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

Sarah Rapp

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