

Twinkle, Little Star

A mother, wishing to encourage her young son's progress at the piano, bought tickets for a performance by Ignace Paderewski, Poland's famous concert pianist and prime minister. When the night arrived, they found their seats near the front of the concert hall and eyed the majestic Steinway waiting on stage.

Soon the mother found a friend and began a conversation, and the boy slipped away. When 8 o'clock arrived, the spotlights came on, the audience quieted and only then did they notice the boy up on the bench, innocently pecking out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

His mother gasped, but before she could retrieve her son, the master appeared on the stage and quickly moved to the keyboard.

"Don't quit -- keep playing," he whispered to the boy. Leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in a bass part. Soon his right arm reached around the other side, encircling the child, to add a running obbligato. Together, the old master and the young novice held the crowd mesmerized.

In our lives, unpolished though we may be, it is the Master who surrounds us and whispers in our ear, time and again, "Don't quit -- keep playing." And as we do, he augments and supplements until a work of amazing beauty is created.

--Beecher Hunter