

## *MEANDERING*

*You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways.  
(Psalm 139:3)*

Generally, I move from one fun tourist stop to the next. Or else I have hours on the interstate: two days across Colorado's plains, through Kansas, and past Missouri into Illinois, listening to audiobooks

But Friday, June 21, the first day of spring ... I pulled out of my campground at 8:50 a.m. I left Boothbay Harbor, Maine, after yesterday's whale watch, and headed south and west on US 1. Stopped in Scarborough, to see Lenny the 1700-pound chocolate moose at 10:30, then drove on.

At 11:50 I entered New Hampshire. An hour and a quarter later I was in Massachusetts, stopping at a welcome center for a map. Two hours later I drove into Rhode Island, and in less than another hour I was in Connecticut.

What did I do in any of those states? Not much. Of course, I will put the stickers on my RV map in the morning, after which I'll drive another 100 miles into New Jersey. Then I'll cut the corners of Delaware and Maryland before driving across New York and Ohio on my way to visit friends in Louisville, KY, and St. Louis, MO.

Makes for boring reading, and not much more interesting driving. It gives me a connection with the Israelites, who

moved on and camped at Oboth. Then they set out from Oboth and camped in Iye Abarim, in the desert that faces Moab toward the sunrise. From there they moved on and camped in the Zered Vally. They set out from there and camped alongside the Arnon, which is in the desert extending into Amorite territory í Then they went from the desert to Mattanah to Nahaliel, from Nahaliel to Bamoth, and from Bamoth to the valley in Moab where the top of Pisgah overlooks the wasteland (Numbers 21:10-13a, 18b-19).

I read passages like that in the Bible and think, *who cares?* Well, God cares, for one thing. He knows where I am í where I've been í where I'm going. What more could I ask?

