

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

*“A crowd was sitting around him and they said to him, ‘Your mother and your brothers and sisters are outside asking for you.’ And he replied, ‘Who are my mothers and my brothers?’ And looking at those who were around him, he said, ‘Here are my mother and my brothers.’”*

—The Gospel of Mark

By Ken Woodley

The most wonderful thing might just be that we are never alone in this world.

Even when we're all by ourselves.

Perhaps most especially when the solitude seems to be all that's left.

In fact, our loneliness might just bring us closer to the one who never leaves our side.

No, we don't see our brother.

And the world is so crazy and filled with so much noise and flashing distractions that we don't often feel his presence unless we do find a quiet corner of our soul to pull a chair up beside him.

Or a tree to lean against together.

A moment looking out the window at the sunrise.

The sunset.

Or the utter darkness of midnight when the moon feels gone.

But our brother is there.

When we open our hearts, we find he's never, ever left us.

It's only us that lose track of him amid the roiling boil of emotions that can mask the sublime peace of his presence.

And, in our humanity, sometimes we seem to want to embrace an emotion that has nothing to do with that peace that passes all understanding.

We'd much rather be angry.

We'd rather be hurt.

Pinned down by a grudge.

Filled with a joy that can't possibly last.

Tuned into the latest insane news story in a world that too often feels like an asylum.

But our brother is there beside us.

Even in the madhouse.

Especially in the despair of compassion falling apart in this corner of the world and being blown apart in that corner over there.

Our brother is waiting for us to realize that he is there.

Always has been.

Ever shall be.

Moonlight that never wanes.

A midnight sun.

The aurora borealis in our soul.

Vesper whispers at dawn.

Sunrise sanctuary in the gloaming.

The slightest touch on our shoulder that might have been a gentle breeze.

Was it really him?

Yes, it was.

Jesus.