

“Tinker” - Rev. Jeffrey B. Childs

This is a story of Tinker, a very little bell. He lived in the village church.

He was not like his bigger brothers Graham and Alexander who were steeple bells.

When it was time for worship, they rang and rang until all the people of the village came. When there was danger, like fire or a terrible storm, they rang out a warning.

All Tinker could do was ring a tiny little tinkle. As hard as he tried, he could not "bong" like his big brothers.

He sat in a cabinet with other instruments that made beautiful music for church. Tinker wished he could be like Anna the piano. She made wonderful music and had so many notes, Tinker couldn't count them all. She could play high notes almost as high as Tinker and low notes almost as low as his brothers, and every note in between.

"I wish I could ring as many notes as you play," Tinker said.

"But I like your note," replied Anna "It is so bright and makes me feel happy. I always hear your voice ringing above all the others."

"Yes," Tinker answered, "I do feel happy when I ring. But when my brothers ring the people come to worship. And when you play your notes, the people sing along. When I ring, nothing happens."

Karl, the old guitar, had been around the church longer than any of the instruments. Before there was a piano or bells, the old guitar played all the music at the church. With great wisdom he spoke, "Tinker, when we make music something always happens." "First, something happens to us as we share our feelings, like happiness or sadness. But then wonderfully, our music touches someone or something else. True joy comes when we are doing just what we were created to do. We were created to make music. And music can lift us all the way to Heaven." "And you, Tinker, are the doorbell."

"When your brothers ring out low and slow, the music reaches to the village and the valleys below. But when your pure joy rings out in your high note, it reaches up into the church rafters and they, too, begin to ring and even to swing!"

"Yes, I've heard them", cried Anna.

"And from there the sound is carried straight to the heavenly choir of angels who sing before God," explained Karl. "So, tonight during the Christmas Eve service while the people sing, you ring out for God and all the world to hear the joy of Christmas, the joy of making music, and the joy of worshipping God."

That night while the people worshipped and sang in the little village church, Tinker rang out and the rafters began to vibrate with the joy of the Christmas song. The angels heard it and repeated it into God's ear.

And people say that if you listen really carefully when the church quiets down, you can still hear the faint echo of Tinker's joyful bell way up high still ringing, and the rafters swinging, and the angels singing, "Jesus is here!"

Tinker Was a Little Bell

Rev. Jeffrey B. Childs 12/12/23

(Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)

Tinker was a little bell,
Who rang out his note so well.
When he rang, he brought pure joy,
To each village girl and boy.

Refrain:

Tinker was a little bell,
Who rang out his note so well.

When with joy Tinker would ring,
The church rafters then would swing,
Up to heaven it would joy bring,
Which the angels then would sing.

Refrain:

Tinker's note ran pure and clear.
Angels sang, "Jesus is here!"
From church below to heaven above,
Tinker's note rang out with love.

Refrain:

Tinker shows us how to live.
What we are is what we give.
Tinker had one note to ring.
Discover what is your thing.
Tinker was a little bell,
And who you are, time will tell.