



Tim Kay's Remembrance of Eleanor

In 2008, I interviewed Eleanor, a grand 90-year old lady, about the history of a small local community, as she remembered it. Her blue-grey eyes would sparkle as she would recall the local businesses, and the people who worked in these businesses. One interview led to another, and another, and yet another. We truly enjoyed our time together, and always looked forward to our next get together.

Listening to the recordings of the interviews, and cross referencing her recollections with the vintage, turn-of-the-century images that I had collected, I actually felt that through Eleanor, I was actually speaking to these people... people who have been dead for nearly three quarters of a century. The inspiration came to me for a musical piece, based upon my personal feelings. The piece was called, 'Conversations with the Ghost'.

At our next meeting, she told me about the Price-Martin Fountain, artesian springs south of town where she filled water jugs in her youth. I told her about the piece that I was working on, and her eyes again lit up. She said that she wanted to hear it, but it would have to wait until she got back. She was going into the hospital for minor surgery, but insisted that she would be back in a couple of weeks.

I walked into the office a few days later, and noticed a subdued atmosphere. I asked what was going on, and a co-worker told me to sit down. It seemed that a medical mistake had taken place after Eleanor's surgery. A dose of anticoagulant was missed, and she was not properly monitored for a short time. In that time, she pitched a massive clot into her brain, and was on life support. Knowing the vivacious, independent spirit of their mother, the family ordered life support removed. . . and my dear Eleanor promptly took leave of her mortal coil. I spent the next few days alternating between silence and sobbing, holding off the tears long enough to deliver a eulogy at her funeral.

She never heard the song that I wrote for her, but copies were presented to her family at the funeral.

The title obviously needed an update. It is hereby presented in her memory as, 'Through Eleanor's Eyes'.

That was eight years ago.

Eight years later, I am wiping away tears while writing this description.

Rest in peace, dear Eleanor.