

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

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

I 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.

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

Alone and lost without you in this empty lane beneath the trees.

Just through the narrow gate.

Wondering what I might find if I followed your Galilean words that had led me here.

If only the wind—and you—could reach me, I said, though I knew no one could hear me.

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

If only I could feel its soft caress of love.

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

A note of soft beauty.

But I saw no lambs at all.

There was only me walking along this empty lane.

And then it happened.

The wind was all around me.

Whispered something in my ear.

The wind wanted me.

Desired all of me.

No matter what.

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

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

As if the sky were wrapping me up with the ribbons and bows of heaven.  
Oh, wondrous gift.

But the wind was not alone.

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

So I 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 I cannot possibly reach such heights,” I protested, raising both arms above my head in sheer futility.

I felt the wind smiling. “Lift your spirit up to the Lord. Lift your heart and raise your soul,” I 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 me.

The light now joined as one with the wind.

The windy light rustling my leaves.

The sun shining right down to my deepest roots.

Newly born in this shimmering forest.

A symphony of shepherd’s bells caroling in my heart as I feel a hand upon my shoulder.

“This way,” I hear you say with the voice of the morning wind in my ear.