

Prized Unfinished Dreams

By Natalie Lawson

Considering my age I believe my dreams are finished. Then I think, oh, maybe not. A thistle still digs deep in my heart. I have always wanted to learn to play the piano ever since I was young.

I remember the piano playing in church, of course, most of the time it was the organ. But when they played the piano, I'd have this longing I felt hidden in me. I wondered how it would feel if I had a piano with a bench that I could sit on and really play. One of my friends from the farm could play ragtime and her fingers would fly across the keys. I was ecstatic to be there listening and dreaming that someday it could possibly be me.

Later in time, when the Lawrence Welk weekly show became a routine for our family, I embraced the joy of listening. The dreaming continued throughout my life. Whenever I was near a piano I'd hit a couple of keys, *Chopsticks*, of course.

I wonder why I didn't try to follow through. Perhaps the lesson I've learned the hard way is to at least try and try again. I didn't try so naturally I didn't succeed. I thought about it intermittently after I developed medical problems. It remained my unfinished dream.