

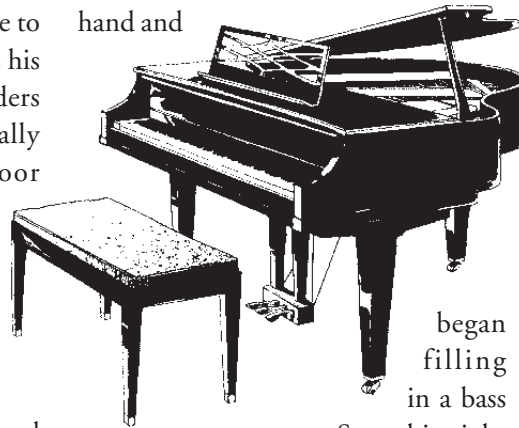
# God Can Do It

A mother once took her young son, who was just beginning to learn to play the piano, to hear the world-famous Polish pianist Jan Paderewski in concert. After an usher had shown them their seats, the mother spotted a friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to greet her. The little boy saw that as his opportunity to explore the wonders of the concert hall, and eventually explored his way through a door marked “NO ADMITTANCE.” When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that her son was missing.

Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive grand piano on stage. In horror, the mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out

“Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star.” At that moment, Paderewski made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy’s ear, “Don’t stop. Keep playing.”

Then Paderewski leaned over, reached down with his left hand and



began filling in a bass part. Soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child and added a third part. Together, the old master and the young novice transformed a frightening

situation into a wonderfully creative experience. The audience was mesmerized.

That’s the way it is with our heavenly Father. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren’t exactly graceful, flowing music. But with the hand of the Master, our life’s work truly can be beautiful.

Next time you set out to accomplish great feats, listen carefully. You can hear the voice of the Master, whispering in your ear, “Don’t stop. Keep playing.” Feel His loving arms around you. Know that His strong hands are there, helping you turn your feeble attempts into true masterpieces. As long as you’re trying your best to do what He knows is best, He’ll always be there to love and guide you on to great things.

—*Author unknown*

## What’s the Difference?

“What difference does Jesus make in life? Why is He important? Isn’t believing in God enough?” These were questions I asked myself in my college years. I had grown up with Christian teachings, but the question remained: “What is Jesus *for*, really?”

Then I met a group of young people who had excitement about life—and lots of love. They didn’t wait to check me out, but accepted me into their group whether I met their standards or not. I saw that they weren’t stressed or troubled, as many of us kids were at the time about innumerable things. They were happy—and told me it was because they had Jesus.

In time, I faced decisions that would affect the rest of my life.

A friend from this group of Christian young people suggested that Jesus would know and want what was best for me. I thought about it. Somehow I felt that the boredom I’d experienced since reaching my goals in school and romance and other areas was probably because those goals were mine, not His. I sensed He had something more for me. I sincerely wanted to know why I was alive. What was I *for*?

I prayed and asked Him to show me what He had planned for my life, and while He was at it, to make Himself real to me. It was a simple prayer, and the result was astounding.

Whereas I had *believed* in love before, now I *felt* love that was almost overwhelming. Whereas I

had known before that peace and tranquility were good, now I *had* true peace inside. Whereas I had known in theory that God could give me solutions to my problems, now I experienced Him doing little miracles to work out situations in my life. Whereas before I had known that the Bible was God’s voice to me, I began to enjoy how alive, up-to-date, vibrant, and liberating His Words were.

I went from an intellectual acceptance of Jesus as the Son of God to a living relationship with Him. What intellect couldn’t do, He did by coming into my life. His presence gave me love and strength and happiness. I learned the difference He can make.

—*Chloe West*