

IN MEMORIAL

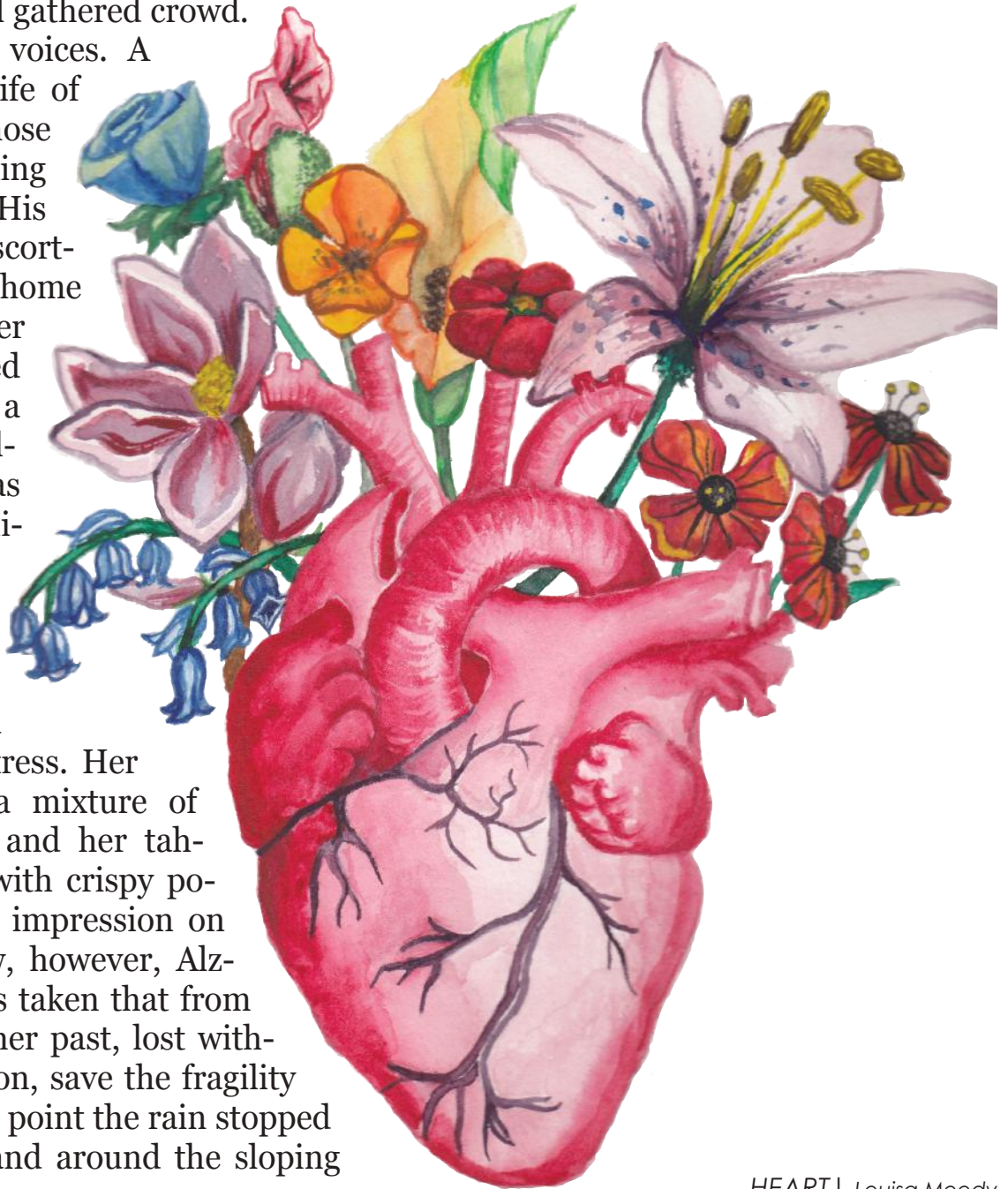
Adri Yarkin

Dedicated to Leland Stanley

It's fire in the Library of Alexandria. It's not keeping a journal when I went to Scotland. In the moment everything is there, and then its existence clings to nothing but scattered memories. Onto the next one and the one after that. Not too many Sundays ago, I played my bagpipes at a rainy funeral, standing apart from the small gathered crowd.

Through the mist, voices. A celebration of the life of the man around whose body and final resting place they stood. His wife of 35 years, escorted from a nursing home and anchored to her brother's arm, peered out from beneath a large black umbrella. She herself was the first in her family to emigrate from Iran to the United States, bringing with her two nascent careers as a nurse and a seamstress. Her bookshelves were a mixture of English and Farsi, and her tah-dig — saffron rice with crispy potatoes — left a rich impression on me as a child. Now, however, Alzheimer's disease has taken that from her. Knowledge of her past, lost without fairness or reason, save the fragility of memory. At some point the rain stopped and fog drifted in and around the sloping

graveyard. She stood there at her husband's grave, listening. Stories of his wry humor resonated toward and eventually inside of her, returning as laughter which spilled from her mouth. "This sounds like a wonderful guy," she said. "You'll have to introduce me to him one day."



HEART | Louisa Moody