

“Do you know how important music is to me?” she signed.

He raised his hands to respond, but then dropped them to his side.

He didn't know what to say...he had nothing. She knew it: the answer was “no.” He did not know how important music was to her. How could he know? He knew nothing of music, preferring the sound of words, crowds, talking.

And she, not knowing what music sounded like but only knowing the vibrations, how could she KNOW music? How could vibrations through the floor and speakers translate into music, meaning, emotion? It didn't make sense to him, and yet, she knew music. She could play it and sing it with such accuracy and emotion.

Finally, he shook his head, staring at his feet.

She stomped, getting him to look up so she could talk to him.

“I know you don't know. I don't understand it myself, but it opened a world to me. It opened something inside of me and I can't lose that: not now. I don't care about being famous or performing in front of a live audience. I only care about the...” she paused, not knowing how to sign it... “life” she chose “inside of me. Life. That's what music means to me.”

Although he felt her frustration for what she thought was a lack of proper emotion and portrayal of her thoughts, he thought that the sign was perfect. The word was perfect: “Life.” Signed by placing both hands at the side of the torso with thumbs up and thrusting the hands and thumbs upward towards the arm pits. Life...signed like the growing of a tree...or the growing of a person...or the growing of a love.

It demonstrated everything to him and he thought that perhaps he had a small inkling of what she felt. After all, didn't he feel this way about her? She was life to him...not literally, of course. He could live without her if forced to, but still, he did not know what it was to have a purpose or goal before he'd met her.

He nodded, indicating his understanding, and then shrugged. “Well,” he signed, “we'll just have to find a way to get another piano.”

She smiled and hugged him around the neck. “Thank you,” she whispered in his ear... “thank you.”