Do you ever get the feeling that you want to run far from the madding crowd? To find a tranquil glen in a some cool forest and just sit and listen to nature?

Why is it that the quietness of nature gives us such repose, such space to connect?

The Talmud (Yoma 20b) says “Were it not for the sound of the hordes of Rome, we would hear the sound of the sun rotating.”

There are times when “the hordes of Rome” seem to crowd into our head; when we feel the need to get away to the peace and quiet of nature to hear “the sound of the sun.”

The Song Of The Sun

Every day the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. It follows a pre-ordained arc across the sky. The sun never refuses to rise. It never wants an extra half-hour in bed. It follows the Will of its Creator with unswerving obedience. When the sun follows its instructions to the letter, as it always does — it’s singing. Each item in...
creation sings its song when it does the will of the Creator; when the ant builds its anthill; when the lark sings in a woodland grove; when a cliff doesn’t move for thousands of years — it’s singing. It’s singing its song to the Creator of all. It’s praising Him.

**I’D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING**

Do you remember the Coca-Cola® commercial “I’d like to teach the world to sing...”? Well, I’m sure this isn’t going to dent the sales of Coca-Cola, but there was a slight inaccuracy in this idea. The world doesn’t need to be taught to sing. It’s singing already. The song should have gone: “I’d like to teach the world to hear”!

Just as the sun sings its song by tracing its arc across the canopy of the sky, so too every atom and molecule is singing its song as it whizzes around the nucleus at unimaginable speeds. Every lonely piece of antimatter is singing its song as it tracks across the vastness of space/time searching for its mate.

Everything in this world is in a constant state of singing to the Creator, because everything in the world constantly fulfills the will of G-d.

With one exception.

Man. Man has the solo part in life’s cantata.

All nature is no more than a lush and vast orchestral backdrop waiting for man to step up to the microphone. But Man can be a temperamental performer.

Summer is drawing to a close. The sun gilds the fields with an autumn burnish. The bee hurries to extract the last pollen from the flower before it withers. There is no time to be lost. Soon the Master will call. Everything in creation hurries to fulfill its appointed task. Very soon the Master will call.

How can Man, at a time like this, when all nature rushes to complete its yearly task, sit back and pretend that the Day of Reckoning is not at hand?

Can Man afford to take it easy when the Books of Life and Death are being taken down from the shelves? The dust of a year is being blown from the ledgers and the cosmic book-keepers are sharpening their pencils, ready for the day that every soul must pass in front of the Master, one at a time, like sheep.

The Shofar sounds like a bugle to rouse the legions: “Awake you sleepy heads! The Day is coming! The Day is coming!”

If all of the world is rushing now to make sure that it has completed its appointed task, shouldn’t Man, nature’s star performer, be looking very carefully back over the year that has nearly come to its end?

Shouldn’t we make sure that we deserve to be the solo voice in the orchestra of creation?