As a child in my native Germany, I remember being quite intrigued by a story of young men in search of the Blue Flower. I don’t recall much of the story itself but I know that this elusive flower meant happiness and was exceptionally rare. The one finding the flower would be rewarded with the hand of a beautiful, but sad, princess and live happily ever after. And so the young men would set out over hill and dale, in and out of danger, to find this treasure. I often wonder when I see a blue flower why it makes me smile. Can it really make one happy?

When I ask myself if I am a happy person I would probably answer, yes. I enjoy simple things, particularly the wonders of God’s creation. However, there are times when my feelings are hurt, when I am disappointed or tired; sad about things that I cannot change or am too reluctant to change. I need a fix, a magic that will make it all better.

To some people this fix comes in the way of alcohol, cigarettes, drugs, other diversions like movies, gambling, or running. For me it is music. When the need arises I curl up in the corner of my couch and listen. Handel’s Messiah is my absolutely preferred work. I turn the volume up a bit so that the “cobwebs” clouding my mind may be blown away.

With the first few bars of Sinfonia I feel the chains springing from my chest. I can breathe easier. I want to sing along but the soprano is too high and the alto not always easily recognizable. I also attempt tenor and bass parts. After all, it is just God and me listening.

Now it is Christmas, and it is Easter, and all of life in between. I marvel at the author who knew where in Scripture to find the right words to the music, or was it the other way around? I don’t care. Listening to the Messiah becomes a devotion, and therein lies the magic.

It is being absorbed in God’s Word. I owned a record of the Messiah years ago; some of my family members have participated in singing with the symphony. Parts were being practised at home, sections repeated over and over again. I really should get tired of it all.

There are several pieces missing on the record and I need them all. One Christmas my husband surprised me with the complete work. I was ecstatic. “He was despised and rejected of men…” that’s the one I was missing (Isaiah 53:3). Yes, someone hurt my feelings and I felt rejected! Jesus didn’t deserve being rejected and He bore it. So can I! I feel better already. “Surely, He hath borne our grieves and carried our sorrows” (Isaiah 53:4-5). What comfort!

“Why do the nations so furiously rage together, why do the people imagine a vain thing” (Psalm 2:1-2)? I know war and strife are nothing new and God knows about them. “He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision” (Psalm 2:4). “Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth” (Revelation 19:16). As the great chorus swells so does my heart.

King of kings and Lord of lords! Thank you for being my God. “I know that my Redeemer liveth…” (Job 19:25-26). And finally the “Amen.” I take a deep breath; I feel good. God’s promises are always true. My dark clouds have been taken away. I have found my blue flower. I say a quick prayer of thanks. “Stossgebet” is what we call it in German; a brief prayer of thanks or a cry for help right now as the need arises, thrust at the throne of God. I think God likes this kind of prayer since He commanded us to “pray without ceasing.” I go away humming!

For me, music marks the spot.