

Praise is a language

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [June 15, 2004](#) issue

The young preacher said so and then hurried on and the girls who had led the praise songs nodded and whispered in the front pew but wait, I muttered in my head, if praise is a language then what

can we use it to say? How widely is it spoken, and should we maybe listen instead of talking so much? I have seen praise glowing in the cornstalks glazed with mud and snow. I have heard

the fine twigs of the sickly high tree outside my fourth-floor window sifting the buttery wind. I have taken the stairs two at a time and groped for my key and dreamed that

the language of praise might launch itself across the wide skies, cross vacuums and voids like radio or photons, carry some wild packet of data and yearning that would cause the High One

suddenly to relent, to pass out the sports cars and the answer keys, to sit down alone and together with us all and tenderly explain the languages of bullies, traffic, RPGs, anthrax, patriarchy

and cholesterol, propound in words glowing and clear the need for better and more detailed articulations of the High One's splendor, grandeur, majesty and might, for the pretty good guitar

strummed nearly in time, for the blond girl who sweetly sang Father, Father as the rest of us tried to follow the tune.