



LUKE ORAM

SINGER-SONGWRITER

The Sufi poet once said "The truth is that life itself is music". The Psalmist paints a picture of nature creating song; floodwaters clap their hands, and hills sing. To this end, one could easily assume that music is the song that creation sings to its creator. Even science is compelled to describe life as a symphony of vibrations in some kind of harmony. And if this universe really is compelled to sing some kind of great song, then we, as spiritual beings can respond to the whole thing as we do any other song. We can sing along; adding our voices and intention to the sound, creating what C. S. Lewis called the "few golden moments" - the supernatural and natural all fused into unity; some kind of worship.

We can pollute the song, drowning it out with a different noise; the sound of our own song, one we think is more important. Or we can block our ears and contend that the resulting silence is proof that there is no God. It's not so much a question of significance, because everything is significant. Nor is it a question of sacredness, because everything is sacred. Music, perhaps, is the universal language by which we know these things to be true. The one sound by which we tell the eternal story. The magic that always exists, in which the poet and player communicate the sacred.