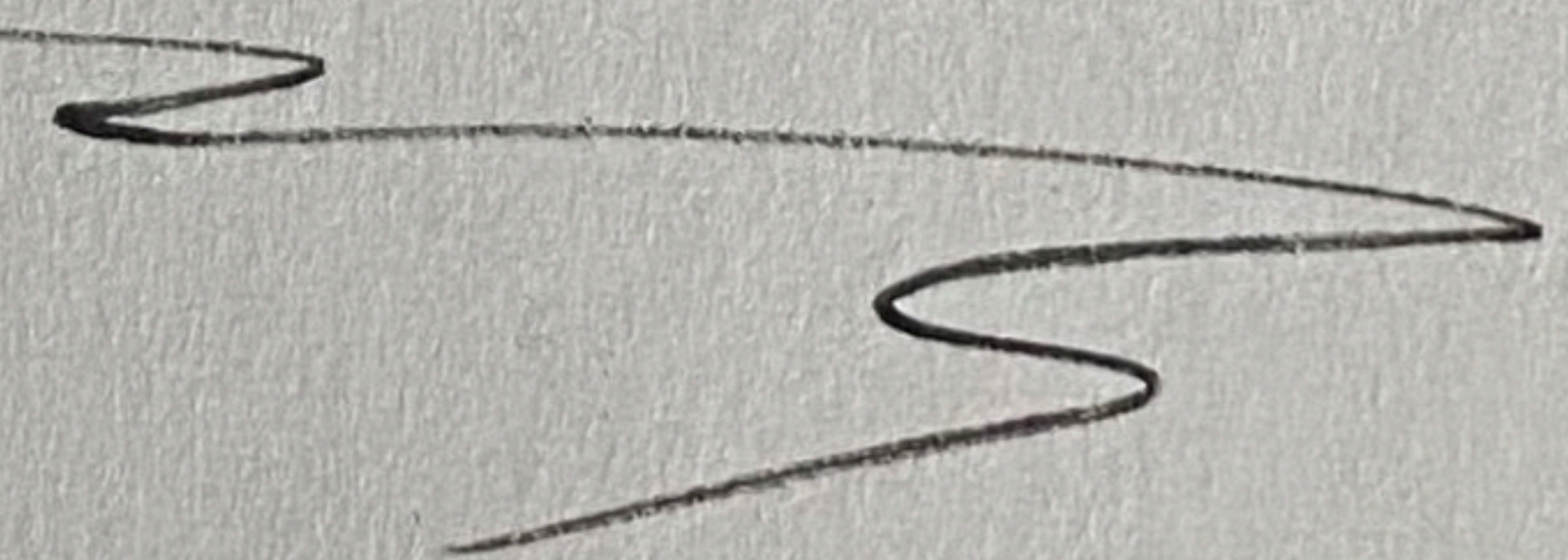
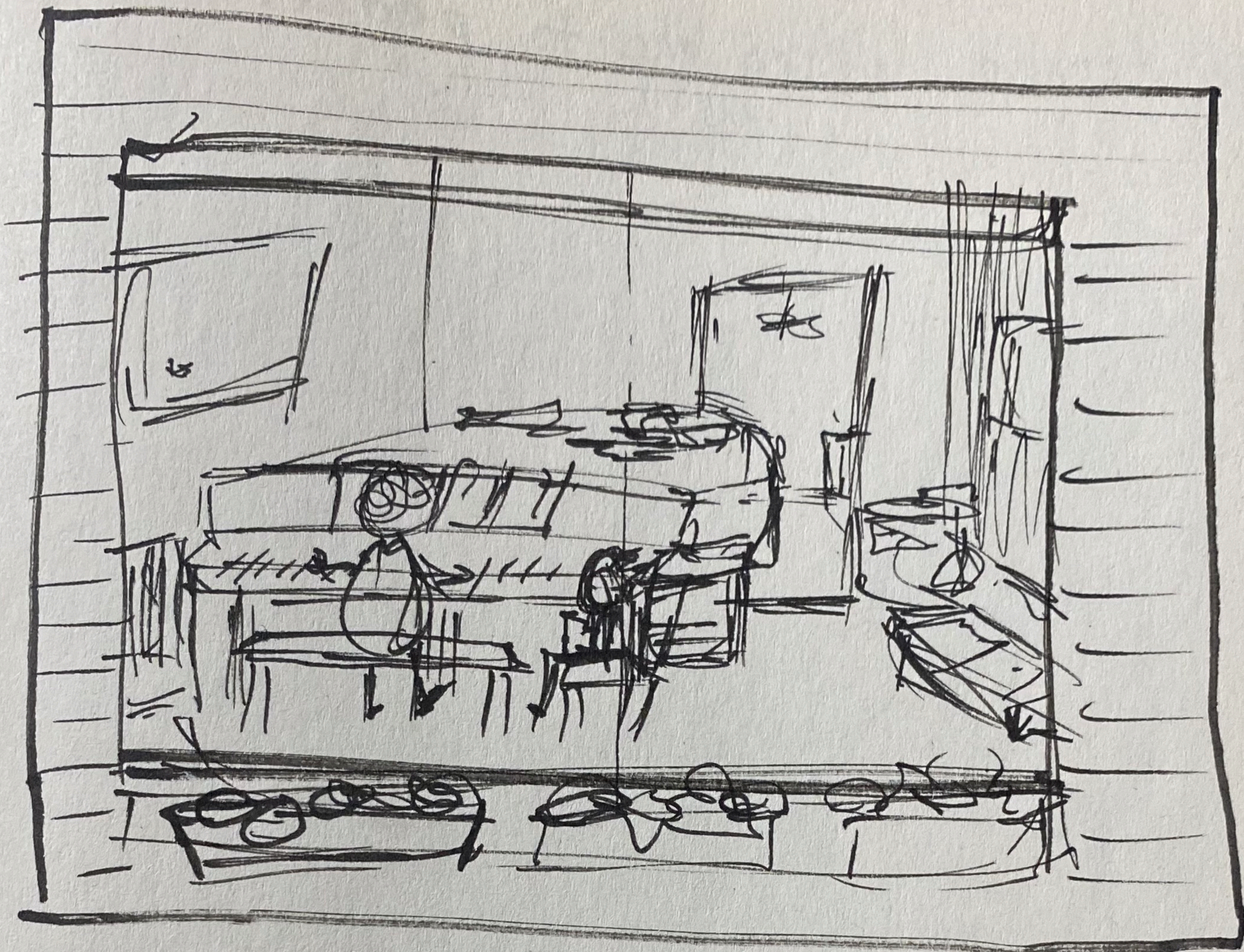


M (ms.)
M





CHAPTER ONE

Ms. M is a person many knew and admired. Her talent and skill helped many within the community. For myself, I mainly saw her at her home. While I sat at the piano and listened to her play. As she gave me critique and feedback on the music I was hearing. Large windows would light up the space letting the dust in the air flow and waltz around us. The music always

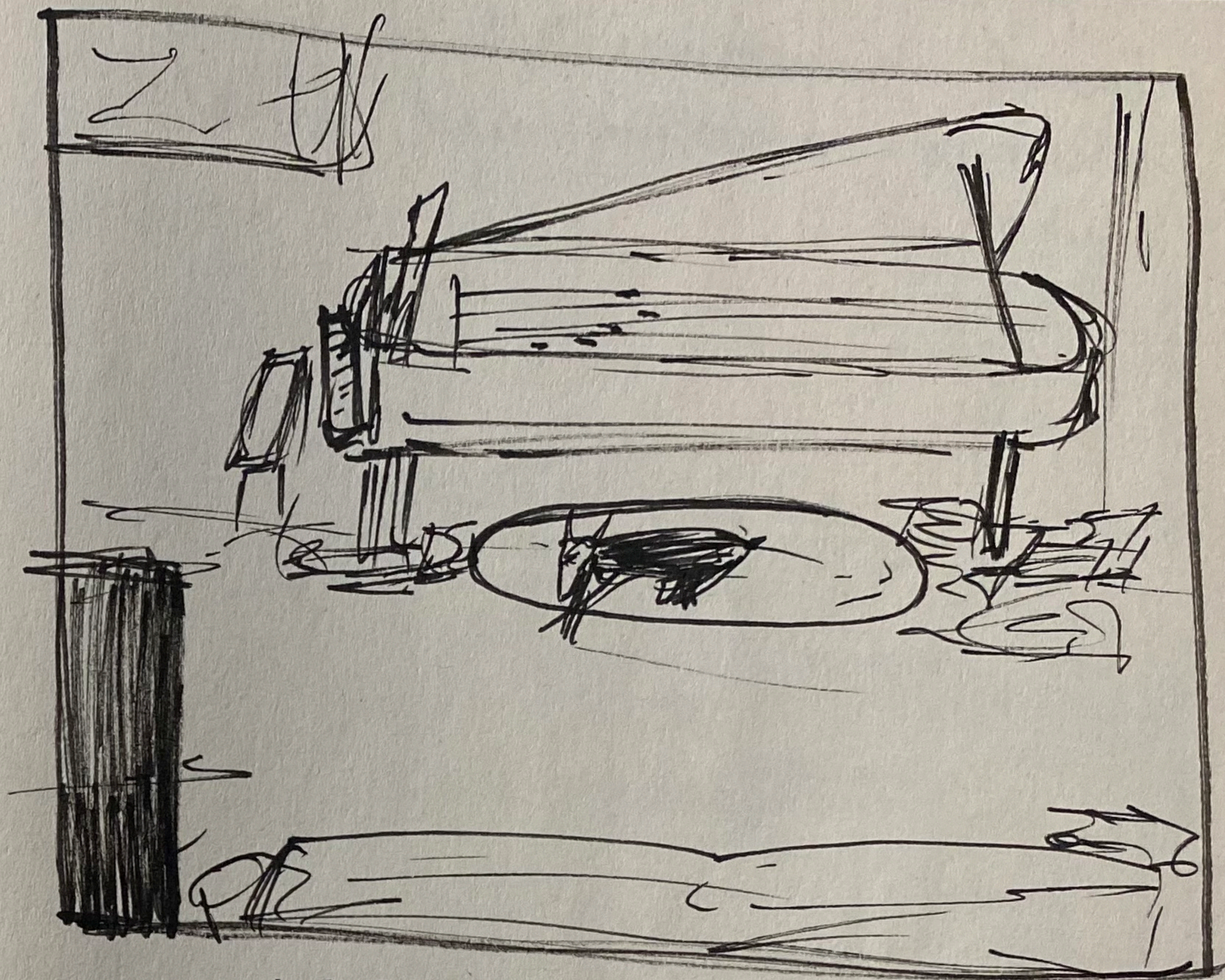
in tempo, lulling me to peace.



CHAPTER TWO

When she was younger she would/ could always be found at the piano, playing away to her hearts content. Coming up with her own melodies while also playing those of the greats. Family and friends would always joke that you could always find her "tinkling those ivories." Off in her own world surrounded by

the music around her.



CHAPTER THREE

Along with her piano, I have always remembered her with her dogs. Her dobermans, Geisha, Louie, and then rescue Harriet. They would always be in the space as she taught. Geisha even howled if you played Bach wrong. But they would love to be around us kids and jump up on the

bench sometimes. Which was
always amusing and fun!

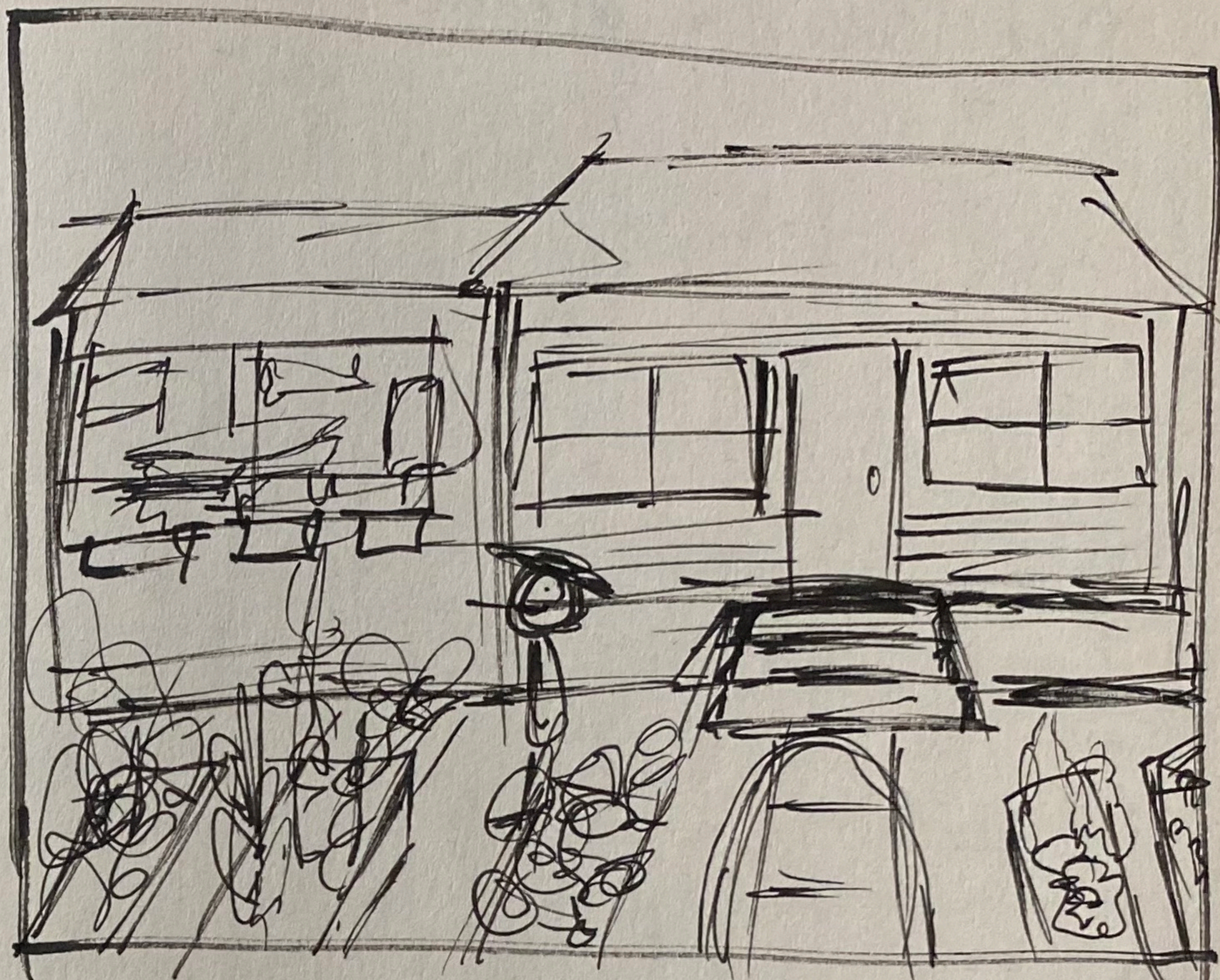


CHAPTER FOUR

"Carol is the music in this town. It'll be a sad day when she retires."

"Her touch has changed the lives of so many people. And the emotion she shows in the music? No one can do it like her."

"She is ~~like~~ a parent to us. She helped us grow into who we are today." She's family.



CHAPTER FIVE

Ms. M's garden was/is her pride and joy. It would always be in the paper come summer because of how lush and vibrant it was. I remember going over and seeing her work in the garden with her hat and hose in hand. The sun high in the sky with the sound of bees buzzing and her stereo playing Chopin in the background. It made everything

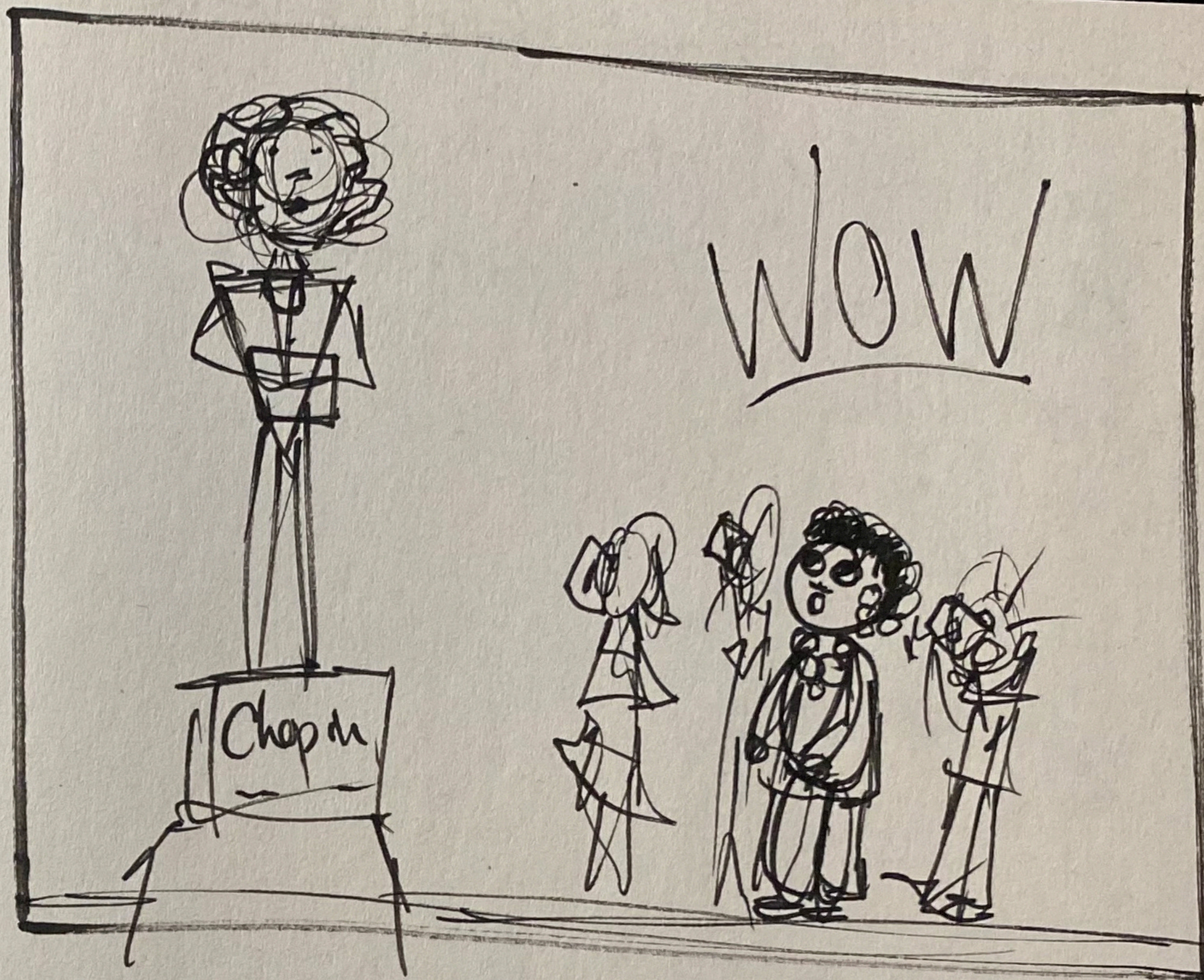
feel like a dream.



CHAPTER SIX

I thought of Ms.M the other day after taking a walk around town. During the walk I heard someone playing the piano, sure enough they were playing Chopin's Nocture in D^b Major. which happened to be mine and Ms.M's favourite piece. The same piece that inspired my commemorative tattoo. after 15

years of performing.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Ms. M never really travelled often. But I always hoped she would one day go to Vienna or Warsaw where her favourite composers were born. To go to the birth place of these people that brought Joy. I imagine her saying, "Wow." and being in awe of the

space around her. Even
seeing her play a piano
there with the performance of
her life.



CHAPTER EIGHT

The last time I saw Ms. M was shortly after my high school graduation. I had to return some music books to her and we took her some treats in thanks. We had some coffee and a nice chat. At the end, it was emotional to say goodbye. Sure, she's Carol McWilliams, but to me she'll always be

Ms.M. The best piano teacher
anyone could ask for.



by Alexis
Valgardsson
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