

# Music, Music, Music . . .

## Asante Sana

By Rick Nohle

### Swahili:

Baba, asante sana! asante sana!  
Baba, asante sana!

Yesu, asante sana! asante sana!  
Yesu, asante sana!

Roho Mtakatifu, asante sana!  
Roho, asante sana!

I wish I had a thousand tongues  
To thank you for the things you've done!  
Asante sana!

### Kirundi:

Dat' urakoze cane! Urakoze cane!  
Data, urakoze cane!

Yesu, 'rakoze cane! Urakoze cane!  
Yesu, urakoze cane!

Mutima Mutagatifu, 'rakoze cane!  
Mutima, urakoze cane!

Nifuza ko naba mvuga  
Indimi igihumbi.  
Urakoze cane!

### Spanish:

Padre, te doy gracias! Te doy gracias!  
Padre, te doy gracias!

Jesús, te doy gracias! Te doy gracias!  
Jesús, te doy gracias!

Espiritu Santo, gracias! Te doy gracias!  
Espiritu, te doy gracias!

Qui sierra mil lenguas  
Para cantarte por lo que haces.  
Te doy gracias!

### English:

Father, I want to thank you!  
I want to thank you!  
Father, I want to thank you!

Jesus, I want to thank you!  
I want to thank you!  
Jesus, I want to thank you!

Spirit, I want to thank you!  
I want to thank you!  
Spirit, I want to thank you!

I wish I had a thousand tongues  
To thank you for the things you've done!  
I want to thank you!

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(This song was first sung by the youth  
Group at a Lenten program 3/18/2018)

It's said that one who sings prays twice. I've become a believer that one who dances does so too. Liam, just a little over a year proved that to me recently as he joyously clapped and danced to the music of the African choir. His whole being was alive, his eyes twinkled, and there was a broad smile on his face. I could imagine God delighting and dancing with him.

One of the many blessings of being at St. Leo's is the varieties of music in our worship. A typical Sunday Mass includes songs in English, Spanish, and Kirundi, and, as Father Jim often says, "If you don't know the words, you can hum or clap along." It's a wordless way to engage our bodies and spirits in worship.

I'm guessing that every parishioner could tell their own story about how music has impacted them, regardless of genre, and brought them closer to each other and to God.

It's part of my own family lore that my Nona played organ and sang at her downtown Cincinnati Italian church when she was a pre-teen more than 100 years ago. It was so beautiful we were told that people wept when she played and sang. She loved church—and singing all her life.

Though none of us has ever played or sang professionally, it seems that music is in our genes. My dad's father played the zither as did my Uncle Carl. My dad took violin lessons from a member of the symphony who used to provide concerts and drink Grandpa's home brew on summery evenings. My mom played piano and she and dad used to play duets when Karen and I were young. Dad said that stopped when my younger sister who was a toddler at the time clapped with delight after one of their evening concerts and asked him to play his "vile din." I think the real reason was that working six days and three evenings a week allowed little time for performances.

I always loved to sing and was a member of glee club all through high school.

I'm a shower singer and I love to belt it out when I'm driving alone. Singing is also a great way to pray, I've discovered. Once I was invited to take part in a gospel choir seminar. It sounded like fun. I could sing and thought that would be enough, I soon found out that it also required clapping (I'm often off-beat) swaying (somehow I went one direction while the rest of the choir was going another) and jumping in time to the music. The whole body involvement made the music a form of contemplation. I wasn't very good, but I loved it and it fed my spirit.

All my children played instruments. I can remember my oldest son Joe taking guitar lessons when he was five and playing for Mass at St. Boniface School when he was in the third grade. Later he took piano lessons and being the creative person that he was improvising as he played for his teacher. "Joe, why don't you try playing as Beethoven wrote it," she chided him. He went on to play trumpet, French horn, and organ and now sings in his church choir. Jeremy was a drummer and took saxophone lessons. Sara majored in music in college, taught piano lessons for beginners and continues to play flute in St. Leo's Sunday music group and in a community band. She even learned to play gospel flute for revivals under the direction of the late Deborah Shippis.

The music gene seems to have passed to the next generation too. My grandson Sam plays trombone and is the only 6<sup>th</sup> grader in his middle school jazz band. Twins Josh and Zack love the Beatles and can sing and play along to their music on their child sized ukuleles and drums (empty Crisco cans)

My St. Leo family has many others who share the music gene and use it to feed their spirits and glorify God. In addition to experiencing Pentecost every Sunday at Mass one might also get a foretaste of the heavenly choir. How blessed we are to be part of this amazing family of faith!

— Angela Anno

