

Cold weather shows us how fragile we are. Standing on the threshold of winter, we look ahead with childlike anticipation of holiday fun, but with adult fears of mortality. The first snow covers the city with conversation about laughter, play, and aches and pains. What better comfort can we find than friendship, faith, and Faurè?

On All Souls Day we pray for the dead. The dead derive little comfort from this feast; comfort falls to the living. Although our lives bear scars of sorrow, inflicted by the death of those we love, the brave peacefulness of the deceased affords us hope that this one deed, which none of us has accomplished yet all are called to perform, will somehow heal all wounds, resolve all conflicts, and bestow welcome rest. Facing the mystery of death, we cannot fully reason its purpose, but faith offers us a peace beyond that which understanding alone can give.

Music possesses the wondrous power to move us beyond our reason into mystery. The notes make logical sense on the page, but their performance draws on our emotions in ways logic can analyze but never feel. *Requiem* creates fear, longing, and hope in its meditation on death. It lights a way past our stubborn reason into the mysterious truth about human life.

Christians therefore turn to music in our prayer. Music knows the mystery of Christ better than we do. He who is the way, the truth, and the life himself experienced death, to show us the way to truth. In the silence of a wintry snow, the music of our faith emboldens us to press on our mortal way to meet the changeless truth, who is Christ.

All Souls, Our Lady of Sorrows, 1995