

Meditation: SYMPHONY OF THE BIRDS

God put music into his creation right from the start by giving voices to the creatures he made. I'm sure Adam and Eve were able to sing as well as to speak. Animals have their distinctive sounds and birds their varied songs. The weather adds percussive sounds, from raindrops hitting different surfaces, including windowpanes, to thunder, ranging from rumbling to ROAR! The wind, from gentle whisper to hurricane force, adds melody to the music going on all around us. Even the silence in nature, such as snow falls, or the stillness of summer days just prior to cleansing storms, are but a promise that the music will continue, much as rests in a music manuscript.

One spring I was privileged to be in the audience when a composition I call "Symphony of the Birds" was being played. I was exercising by walking around the track at the Community Center in my home town, one side of which is edged by bushes and tall trees. When I came to that side, I heard a very loud noise, loud enough to make me stop and try to locate its source. I suspected that birds were responsible for the noise, but I couldn't see any. Just then a few birds arrived to join the others. I watched where they went, and when my eyes adjusted, I saw at least a hundred small grey-brown birds in the mostly bare trees and bushes. Why, they sound like an orchestra tuning up, I thought.

I continued my walking, and when I came around again, what a difference I heard! The bird orchestra, fully tuned, was now playing an intricate symphony, the melodies and harmonies blending perfectly. I could imagine God as the conductor, waving a baton on which every eye was focused. The concert lasted for perhaps fifteen minutes and then, abruptly, it stopped and the birds flew away. As I watched them go, I imagined that they had an appointment to play their symphony for someone else. My happy heart smiled at the thought.