

The Magic In Those Six Strings | Allan Besselink

Written by Allan Besselink
Friday, 07 September 2012 23:29



We are all faced with an age-old dilemma – getting lost in the distractions of life. It can feel like time is slipping between our fingers, and it can be incredibly challenging to simply remain “present” and be “in the moment”.

There are also some things that have the incredible ability to bring us back to that sweet spot in time, bring us back to the here and now, bring us back to the purity of the moment.

For me, this always happens when I pick up my guitar. There is something magical that happens when my fingers glide around those six strings.

There was a time when playing guitar was the center of my metaphysical existence. Or so it seemed. It gave me a means of expression, creativity, and discovery at an opportune time in life. It is hard to describe that sense of “flow”, the heightened awareness you have when your fingers become a conduit for musical exploration. There is no need for thought – it is liberating, pure expression.

Over the years, I have had the great fortune to develop interests in many areas. I have learned many different modes of creativity – be it photography, writing, art, and many other forms of media. But there is always one thing that brings me back to that sweet spot: my guitar. There is magic in those six strings.

On the busiest of days, my guitars sit there beckoning to be played. What was once a daily occurrence – isn't any longer. Life moves on, priorities change, interests blossom. With just 24

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hours in a day, we all make choices about how best to enjoy life, family, friends, hobbies, and countless other experiences. Time seems to move along at breakneck speed now. As life has moved along, the role of the guitar in my world has admittedly changed. At one time it was a catalyst. Now it is my dear long-lost friend, the one that you might not see for ages but you know that you can catch up with instantly when you do see them again.

Tonight, I picked up one of those guitars that sit in my living room. It takes but a moment to feel that indescribable comfort of the guitar body next to me and the sting of the strings against non-calloused fingers. It takes even less time to truly enjoy my old friend, one that will always put a smile on my face even in the most challenging of times.

There was a time when it was the means by which I was exploring myself. Now, it is a way to reclaim that serenity that lies within me, some days buried deeper than others. It is a reminder of being present.

There is a magic in those six strings.

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