

God's Whispers


What I See When I Listen With My Heart

by Jorge Amaya




Sometimes, when I am out
taking pictures, I feel like
I catch a glimpse of
God's Whispers.



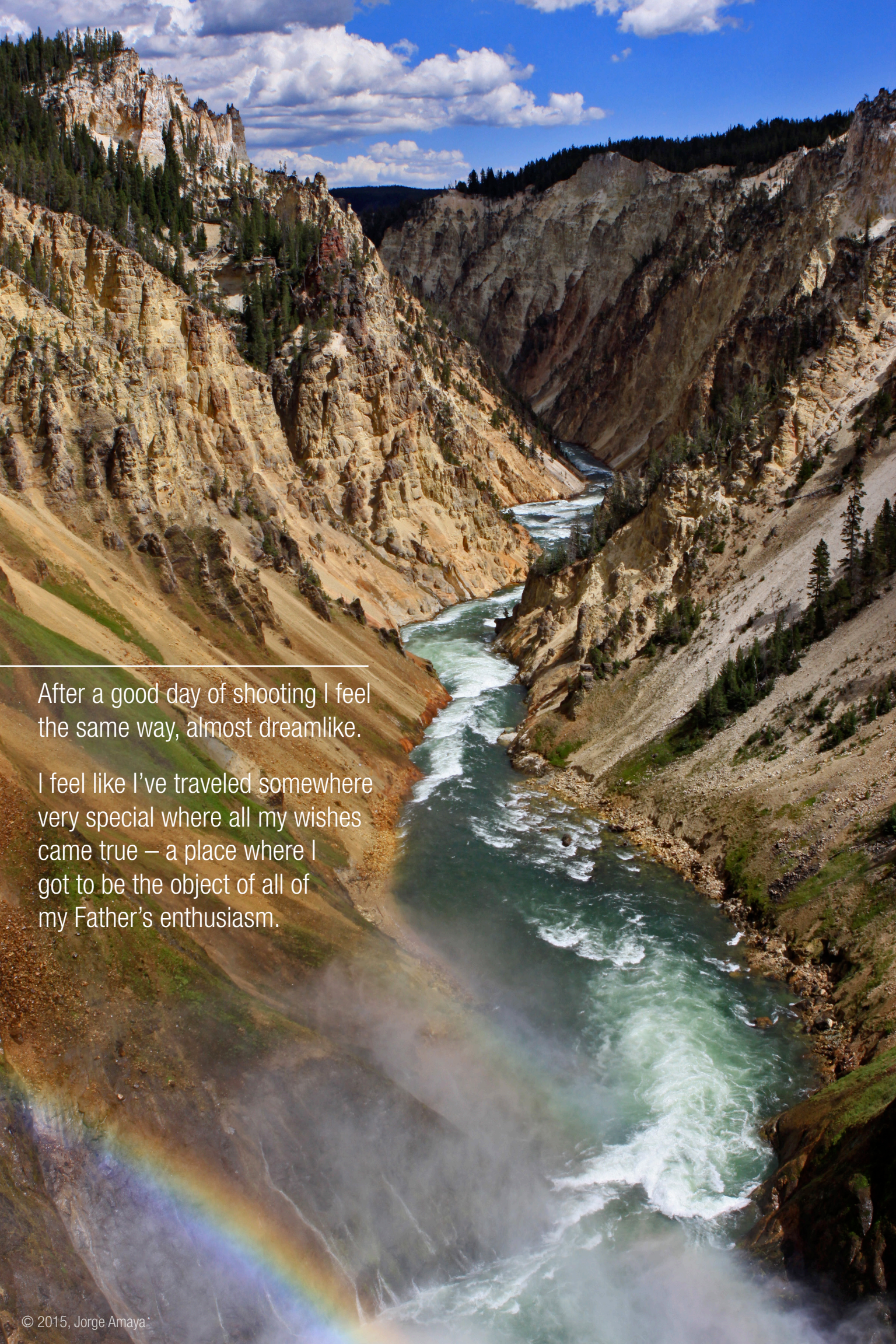


It sounds silly,
I know.

Whenever I
say it out loud
I feel almost
foolish.
I feel like a
child retelling
a dream.


A close-up photograph of a Santa Claus figurine. The figurine has a white, textured beard, blue eyes, and a red suit with a gold bell. It is positioned in front of a grey perforated metal surface. The lighting is soft, highlighting the details of the figurine's face and beard.

I can almost hear my little boy retelling
his dream: How there was candy and
ice cream, and all the toys he ever
wished for, and his Dad right next
to him when his favorite player
scored the winning run.




After a good day of shooting I feel
the same way, almost dreamlike.

I feel like I've traveled somewhere
very special where all my wishes
came true — a place where I
got to be the object of all of
my Father's enthusiasm.

A close-up photograph of autumn leaves, likely maples, with vibrant orange and yellow hues. The leaves are layered, with some in sharp focus in the foreground and others blurred in the background. The lighting is warm, highlighting the intricate vein patterns on the leaf surfaces. A quote is overlaid in the upper right corner.

I believe photography to be about
what not to put into the picture.



I also understand that to be
God's lesson for us.

He created so much.

Not all of it pretty or good for us
but He put it there anyway.

A photograph taken from the perspective of someone standing under a multi-lane highway bridge. The bridge's concrete structure, including its beams and numerous support pillars, is visible. The ground below is a dark, reflective surface, possibly water or wet pavement, which mirrors the bridge's structure. On the left side, a red rectangular sign with white text reads "WRONG WAY". The sky in the background is a pale, hazy blue. The overall lighting is soft and diffused, creating a somber and contemplative mood.

WRONG
WAY

God created free choice as a gift.

It is a gift that only a parent
would have invented for their children
with full knowledge that their children
will not always choose the parent's
desired course or recommendation.

Not just between good and evil but also
between blue and yellow, or engineer
and mailman, or even between
Christianity and Islam.




God gave us this gift of
choice exactly so that we
might learn for ourselves
– to make us learn how
to become better people
all on our own.

Better even, than how
He created us.



It is a fundamental
dilemma of
parenthood that we
must empower our
children with the
free choice to make
mistakes in their
lives – sometimes
even large, crippling
mistakes –
so that they can
learn to become
better people
all on their own.



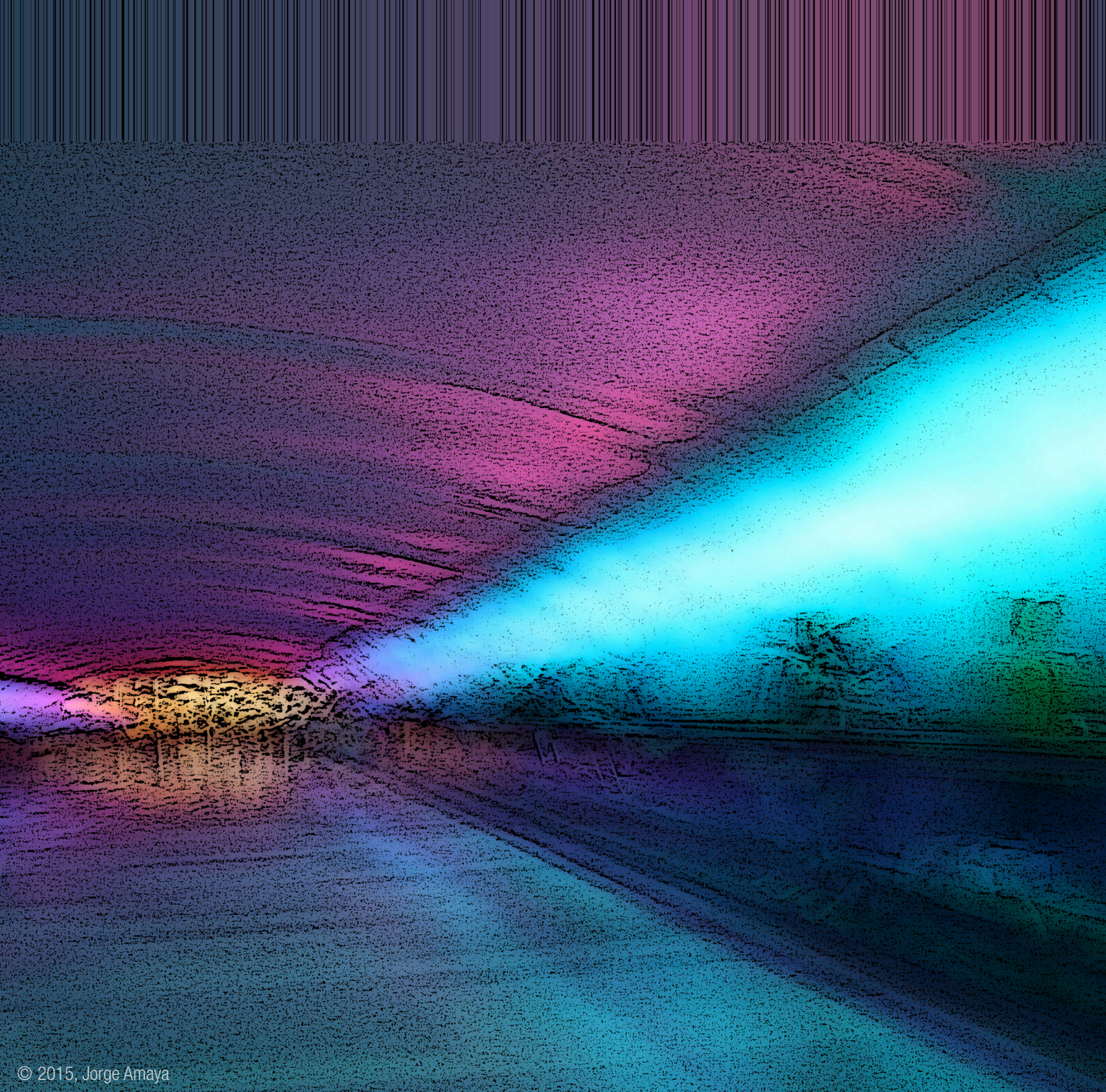
Of course, choice is inseparable from responsibility. Sometimes it takes trials and tribulation to achieve the bigger goal.

It is human choice, usually erroneous and fraught with fear, that howls in our ears and obscures God's whispers.




It's very similar with my photography.

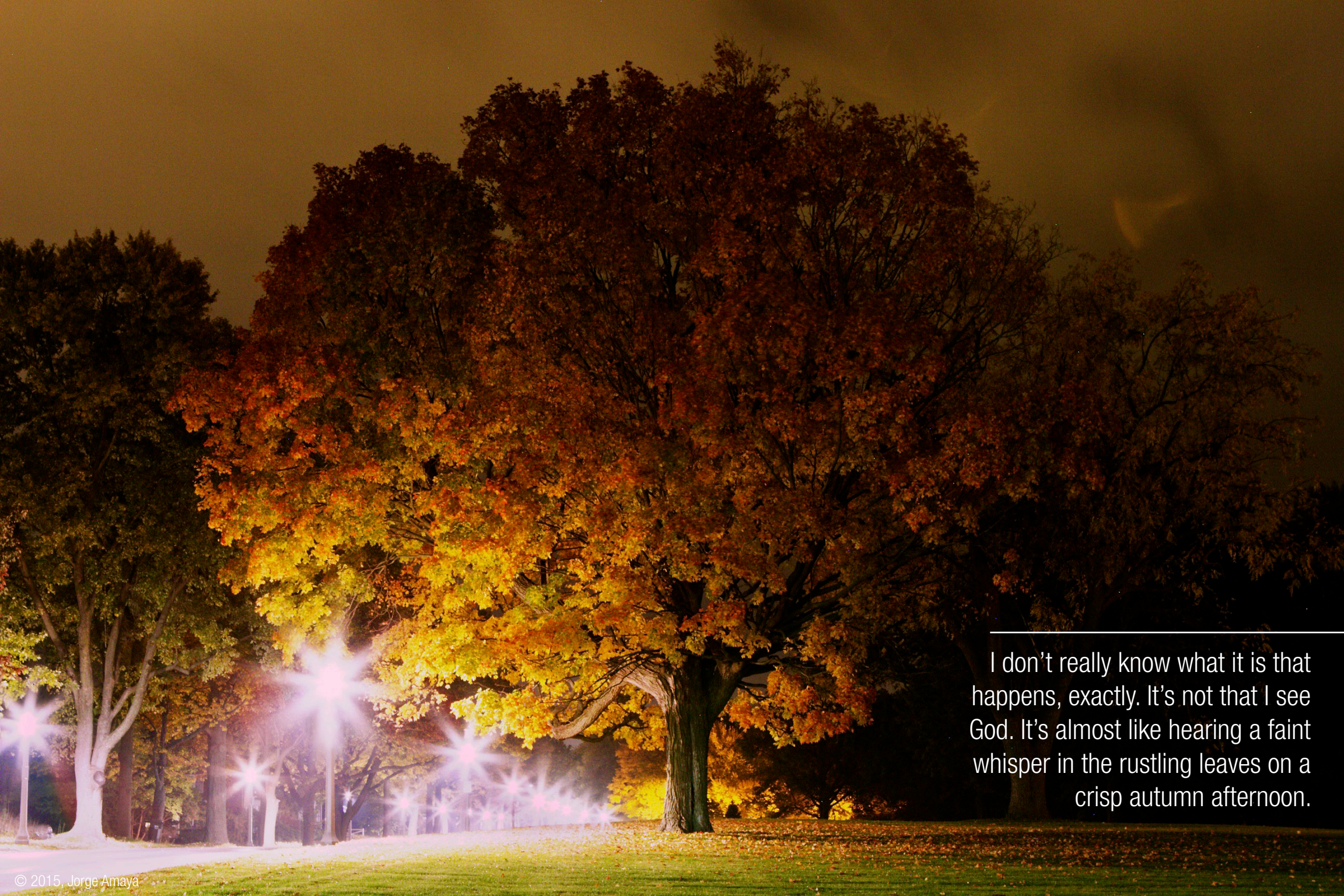
In God's landscape there are a multitude of shapes and colors and seasons and topography and tonal values that easily overwhelm my senses.




The vast majority of my photographs are no good – just clutter. They are a study in excess. Visual greed heavily shaded with the fear of overlooking even one possibility; the fear of making the wrong choice.



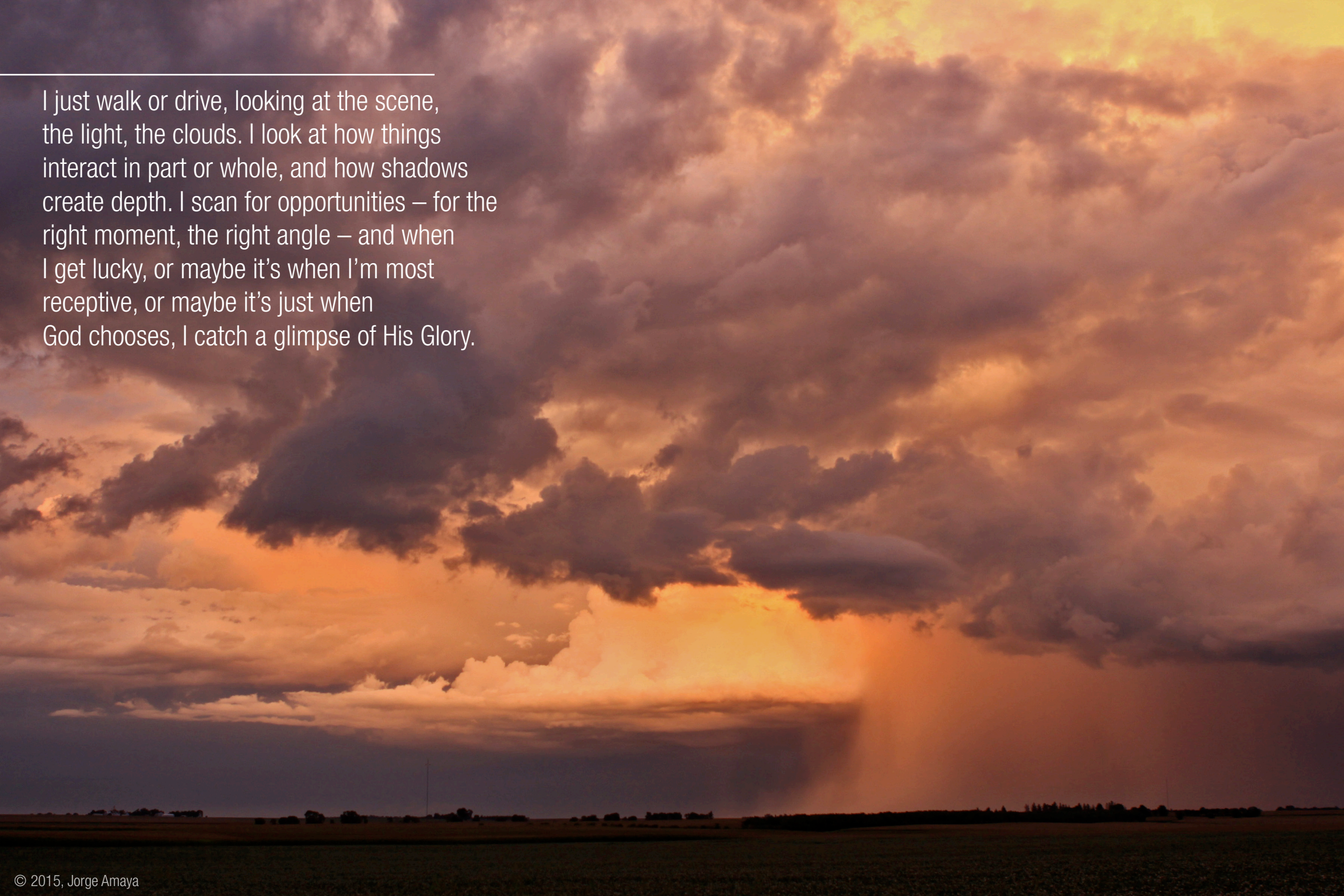
Sometimes though, when out shooting a barn
or a landscape or just a particular afternoon
light, I discover a moment when I become
aware of God in the scene.



I don't really know what it is that happens, exactly. It's not that I see God. It's almost like hearing a faint whisper in the rustling leaves on a crisp autumn afternoon.



I can't recreate it at will and I certainly
can't teach it. Maybe it's more like
those funny cell phone commercials
where the guy walks around the area
saying "Can you hear me now?"




I just walk or drive, looking at the scene,
the light, the clouds. I look at how things
interact in part or whole, and how shadows
create depth. I scan for opportunities — for the
right moment, the right angle — and when
I get lucky, or maybe it's when I'm most
receptive, or maybe it's just when
God chooses, I catch a glimpse of His Glory.



In those moments when I'm connected to God, He let's me see very special things. He clears for me the clutter that obscures His Glory.

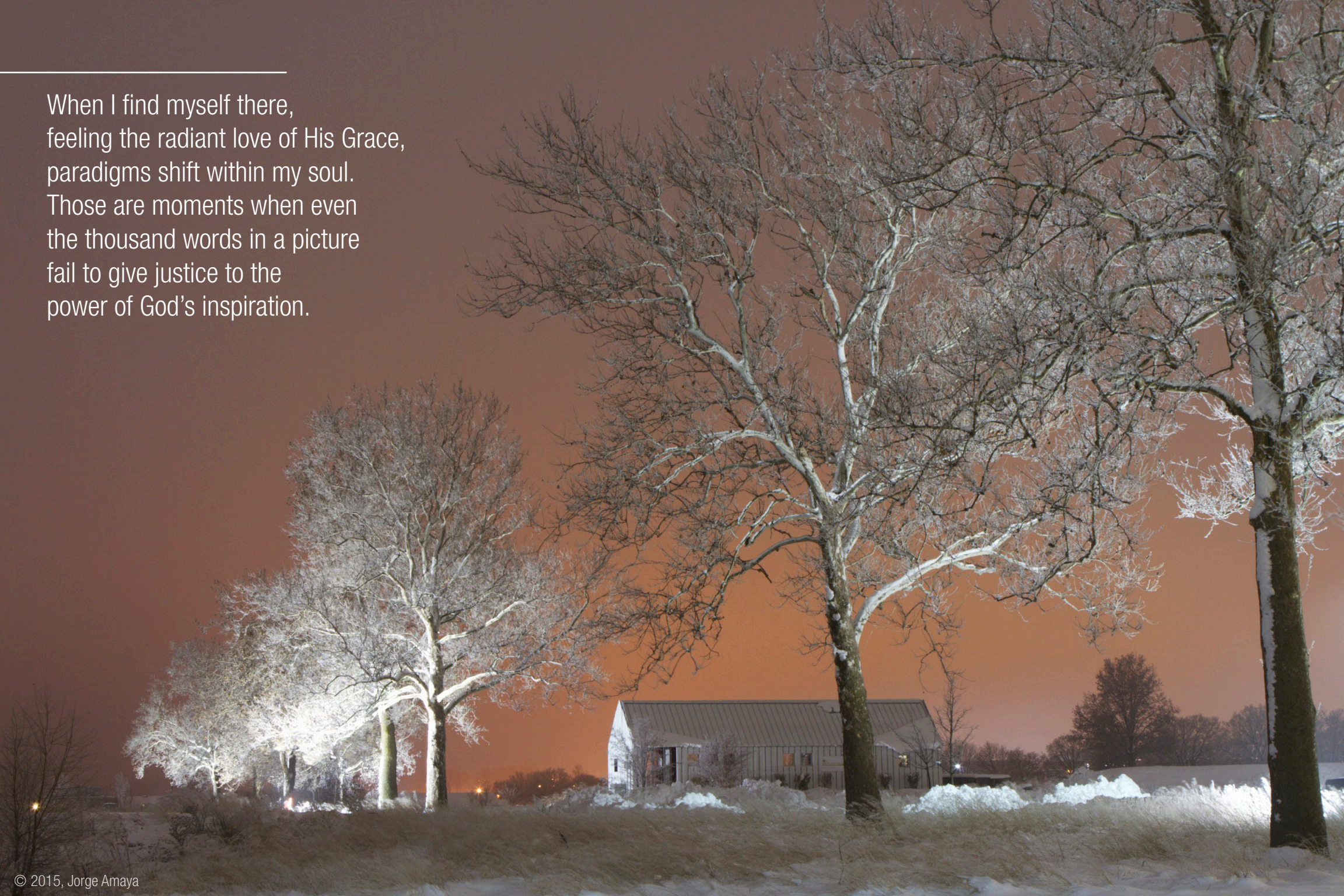
I believe that He reveals to me the Wonder of His Creation:
the simple things that we all pass by every day without
understanding what we're missing.



A dramatic landscape photograph featuring a bright, jagged lightning bolt striking down from a dark, stormy sky into a field of dry, golden-brown grass. In the distance, a single utility pole stands on the horizon, with power lines stretching across the frame. The overall mood is powerful and intense.

At other times, when
my soul is really in
tune, or maybe when
he whispers a little
louder, He brings me
even closer to his heart.

When I find myself there,
feeling the radiant love of His Grace,
paradigms shift within my soul.
Those are moments when even
the thousand words in a picture
fail to give justice to the
power of God's inspiration.





It is God's inspiration,
I believe, manifest in
human thought that
required the creation
of photography...



And mathematics and abstract expressionism
and democracy and the Hubble telescope
to truly witness the beauty and majesty of His Grace.

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Photographs

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|--------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. God's Whispers | 9. Lace & Old Glory | 16. Windmill & Crib |
| 2. Rainbow rays.1 | 10. Moon Fire | 17. Sunset Storm.7 |
| 3. Wet Web | 11. Morning Streak.2 | 18. Field Clouds.2 |
| 4. Santa | 12. Red Hills/Gros | 19. Leaf Crystals |
| 5. YNP/YR canyon.1 | Ventre.3 | 20. Limited Power.2 |
| 6. Leaves-a-Fire | 13. Light at the End of | 21. Frosted Sycamore.1 |
| 7. Old Paint | the Diner | 22. GTNP/Bar BC Dude Ranch |
| 8. Wrong Way | 14. Cemetery Sunrise | 23. God's Wake Up Call |
| | 15. Florida Street Tree | 24. GTNP/Shadow Mt.1 |