

The Gong.

The man was sitting on his deck one clear, cold morning when an unexpected breeze stirred the metal wind chimes hanging from the massive roof beam that stretched over his porch. He listened to the small, high-pitched chimes, then when the larger, multi-toned chimed, the breeze forced the strikers against their tubes, producing a symphony of sounds. Soon, the breeze blew hard enough for the large gong to sound its single, yet clear and loud, note.

The man had heard these chimes and gong for many years, from their soft symphony in light breezes to their chaotic cacophony during gales. Today, as on other neither calm nor blustery days, the single note produced by the gong's striker grabbed his attention, and he listened to the bold purity of its single, unwavering note. He listened, straining to hear the sound as time brought quiet. The purity, boldness, and longevity of that single note had brought him peace.

Later that same day, the man was talking to a salesperson, and as their conversation shifted, he began doubting the authenticity of what he was hearing. He interrupted the person and recounted the gong's pure, unwavering tone. He advised them that if their motivation was not as pure and authentic as a gong, he preferred they stop talking to him.

After the conversation ended, the man reflected on how a person's tone and its continued clarity, over time, were genuine indicators he could and should rely on. He decided to listen to the clarity of the gong people produce rather than their emotionally charged chimes.

Written by Peter Skeels © 12-3-2025