

GLIMPSES

Whistle

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Some of us are old enough to remember the movie, *Song of the South* in which there was the tune, "*Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah*." It has quite a happy melody. The movie, *Snow White* as well has the song sung by the Seven Dwarfs as they go to the mines about whistling while they work. There is also the musical play and movie, *The King and I* in which Anna sings, "Whenever I feel afraid, I hold my head erect, and whistle a happy tune, so no one will suspect, I'm afraid."

I was recently walking across campus whistling a happy tune, (not because of being afraid), but because it was inside and had to come out. It was actually "*Get Me to the Church on Time*" from *My Fair Lady*, though I was walking away from our Church, but since I was happy and that popped into my mind/spirit/heart and so I unafraidly whistled my way.

Somebody reflected that I must be feeling unusually happy. They remarked that few people whistle anymore; in fact few people know how to whistle tunes. I then was in the weight room after jogging in the gym awhile and the music in both places seemed to me quite unwhistleable. The "music" was noisy, bangy, repetitious, seeming to begin nowhere and end up in the same way. You cannot whistle to it and maybe that's why nobody whistles anymore, except those who can remember "*The Colonel Bogey March*" and "*The Sunny Side of the Street*." Boy I sound old and grouchy.

It is true enough that what we listen to will determine what we hear and what we hear will influence how we externalize. As humans, what is inside emotionally will play outwardly somehow. Even physically, it is not so good to stifle a sneeze or a cough. We call this process of letting it all out, "objectifying". Love is such an inner-come-outer reality. We give gifts, hugs, kisses, kind words, smiles, pats-on-the-back, cheer, clap, even whistle as signs of approval or excitement. We are inside-outers and it is a healthy process.

God, as Infinite Love, objectifies that Love through creation and then intensifies that Love in Jesus Who is the incarnation of God's clapping, cheering and whistling. As believers, we are invited to listen to Jesus' tune, take it in, learn the melodies and then let it out in the gestures which objectify our inner spirits. Who I listen to will influence how I

will reveal myself. Maybe I do not listen to anybody else, just myself. If that is the tune I will sing, it becomes stale, boring and nobody else will want to hear it.

We are asked to take in the *Good News* as the song of God. We listen to its words and spirit. As with poetry and music, it is meant to be heard. Whether we are going to the mines, or when we are afraid, or doing our own little *Bogey March*, or trying to get to the church on time, we are learning to whistle again. It is a great way to pray.

Am I whistling in the dark? It is just a glimpse.