

## A Walk with God

A few nights ago, Lola and I were driving along a rural road, heading home. It was late, and a light rain was falling. Suddenly, a faint, melodic sound was heard. I asked Lola to roll down her window, and – sure enough – the music of spring frogs came flooding in.

Spring frogs – technically *spring peeper frogs* – are a small species so called because of their chirping call that marks the beginning of spring, whether the calendar says so or not. With the kind of winter we've had in Southeast Tennessee, their chorus that night was welcomed, indeed!



There is something special about enjoying nature in the late afternoon or evening. After all, that's the time God chose to spend with the first man and woman, Adam and Eve, walking in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day," according to Genesis 3. The frogs' serenade provided a flashback to an experience Lola and I had several years ago in neighboring Rhea County.

On that occasion, we parked the car and hiked along a trail near the Tennessee River. We opened our minds and hearts for communion with the Father. On that meandering pathway, we encountered:

- A swinging bridge, over which we passed, with a young man casting a fishing line into the river's clear water. In the reflection of the water below us, God spoke to us.
- Woodlands thick with trees of many varieties, with fresh leaves fluttering gently in a breeze. In the sounds of their dance, God spoke to us.
- Geese foraging for food on the banks of the river, and swimming lazily for pure enjoyment across the quiet surface of the water. In the grace of their movements, God spoke to us.
- A mother duck teaching three or more tiny ducklings (I couldn't count them because of the reeds in which they darted and played) how to fish, and they dutifully dipped their heads beneath the water with fuzzy tails pointing skyward. In the discipline of this family, God spoke to us.
- The songs of spring frogs, heard at a distance, with an occasional *belly-deeeep* of a bullfrog, presupposing to be the director of this amphibians' chorus. In their music, God spoke to us.



(more)

- Fields of miniature daisies, their heads bowing in the wind, showing off white crowns with gold jewels centered therein, bobbing and weaving in wave-like motion. In their artistic expression, God spoke to us.
- The azure heavens above, with puffy white clouds sailing along. In the glory of His firmament, God spoke to us.
- A little boy, perhaps 3 years old, playing beside his mother, while she fished. In the laughter of a child, God spoke to us.
- A young mother, obviously pregnant, accompanied by her husband and 4-year-old daughter, walking, stopping often and drinking in the sights around them. In the reproductive plan for a family, God spoke to us.



When it was all done, when we had finished the trail, we had walked with God. Every step of the way. His creative genius was on spectacular display all around us. He wanted us to hear Him.

We did. And He told us He loves us.

Take a walk with God. In the cool of the day, if possible. Be refreshed, and energized, and inspired.

*For God does speak – now one way, now another (Job 33:14 ESV).*

– Beecher Hunter