

Each with an Instrument Inside

The conductor directs the orchestra, telling them how to play, when to play.

And the musicians have to listen, watch—

Keeping their eyes on the baton, their ears

Alert

To the music around them.

If they don't watch, don't listen

The melody is lost,

The whole point of the orchestra

Buried.

We ourselves are just like that!

God is the conductor!

He is silent, often—

But we must still watch and listen, waiting for His Will.

He gave us each our own 'instrument,' our own talents—

Each with our own way to build up the world, a stone to set on the foundation—

Each with a gift, a *beautiful* gift—

Set there by God.

*These gifts must align with the melody God wants us to play!*

Each musician, playing to their own tune, ignoring the urges of their conductor

Makes a foul tune, disordered.

The Creator begs us to follow His direction! Remain in Jesus

As He remains in us. We cannot find the way ourselves.

Find from Him

The melody He *wants* you to play,

The song He made for *us* to play together;

United in the perfect harmony,

Majestic in unity,

Filling the world with the sound of truth.