

The sweet sounds of melody



I tried so hard to suppress the melody I always played that it only returned back in full swing and gusto. If you have ever played an instrument to the fullest dignity you need to give it, it graces you back with the same respect. Despite you trashing it out as "no longer useful" the instrument you pick up hugs you in waves of comfort and solace. It gives you an immense pride to belong once again.

I had given the instrument I used to play for hours a bidding goodbye almost 25 years ago but little did I realise that I would be more than motivated to give it a welcoming cheer. Once only has to pick up the melody, the chords and the rhythm of songs or even of simple broken chords. Each line of the melody or each note of the chord strikes a smile.

Even if you are many times still babbling like a baby, the music mother hugs your babble to hear your first word saying "mumma"! The moment the word melody comes clear the mother music picks you up, jumps up in much joy and refuses to let you go or let you live past her. Many times your being alone or perhaps being left alone only is understood by music who never fails to comfort you. I am only glad, or should I say ecstatic that I have found my home in the home coming into music. This is the place of original love, laughter and joy!