



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Lotta Mushkatblat, Soprano**

**Edward Newman, Piano**

April 29, 2023

6:00 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

*When I started...*

I. If music be the food of love

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)  
Arr. Benjamin Britten

II. Fidelity

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

III. Music for a while

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)  
Arr. Benjamin Britten

*... it was interesting...*

I. An die Hoffneng Op. 32

Ludvig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

II. Dimmi ben mio che m'ami Op. 82

III. An die Hoffnung Op. 94

*... and frightful...*

I. Auf dem Wasser zu Singen

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

II. Die junge Nonne

III. An die Musik

*Intermission*

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's of Music in Vocal Performance. Ms. Mushkatblat is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

*... but it came with the passion for those who were forgotten...*

I. L'ete

II. L'anneau d'argent

Cecile Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

*... respect for where we have been...*

I. Songs my mother taught me

II. Élégie

Antonin Dvorak  
(1841-1904)  
Nadia Boulanger  
(1887-1979)

*... and excitement for where I am going.*

I. "Son pochi fiori"

From *L'Amico Fritz*

II. Brindisi

From *La Traviatta*

Pietro Mascagni  
(1863-1945)  
Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

*With Aubrey Bosse*

### Composers and translations:

**Henry Purcell (1659-1695)** was an English composer of the Baroque era who is best known for writing one of the first English language operas, *Dido and Aeneas*, which is still one of the most popular English language operas to this day. His body of works is mostly consistent of vocal music, both secular and religious, and is still consistently performed today.

**Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)** was an Austrian composer of the Classical Era who is best known for his contributions to instrumental chamber music. He spent most of his career working at the court of the Esterházy family and was a mentor to both Mozart and Beethoven.

**Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)** was an English composer, conductor, and pianist and one of the most influential figures in 20<sup>th</sup> century classical music. Best known for his operas and *War Requiem*, Britten also wrote extensively for the solo voice. His arrangements of English folk song and early music are widely used in academic and recital settings.

#### If music be the food of love

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

- Henry Heveningham

#### Fidelity

While hollow burst the rushing winds,  
And heavy beats the show'r,  
This anxious, aching bosom finds  
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows  
What thy hard fate may be,  
What bitter storm of fortune blows,  
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread  
On which our days depend,  
And darkling in the checker'd shade,  
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoever may be our doom,  
The lot is cast for me,  
For in the world or in the tomb,  
My heart is fix'd on thee.

- Anne Hunter

#### Music for a while

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'd to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

- John Dryden

**Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)** was a major transitional figure in the history of classical music. His work started in the Classical era and ended firmly in the Romantic. Best known for his 9 symphonies, Beethoven also wrote a number of works for solo voice and accompaniment by piano or orchestra as well as an opera, *Fidelio*. This set explores the setting of a text and theme throughout Beethoven's three main compositional eras: early, middle, and late.

### **An die Hoffnung**

Ob ein Gott sei? Ob er einst erfülle,  
Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich verspricht?  
Ob, vor irgend einem Weltgericht,  
Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthülle?  
Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!

Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten feierst  
Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst,  
Der eine zarte Seele quält,  
O Hoffnung! Lass, durch dich emporgehoben,  
Den Dulder ahnen, dass dort oben  
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!

Wenn, längst verhallt,  
geliebte Stimmen schweigen;  
Wenn unter ausgestorbenen Zweigen  
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt:  
Dann nahe dich, wo dein  
Verlassener trauert,  
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,  
Sich auf versunkene Urnen stützt.

Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuklagen,  
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen  
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:  
Dann lass ihn, um den Rand des Erdentraumes,  
Das Leuchten eines Wolkenbogens  
Von einer nahen Sonne sehn!  
- Christoph Tiedge

### **Dimmi ben mio che m'ami**

Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami,  
Dimmi che mia tu sei.  
E non invidio ai Dei  
La lor' divinità!  
Con un tuo sguardo solo,  
Cara, con un sorriso  
Tu m'apri il paradiso  
Di mia felicità!  
- Anonymous

### **To Hope**

Does a God exist? Will He one day grant  
what tearful longing promises?  
Will, at some Last Judgment,  
this mysterious being reveal itself?  
Man should hope! Not question!

You who so gladly celebrate on sacred nights,  
and softly and gently veil the grief  
which torments a tender soul,  
O Hope! Uplifted by you,  
let the sufferer sense that there on high  
an angel is counting his tears!

When, long since hushed,  
beloved voices are silent;  
when, beneath dead branches,  
memory sits in desolation -  
then draw near to where your  
forsaken one mourns,  
and, enveloped in eerie midnight,  
leans against sunken urns.

And should he look up to accuse fate,  
when the last departing rays  
set on his days:  
then, around the rim of this earthly dream,  
let him see the hem of a cloud  
glowing in the light of a nearby sun!  
- Translation by Richard Stokes

### **Say, my love, you love me**

Tell me, my dear, you love me,  
Tell me that you are mine  
And I will not envy  
The divine powers above!  
With just a solitary glance,  
My dear, with just a smile  
You open paradise's gates,  
For my joyful song!  
- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)** was another composer who aided in the transition between the classical and romantic eras. Incredibly prolific, he wrote over 600 songs before dying at the age of 30 and many other instrumental works. His Lieder are ubiquitously used in the development of young vocalists and are popular choices in the recital repertoire.

### **Auf dem Wasser zu singen**

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines  
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;  
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines  
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;  
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines  
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel  
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.  
Morgen entschwinde mit  
schimmerndem Flügel  
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,  
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel  
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.  
- Graf Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg-  
Stolberg

### **Die junge Nonne**

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!  
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!  
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,  
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch  
jüngst noch in mir!  
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,  
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,  
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,  
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,  
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,  
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,  
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,  
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

### **To be sung on the water**

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves  
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,  
on gently shimmering waves of joy.  
The soul, too, glides like a boat.  
For from the sky the setting sun  
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove  
the red glow beckons kindly to us;  
beneath the branches of the eastern grove  
the reeds whisper in the red glow.  
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,  
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Alas, with dewy wings  
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.  
Tomorrow let time again vanish with  
shimmering wings,  
as it did yesterday and today,  
until, on higher, more radiant wings,  
I myself vanish from the flux of time.  
- Translation by Richard Wigmore

### **The young nun**

How the raging storm roars through the treetops!  
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!  
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,  
and the night is as dark as the grave.

So be it, not long ago a storm still  
raged in me.  
My life roared like the storm now,  
my limbs trembled like the house now,  
love flashed like the lightning now,  
and my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;  
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.  
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,  
purified in the testing flames,  
betrothed to eternal love.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!  
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,  
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.  
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!  
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön  
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.  
Alleluia!

- Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!  
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride.  
Free the soul from earthly bonds.  
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from the tower!  
Its sweet pealing invites me  
all-powerfully to eternal heights.  
Alleluia!

- Translation by Richard Wigmore

### An die musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entlossen,  
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

- Franz von Schober

### To Music

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,  
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,  
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,  
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
a sweet, celestial chord  
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.  
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

- Translation by Richard Wigmore

**Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)** was a French composer of the late Romantic period. The first woman composer to have been awarded the *Légion d'honneur*<sup>1</sup>, she was also a highly regarded concert pianist known. While well regarded during her lifetime, her music had mostly faded into obscurity by the end of the twentieth century. The surging interest in works by women composers has allowed for her music to be revived and it is gaining popularity again in the academic sphere.

### L'été

Ah! chantez, chantez,  
Folle fauvette,  
Gaie alouette,  
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!  
Parfum des roses,  
Fraîches écloses,  
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!  
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Soleil qui dore  
Les sycamores  
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,  
Verse la joie,  
Que tout se noie  
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.  
Ah! chantez, aimez ...

### Summer

Ah! Sing, sing  
Crazy warbler  
Gay lark  
Joyous finch, sing, love!  
Perfume of roses,  
Fresh hatchling  
Give back our wood, our wood most fragrant!  
Ah! Sing, love!

The sun that dons  
The sycamores  
Replenishes the swarm of noise  
Verse of joy  
That drowns it all  
In your shining rays  
Ah! Sing, love...

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<sup>1</sup> The highest order of merit given out in France, both military and civil.

Ah! chantez, aimez ...  
Souffle, qui passes  
Dans les espaces  
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.  
Que ton haleine  
Donne à la plaine  
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté.  
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie  
Calme et fleurie,  
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.  
L'âme charmée,  
L'épouse aimée  
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!  
Ah! chantez, aimez, ...  
- Édouard Guinand

### L'anneau d'argent

Le cher anneau d'argent que vous m'avez donné  
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses;  
De tant de souvenirs recéleur obstiné,  
Lui seul m'a consolée en mes heures moroses.

Tel un ruban qu'on mit autour de fleurs écloses  
Tient encor le bouquet alors qu'il est fané,  
Tel l'humble anneau d'argent  
que vous m'avez donné  
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses.

Aussi, lorsque viendra l'oubli de toutes choses,  
Dans le cercueil de blanc satin capitonné,  
Lorsque je dormirai très pâle sur des roses,  
Je veux qu'il brille encor à mon doigt décharné,  
Le cher anneau d'argent que vous m'avez donné.

- Louise-Rose Gerard

**Antonín Leopold Dvořák (1841-1904)** was a Czech Romantic composer and one of the founding fathers of American classical music. He is best known for integrating folk and traditional music within classical forms which I believe formed the basis for American ethnomusicology<sup>2</sup>. While he started his musical career and gained success in the Austrian Empire, he moved to the United States to run the National Conservatory of Music. There, he took on the goal of studying and creating “American music” with the help of Henry Burleigh, who introduced Dvořák to African American Spirituals. He used these much as he had earlier used traditional Czech songs in his earlier works.

Ah! Sing, sing...  
Wind, that passes  
In the spaces  
Sowing the hope of a summer day  
That your breath  
Gives to the plains  
More light and more beauty  
Ah! Sing, sing...

In the prairie  
Calm and flowery  
Do you hear these words, so sweet  
Charming soul  
Loving spouse  
Bless the sky by the groom!  
Ah! Sing, love  
- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

### The silver ring

The darling silver ring that you have given me,  
Guards in its narrow loop our enclosed promises.  
It obstinately fences so many memories,  
That only it can comfort in my gloomy hours.

Like a ribbon we tie around blooming flowers  
Holding again and again a withering bouquet  
Like the humble silver ring  
that you have given me  
Guards in its narrow loop our enclosed promises

Alas, when our total oblivion comes,  
In the coffin, padded with white satin,  
When I would sleep, so pale on the roses,  
I want it to shine again, on my bony finger.  
The darling silver ring that you have given me.

- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

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<sup>2</sup> His work is like that of Béla Bartók who is often regarded as the first ethnomusicologist due to his work with collecting and recording European folk music.

**Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)** was a twentieth century French composer, teacher, and conductor. She is best remembered as a teacher to musicians such as Aaron Copland, Phillip Glass, and Quincy Jones. Her career in composition is limited to her early life, mostly before the death of her sister, Lili Boulanger, after which she stopped composing for public consumption. She was the first woman to conduct many major orchestras such as the BBC Orchestra and the Boston Symphony.

### **Když mne stará matka**

Když mne stará matka  
zpívát učívála,  
podivno, že často,  
často slzívala.

A teď také slzou  
snědé líce mučím,  
když cigánské děti  
hrát a zpívát učím.

- Adolf Heyduk

### **Élégie**

Une douceur splendide et sombre  
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé.  
On dirait que, là-haut, dans l'ombre  
Un paradis s'est écroulé.

Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente,  
L'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air noir,  
D'une chevelure d'amante  
Dénouée à travers le soir.

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres  
Du fond des cœurs mystérieux  
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres  
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

Et de ma bouche où s'évapore  
Le parfum des bonheurs derniers  
Et de mon cœur vibrant encore  
S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.

Pour tous ceux-là, qui, sur la terre,  
Par un tel soir tendant les bras,  
N'ont point dans leur cœur solitaire  
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

- Albert Victor Samain

### **Songs my mother taught me**

When my dear old mother,  
Would teach me songs to sing,  
I found it strange, that often...  
Often, she would cry.

And now a tear  
Bothers my aging face,  
When the gypsy children  
Learn how to sing my songs.

- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

### **Elegy**

A sweetness, splendid and somber,  
Floats under the starry sky.  
They say that, up there, in the shade,  
Is a paradise that has fallen.

And it is like an ardent odor.  
The fervent scent in the black air,  
Much like the hair of a lover,  
That unravels through the evening.

All space languishes of a fever,  
From the depths of mysterious hearts,  
They come to die on the lips,  
The words that will make your eyes shut.

And from my lips they evaporate,  
The perfume of past joys.  
And from my vibrant heart again,  
Lift the vague pities.

For all who are here, on this earth,  
On such a night open their arms,  
Do not have in their lonely hearts,  
A name for them to cry to.

- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat



**Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)** was an Italian composer and conductor of the Late Romantic era and one of the most important composers of the Verismo operatic tradition. His rise to fame came with his first opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana*. While many maintain that he was a “one hit wonder” his later works were successful during his lifetime and have fallen out of fashion in the years following his death.

**Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)** was one of the greatest composers of opera in the common practice era. His music has kept popularity into the modern age and is often used in movies, radio, and television. His most popular operas include *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*, some of the most performed in the world.

### **Son pochi fiori**

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,  
Son l'alito d'aprile  
Dal profumo gentile;  
Ed è per voi  
che le ho rapite al sole...  
Se avessero parole,  
le udreste mormorar:  
Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche  
Siamo le vostre amiche;  
Morremo questa sera,  
Ma saremo felici  
Di dire a voi, che amate gl'infelici:  
Il ciel vi possa dar  
Tutto quel bene che si può sperar.  
Ed il mio cor aggiunge  
una parola modesta, ma sincera:  
Eterna primavera  
La vostra vita sia,  
ch'altri consola...  
Deh! Vogliate gradir  
Quanto vi posso offrir  
- Nicola Daspuro

### **Brindisi**

Libiam ne' lieti calici  
Che la bellezza infiora,  
E la fuggevol ora  
S'inebri a voluttà.  
Libiam ne' dolci fremiti  
Che suscita l'amore,  
Poiché quell'occhio al core  
Onnipotente va.  
Libiamo, amor fra i calici  
Più caldi baci avrà.

### **They are simply flowers**

They are simply flowers, poor violets  
They are the breath of April  
With a perfume, gentle  
And they're for you,  
that I have kidnapped from the sun  
If they had words  
You would hear them murmur  
We are girls, timid and demure  
We are your friends  
We will die this eve  
But we will be happy  
To say to you, who loves the destitute:  
Heaven can give you  
All the good you can wish for  
And my heart adds  
A modest, but sincere word:  
Eternal life  
May your life be  
One that consoles others...  
Ah! Please accept,  
What little I can offer you  
- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

### **Drinking Song**

Let's drink from the joyous chalice  
Where beauty flowers ...  
Let the fleeting hour  
Voluptuously intoxicate them.  
Let's drink the sweet tremors,  
That love calls forth,  
For whose eyes pierce the heart,  
Omnipotently goes.  
Let's drink to love - to wine  
That warms our embraces.

Tra voi saprò dividere  
Il tempo mio giocondo;  
Tutto è follia nel mondo  
Ciò che non è piacer.  
Godiam, fugace e rapido  
È il gaudio dell'amore;  
È un fior che nasce e muore,  
Né più si può goder.  
Godiam c'invita un fervido  
Accento lusinghier.

La vita è nel tripudio.

Quando non s'ami ancora.

Nol dite a chi l'ignora.

È il mio destin così

Godiam la tazza e il cantico  
La notte abbellà e il riso;  
In questo paradiso  
Ne scopra il nuovo dì.

- Francesco Maria Piave

With you I will share  
My times of joy.  
All is mad in this world,  
That does not provide us so.  
Let us enjoy life,  
For the pleasures of love are swift and fleeting  
As a flower that lives and dies  
And can be enjoyed no more.  
Let us go with the fervent invitation,  
Whose accent flatters so.

Life is just pleasure.

But if one still waits for love ...

Don't tell those who shall ignore it.

But there lies my fate.

Let's take our glasses and sing  
Of the night, laughing and graceful.  
In this paradise,  
We will discover a new day.

- Translation by Lotta Mushkatblat

## Authors Note:

Dear Reader,

I hope you know how appreciative I am for you to have made it this far. The programming of this recital was a long and difficult process, filled with twists and turns, indecision, and far too much stress. My teacher, Twyla Robinson, gave me a piece of advice that has stuck with me the last few months: “this is a capstone, a representation of what you have done in the last few years.” A representation of the last few years... I truly struggled with this idea. How much time does that encapsulate? Does it encapsulate just my time at TCU, or does it encapsulate my entire undergraduate experience? And if it does, how do you summarize some of the most formative and difficult years of your life?

In the last five years, we have lived through great and terrible history; the COVID-19 pandemic, the war in Ukraine, and the political upheaval in our own backyard has indubitably formed us in ways we do not even know yet. Throughout that time, I have been not only completing my undergraduate degree but also growing up in this strange world. Things that I thought would be difficult ended up being incredibly simple and vice versa. So, in the wise words of Oscar Hammerstein II, I decided to start at the beginning of my five years of undergraduate.

This program starts with one of the first pieces I learned in my undergraduate journey: the Britten realization of Purcell’s “If music be the food of love.” The first set explores the earliest periods of the common practice era, with a touch of modernity. I sang several Britten arrangements in my first year and wanted to do so again, this time as a graduating senior. Thematically, the set explores how I personally feel about music.

The second set is one of my academic curiosity. A longtime interest of mine has been the comparison of text setting. How does a composer's position, mood, culture, change the character of a text? In Beethoven’s settings of “An die Hoffnung” we get a clear comparison of how the interpretation of a single composer of a text (or theme in the context of the second setting) changes over their lifetime with each piece coming from a different compositional period of his: early, middle, and late respectively.

The third set is overcoming fear. Coming into college, I had many technical hurdles to overcome. So many that I started developing mental blocks around certain styles in composers because they were simply unattainable for me to perform. I hated singing the likes of Schubert simply because it made me feel like a failure as a musician and a vocalist when the reality was that I simply was not ready. Now, I am, and I celebrate growing into repertoire that would have given me a stress ulcer a year ago. The first half of my recital concludes with Schubert’s ode to music, a message of ultimate gratitude to the art.

After intermission, I tackle the repertoire that I deeply care about promoting. This focuses on the following categories: female French composers of the romantic era, Slavic music, and Italian music of the late romantic era. The first set of songs after intermission is a duo of parlor songs by Cecile Chaminade, a woman composer who was enormously popular in her time but faded into obscurity after the Nazi occupation of France and World War II. The second set is a duet of a song by Nadia Boulanger and Antonín Dvořák, two composers who not only fit into my research interests but were also instrumental to establishing American Classical music. Finally, the last set is one of where I hope I will go into the future. The music of Verdi and Mascagni (along with their contemporaries) is music that I hope that I will spend the rest of my life singing. It is where I want to end up, where I want to end my journey.

I thank you for bearing with me and for coming to listen to the conclusion of this journey. I hope that you have enjoyed our time together and that I will see you again next time.

Sincerely,



*When I started it was interesting and frightful, but it came with a passion for those who were forgotten, respect for where we have been, and excitement for where I am going.*