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The Sound of Love

Moment of Manna

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About forty-one years ago, when my wife and I were first married, we used to go brook fishing together. Now, I don't think my wife particularly loved fishing, but she loved me and I loved fishing, so she went along. We would find these shallow, clear brooks with rocky bottoms, and wade into the brook, and walk along with the fishing line floating ahead of us, catching fish as we moved along. And what we liked the most was not so much the crystal clarity of the water, or the way it quickly cooled us down on a hot day, but more the sound of the water rushing over, under, and around the rocks as we moved. It was beautiful. It was calming. It was two people in love. To this day when I see a brook and hear that sound of rushing water, I remember those early days and how much we loved each other, and how much we still love each other today. For me, the sound of rushing water is the sound of love.

I remember one time going fishing alone. It was a long walk into the brook on a narrow, winding path. After catching my limit, I began the long walk out, back to my car. As I turned a corner on the path, I heard a sharp screeching noise in front of me; and there on the path not five feet in front of me was a mother hawk. She was squealing and flapping her wings, trying to stop me from moving on. I knew what was going on. Her young ones must have been nearby, and she loved them so much, she was willing to do whatever was necessary to protect them. There she was, twelve or fourteen inches tall. There I was, a six-footer. I could have stepped on her right there and ended it all, yet, I couldn't get by her. No matter which way I moved, she moved in front of me, screeching all the while. I finally had to walk off into the woods to get around her, so I could continue on my way. When I finally got back to the path, I looked back at her and she was still looking at me. I could tell there was no way she was going to let me move back toward her. As I continued on my way and she continued screeching, I thought, as unpleasant as that sound is, it is also a beautiful sound. Now, any time I hear a sound like that, I think of that mother hawk and how much she must have loved her young ones. For me, that is the sound of love.

Have you ever thought about that...how love has a sound? Have you ever thought that there are certain sounds, that when you hear them, they bring to mind certain people

or events that express a powerful undying love for you? For each of us, it may be a different sound. It may be the sound of a newborn baby's cry as it takes its first breath at birth. It may be the sound of Loons calling to each other in the early morning on a Maine lake. It may be the sound of Tree Toads flirting with each other on a summer evening in the back yard. It may be the sound of a child, any child, laughing. The sound of love.

Many years ago, one man expressed the sound of love for an entire people. I wasn't there when it happened, but some who were there, wrote an account of what took place, and I read about it.

I think it was on a Friday. Crowds began to gather. There was a carnival atmosphere. Vendors were selling food and souvenirs. The crowd was getting restless. Some began cheering and jeering, while others began weeping and wailing. What had started out as a bright sunny day, began to darken as clouds rolled in. The noise of the crowd began to mix with the crackling of lightning and the rumbling of thunder. It became a time of chaos; so noisy you couldn't distinguish one sound over another. And in spite of all that noise, He spoke in almost whispered tones, and everyone heard Him. As He slowly lifted His head, He looked to the heavens and said, "It is finished!" With those three words He ended man's struggle. With those three words He brought hope and healing to a dying world. With those three words He guaranteed our eternity with Him. With those three words He did it all so we wouldn't have to. "It is finished!" For me, that is the ultimate sound of love.