

Thursday, September 18, 2008

Timeless

The best time of the year for her was the only time she could think of now. It was the only time she was ever happy even as a child. It was the piano.

The piano at Christmas, and the people she loved surrounding her. Every note from the crafted mahogany wood was a step toward the completion she was missing now. In the memories the piano would give her she could travel back and see everyone's face again. Even the ones gone now for so long... And, Father's hands dancing across the keys as if they, too, were taking part in some elaborate reenactment of a celebration they did every year.

Their gathering seemed smaller now, but it was still filled with the importance she had always put to this time of year. The ones behind her on the wall were still a part of it. They still looked on as they always did when the piano started playing. Faces full of love and a smile that couldn't be shaken.... And, Grandmother's cookies on the plate placed on the table.

Now, the hour was growing late and the notes swirled into their gradual ending prose. The songs she loved would leave now, only her memories remaining. Leaving, to be saved for another year. The goodbyes being said, the hugs being passed around; a final reminder that time flows forward... And, the piano, in it's corner behind them, was silent again.

Posted by Rory Brown at 15:28

Wednesday, September 17, 2008

An Objective Beating

If I ever hear someone describe Object-C as a flexible C++ I'm going to beat them....To death. That kind of silliness will not be tolerated outside of an insane asylum.

Posted by Rory Brown at 23:37