

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

By Ken Woodley

When I See My Reflection In Your Waves

“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 all 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.

Oh, if we could only become more like those waves.

Just reaching out toward ever soul.

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.

Be it desert or oasis.

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.

Kings, queens or presidents cannot take that truth away.

Nor any act of Congress.

So, that has to 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.

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

There are over 28,000 species of fish in the world.

We could never catch them all.

But there is only one human race.

Fishing for each other should not be—would not be—such a difficult thing.

If we’d only try.