

"A young boy dreamed of being a great musician. He practiced hours each day and thought of nothing else but becoming famous and very wealthy. He knew the kind of music people liked and the kind that would make him rich, so he learned to write and perform music that pleased people, and it was not always good music. It was music about pleasure and worldly games and revolution and drugs. Young people liked his music and it became the popular music of the time. He had left home and lost contact with his family, especially his younger brother, who had loved and admired and missed him very much. He, too, missed his little brother and thought about him on lonely nights when his friends were busy about other things. He wondered what had happened to him. He hadn't heard from him in so long.

"Not long afterward the older brother was invited to a surprise party, the kind he was accustomed to attending. There were many people there he didn't know, mingling among a handful of his friends. Late in the evening one of the guests started to read poems, poems like the lyrics in the musician's songs. They were not good poems, but cheap and immoral. Everyone was laughing and enjoying the poems, but laughing more at the young man who was reading them. He was drugged and strange-looking. His dissolute life had destroyed him as a man. The musician felt a strange sense of sadness but couldn't understand why. He asked one of his friends who the young man was

who was reading the poems, and his friend was surprised he did not know. That is your brother. He has loved and admired you all your life and spent his whole life imitating what you write about in your music. The musician became sick and left the party in disgust. He had realized too late that he had used the beautiful gifts that God had given him to make money, and in the process had destroyed not only the lives of many people but the life of the brother he had loved so much. It never occurred to him what evil was until he saw what his music had done to this brother's soul.

"Fortunately, that was not the end of the story. The young musician left all his friends and went off by himself to repent. He prayed for God to forgive him and to heal his little brother's tortured soul. He promised that if God would heal his brother, he would write music about beautiful things, and about peace, and about things that would bring joy into this world of darkness and troubled hearts. God heard his prayer and healed his brother. The two became close friends, never again to be separated. The musician composed music that was to inspire millions of people and bring joy and harmony into a world torn apart by selfishness and ambition. The younger brother wrote the words for all his brother's music. And their lives were filled with the kind of peace and happiness that God gives to those who find Him and who bring his joy into others' lives.

"Each one of you is like that musician. You have rare gifts that God has given you, to bring an important message to those around you. God has given each of you something special that he wants you to share with others. You can see already the beautiful things God can work among you if you let him. A few days ago you were strangers. You never thought you would be friends. Today you are friends. You help each other. You teach each other, like Joe and his new friend playing the trumpet together. You share with each other. And you have a peace you never knew possible. That peace and that friendship can continue for many years and can change the lives of all around you, and can create a beautiful world for your children to live in. That is the beauty of God's love."

**There's Is Nothing
Easy About Loving**