

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

And Jesus Sang With God's Voice

By Ken Woodley

“Just then there was in the synagogue a man with an unclean spirit, and he cried out, ‘What have you to do with us, Jesus of Nazareth? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are, the Holy One of God.’ But Jesus rebuked him, saying, ‘Be silent, and come out of him!’”

—the Gospel of Mark

Suddenly all of the dissonance is gone.

But I cannot hear a thing.

Nothing at all.

Without the dissonance there isn't a single solitary sound.

Nothing ... but ... this ... other ... thing.

This other thing that is not dissonance.

How can that be?

The dissonance said that it was here forever and then, just like that, it was gone.

I stumbled and fell, unbalanced without the dissonance, deafened by this new sensation of a world no longer shouting at me.

No dissonance to guide me.

No hope of escape from this new ...

This new what?!?!?

The sky seems to fall.

Seems to kneel and touch my face.

Reaching out as far as it can to caress my cheek.

As if heaven, itself, is brushing my face with its lips.

Redeeming me, healing me, with a kiss.

Why would heaven ever want to kiss me, of all people?

The dissonance said that heaven never would.

Why would heaven ever care?

The dissonance swore that heaven never would.

And what did heaven do with all of the dissonance that used to fill my ears with its chaos?

The dissonance swore that it was the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

So help me God.

So ... help me what?

Why would God ever care?

The dissonance screamed that God never would.

Why would God ever want to brush my face with a kiss of even the smallest caring show of affection?

The dissonance promised that God never would.

But maybe—just perhaps—the dissonance wasn't telling the truth. Not the whole truth. Nor any of the truth.

Because there it is.

Again and again and again.

A sudden harmony.

A harmony that wraps me up so entirely and so wonderfully that it makes me feel as if I were the only thing that it ever wanted for Christmas.

The only thing that it ever wanted for Easter.

The only thing that it ever wanted any day of every week in any month of every year.

A harmony that sings for me with such wondrous melodies that I am deafened.

So deafened that this time I hear everything that the dissonance was trying to cover up with its noise.

All of my senses listen.

I hear everything that I see within the light inside your eyes.

I hear everything that I feel in your healing touch upon my skin.

And all that is in the ember warmth of your voice speaking words that I never thought I'd hear.