you put them down on the floor. You can only imagine the noise when someone trips over one of these water bottles.

Now what is it that makes some choir member feel that they cannot live without sipping water for an hour that they while others can? Perhaps training. Perhaps a level of professionalism. I'm not sure. And yet just a few short years ago no one needed a water bottle.

When the choir sits downstairs fewer people seem to need water bottles. Interesting. From an observer's standpoint it must look dreadful. I'm almost prompted

to put out a Gatorade bucket filled with ice like they do on the football sidelines.

What does all this have to do with socialism, you may ask?

Having lived in the Netherlands for 10 years, and though it was not the easiest of adjustments, I do understand living for the common good. The fact that these people bringing their water bottles into the choir loft do not understand how people having to tiptoe around their bottles inconveniences everyone else, is quite selfish, and not for the common good of the choir, is beyond me. Additionally, when we're downstairs it makes for sloppy presentation of the choir because just a few people doing this makes everyone look bad.

It's the same with binders of music. There are always new people in the choir. And there are some things that we've sung for years that longer standing members know by heart. The Sanctus or Angus Dei. But Paul asks us to all have our binders open when we sing it so that we look uniformed. Three people having their binders open and the rest closed would look silly to the congregation. I think the same for water bottles.

I'm not sure why our fearless leader hasn't said anything. Something's changed in him the past year. He seems somewhat defeated and I'm not sure what it is. I've gently asked, but he says he thinks he's the same. The Paul French I knew seven years ago would never have tolerated this.

The choir has changed as well. The choir I joined was also a bit more socialist. We cared more for each other and did more for the greater good. And I don't know why it has changed. Perhaps as older members have left and younger members have joined they are more focused on themselves than the group. Perhaps because in the last few years we've had quite a bit of turnover, people aren't around long enough to feel part of the choir family? Is it Paul? Maybe it's society as a whole?

Or maybe it's all the cute water bottle designs.



April 17, 2019

The Heart of the Matter

We've been talking about forgiveness in the divorce group for the dioceses—primarily the difficulty of forgiving our ex-spouses. James Safechuck said, "Forgiveness isn't a line you cross, it's a path you take." But even a path leads to a destination, and we can eventually cross a threshold of sorts.

How?

I was watching a bad television show, mostly for noise in the background while I worked at home, but caught a moment where two sisters who hadn't spoken in years were confronted with each other. One had grown hard with hatred because she felt her sister had deserted her to marry. I won't go into the complications of why the older sister saw the marriage as a betrayal or what happened the many years after. Suffice it to say that they both made mistakes before and after that moment.

Now, many years later, both alone, they faced each other. The older sister was still filled with rage and hurt and anger. The younger sister still believed she did what she had done from a place of love and not betrayal. However, instead of defending her actions from so many years before, as she had done so many times, the younger sister said, "Forgive me, sister. I shouldn't have left you."

In an instant the elder sister's heart melted. You could see the anger wash away. The hatred she had harbored for so long was gone.

We are sometimes so focused on forgiving others, and the difficulty of the task, that we make it harder for ourselves. Perhaps in these last few days of Lent we can think about a moment, and a person from whom we could ask forgiveness. Whether we do or don't isn't important, but to remember the feeling, the desire for forgiveness. Once in that place, it might then make it easier to cross that threshold of bestowing forgiveness.

Or not. But it might help at least to move us further along the path.

November 16, 2019

Making Room

(You're probably going to want to grab a glass of wine for this one—it's going to be long. Actually, you should probably grab a bottle.)

It's that time of year when churches all over the world will be telling the story of how there was no room at the inn. Many of those giving sermons will be saying how we should be making room in our hearts.

A few years back, when I was still contemplating whether or not I should file for my divorce, I remember talking about it with Linda B. I told her how when the choir would sing downstairs instead of in the choir loft, many times I would look into the congregation and hope to make eye contact with someone. I would fantasize it being incredibly romantic. Through the entire mass we'd keep glancing at each other and after the service we'd talk and he would be the person that would rescue me from the sadness that I felt tied to.

Linda then told me about an article that she'd read which said that if you wanted to have something new in your life you had to make room for it first, not get that thing and then make room. Whether that thing was a new lamp or a new person you needed to make room first. Between that conversation, and conversations I had with you, I was encouraged to seek my divorce.

My divorce took three years. During the separation I did date people. Some were nice. Most were not. But I don't think I felt a very deep connection with any of them.

Shortly after I filed for my divorce my best friend for over 35 years passed away. It was interesting, because while I was going through my divorce I was incredibly sad and angry and everyone attributed this to the process of my divorce, but in actuality the feelings were tied to the death of my friend, Chris. I tried on many occasions to talk to people about this but whenever I would bring up Chris' passing, people always seemed much more interested in discussing my divorce. In my mind, my marriage ended only a couple years after it began. Chris' death, however, was very fresh and raw for me. Eventually I stopped trying to talk to anyone about Chris. I did do an entire show about it, but most people missed the point.

Not long after Chris, his mother died as well. I now felt I had no one to talk to about Chris.

I don't think anyone really realized just how close we were. And each day for me revolved around two emotions—anger and sadness. People that were around me attributed this to my divorce, which, all things considered, had gone surprisingly well.

I knew that this was not healthy and I tried different things including meditation but they didn't work. After seeing a recent documentary on the benefits of meditation I decided to try it again. This time it worked. For the last few months of doing it daily, meditation has finally been able to get rid of the anger. The sadness is definitely still there but I realize that I am purposely

holding onto it now. A part of me feels that letting go of the sadness would be a betrayal. Letting go of the sadness would be letting go of Chris and I don't want to do that. I'll get there.

Around the same time that I started my new meditation practice I received a text from someone that I'd been on a date with about a year ago asking if I'd like to meet him at one of the local festivals. He happened to be in the city. When we first went out, over a year ago, because of the distance we lived from each other, our kids, and me acting like a total jackass, things did not work out. I have no idea why he contacted me again. But we've been dating since and it's been very strange. He is absolutely not the person that I would have picked for me.

I don't know how familiar you are with dating apps, (I'm going to hope not at all) but you have to describe the profile of the person that you want to meet. This person I've been dating checks maybe one, possibly two of the things I might have on a list of 20. I'm fairly sure I make him crazy. But I know that I don't want to be with anyone else. I've deleted my profile from all the dating sites.

Two interesting things happened recently. (One of these gets a little personal but you've been around a while so I think you can handle it.)

He had stayed over at my apartment and I woke up in the middle of the night just for half a minute, and his arm was over me. And for those few moments the only thing I felt was peace. That may not sound like much, you probably have bundles of peace oozing everywhere all the time; but you have to understand,

I have never felt peace in my entire life...until that moment. Thirty seconds of not thinking about the future, or the past. What had to be done, or what I had screwed up. For about 30 seconds I was just in that moment. The only thing I thought was, "This is what peace feels like." Shortly after that it was gone then I went back to sleep.

I haven't told him about that yet. Maybe it'll be his Christmas present. I'm also hoping I'll have more moments of peace in the meantime.

Here's the second interesting thing that happened. The next weekend I was having dinner out with a girlfriend and I told her about that. She didn't know about my conversation with Linda B. but she had met Chris, and she had been to the show that I had dedicated to him. I told her about my meditation and how the anger was gone, and my new guy. She said, "Well, it looks like you finally made room for someone."

In the middle of the restaurant tears started streaming down my face. Linda was right—I did need to make room. But it was a different room than what I was thinking.

You see Chris and I had always planned on ending up in old-age home together, even when I was married and he was partnered with someone. We figured we'd be the two cranky old people fighting over which bakery in the old neighborhood made the best cheesecake, and stealing pudding from the nurses' station after hours, trying to escape them in our walkers. Chris and I were supposed to grow old together. We didn't have to be in the same city, or even country, we were joined at the heart. And when he died, the gap

in my heart filled with anger and sadness—there wasn't room for love. Not genuine love. Not like what Chris and I had. Not "I will yell at you in the middle of the street and stomp away but if anyone tries to hurt you I will rip them apart with my bare hands" kind of love.

Rob, my ex-husband, and I had a very quite marriage. For 16 years we didn't fight. And the only time we held hands was in public.

Jon, the person I'm dating, and I are taking it very slowly. He lives in McHenry and works a ridiculous shift—4am to 1pm, plus one or two Saturdays per month. One of his kids is still under 18, so there are custody weekends. We don't see each other that often. He's not chatty like I am. The number of words on these pages is probably more than he'd say in a month...or a couple of months. But he answers every text I send him and puts up with me rearranging his bathroom... and kitchen...and living room. Kinda. He yells at me for doing it, but he doesn't move the things back. He lets me push his stuff out the way to make room for my stuff.

It seems only fair that I should make some room for him.

*What lies behind us
and what lies before us
are small matters
compared to
what lies within us.*

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

This last entry was actually sent to Paul French rather than Fr. Pat.

June 14, 2020

Ciao!

My dear Mr. French,

On July 9, I'll be leaving for Italy. I'd like to tell you it's for a holiday or temporary work assignment, or even better, a singing tour--however, those are all cancelled because of Covid. I am going to Italy partially for a vacation, but also to look for housing. It's something that has been planned for quite some time and was actually delayed by the pandemic. I'll be popping back into Chicago before the end of September to arrange for the transport of my things but I probably won't have time to visit with anyone.

I'll be meeting with the one and only Linda B. later today to bump elbows for the last time. Between now and July 9, there will be a few others to see, but mostly I'll be tying up loose ends.

In a world without Covid, my departure would obviously have been quite different. There would certainly have been a bar, and singing involved. But I'm dreadful with goodbyes, so slinking away is probably for the best--avoids all the blubbing.

Rob and his girlfriend are comfortably settled, and Grey is finally getting along with her. Grey has transferred from UMich to University of Illinois, Champagne-Urbana, and is looking forward to rooming with one of his friends from high school. UMich was much more "red" than we knew and the Trump rallies on campus were very disquieting. Grey is not thrilled about me leaving Illinois, but I know once he's on campus, with his friends, and

starts dating, it'll be a matter of, "Mom who?" He's a very funny boy. His description of my clothing style is that I look like "an emo college art student that a hipster would date." Personally, any description of me that includes the words "college student" I'll take!

Tom says he'll visit me, but we know how these things go. He's a sweet man, and I'll miss him. I did ask him to come with, but moving to Europe isn't for everyone.

There are so, so, so, so, many other things I want to say, but this is enough. Except for one thing...

Rob only came to mass at Mt. Carmel once, and the choir was in the loft. Rob, as you may recall, is an atheist. I asked him how the choir sounded. He said, "It sounds like angel voices floating down from heaven. It's beautiful."

In listening to the selections on YouTube the past weeks, I have been awed by what I've heard, as we don't generally get to hear what the congregation hears. Rob was right.

It has been a privilege to be in a choir that made heavenly music. Thank you for letting me be a part of that.

-Karen

11:49

FOLLOWING

Karen Willough

5,709 MONTHLY LISTENERS

SHUFFLE PLAY

All Around My Hat • Shall We Dance • You Know I Have Angels • World Without You (feat. Michael Jones) • Whispering • Tra le tue braccia • Truly Scrumptious • Dance with Me • **and more**

Popular releases

 **Scrumptious**
2018

 **Shall We Dance**
2017 • Single

Home Search Your Library Premium

