

Ron's First Day in Heaven

Jay Cummings

Ron settled down to rest his eyes,
His mind, though, wasn't done:
Onward it searched — math never dies,
Which made the climb so fun.

The work today was random walks
On integers (mod p).
While thinking back to Persi's talks,
Noise broke his reverie.

Shuffling footsteps? He smiled from bed
This he'd counted upon.
And through his door the visitor said
"Is your brain open, Ron?"

Ron's joy flared up — was unopposed —
And to the caller's call,
He said "For you, it's never closed;
"Let's prove some theorems, Paul."

Blackboards appeared, the coffee flowed,
And with conjecture in sight,
Ron whipped up Mathematica code
To Paul's general delight.

A proof by dawn, then straight outdoors:
"SF! Come take a look!
"We've found another proof of yours,
"Straight from your bless-ed Book!"

They headed down to show Renyi;
Swung by Conway's new place.
New questions grew, then eagerly
Took off on their next race!

Ron smiled deep, he thought of Fan,
And how, though tears were shed,
This pain had only finite span,
With infinite bliss ahead.