

I love to sing. Last Sunday I sang at the Briarcliff Congregational Church; it was their third time inviting me. [Here's a recording of the second time I sang there.](#)

My mother trained my ear before I could walk and talk—I could match the notes she sang. As a kid I sang at church, in school, at birthday parties, for my grandmother and her friends, for a Star Search audition, for off-Broadway auditions, at supper clubs, piano bars, family gatherings, reunions, weddings, home visits, etc. I sang with my middle school principal in the halls before school started. In high school I sang in the jazz vocal ensemble, in the chorus, and in musicals such as “Fiddler on the Roof” and “Oklahoma!” In college I sang in a jazz vocal ensemble and the choir at the Mt. Zion Baptist Church. After college I returned to my grandmother’s church and sang at the Antioch Baptist Church of Corona. It was there that I had my first experience—at least that I can recall—of God singing through me as I sang, “Jesus is all the world to me.”

The Temple Takeaway:

What is it that you love to do? What talents has God given you? [Did you know that talents and gifts aren't the same?](#)