

## Steps

I walked a labyrinth yesterday and could not see where the path was taking me, only that the final destination was the inner circle. I walked each step and knew that no matter how tedious it was, I would get to the center.

Our family talked this evening about when this whole virus thing would finally end. But we don't know. We just keep taking our steps each day, trusting that we are following the right path and will reach our destination. Psalm 85:13 says : "Righteousness goes before him (or her), And prepares the way for his (or her) steps."

I would like to believe that my steps have been guided and that I have always followed the path that God leads. Perhaps there have been many different paths within God's leading. Perhaps I didn't always seek a path, but just let one happen instead. Would I go back and retrace my steps? It would not help my journey any more than backing up through the labyrinth would get me to the center. I would like to say "My steps have held fast to your paths. My feet have not slipped" Psalm 17:5. .

There is a poem I love which helps me place my steps and honor that place.

### Roads

No need to wonder what heron-haunted lake  
lay in the other valley  
Or regret the songs in the forest  
I chose not to traverse.  
No need to ask where other roads might have led,  
Since they led elsewhere;  
for nowhere but this here and now  
is my true destination.  
The river is gentle in the soft evening,  
and all the steps of my life have brought me home.

Ruth Bidgood

