

St Stephen's  
30 August 2015

Readings: Colossians 1: 15–20  
John 1: 1–10

We have built this service of worship around the theme of God the creator. The readings reflect imagery of the cosmic Christ and the pre-existent Logos, there at the beginning of creation. One of my interests is reading about theories of how the universe is put together and I want to share some of how that can be pictured.

Cosmologists were surprised years ago to find there was an underlying constant hiss of energy being picked up. The more they analysed it the more the more they came to see it as the signature of the formation of the universe. Now energy is transmitted to us in wave form, and that set me thinking down the path of music.

In Picton I had a marvellous organist, a Dutchman who could barely read music, but so long as he had a base line and the melody he could fill in the rest. He reminded me of something in my early musical education of a style of writing called Ground Bass, where the composer would write the bass line and the organist would fill in the rest. It gives the musician a framework to work from allowing creativity and invention to fill the air with glorious harmony.

Now, another part of the scientific puzzle is how atoms and sub-atomic particles are better understood as to be described as wave forms as well as solid particles. Each has a wave form associated with it and when they join with others to form molecules and larger particles, it seems to be the combining of the wave aspects that hold them all together. In my way of thinking it is as if we, constructed out of matter and waves will have a wave that is ours. Now any wave has a frequency and that is where the fun begins.

Suppose the energy detected is like God's Ground Bass. Then each of us will individually be in harmony with it. Lets try what I mean. Ruth can you play the lowest note you can on the keyboard on Church Organ setting. Now you who are musically inclined find your note that feels comfortable and in harmony with that. Can some of you come forward humming your note.

### *The Song.*

Once there was a village where the people had never heard music. They spoke to each other very loudly, even to the point of shouting. Because they tried so hard to have their own words heard, they weren't able to hear each other's words. This only made them shout all the louder in an attempt to be heard. The village became increasingly noisy.

There were three men in that village who could not speak, for they were dumb. They weren't able to communicate with the other people in the village, so no one really bothered with them. They used to meet together down by a little nearby brook. The bubbling sound of the brook seemed to make them happy.

One day, they realised why the brook made them feel so happy—it was because it was speaking to them, in a special way, without words and without shouting. The bubbling sounds of the little brook made music, which touched their souls.

So the men began to hum in tune with the music of the brook. At once they knew that they were communicating with each other. They were so excited that they ran into the noisy village, humming their tune. The people of the village marvelled and fell silent, for they had never heard music before.

At that very moment, something even more wonderful happened. From over the hill came the sound of a powerful voice; not a voice of shouting, but one whose words filled the silence with song. No one knew whose voice it was, but it was beautiful. And as the three dumb men continued to hum, one by one the people of the village began to sing. The words they sang were not all the same, nor were the voices, but the tune blended them all together into a magnificent chorus of song.

And so the village became noisy again, only this time with the sound of song instead of shouting. And this time everyone listened. You see, they had discovered not only the music in the world, but the music in themselves, and that each of them had their own song within them.

That's true for us too. Each of us is filled with the breath of God, the Holy Spirit, and with each of us, we have our particular song to sing. Sometimes its a happy song when things are going well, some times it's a sad song because of what has happened around us. Other times its just a sort of a whistle or hum that says "Everything's okay." Only I can sing my song, my special song, only you can sing your special song that is you.

Where has that song come from. I believe that when we talk about God as Creator, we are really talking about God as the great composer. If you step back and look at the Universe, there are all the galaxies, stars and planets all moving in harmony with each other. It's like a huge cosmic piece of music. Or here in our world, with the rhythms of the waves and wind, the rain, the birds and animals, and people too. Sometimes its grand music, and sometimes when things crash or break like in earthquakes, or accidents the music sounds harsh. But always, there is God trying to write the harmonies of everything together, and at the same time letting everything sing its own song.