

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

“It’s A Wonderful Life”

By Ken Woodley

An angel of the Lord came to Joseph in a dream, bringing a warning. “Get up now,” the angel told Joseph. “Take your son and your wife. Escape this very moment.”

Death was sure to come if they returned home, the angel told them. “Flee now to the safety and sanctuary of Egypt. Herod is manically searching for your son,” the angel said, “and if he finds Jesus he will kill him.”

So Joseph and Mary and Jesus journeyed to Egypt.

But they found no sanctuary there.

They found walls and barbed wire, instead.

They were confronted by armed guards and detention centers.

They heard the heart-rending lamentations of mothers as their children—even breast-feeding infants—were torn from their arms and taken away.

They had found the gospel of Zero Tolerance.

Mary clutched Jesus tightly as Joseph made the only decision possible. “We will travel along the border until we find a safe entry into Egypt. We will find a way to do what the angel said,” he told her. “We will protect our son and we will remain a family.”

But they never did find a way.

They were found by Herod, instead.

The infant Jesus was put to death, the anonymous victim of a madman.

And that is where the New Testament ends. There is nothing more to the Bible.

It’s as if Jesus was never even born.

Simon was never called Peter. He and his brother, Andrew, remained fishermen.

There was no Sermon on the Mount.

Nobody ever said, “Love your neighbor as yourself.”

Nobody learned to turn the other cheek. It remained an eye for an eye.

Who knew they were the light of the world?

The blind never saw. The lame never walked.

Nobody ever said, "Let the little children come to me and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these."

Lazarus died.

The Holy Spirit never came.

The meek had nothing.

The poor in spirit were left in desolation.

Those who mourned were lost in depression.

Those hungering for righteousness starved.

The merciful were beaten.

The pure in heart were ridiculed.

The peacemakers were locked away.

No light came to those living in the shadow of death.

Crucifixions remained in the world but there was no resurrection.

And all of us are surrounded by eternal and impenetrable darkness.

In fact, you're not even reading this because it was never written.

Jesus is just the name of someone living south of our border.