



A Meditation for the Fifth Week of Easter

Bishop Susan Goff

May 11, 2020

Teach me your way, O Lord, that I may walk in your truth.

Psalm 88:11a

There are three things that our sweet Chihuahua, Georgia, delights in doing above all else: eating, sleeping and going for a walk. I suppose that makes her pretty much like every other dog, although Tom and I think she's quite remarkable. She is, in fact, one apt teacher.



Georgia has a built-in clock. She knows exactly, to the minute, when it's time for her noon treat and her 5 p.m. supper. She knows exactly! Even as the light changes with the seasons, even when we adjust the hour hand on the



clocks, she knows. At one minute before the appointed hour, she spins and leaps at our feet in her "feed me NOW" dance. Typically, I'm in the middle of something that seems vitally important and the first steps of her dance come as an annoying interruption, but Georgia will not be ignored; the enthusiasm of her full body wag becomes contagious.

Our pup sleeps with abandon, too, and her favorite place to sleep is on my lap. (She's figured out how to fit herself onto the same lap that is also holding a laptop.) Her warm little body in sleep seems to have no bones, no muscles, but is simply a limp puddle of relaxed.

Our daily walks are the highlight of her day. Once Tom and I have put shoes on our feet and a harness on Georgia, I'm ready to move

and get some exercise. Georgia, on the other hand, has something else in mind. Even though her short legs can keep up with my long stride, her idea of a walk has little to do with exercise. Instead, she's all about sussing out which dogs and cats and squirrels and birds were there before her. She takes it all in through a nose that leads her in zigzag patterns around the neighborhood. "Who trained you?" I ask her nearly every day.



I think God would take such delight if I
would do the happy dance of thanksgiving before every meal.

I think God would take such delight if I
would rest on God's lap in a warm puddle of trust.

I think God would take such delight if I
would slow down and notice the sights
and sounds and smells all around.

I think I would, too.

Sometimes a dog can point me to God.

Who is teaching you the simple things in this age of Coronavirus.

Who is pointing you to God?



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