

# *Grandma's Piano*

Friday afternoons were filled with the smell of fresh cookies and sweet piano notes that jumped in the air like rabbits in a green field. The rough yet soft hands that sat on my shoulder surged energy to my fingers to create a smooth yet sharp melody. The sound created a picture of a forest with wind and leaves blowing through the carpet covered living room. The feeling of freedom and tranquility could only be captured in that place. Yet as soon as the hand left my shoulder, everything was lost. The cookies would never have the same smell. The piano would never sing the way it once did, and the wind would never again blow over the carpet of the living. Oh, how I long to feel that hand on my shoulder once more. Just to feel as free as I did when I played my

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