

I grew up in a large farming family in the Finger Lakes Region of Upstate NY. We spent a lot of time outdoors, picking cherries and berries in the hedgerows of the fields, “getting in” hay, driving tractor, taking care of cattle. We had a family milk cow, and pasteurized our own milk.

I always was athletic, and played sports when I was in high school. Even though I was very involved in music, with marching band, jazz band, piano lessons, and accompanying the chorus, I still found time for sports. I loved to play volleyball and basketball. I was a girl on the go.

In my early twenties, I also was busy finishing college, getting a degree in engineering, and working for a large company in NC. But, one day when I was about thirty, something happened. My back “went out” on me, and I fell to the floor and couldn’t get up. My husband had to get me in bed and carry me to the bathroom. I couldn’t barely move. Even after my bones seemed to move back into place the next morning, I was in terrible pain. Nothing helped. I was trying to run my small decorating business (I had left engineering), and I could barely sit up more than twenty minutes because of excruciating pain in my back.

This turned into all-over pain, and chronic fatigue. I spent most of the next ten years laying down more hours per day than I was able to sit or stand. The pain was debilitating and depressing. I didn’t know if it would ever end.

After about 9 years, I asked God to help me write a song. I was so discouraged that God had given me many talents, yet I was not able to use any of them. Why? I just couldn’t understand. I went into my bedroom, got on my knees and asked God to help me write a song. It would be something of a gift to God, and it had an eternal quality to it. My song could live on for hundreds of years.

Soon, (only two short days later) I wrote my first song on the piano. I remember looking up and saying, “Thank You, God! That was quick!” My Dad thought it should be called “Tranquility” because it sounded so peaceful. “Tranquility” it was. Three weeks after that, another song came to me. Then, something of a flood of music came pouring out of me. It was amazing! I thanked God so much for this unexplained miracle!

I have improved considerably since those days. I’ve been writing for about seven years now. And God has worked healing in me through my music. This song is one of my earliest, and it reminds me that I don’t have to be strong in my own flesh. God will give me the power I need to accomplish the tasks God has prepared for me. For, “When I am weak, then I am strong.” as Paul himself wrote.