



Walk in Love

In the Green and Growing Season...



“Walk in love...” is in my neural pathways now. It’s worn in, if I say those three words the rest of the offertory sentence flows with little conscious effort. It is almost pre-linguistic: a reflex.

You could argue that the idea has become rote. That is what people say about liturgy often repeated. It means nothing. But I don’t think that is the case. I think that the idea has now been written into my brain so deeply that it has become a part of me.

“Walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself for us an offering and sacrifice to God.”

My walk is meant to imitate Christ’s walk. My walk should emulate his self offering. My walk is a reminder that everything I have and am comes from God, and living life with that attitude reminds me that I should walk through life as though it is a gift, not a possession.

I know this most in the summertime when I go for long walks with my dog, or hike with friends. The first 10-15 minutes of any walk my mind is often turbulent, chundering and fussing about the stresses of the day. But at some point I will bear a bird, or see the sun breaking through a leafy branch. My attention will shift and I will take a slightly deeper breath. My mind will still, and my walk will become one of love. This is the moment I remember I am a beloved child of a loving God. This is the moment when I become me. This is the moment I become generous. | tens.org

Questions for Reflection:

What are the moments or memories in your experience of nature that break through and reveal God’s love?



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