**The Loss That Hurt the Most**

When I was young, I was told that I had a beautiful singing voice.

I was asked to sing often. The song could be my choice.

I sang “Over the Rainbow” at a school talent show.

I was told by a judge that to Broadway I should go.

I told them I was going to teach because that had been my dream.

But that didn’t stop my singing, the church choir became my team.

I also directed the children’s choir for 43 years and loved every minute of it.

When I had to stop, it broke my heart into tiny little bits.

In college, I tried out for the choir. Music Majors are the only ones allowed.

I told her that others could sing so she let me tryout. And I made it. Wow!!!

Fast forward to the year 2000 when the doctor gave me some sad news.

My vocal chords were swollen and at that time he had no clue.

He said he would run some tests to get to the bottom of the problem.

But I had to stop my singing so they could rest until he found them.

The tests took time and I couldn’t sing and I really missed that so much.

Finally after a year and a half, the doctor’s office got in touch.

Luckily it had only been infection of which I would usually boast.

But my singing voice never returned. It was the loss that hurt the most.