

THE SINGING BOWL

By: Nina Stuntz Flanders, 2010

"Immanuel! Immanuel! - the one word repeated over and over again - was clear.

Miraculously, the Lord's song was being heard in a foreign land.

I looked to find the music's source but saw no human.

There was ...no loud crescendo, no flute or drums - no beat;

Only a penetrating hum of universal oneness could be heard.

It touched the ears and pierced the hearts of those in the Circle of Grace as God among us sang his own love song in a foreign land.