My Melody Motion Clock, by Marie Rizzi
(Spring Hill Writing Group - Nonfiction)

As I was sitting on the couch one day, I heard a loud crash. I jumped up to look and there was my clock laying on the floor in pieces. Seeing this sight caused me to cry out "Oh no Oh no!" My heart felt as broken as the clock. I lifted it up and placed it on the table, still crying. I pressed the button and to my surprise it played. There were the Beatles playing their favorite songs.

Our daughter Lisa gave this wonderful gift to us on our 40th wedding anniversary. The clock had a light sensor, and on each hour it would light and open up playing the Beatles' songs. At night it would rest and at 8 A.M., it would continue its pattern again.

My four grandchildren as toddlers, would hear the music and run towards the clock. They would make sounds and point at it with their little fingers as if to say – "Pick me up." They wanted to press the button and hear the clock's music again.

I contacted the repair department at Seiko, they recommended that I mail it in. I didn't hear from them till a month later, only to find out that the Beatles songs were no longer available. I requested that the clock be returned.

My son happened to arrive the same day the clock was returned. Michael and his family came down every year for a traditional church Mass and a memorializing my husband Vito's passing. Michael looked at the clock and before long he had it completely apart. It was amazing! With no knowledge of fixing clocks, he cleaned, sanded and glued all the pieces together to get it working and it did!

In celebration, I gave everyone an American flag and we all marched around the house.

This wasn't an ordinary clock, it held many wonderful memories. At that time, my husband was very ill. I knew he would not be here for any future anniversary. So I threw a big "Gala Party" celebrating with friends and family. As an encore, I tap-danced along with three women in my class. We tap-danced so well, it almost looked like a Broadway show, with no comparison to the Rockettes! All the guests clapped with very high applause. I was pleased that I honored him in this way, as a last celebration of his life.

The clock is now hanging back on the wall, working perfectly, and filling my home once again with all the memories that my life has held.