

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

## Every Day Has Become The Day I Need You Most

By Ken Woodley

*“In the morning, while it was still very dark, he got up and went to a deserted place, and there he prayed.”*

—the Gospel of Mark

I remember being a child in Nazareth,  
sitting on the flat roof of our house under a night sky  
so filled with stars  
that I thought the darkness would turn itself inside out.

But there is more darkness in the world than is found in the night sky  
and I prayed that one day, no matter what,  
the light would turn all of that other darkness inside out.

That is still my prayer, God.  
Oh, God, how that is still my prayer.

But I also prayed that the light would somehow turn me inside out, too.  
And then one day it did.  
The light of your love turned me upside down and inside out.  
Astonishing me.  
Sometimes, the memory almost feels like the day it really happened.  
Especially when I need you most.  
Oh, Lord, every day has begun to feel like the day when I need you most.

So here I am in this deserted place,  
again,  
under the star-pricked sky,  
again,  
feeling almost like a child in school,

again,  
who has precisely followed his teacher's instructions:  
Make an imaginary night sky,  
again,  
by poking small holes in dark construction paper  
to let the flashlight shine through from behind  
like midnight constellations.  
Again.

Almost.  
Only almost.  
Because I am the child  
who chose to tear away all of the dark paper  
and let in every beam of light, instead,  
trying to forever shine your love onto the scars of others  
and into the places that still hurt.

I know that I have tried that with my own scars.

I am so often left weary but warily exhilarated  
at the luminous possibilities of it all,  
brushing the hammers and the nails aside  
—even though they always return—  
and living the life you dreamed I would,  
feeling the corner of your smile widening inside me,

and a joy deeper than rumbling laughter  
reflected in the moonlight sailing on the waves below,  
taking me across the sea.

