

# Reflection: Walking with God

## Walking with Atticus Part II

The other day as my dog Atticus and I were crossing the street on our way home from the park, a car came up on us fast, not slowing down as most cars will. We had enough time to cross as I quickened our pace. The car turned onto the street we were headed down and came to an abrupt stop a few houses ahead of us. The passenger door opened and a guy leaned his head out and spat before jumping out and running into the house followed by the driver.

I had already identified the men as gangsters with bad attitudes by the way they drove and dressed. I was absolutely repulsed by them; I have a problem with people spitting in public. As Atticus and I passed by their house, I proceeded to try and persuade myself to change my perception and release my judgment of the two men. I told myself that they were God's children too...and so on.

A little further down the street it hit me! *I wasn't obliged to like the men or dislike them. **All that was required was to be a loving presence walking along in Beauty with Atticus.***

*Walking with Atticus is my Practice.* We are challenged and loved. We experience and love the sacred that surrounds us. We are in union with God. We are never alone. I call it *'the Witness of Thisness'*.