

the hands of a Master
(a repeat daily)

we are told to come to our Lord as little children.
that means trusting, believing, innocently expecting to
be kept safe and protected as we explore the amazing
things we encounter. as children, we often get into
those situations that we are ill equipped to handle.

but have no fear. that's when the gentle hands of the
master will fill in that which is lacking in us. in
fact, although we carry on as though we were "carrying
the tune", in reality, it is the Master who makes our
song beautiful. He takes our simple efforts and makes
something beautiful out of it.

there's a little story i would like to relate now.

wishing to encourage her young son's progress on the
piano, a mother took her boy to a paderewski concert.
after they were seated, the mother spotted an old
friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to
greet her. seizing the opportunity to explore the
wonders of the concert hall, the little boy rose and
eventually explored his way through a door marked "NO
ADMITTANCE." when the house lights dimmed and the
concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her
seat and discovered that the child was missing.

suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on
the impressive steinway on stage. in horror, the
mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard,

innocently picking out "twinkle, twinkle little star." at that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy's ear, "don't quit." keep playing." then, leaning over, paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in a bass part.

soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child, and he added a running obbligato. together, the old master and the young novice transformed what could have been a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience. the audience was so mesmerized that they couldn't recall what else the great master played. only the classic, "twinkle, twinkle little star."

perhaps that's the way it is with God. what we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. we try our best, but the results aren't always graceful flowing music. however, with the hand of the Master, our life's work can truly be beautiful. the next time you set out to accomplish great feats, listen carefully. you may hear the voice of the Master, whispering in your ear, "don't quit. keep playing."

may you feel His arms around you and know that His hands are there, helping you turn your feeble attempts into true masterpieces. remember, God doesn't seem to call the equipped, rather, He equips the 'called.' life is more accurately measured by the lives you touch than by the things you acquire.

-- author unknown

He will take the little you have to offer and turn it into a symphony of beauty. our part may be small but that doesn't mean it is insignificant. it is required. just keep trusting. keep believing. and keep playing!

"without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he who comes to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him." heb 11:6