

The Harpist

We walk into the room my partner and I,
the only way to describe it is elegance,
the chandeliers, antique furnishings and staff in coat tails

We are seated by the window overlooking the
Harbour, and attended to quickly and with much
courtesy. One knows we are in a place of great wealth.

In the midst of blissful chatter with the one I love,
my ears are awakened to a sound that has met
us since we entered. It was so beautiful and
harmonious that I had not consciously heard it.

Yet now as I listened to each chord it was familiar,
yet not. For though I had heard it oh so many
times it was not like I heard it now, so sweet
and so tender, as if this was my first time.

I needed to know the source of this incredibly
mesmerizing music, I hurriedly glanced around the
room being conscious my partner in life was with
me and this was a special occasion for the both of us

Then I spotted the source of the sound, there sitting
on a stool was a woman dressing in an evening gown
of black playing this most ornate of instruments,
it was a harp.

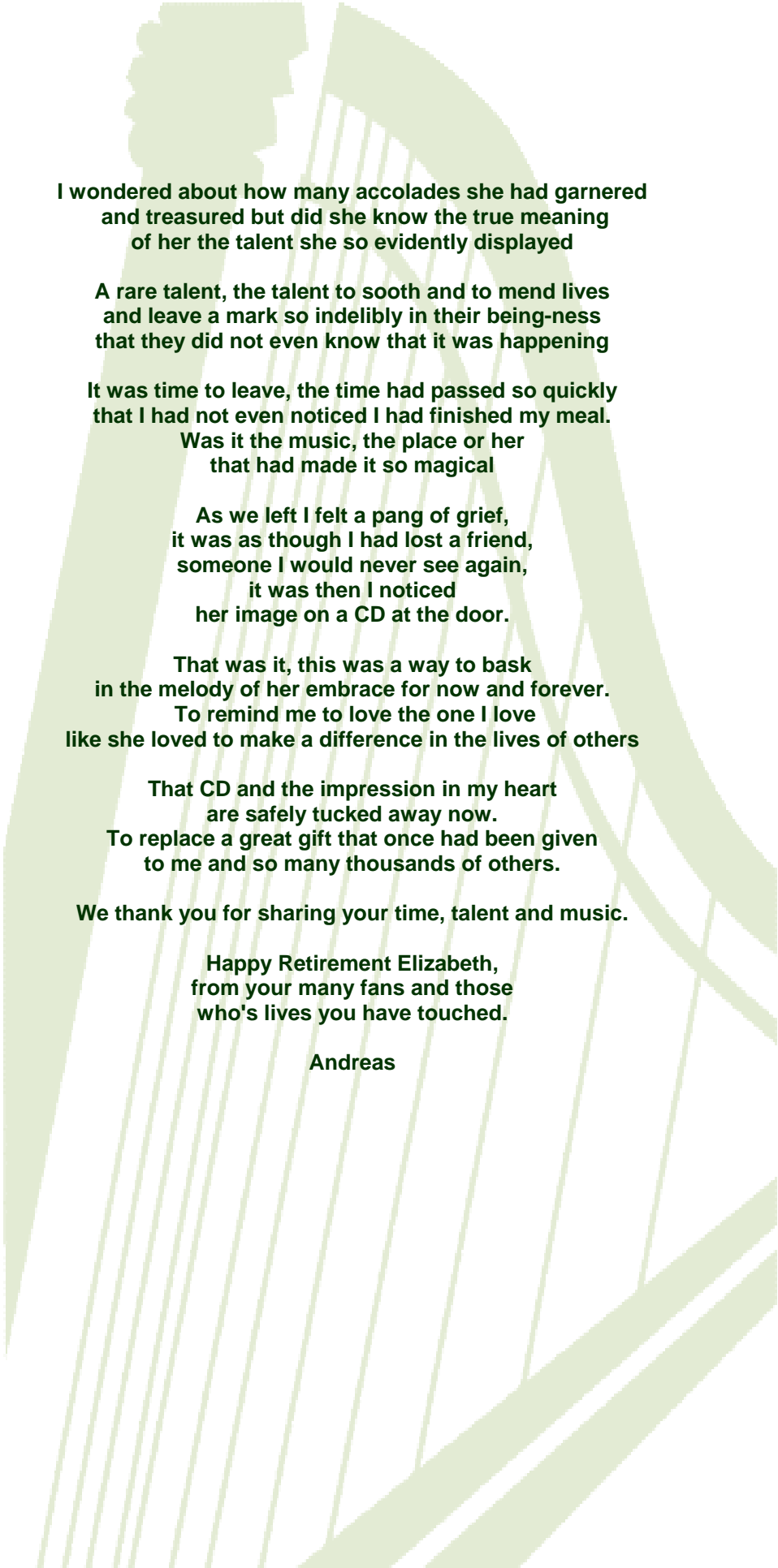
For moment I could not take my eyes off this beautiful
and amazingly talented woman, she so reminded me
of my bride I had so lovingly chosen what seemed
like only scant years before.

Like the love of my life she had dark hair and piercing
brown eyes and as I watched her fingers nimbly
pull on the strings of this monstrous instrument
it was like she was taming a beast

Coaxing the beast to show its true beauty through its
sound. I could only imagine how many people had
been blessed for only a few minutes of this preciousness

I thought about how many people fell in love
as she poured her heart and soul into her work,
how many broken hearts were mended,
how many arguments settled.

Did she play for years or was this her first performance,
if years how long. If years how many people's lives has she touched
and how many moments of joy has she created
and nestled so gently with the grace of her work



I wondered about how many accolades she had garnered
and treasured but did she know the true meaning
of her the talent she so evidently displayed

A rare talent, the talent to sooth and to mend lives
and leave a mark so indelibly in their being-ness
that they did not even know that it was happening

It was time to leave, the time had passed so quickly
that I had not even noticed I had finished my meal.
Was it the music, the place or her
that had made it so magical

As we left I felt a pang of grief,
it was as though I had lost a friend,
someone I would never see again,
it was then I noticed
her image on a CD at the door.

That was it, this was a way to bask
in the melody of her embrace for now and forever.
To remind me to love the one I love
like she loved to make a difference in the lives of others

That CD and the impression in my heart
are safely tucked away now.
To replace a great gift that once had been given
to me and so many thousands of others.

We thank you for sharing your time, talent and music.

Happy Retirement Elizabeth,
from your many fans and those
who's lives you have touched.

Andreas