

Voices: Walking like the Lord

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I ride my bike daily for exercise. It is strenuous, and I get a lot done in less time. I love to walk, but I can't lose as many calories walking, and it takes way too long to get the equal production from walking as I can get on my bike.

Add to that, I am older now. My hips and knees aren't able to walk like I once did. Now, don't get me wrong, I am not saying I am old, just older. Rush Limbaugh said his whole life he always wanted to be older than he was. I have a good friend who, as long as I've known him, wanted to be old, acted old and thrived on being old.

That aside, I love to walk with the Lord—figuratively and spiritually, for sure. There is no better life than to walk with the Lord. There is joy. There is peace. There is blessing upon blessing. And there is this intimacy with God which makes one want even more.

I also love to walk with the Lord physically. On Saturdays, I don't ride my bike. As a preacher, I work on Sundays. So, I try to take Saturdays as my day of rest. I drive my 1967 Pontiac LeMans each Saturday morning. I then take myself to a good, inexpensive, restful lunch. I then return to lay on the couch and watch football or my favorite television shows.

A Saturday walk

In the late afternoon on Saturdays, I take a walk with God. Our neighborhood has a beautiful tree-lined path that leads to a beautiful small lake, then down to the creek where a gorgeous bridge traverses the moving water below. Oh, my goodness, it is simply a breathtaking walk.

The whole time, I am visiting with the Lord, adoring him, thanking him for all he has done and all he has made for me and for us. If you haven't done this in a while, you really should, and you really should weekly.

A few Saturdays ago, I was taking my walk with the Lord. As I passed the little man-made lake, I was near the creek, and I saw a father and a daughter standing, looking over the newly renovated detention pond.

The dad was in his 30s, I would guess, the little girl perhaps between 5-years-old and 7-years-old. I looked at them for a moment as I approached them, then kept walking. The closer I got, the more I felt the Lord wanted me to notice something.

I looked again. The dad was standing with his back to me, his hands on his hips, just standing, looking at the detention pond. I looked at the little girl beside her daddy. She had her back to me, her hands were on her hips, too, just standing.

After a little while, the dad began to walk away from the detention pond, his hands still on his hips. The little girl turned to walk behind him, her hands on her hips. I wondered what they would do next. After a few paces, the dad lowered his hands from his hips. I looked back at the girl, who then lowered her hands from her hips.

Did she realize she was copying her daddy, or was what she was doing just a natural, unknowing imitation of her father? They walked the same. They had the same mannerisms. They stopped at the same time. They looked at the same things.

Reflection

And I was walking with my Father.

I began to pray: "Lord, I want to walk like you. I want to do what you do. I

want to stop when you stop, walk when you walk. I want my opinion on things to be the same as your opinion on things. I want to see things the way you do. I want people to see me and see the imitation of you."

Walking with the Lord. Following in his steps. Doing what he does. Not doing what he would not do.

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