



Musical Theatre



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Rocky Hock Update

Gloria and I hope your new year is progressing well. I have to admit that my inspiration was originally to just write and remind you briefly about the concerts and musicals coming up in February. And, I do want to do that. I also want to send an announcement you can forward on to your church secretaries. (I always rely on you good folks to talk those wonderful "gate guardians" into giving us a little space in your church bulletins.) I will include all of that information at the bottom of this page. But, as I started to write this letter I found myself drifting in another direction...about 700 miles from Miami ...to an island nation called Haiti. May I share a story with you?

The news of the tragedy in Haiti has shaken Gloria and me rather badly. The first overseas ministry trip we ever took anywhere was to Haiti in 1978. It changed our lives. It's still changing us. In the years since starting our ministry we've travel to five continents and scores of countries. We've ministered in federal prisons in the US, Aboriginal women's prisons and dirt floor churches in the outback of Australia, villages in New Zealand built on stilts over thermal pools, in Tasmania, to children in huts in Fiji where our lyrics were being translated into three languages, in Jerusalem where we were translated into a dozen languages simultaneously, on US military bases across Western Europe, in nearly every state in the US, across Canada, Mexico, and in Alaska in places you can only get to by air or sea. We've traveled to the very ends of the earth but NEVER has anywhere affected us the way we were affected in Haiti.

We watch the news in horror. We recognize everything. Everything they say about the poverty, the conditions, the filth, and the homelessness is true. It's hard to admit but my first thought was "how can you take nothing from nothing?" We went to Haiti to both perform and to minister in a tangible way. Gloria and I joined forces with several outstanding musicians from across the US and our goal was to help clothe, feed, conduct medical clinics, and encourage during the day. In the evenings we performed concerts. We sometimes performed without electricity, sometimes in huts with dirt floors and mud walls, and always to the eager, happy, shining faces of people hungry for God. How strange our music must have sounded to them. How jealous I was of their serenity.

We were about 24 years old when we went to Haiti. We were very, very green. I remember thinking I needed to document and film some of the events at a medical clinic in which we were helping. I remember having to leave the building constantly to go around the back and cry. It was

overwhelming. The thought of what we witnessed still is.

We stayed in the Montana Hotel (the one they keep featured on the news day in and day out because so many Americans were trapped and killed there.) A man was cleaning the hall one day in that hotel and I noticed he had no shoes on his feet. I had lots of shoes. I remember going and getting a pair to give him. He smiled. It was the only time I saw him smile in 10 days. Shoes. Lousy shoes. And that's all it took to make his day.

When the tragedy struck last week I said to Gloria that the reason they keep reporting people are strong spirited in Haiti...and even smiling...is because they had nothing to start with. Nothing from nothing is still nothing. Most of us wouldn't make it for an afternoon if we didn't have a drink of water; forget if we went days on end with no food. But, in Haiti it's a way of life. No wonder they are still finding people alive under piles of rubble after nearly a week. The people have an enviable fortitude.

We have a precious picture of Gloria feeding a 2 month old starving baby girl some outdated Similac. It's all we had. The child's mother's milk was no good, we were told. The child was dead two days later. When we got home and looked through our photos we noticed, to our horror, that the mother who was in the picture and smiling down at the child...was pregnant. We hadn't noticed at the time because our focus was on the baby. The cycle would repeat itself again and again.

I've never gone to bed hungry a night in my life. And, for 32 years I've seen Haitian faces in my dreams; in my mind; in my heart. When I feel sorry for myself I see their faces. They have NOTHING yet they smile. Am I really the one with everything?

I encourage you to donate to a responsible charity. Let's do what Presidents Bush and Clinton asked us to do...SEND CASH! Oh that we all could send a dollar for every night we didn't go to bed hungry. Please, do what you can.

God bless. Thanks for letting me share my heart. See you in February.

[Jeff Emmerich](#)

Rocky Hock Playhouse

If you want to help with those bulletin announcements please copy the following text into an email and shoot it over to your church secretary. Pray they cooperate!!

ROCKY HOCK PLAYHOUSE Valentine Events

The Rocky Hock Playhouse in Washington, NC is featuring two Valentines events in February. "*Together, Forever*" is a musical for everyone on

relationships and plays on February 13. The Emmerich Family will be presenting a series of concerts entitled "*Love Lifted Me*" on February 18, 20, and 21. Call (252) 482-4621 for tickets and information.

www.rockyhockplayhouse.com

Together, Forever

Don't forget...
Book soon for our
Valentine musical that is
entitled
Together, Forever.
[Click here for that
information](#)



Emmerich Family in Concert:
Love Lifted Me

Also, remember the
Emmerich Family Concert
series entitled *Love Lifted
Me.*
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