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John's Lesson on the Mountain

Listen to Him

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An Imaginative Interpretation of John's experience on the mountain when Yeshua was transformed before him. From the accounts of Matthew 17:1-8, Luke 9:28-37, Mark 9:2-9, John 1:4, 14, and Ezekiel 37:26-27 using the Hebrew names – Yeshua (Jesus), Yochanan (John), Kefa (Peter), Ya 'akov (James), Moshe (Moses), Eliyahu (Elijah), Yechezk'el (Ezekiel), and Adonai (Master)

Yeshua took the three of us up a mountain to a secluded place surrounded by tall trees. He had asked if we would accompany Him for a time of prayer. Of course! Father had revealed to us that our Friend was the Messiah! His teaching had penetrated our souls every day as we listened to the life-giving grace that came from His every word. What a privilege that He would ask us to go anywhere with Him! We were eager for each purposeful adventure!

A week earlier, Yeshua had spoken of the sacrifice that would be involved if we kept company with Him. He said that if we would lose our lives, we would find them. And He spoke of the glory of His return that implied the reality of His imminent leaving. We would embrace whatever He required of us for no one had ever spoken like Him – weighty words, full of love, purpose, and truth that invaded our hearts.

So, here we were, walking up a high hill under the cloudless sky, feeling the dry breeze with only the sound of rustling leaves. We arrived to His determined destination and stood there – Yeshua, Kefa, Ya 'akov and me, in a sheltered companionship. The joy of our union as brothers rushed through me. I felt deep comfort, belonging, and gratitude in our fellowship.

Yeshua invited us to kneel, and as we began to pray, I thought something strange was happening to my eyes. Yeshua's face changed instantly from His dark skin tones to a translucent radiance that became so bright I could hardly look at it...like the sun. His garments were gleaming. I squinted away and saw Kefa and Ya 'akov both transfixed with awe.

Two noblemen appeared with Yeshua seemingly out of nowhere, perhaps climbing up from the other side of the mountain. The atmosphere was ethereal as if with light reflecting off a fine mist. I recognized the men to be Moshe and Eliyahu. I don't know how I knew who they were; I just had a deep knowing. Their skin and clothing were iridescent, and their joy in reuniting was profound and comforting. They exchanged words about Yeshua's work in Jerusalem and His departure.

Then, I was overcome with extreme drowsiness. I don't know how long I slept. We all slept. When we awoke, the gentle breeze around us became a strong wind as we steadied our feet to grip the terrain. I peered with concentration. I was terrified to the depths, while at the same time, I felt no fear. I cannot describe the warm, incapacitating feeling.

Then, I heard Kefa's stumbling words offering to make the men tabernacles. Even now, Kefa was still Kefa – wanting to do something, to fix something... but it made sense. Kefa's acute mind remembered the promise made by the prophet Yechezk'el that the Holy One would set His dwelling place in their midst forever and be with them and be their God forever.

Kefa's offer of the tents was interrupted as a bright, thick cloud enveloped us. I heard a clear, calming, resonate voice say, **"This is My Beloved Son, My Chosen One Whom I favor! Listen to Him!"** I was overwhelmed by the strength of the voice and the impact of the words. I fell forward, closed my eyes, and held onto the ground with my face on the warm earth... and waited.

Then, I felt His touch. He spoke softly, "Arise. Don't be afraid." I opened my eyes and saw my Friend's familiar smile looking down on me. No more bright light or radiant skin. Just brotherhood. It was quiet, and we were alone again. Yeshua affectionately rested His gaze on each one of us as we slowly recovered.

I pushed my hands into the stones to stand. Staring in wonder, I slowly smiled in return as I brushed the dust from my hands and tunic. Not one of us spoke a word. We sat together, revived ourselves with a small meal by a fire, and settled in for the night.

The next day, after a deep sleep, we walked quietly back down the mountain. Memories streamed through my mind – Yeshua's healing of the nobleman's son, the water that had become choice wine, the restoration of the paralytic, the multiplication of the bread to feed the huge crowd that had gathered to hear Him, and then the sight of Him coming toward us walking on the water!... All was so much for our minds to grasp. What was it like for the blind man to see for the first time? – the wonder of color and light and movement... That is how I felt, like I was *seeing* for the first time. Hadn't He said to Martha that, if we would believe, we would see the glory of God? And why? Why did He choose me?

The sounds of nature were the same coming down from the mountain as they had been the day before. But now the words from heaven, **"Listen to Him,"** would firmly guide my remaining steps. I would strive to listen, more and better. I would listen to every morsel falling from His lips. The lips of Adonai incarnate. The lips of the One Who created all things. The lips of the One who teaches us how to live from the heart of Yahweh. The lips of life! I had seen His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth! I knew His life was the light of all men. I knew His presence would be like a shepherd's staff pulling me, nudging me, and leading me on His perfect path.

It was all very simple. No matter what the pain or joy, sorrow or confusion, misunderstanding or questions,

I would listen.

I would follow.

I would abide in Him... for He is King and He is Love.