

*Reading: Walking Toward Morning; by Victoria Safford*

“You know we do it every day. Every morning we go out blinking into the glare of our freedom, into the wilderness of work and the world, making maps as we go, looking for some signs that we’re on the right path. And on some good days we walk right out of our oppressions, those things that press us down from the outside or (as often) from the inside; we shake off the shackles of fear, prejudice, timidity, closed-mindedness, selfishness, self-righteousness and claim our freedom outright, terrifying as it is – our freedom to be human and humane.

Every morning, every day we leave our houses, not knowing if it will be for the last time, and we decide what we’ll take with us, what we’ll carry; how much integrity, how much truth telling, how much compassion (in case we meet some one along the way may need some) how much arrogance, how much anger, how much humor, how much willingness to change or to be changed, to grow and to be grown. How much faith and hope, how much love and gratitude – you pack these with your lunch and medications, your date book and your papers. Every day, we gather what we think we’ll need, pick up what we love and all that we so far believe, put on our history, shoulder our experience and memory, take inventory of our blessings, and we start to walking toward morning.”