

Vibrations. That's how I remember him. Big, strong, full of life. Then one day he was gone. I guess that's why I started playing the piano. It seemed like every note was a way I could talk to him. Tell him when I was happy, when I was sad. For a long time, mostly angry. I was only six years old, but still I figured, well, music, you can't see it. And Daddy I couldn't see him anymore either, but I always believed that the invisible sounds from the piano would be able to touch him, kind of talk to him, even though I could never really see him anymore.