

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

Jesus Gave Her Another Word

By Ken Woodley

The young girl heard The Voice Of The World shouting, “Can anything good come out of this child?”

The Voice was talking about her and its tone seemed to answer the question.

No, The Voice Of The World quite clearly felt, nothing good could ever come out of that child. And The Voice Of The World made certain that the child heard the answer.

But the child wasn't the only one listening.

Jesus heard, too.

And Jesus wept.

Tears flowed for this child and for all of the children of God—no matter how old they were—who'd heard The Voice Of The World so often question, challenge and demean their child of God selves.

Demean them because of the color of their skin.

Threaten them with a pandemic.

Challenge them with lies.

Tear them down and apart with abuse.

Question them with callous indifference.

Swallow them with disease.

And enslave them with poverty.

Before abolishing their very existence with death.

The Voice Of The World shouted so loud that even the waves in the sea seemed to retreat, abandoning the beach where children once played behind, turning it into a desert.

But the tears of Jesus were like rain.

And Jesus lifted the child.

Jesus lifted the child and told her something else.

Raised the child up.

Jesus gave her another word that The Voice Of The World had tried so hard to erase.

Resurrected the child with four simple letters that Jesus carefully arranged:

L...

O...

V...

E...

Love? the child wondered.

Really?" the child asked.

Me?" the child pleaded.

"Come and see," Jesus answered.

And so the child, carried in the loving heart of Christ, followed.

Followed despite all of the odds that the world said were stacked against every child of God.

Followed despite all of the statistics of probability the world declared would defeat all children of God.

Followed.

Miraculously.

Because Jesus carried her.

Because Jesus carries you.

Because Jesus carries all of the children of God to the truth of God's love for them all.

And we are all children of God.

No matter what the World says with its hammers and nails.

No matter what the World tries so desperately to make the children of God believe.

A child risen.

The child in us all.

The child that God wants us all to be and believe to be our truest self.

Just who we are and just as we are.

Loved.

And nothing but loved.