



A violinist has his problems, his dreams, his fears, his hopes. A call. He takes his instrument and leaves in a hurry to go to the concert.

The musicians gather. It's been days, weeks of rehearsals. The score is worn out. People, expectant, fill the room enters the director. Some ritual gestures, applause, and silence. The first piece will start soon.

Those men and women are now united. The melody Guides your movements. They act or wait. They look at the instrument, or the score, or the direction that sets the pace.

The music fills the whole atmosphere. Harmony raises souls. Perfection seems complete. An expert can intuit some small mistake, something that happens even among very prepared people.

In the end, an apotheosis. Cheers, hurrahs, cheers. Satisfaction and joy. The orchestra has delighted hundreds, perhaps thousands, of spectators, each collects his instrument. We have to go back to ordinary life. At home there are forms to fill out, messages to answer, laundry to wash, books to order.

Behind is the memory of a miracle. It was possible to harmonize lives and feelings so different, guided all by the intuition of a composer who knew how to express wonders of his heart.

We feel a sincere desire to thank those who, with so much effort, surely with authentic taste, has allowed music to bear, again, in a world so in need of harmony.

Because we see it every day, many do not know, can not or do not want to follow the voice and gestures of the great Director, the God who has also thought of an immense harmony for human existence and other beings on the planet.

Surely many do not know how to play an instrument. But in history, we have a place in the Cosmic Orchestra, a task, a voice, a love to offer to others.

If we look at the Director well, if we take the indications of the father of heaven, we will enter into a harmony that begins on Earth, which continues in the eternal, and

has the most beautiful name: Love.