

## *First Chair*

Her white cap created my white coat  
Nursing was her music of healing  
I marveled at the strains that drifted from her maternal hands  
Never guessing my future would require similar notes of feeling

She was beside me when the letter came  
Granting the privilege to practice her song  
Though in a different key with several extra notes  
I prayed to play it half as strong

Unexpectedly, melody gave way to dissonance  
Cellular rebellion silenced the beat of her heart  
Though it seemed that science triumphed over spirit  
The chaos of cancer did not silence her part

For we have always known the Composer of life's symphony  
Ever trusting His timing and decision  
For twenty-six years I was her understudy  
Now I'm the musician

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