



#123 *The Oven and the Radio*



An inquisitive young boy named Marshall walked through the woods to his Grandma's house. As he entered, she greeted him with a big hug, announcing that a fresh batch of cookies were about to come out of the oven! Marshall practically shook with anticipation as he sat in Grandma's warm kitchen and listened to her old music, on her old radio. Looking around at the radio and the oven and the wallpaper, Marshall innocently observed,

"Grandma, everything in your house is old." "Well, I guess that's right," laughed Grandma, "including me!" Just then, the little bell on the stove rang and Grandma took the cookies out of the oven. She put two on a plate for Marshall, then poured a glass of milk. Biting into the soft, warm cookie, Marshall got a dreamy look in his eye, as if he were contemplating a far-off land. "Grandma," he asked in a sing song voice, "where do IDEAS come from?" Grandma paused to consider the question, then answered, "Well, that is certainly a good question. I don't

rightly know. But I guess some ideas come from putting two and two together.” “What does that mean?” probed Marshall. “Well,” began his Grandma, “if I asked you how much two plus two is and you answered ‘four’, then I would say that you got that idea from inside your head. It would be kind of like the oven. You put the two and two into your head like I put the raw cookies into the oven. Then you cooked up the answer ‘four’, like I baked the cookies.” “I see,” said Marshall with his eyes darting around as if he were preparing an extremely complex interrogation, “but what about if I got a new idea that I never thought about before? Like this morning ... I suddenly got the idea to visit you! And somehow, I was already thinking you might have cookies! Do all of those ideas come from inside my head like the cookies in the oven?” “Well, my word, you DO ask good questions!” admired his Grandma, “I guess those ideas are different. I suppose that ovens only give back what you put in.” Grandma fell silent for a moment, then suddenly burst out with an inspired thought, “Perhaps fresh ideas that just appear in your mind are like the songs on the radio! Maybe those ideas come floating in on waves from outside of you.” “I see, Grandma!” exclaimed Marshall grabbing another full measure of cookies, milk, and satisfaction, “sometimes I’m an oven, and sometimes I’m a radio!”

Marshall went home satisfied, at least for the present. But Grandma was left pondering what would inevitably be the next question on a subsequent visit, namely, “And where were those ideas before they were received in my radio?”

WHERE DO INTUITIONS COME FROM?