

History of Us – live and love today

Caryl,

Often, when I listen to History of Us (by Emily Saliers) I think about you. I like the song for its music (the melody, harmony, and rhythm, plus her singing style,...) and the many interesting ideas in its lyrics. Beginning each chorus is a main theme: “so we must love while these moments are still called today.”

It seems to me that you have done this well throughout your life, LOVING people and also LIVING fully each day-week-year by combining an adventurous attitude with many wise decisions – as in your determination to get a degree from UCLA (not Cal State Fullerton where you began for practical reasons), take a year off to work and play, then hit the ground running to get a PhD in less than 3 years (I’m still impressed by this, and usually include it when I’m bragging about you) at the beginning of an academic career -- as a researcher, writer, and teacher -- that has been extremely productive and impressive. And in the personal area, you said “yes” when you found a good man to love (and to love you) and together you made a wonderful life in Lexington & Chapel Hill, and then together you decided to leave this comfortable familiarity for the exciting new adventures of Amsterdam.

If one key to living well is to live-and-love each day, while it's today, I think you’ve done this very well.

with love, from your brother,

Craig

P.S. Maybe you have this song already; if not, I’ve temporarily put it (in mp3 file) on the web, and the lyrics are in the email that follows. Also, Sunday night I told Mom & Dad that I would be doing this, and sent them (plus Nikki) a draft of this email before they left, so they would know about it during their trip and ask if this was OK. I would love to be there, too, but I currently have end-of-semester teaching duties at UW.

History of Us:

I went all the way to Paris to forget your face
Captured in stained glass, young lives long since passed
Statues of lovers every place I went all across the continent to relieve this restless love
I walked through the ruins, icons of glory
Smashed by the bombs from above.

So we must love while these moments are still called today
Take part in the pain of this passion play
Stretching our youth as we must, until we are ashes to dust
Until time makes history of us.
Jeu de Paume's full of faces knowing peace, knowing strife
Leisure and toil, still it's canvas and oil
There's just no medium for life.

In the midst of the rubble I felt a sense of rebirth
In a dusty cathedral the living God called
And I prayed for my life here on earth.
So we must love while these moments are still called today
Take part in the pain of this passion play
Stretching our youth as we must, until we are ashes to dust
Until time makes history of us.

There are mountains in Switzerland, brilliant cold as they stand
From my hotel room, watching the half-moon
Bleeding its light like a lamb
And the town is illumined, its tiny figures are fast asleep
And it dawns on me the time is upon me
To return to the flock I must keep.

So we must love while these moments are still called today
Take part in the pain of this passion play
Stretching our youth as we must, until we are ashes to dust
Until time makes history of us.