

# Time

Pink Floyd

*Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day  
You fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way  
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town  
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way.*

*Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain  
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today  
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you  
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun.*

*And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but its sinking  
And racing around to come up behind you again  
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older  
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death.*

*Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time  
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines  
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way  
The time is gone, the song is over, thought I'd something more to say.*

*Home, home again  
I like to be here when I can  
And when I come home cold and tired  
Its good to warm my bones beside the fire  
Far away across the field  
The tolling of the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
To hear the softly spoken magic spells.*



*Erik A. Saltzgaber*

October 23, 1962 - June 10, 2008



Erik was eleven when we moved to Switzerland and those were some of our happiest and closest times. He was wonderful to travel with – so much interest in doing and seeing as much as possible, everywhere we went. Greece was our favorite, especially the island of Corfu – the boyhood home of his then favourite author Gerald Durrell. On Sundays in Basel, he'd say "Mom it's time for me to get lost." He'd hop on his bike and just ride around in unknown areas and would return all enthusiastic about what he'd seen. Though it was wrenching for me when he moved to LA, he kept me posted about what he was doing – his first job as a clerk at Universal Studios to his later foray into script-writing. His successes were thrilling, his failures heartbreaking, but his determination was resolute.

Erik, my sweet funny boy, I will always love you...

*-Jo Saltzgaber, Mom*

Erik was my well-beloved son and I shall cherish his memory all the remaining days of my life...memories such as snake hunting in the Monctezuma Swamps in upstate NY or hiking alpine meadows near St. Moritz...he was ever curious, ever bold, ever intrepid...dear, dear Erik.

*- Jan Saltzgaber, Dad*

Bruederlein,

You made me laugh, little brother. Sometimes I even made you laugh, and those were memorable triumphs.

You made me proud, little brother. You doggedly pursued your goal to become a writer, with a determination I admired and envied. My daughter now seeks to emulate your successes.

You made me cry, little brother. You had your demons and you were so determined to fight them yourself. I didn't know how to help you.

It is finished now, Erik, and I believe you are at peace.

I love you, little brother. --Schwes

*Lisa O'Donnell, sister*

Random thoughts. We shared a room as brothers-- me, Erik, a snake, an iguana, and some African Clawed Frogs (them smelled bad.) I remember Erik's first championship hockey team, the Green Elks in Ithaca. I remember how dedicated he was to his Karate. His wit was sharp, quick and usually sarcastic. I miss him, and I pray that I will meet him in Heaven.

*-Dirk Saltzgaber, brother*

I remember as a teenager coming across an old short story he had written in school. It was a horror story that was so brilliant and so chilling that the story still sticks with me today. It is what inspired me to take a creative writing class in high school, and later attempt to write a book.

*-Amity Baldwin, niece*

...getting piggy back rides, sitting on his feet while he did sit ups, and learning how to jump rope. As I got older, I remember watching Jeopardy with him. He always seemed to know all the answers. I did not see him very often but he had a huge impact on my life.

*-Genevieve Ricard, niece*

Erik was my oldest friend. He taught me many things as a youth. He was fearless where I was timid – whether it was not being afraid to be bitten by a snake, or not being afraid to stand up for himself in a fistfight. He was also pragmatic and uncomplaining: I remember him riding a rusty old bicycle miles and miles to school – it drove me crazy that his bike was in such bad shape, but he could not have cared less. And he put way more miles on that junker than I did on my fancy racing bike. Erik also got me involved in rowing and running, and without his influence I would never have had the confidence that I was any good at sports. So thanks, Zgabe, for all the gung-ho energy and ironic humor you brought into this world, and for all you taught me over the years. I miss you.

*- Tom ("Herto") Hertz*

During the early years of our friendship, I learned of his many talents and interests, including his fluency in German and French, his knowledge of the natural world, his command of obscure facts from history, and his love of P.G. Wodehouse. We bonded over shared devotion to the Marx Bros., Bruce Lee, Woody Allen's "Love & Death," and, of course, the movie Erik often said sparked his interest to come to Hollywood: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." As a shy 17-year-old meeting him for the first time, his bravado impressed me more than anything, but looking back over his life, it is his irreverent sense of humor, especially in the face of painful set-backs, that I truly came to appreciate.

*- Bill Mikulak*

There's an Inuit word that means hello and good-bye. I once told Erik about it and he adopted it as his own. Chimo, good friend. I miss you so much.

*-Brent Piaskoski*

Erik was a great guy with a big heart. I will miss our heated political debates as well as our brutal hockey workouts. His emails were classic. He was one of the few people that I know that gave his all in everything he did in life. He was a true friend and a one-of-a-kind person.

*-Gene Duffy*

Erik loved the game of hockey more than anyone I knew, even myself. He was always there. At the rink, or with his beloved epic emails, he kept me and the other teammates playing and improving. I thank him for that. When I go to the rink and sit in any of the locker rooms I will always be expecting him at his "specific" seat. And when on the ice I will miss his passion and intensity for the game. Yours in hockey, yours in friendship — *Kerry Williams*

There were so many things we shared: college and karate and hockey and Kappa Alpha and movies and writing just for the fun of it. He gave me the courage and confidence to do things I never would have done on my own, and without him I wouldn't have my career or the love of my life. We were friends for 28 years. I will miss him always. — *Naren Shankar*

When a porcupine loves you, and you hold him close

Sometimes it hurts.

It's not the porcupine's fault...

He can't help it if he's a little prickly.

I love you, too...always did.

~ *ginger*