

## **mm — *My Soprano Solo at Christmas***

Picture me as a boy soprano...  
a picture I try to forget...  
singing a solo at Bryant School in Seattle...  
for the Christmas program.

I was standing by an open 2<sup>nd</sup> story window...  
100's of people down there in the dark...  
time came for my verse...  
*"Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in a stone-cold tomb."*

The full school chorus concluded  
*"O star of wonder, star of light,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light."*

It was a most forgettable moment I can't forget...  
that program should never have happened...  
children should not give their voices  
to nightmare-making words like that.

Of course we still have children do  
Christmas scenes with those legendary kings...  
shepherds and angels too...  
but always leaving out Herod's dark story.

A friend is reminded that every era has Herod...  
times when children are victimized...  
where truth-speakers get executed (59 this year!)  
and kings rake in gold.

I would like to remember singing something like  
*"Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright..."*  
but we don't always get a choice of what kind of song  
we are called upon to sing.

Art Morgan, December 20, 2018

### **In Addition:**

*I was in the midst of a long winter's nap at 2:22 p.m. today  
celebrating arrival of Winter's Solstice...  
the oldest of seasonal holidays.*

*I awakened in the morning to begin my darkest day  
when what should appear, but a generous check  
From our electric coop refunding overpaid light bills...  
a sign from on high at Christmas I'm sure...  
the light is meant to shine in the darkness!*