

In a Piano World

The sun comes up in the morning, and the golden hue coloring the clouds takes my breath away. This heavenly traveler goes down in the late afternoon, and it paints a red-orange glow across mountain peaks. The moon rises, and casts a warm light over the purplish landscape. The power and presence of God are so real to me.

But not to everyone. There are those who doubt, or even choose to disbelieve, the reality and the sovereignty of the Creator of the universe.

Recently, I read an illustration -- a reprint from "The London Observer" -- that poignantly addresses the issue of the existence of God and His orchestration of all that He made. Here it is:

Imagine a family of mice who lived all their lives in a large piano. To them in their piano-world came the music of the instrument, filling all the dark spaces with sound and harmony. At first, the mice were impressed by it. They drew comfort and wonder from the thought that there was Someone who made the music -- though invisible to them -- above, yet close to them. They loved to think of the Great Player whom they could not see.

Then one day a daring mouse climbed up part of the piano and returned very thoughtful. He had found out how music was made. Wires were the secret; tightly stretched wires of graduated lengths which trembled and vibrated. They must revise all their old beliefs: none but the most conservative could any longer believe in the Unseen Player.

Later, another explorer carried the explanation further. Hammers were now the secret -- numbers of hammers dancing and leaping on the wires. This was a more complicated theory, but it all went to show that they lived in a purely mechanical and mathematical world. The Unseen Player came to be thought of as a myth.

But the Pianist continued to play.

--Beecher Hunter