

Libb, André, Ashlee and I went to Richmond's on Sunday 17th. On the way home we talked about Bush Christmas. Ash remembered that Mel was out of sorts because of the poor behaviour of some guys who promised to take her and Leiha out to Richmond's after work at Juicy Stuff. Something happened to turn her attitude and feelings around; Ash couldn't remember what it was.

I found this in Melanie's folder on the computer on the 21st October 2004, two days before her 19th birthday. Mel wrote it on the 25th May 2004 at 10:55am. This was my 49th birthday.

Personal Piece: by Melanie

I can feel the wooden slats of my chair pressing into my legs and back. The iron walls of the woolshed seem like an oven, and there is no refuge inside from the stifling heat. I peer outside through a tiny window that is framed with spider webs and flies, and the sun burns into my eyes. I can see the sun baked soil, and the dangerously thin sheep as they feed from the un-nourishing grass.

The sound of music seems to be distant and discordant, even though I am sitting right in the middle of it, and what is being played is beautiful and soothing. But not to my ears. Not now. I am tired, and my head is already aching from lack of sleep, and the noise of the band isn't helping at all. I ramble through our rendition of 'Silent Night', and I struggle for the harmonies that I have done countless times before. I can feel all my clothes getting progressively damper from perspiration as I struggle with the heat.

Not being able to stand it any more I search for something else to look at and my unfocused eyes fall on my Dad. Dad usually plays in the band with Mum, André and Me, but because he was organizing the carols evening, he decided not to this year. As I study him more closely, I see him looking at something, or someone. I followed his gaze, and found that it rested on one of the two guitarists that we have playing with us today. The guitar player, Roy, is fantastic and I enjoy the music that he plays. So does Dad. I look back at Dad, and in his eyes I see something that I've never seen in Dad's eyes before. The look of jealousy. It didn't last for long, and it soon flickered out as Dad busied himself once more.

Dad always used to play his guitar for us. I can still remember when he used to sit on the side of my bed when I was scared, or sick, and he would just sing and play his guitar. His voice often cracked, and would sometimes venture out of key, but I didn't mind. The warm words of 'Michael Row The Boat Ashore', and 'This Train' would roll over my sleepy body and would drag me with their loving arms into the world of slumber. My rest would be filled with the sweetest of dreams, and Dad would pack up his guitar and leave me to sleep. I realise that his words of song planted a seed within my heart that has grown into an undying love for music. A passion that he has, but just wasn't granted the talent to fulfil it.

I am whisked back to the present by the opening chord of 'Once in Royal David's City'. My passion is replenished and for the first time today it sounds like music. I let the introduction wash over me like a life giving wave of water, and I open my mouth to sing. My headache vanishes, and I am just left, me and my passion for music. A passion that I received from my dad, and whatever comes of it, I will happily give back to him. I am no longer singing for me, but for him.