

The Story About a Bagpiper

Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice because the flow that has passed will never pass again. Enjoy every moment of life.

Here is my story inspired by that saying. As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Nova Scotia backcountry.

As I was not familiar with the area, I got lost and didn't stop for directions, but I persevered. I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone as the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I had never played before, for this homeless man.

And as I played "Amazing Grace," the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head was hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I've never seen anything like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

Apparently, I'm still lost.