

## GLIMPSE

### A Deafening Noise

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I am not a musicologist and actually I do not know what that is really.

How does a D-minor differ from a D-seventh? I do know a few finger shiftings on a guitar. I figured one thing out though. The note which begins a song is the note upon which the song ends. Not a great insight there I suspect. Just sing the Happy Birthday little song and end on a different note; it just doesn't sound right. It has to have a happy ending.

Several people in our small community delight in scrupulous tidiness; others just delight. Better than a good dessert at the end of the meal is an antiseptic kitchen; all's well that ends clean. Orderliness is next to godliness or neuroticism, take your pick. Not all things end on the same note of comfort. Living with the disorder in an orderly manner is an orderly thing in itself. If I go crazy because of crumbs then I am an agent of discord as much as the crumbly person of the kitchen. If I fix him, rearrange his motherboard, would I allow him to return the favor in his fixing mine?

It all comes down to our human desire for complete, not only a happy-sounding ending, but complete happiness coming from self-completion. It does not take very long for us to figure out that we cannot complete, fulfill ourselves by ourselves. The next step is to find something and then somebody to assist our roundness, our soundness. For little children, cars, dolls, tea sets, Lego blocks assist them, but temporarily. Then as olders, we will ask real people, real others, to bring us to an harmonious resolve with life. As with the dolls and trucks, sooner rather than later, they too fail to clean up our crumbs of disorder and life. The quick-draw reaction is to get frustrated and angry with those others who we thought, hoped would satisfy our longings.

All relationships cause noise, even with inanimate objects, but especially with the animate. They do not really cause the noise; they bring the noise out of us by how they are not exactly like us. The noise is inside and comes out as we try to wrench

and twist them to conform to our hopes and demanding expectations. I probably haven't even told them what those desires for them are. I might not even have known them myself until the noise deafened the song.

It seems good that we do not live with others exactly like ourselves, because then we would dislike ourselves even more. One might think that I am hung-up and I would think they are spaced-out. What they see is neat-and-clean, they might think is uncomfortable and not human. The noise is within us and resolving it into a song takes more than a little self-awareness leading to self-acceptance. I might have trouble with those realities, (people), who invite me to awareness.

Shakespeare wrote that knowledge maketh a bloody entrance. If Shakespeare didn't say this he should have. I say that self-knowledge can darn near kill us. Self-acceptance as the source of our noise is a deception if it is not rooted in awareness. So God blesses this confrontation we have with ourselves. Jesus shows us in the Gospels the freedom that comes from self-acceptance which leads to the acceptance of the other selves. It is only a glimpse so keep listening to the noise becoming a song.