

## A lways Middle C

When Lloyd C. Douglas, author of *The Robe* and other novels, was a university student, he lived in a boarding house, according to Maxie Dunnam, writing in *Jesus' Claims – Our Promises*.

Downstairs, on the first floor, was an elderly, retired music teacher, now infirm and unable to leave the apartment.

Douglas said that every morning they had a ritual they would go through together. Douglas would come down the steps, open the old man's door, and ask, "Well, what's the good news?"



The old man would pick up his tuning fork, tap it on the side of his wheelchair, and say, "That's Middle C! It was Middle C yesterday; it will be Middle C tomorrow; it will be Middle C a thousand years from now. The tenor upstairs sings flat, the piano across the hall is out of tune, but my friend, that is Middle C!"

A couple of conclusions come to mind when I read that story:

1. The man in the wheelchair was insistent that a standard ought to be met, and there should be no acceptance of anything that falls short of the quality or excellence that it demands; no willingness to settle for the counterfeit or the mediocre.
2. The old man had discovered one thing upon which he could depend, one constant reality in his life, one "still point in a turning world."

For Christians, the one "still point in a turning world," the one absolute of which there is no shadow of turning, is Jesus Christ, the Person celebrated at this Christmas season. In Him, we should find our reference point.

– Beecher Hunter