

I Used to Sing

By Marilyn Reeves

As I approach the final chapter of my life I think of all the things I used to do, the places I used to go, and the people I used to know and love. Most of them are now but a memory.

I used to play the piano! My ancient piano sits forlornly against the wall in my living room, completely out of tune, dying from neglect. In my youth, I hammered out my passion to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and the lilting tunes of Chopin, Debussy and Liszt. But I gave up playing years ago for fear of disturbing the neighbors. I miss playing the piano.

I used to sing! As a young girl I sang in the church choir and the high school choir and in a girls' quartet called the Treble Clef. I used to sing soprano. Now I can no longer sing a note. I miss being able to sing.

I used to go to the mountains! When I was growing up, my family used to go to the mountains. Dad would fish, and Mom would take us girl for a stroll through the woods, looking for wild violets and columbine, sometimes picking tiny red, ripe strawberries we found hovering near the ground. My husband Gil had a mountain house above Rollinsville, and we would stay there when we came home to Colorado during the time we lived in Dallas. Years later, Jim would take me four-wheeling in the mountains above Georgetown. We would camp near a beaver pond beneath the shimmering aspen trees. I can no longer go to the mountains. I miss the mountains.

I used to love Christmas! As a little girl I thought Christmas Day was the most wonderful day of the year! I would wake up the family at the crack of dawn – I couldn't wait to see what Santa had left us under the tree! After I became an adult I looked forward to all the shopping and wrapping and decorating and baking, in anticipation of our big family gathering – a tradition that I thought would never end. But it did. Since the folks passed on, time and circumstance have caused the remaining members of my family to slowly drift apart. Our gatherings have become smaller and smaller ... until finally, this year, we gave up on it altogether. I miss Christmas. I miss my family.

But today I have new friends and new activities that help sustain me. I enjoy sitting at my kitchen table painting for a couple of hours each morning. I enjoy my Spanish class. I enjoy looking out the window and watching the bands of noisy, chattering geese swirl around in formation as they come in for a landing on the pond. In springtime I love to look out at the deep pink apple blossoms contrasted against a clear, blue sky.

But most of all I love the Windsor Gardens Writers Group. I enjoy writing. I enjoy hearing all the variations the members come up with on a given theme. I love the people and the camaraderie. And if I had to leave the Writers Group, I would miss it most of all.