

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

The Voice Of The Morning Wind

By Ken Woodley

“You must be born from above. The wind blows where it chooses, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes. So it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit.”

—The Gospel of John

We heard the wind blowing in the tops of the trees at the dawning of this new day.

A vast sea of breeze skimming along the bottom of the sky.

The leaves reaching for the passing skirt of the wind as it skipped along the uppermost limbs and branches.

We stood in the greening shadows of a night that lingered but could no longer grip its darkness.

Alone and wondering beneath the trees.

Wondering what we might find as we followed the Galilean words that had led us here.

If only the wind—and he—could reach us, we said, though we knew he could not hear us.

If only it would touch us, let us taste its spirit.

If only we could feel its soft caress of love.

We took a few steps and heard a shepherd’s bell ring.

A note of soft beauty.

But we saw no lambs at all.

There was only us.

And then it happened.

The wind was all around.

Whispered something in our ears.

The wind wanted us.

Desired all of us.

No matter what.

“I give myself to you entirely,” we heard the wind declare.

And we knew that it was true because we felt it filling every pore.

As if the sky were wrapping us up with the ribbons and bows of heaven.

Oh, wondrous gift.

But the wind was not alone.

“Raise your eyes, my beloved ones,” the wind told us.

So we did.

The light of a new day dawning was brush-stroking the tops of the trees.

“Touch the light. I brought it here with me for you,” the wind urged.

“But we cannot possibly reach such heights,” we protested, raising our arms in sheer futility.

We felt the wind smiling. “Lift your spirit up to the Lord. Lift your heart and raise your soul,” we heard it say. “That is where the light will find you, as if you were the tallest tree that ever grew from the earth.”

And the light did find us.

The light becoming one with the wind.

The windy light brushing through our own leaves.

The sun shining right down to our deepest roots.

Newly born in this shimmering forest of our souls.

A symphony of shepherd’s bells caroling in our hearts as we feel a hand upon our shoulder.

“This way,” we hear you say with the voice of the morning wind in the sun-dappled trees.

And then suddenly we are alone.

Clinging to the memory.

And its meaning.

Beneath the stillness of the trees.

Our souls still rustling.

