

## Long Live the King

There is no question that Michael Jackson is one of the greatest talents the world has ever known. That when he sang a song at the ripe old age of eight he could make you feel like an experienced adult was squeezing your heart with his words. That when he moved he had the elegance of Fred Astaire and packed the punch of Muhammad Ali. That his music had an extra layer of inexplicable magic that didn't just make you want to dance but actually made you believe you could fly, dare to dream, be anything that you wanted to be. Because that is what heroes do and Michael Jackson was a hero.

While he was trying to build a family and rebuild his career, we were all passing judgment. Most of us had turned our backs on him. In a desperate attempt to hold onto his memory, I went on the Internet to watch old clips of him dancing and singing on TV and on stage and I thought, "My God, he was so unique, so original, so rare, and there will never be anyone like him again. He was a king."

I want to end this on a positive note and say that my sons, age nine and four, are obsessed with Michael Jackson. There's a whole lot of crotch grabbing and moon walking going on in my house. And, it seems like a whole new generation of kids have discovered his genius and are bringing him to life again. I hope that wherever Michael is right now he is smiling about this.