

Did Jesus Sing?

By Anand Peter

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear (Mark 4:9; Luke 8:8).

I was not planning to write anything today. I did not have anything to write. I had a nightlong dream. My son was somewhere in the background, but my dream was all about his father-in-law, in his lifetime. The late father-in-law of my late son — how did I construct that expression, I wonder? — was a good friend of mine. Incidentally, we had spent hours discussing things I did not believe in; his thoughts bordered on fantasy. The scene of the dream was a smart hotel.

I woke at four o'clock in the morning and went back to sleep; the dream continued. It had something to do with his immobility — for many years he was in a wheelchair — and the lifts not being functional. But I had to get both of us to a concert at some place in the hotel. Inconclusive, confused, I woke up.

I could not connect my waking thought with the dream. I was confused. I did not have my 'quiet time' that morning. I stepped into my routine, but the dream did not let go of my mind. I am sure most of you must have experienced such dreams. After lunch, it struck me: the 'unheard music.' Then came the question — did I ever hear Jesus sing? Nothing is written about Jesus singing before He preached on the mount, sitting in the boat, in the synagogue, on the roadside, at the burial ground, or at the marriage feast in Cana (John 2:1-11).

But I heard Him say, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" (Mark 4:9; Luke 8:8). Jesus said so not just once but eight times, as recorded across the Gospel accounts, and He says it again seven times in the Book of Revelation, at the close of each of His letters to the seven churches (Revelation 2:7, 11, 17, 29; 3:6, 13, 22). I told myself that nothing is ever quite what you perceive it to be. We try to find Jesus singing in the conventional manner. Why would He? Jesus need not be conventional; He is unusual; He is God.

His songs are not like those of David, nor like the noise we hear these days which they call great music.

Stretching my dream further, we walk into a dance floor where the musicians' gallery is empty. You drag your partner onto the floor and try your best to dance, without rhythm. So you are doing the waltz while your partner is doing the foxtrot, and both are doing it out of rhythm. Not wanting to be left out, others join you, and I leave it to your imagination what must have followed. Day after day you woke up and went to the dance floor with some hope of doing a worthwhile dance.

Then one day, not everyone saw Him enter. Nothing about His appearance would compel your attention. When He started His music, it was nothing like you expected; the rhythm and the scale were unknown to you. He began to sing a song, soft and sweet, loving and compassionate, kind and compelling. Every stanza of His song ended with a pronouncement: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." And as He sang, people stood up — a few at first, and millions joining in — and they began to dance, flowing to music they had never heard before! Some who did not join thought: 'What kind of musician is this? He brought no band; He wore no special costume; He would not mount a stage — how can we know what He sings is music?'

But He sang — echoing the Parable of the Sower (Matthew 13:1-9; Mark 4:1-9; Luke 8:4-8):

*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;
He sang of the farmer who scattered the seed,
In four different types of ground;
He sang about your ears;
'Your ears are like the hard ground,' He sang;
'Others fell on rocky soil,' He sang;
He went on to sing of those others that fell amongst destructive bushes;
And then He sang of the soil compared to those who have an ear to hear.*

He made it plain: some have ears to hear, and will till the ground of their hearts, discern, and be ready to hear Jesus sing.

Let me dare to ask: are you one of them?