

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

## *No Insurrection Can Topple This Truth*

By Ken Woodley

*“Follow me and I will make you fish for people.”*

—The Gospel of Mark

Four-fifths of our world is covered in water.  
Eighty percent of the planet Earth.  
The currents and tides touch every continent.  
Water that washes over countless soles.

If I were to touch the last gasp of even the smallest wave at Virginia Beach  
I would be sharing that vast expanse of water with someone doing the same  
thing on the shores of Nigeria.

The wave wouldn't care about the color of our skin.  
Or where the beach was.  
Neither does God.

No insurrection can topple that truth.  
Oh, if we could only become more like those waves.  
And see what God sees in all of us.  
Just reaching out toward every soul.  
Toward all accents and every pigment.

When I look down into the smallest stream at my reflection my face is  
mirrored by water that will one day join the great oceans and seas that cover  
the earth.

Water that will mirror the face of every man, woman or child who looks  
for their own reflection beneath a sky that knows nothing of race or ethnicity.

The Holy Spirit of God doesn't fill our sails to narrow our journey.

The Holy Spirit fills our sails to broaden the reach of our heart.

The reach of the love for which Jesus gave his life; the truth that Jesus  
died for: God is love and God loves us all.

On every beach.

On any shore.

Every square inch of earth.

There is something we'd be wise to understand:

If we are good enough for God—and God's love declares that we are—then we are good enough.

Period.

For anyone and everyone.

Period.

And so is everyone else.

There is no lie that could possibly erase that truth, though liars desperately try to cover the entire earth with their sea of falsehoods.

That must mean that we are good enough—we must be good enough—for each other.

Period.

Or ... that's the way it should be.

Unfortunately, we are separated from each other on this planet by more than water.

We are separated from each other by ourselves, and that can sometimes be the widest chasm of all to overcome.

Especially when we allow others to further divide and push us even farther apart.

Jesus knew what he was doing when he asked us to follow him and become fishers of people.

There are nearly 30,000 species of fish in the world.

We could never catch them all, no matter how hard we try.

But there is only one human race.

If only we would see part of our own reflection in every face.