

Joseph and the Song From Far Away

by Adam G.





In a dusty little shop sat a little old radio named Joseph.
Joseph had a round speaker, a tiny light... and one small knob
that nobody ever turned.



Every day, Joseph wondered,
“What am I for?”



One night, Joseph shone its tiny light on the dark street. **Blink.**
But the street was so big, and the light was so small. Nobody noticed.
Joseph is not a streetlight.



Joseph tried to sing. **“KSSSSHHHHH!”**
The cat ran away. The baby cried. “Oh dear,” said Joseph.
Joseph is not a noisemaker.



A boy put his cup on Joseph. “A table!”
The cup wobbled... **SPLASH!** Too small.
Joseph is not a table.



Joseph held down papers on a windy day.

WHOOSH! The papers flew away, and Joseph tumbled after them.

Joseph is not a paperweight.



The ants moved in, all cozy inside.
“I’m a house,” said Joseph. “But I still feel empty.”
Joseph is not an ant house.



Joseph held the door open. **Bump. Bump. Bump.** All day long.
“Is this all I am?”
Joseph is not a doorstop.



Joseph held up a row of big books.
They leaned... and leaned... **SQUISH!**
Joseph is not a bookend.



The children floated Joseph in a puddle.
It sailed for one second. **Glug, glug.**
Joseph is not a boat.



The cat tried to nap on Joseph. Too hard. Too bumpy.
The cat went off to find a soft cushion.
Joseph is not a cat bed.



In winter, Joseph became a snowman's hat.
Brrrrr. Everybody laughed, but Joseph didn't.
Joseph is not a snowman's hat.



One rainy night, Joseph sat all alone.
“A lamp is for light. A chair is for sitting. But me? I’m not for anything.”



It got very, very quiet.

And in the quiet, Joseph felt something tiny deep inside. A whisper from very far away, farther than the stars.



Joseph remembered the little knob. The one nobody ever turned.
Slowly... Joseph turned it. **Click.**



Kssh... fzzz... kssh...

Lots of noise. But Joseph kept turning, gently, listening, listening.



Then, **there!** One special channel. The one Joseph was made for.

And out came music. The most beautiful music in the whole world.



The cat came back. The baby smiled.
The ants danced. The whole street stopped to listen.



The song didn't start inside Joseph. It came from far, far away,
and only Joseph could catch it and share it.

“That’s what I’m for!”



Joseph held the door open... **and played music.**
Joseph held up the books... **and played music.**



Joseph was a table, a house for ants, a hat for a snowman...
and everywhere Joseph went, the song went too. Even the
papers in the wind danced.



And Joseph's tiny light? It glowed with the music.
It didn't feel small anymore.



You have a little knob inside you, too.
Joseph didn't make the song. **Joseph received it.**
When you're quiet and you listen... you can **receive** your own
special song, too.

The End



FOR GROWN-UPS

Joseph's jobs (a light, a table, a doorstep) are the things we do. None of them is the purpose. The purpose is the song: something that comes from beyond us, that we don't make, only receive and carry into everything we do. That receiver is the soul. Ask your child: When it gets very quiet, what do you hear inside?