

Three Days

Her curls unkempt, sheets wrinkled and clothes strewn carelessly about the room. The disarray barely visible through the sunlit sliver of open doorway.

Three days; all that was needed to rise from the throws of grief. Never sharing her torment, only playing it. Repeatedly she perfected the fluid bow strokes of someone impassioned to shine. The unlikely pairing of horsehair and metal strings becoming smooth and emotive notes. New sheet music destined to convert hurt into healing.

In admiring silence, her peers witnessed this 14 year old child, revealing her talent. On a violin gifted by her Daddy in Heaven.