

## **It Is Strange**

Have you ever realized what the word "strange" means? Why do we so often use that word? "It is strange," we say. Or: "Is it not strange, that---". "You are so strange today!" Words are exciting. Words are strange, too! Strange, is it not? What should we do, if we had not words? How should we contact each other, or give a message, or tell about a good day?

When we say that something is strange, it is because we wonder. Because our experience tells us that it should be otherwise. Perhaps because our common sense tells us that it should be otherwise.

If we say, that it is strange, that the sun rises--what do we really mean? We do know that the Earth is turning around herself--we do know that this is the reason why it once a day looks as if the sun is rising. And we still find it strange. The sun has been rising billions of times! Think about all those mornings! This is certainly strange!

Although we can make long formulas and long rows of numbers telling about all those sunrises--there is still something left that we cannot explain: why does the sun rise? We can explain how things are going on, but we cannot explain why it all happens. In this way many things are really strange. Perhaps everything!

Maybe we ought to think more about everything's peculiarity than about everything's explanation. We believe that we have got an answer on our WHY, giving a scientific explanation. Maybe we have not! Maybe we have not answered anything!

Once upon a time an old woman told me that strangeness and beauty are one and the same thing. If we are able to answer every single WHY, nothing would be beautiful to us. Have you been thinking the same? But she might be right. If we admit that we do not understand things, we might get more respect. We are forced to think it all over again, and we might come to a new comprehension.

Try to figure out what you find strange! That a tree folds out its leaves in spring? That the swallow always flies back to the place it was born? That water does not run from below to above? That you can understand other people's words? That some seeds can lie in the soil for hundreds of years, waiting for the right time to sprout? That there are places in this world where it never rains? That you are the one you are? That you were born?

You could go on for hours! What do you think about this: If people always started with wondering instead of giving scientific explanations and believing in them there would not be any pollution! What do you think?

That is what the old woman told me. "But I'm strange," she added. "I even talk to my flowers and the sparrows on my window sill in winter time." And then she laughed.

I talk alot to her now. She always has something new to say. And I have a lot to think about after leaving her. Some days ago she said, "Do you know what I find really strange? There have been billions of human beings on Earth, and there will still be more--and they are all different except for one-egged twins. All swallows are alike, all dandelions are alike, all robins are alike--but people are all different!"

"I never thought about that," I said.

"And they all think differently," she continued. "When a new human being is born, new thinking is born. Human beings must be something very special!"

Yes, this is indeed strange! And perhaps it is so: What you cannot explain and comprehend is the most beautiful of the world!

Well, think it over! Just for awhile!

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