

“Brittani’s Harp”

I was sitting on the rostrum waiting for a fireside to start. Soft music from the piano was playing, filling the chapel with prelude—people were filing in and talking. I observed something unusual. A young couple brought a large, covered object into the room and set it up. When they uncovered it, I saw a lovely harp.

Brittani sat down at the harp and began to tune it. She would sound each string and bend down to listen to it. **If it wasn’t quite right, she would adjust with a specific tool.** Some strings she tightened, others of the strings she loosened.

I was fascinated watching this! The room was large, and it was filled with music from the piano and the noise of people talking and chatting just before the meeting began. And yet, Brittani was able to focus and tune everything else out and hear the tiny sound of each of those lone strings. She was able to tune it in such a way to know whether it was on or off.



What made it even more fascinating was that Brittani had no mechanical tuner. How in the world did she know when the note was just right? I watched as she tuned that instrument, and a short time later played a **beautiful arrangement of “Away in A Manger.”** **As I** listened to her play, I closed my eyes and took it in. It was wonderful! She was so talented.

I was so intrigued watching Brittani, that I walked down and talked to her. I asked her how she accomplished such an astounding feat. She seemed a little surprised that I thought it was such a big deal. It may have been routine and unremarkable to her, but for one as musically untrained and illiterate as I, it was simply awesome. It was miraculous. She was so familiar with and attuned to the voice of her harp that she could distinguish it from all other discordant sounds, and she

knew in a moment if the voice was right or if the voice was wrong, and how to adjust to get it where it was supposed to be.

Brittani's harp taught me a lesson. God is speaking to us in a voice still and small, in a world that is large, and noisy, and chaotic. Are we so familiar with and attuned that we can distinguish His voice above the cacophony of discordant sounds that fill our day? Do we care enough to hear Him that we bend our ear to listen and focus our attention to understand? And when we can't hear Him are we willing to make the necessary adjustments to get tuned? The music of His voice is out there for everyone to hear and is the most beautiful, powerful, and peaceful music in this mortal world. It is worth any cost to hear Him.



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