

Embrace the Ordinary: An evening bike ride

A few weeks ago we saw a couple police officers riding bicycles. Almost every night now Daniel asks to take his bike for a ride through the neighborhood.



So we strap on his helmet and hit the sidewalks.

We never go far. These summer evenings are getting shorter, and Daniel doesn't want to be out as it gets dim.

"Maybe we should go home and get a flashlight," he says.

But when he's feeling confident and brave, he owns the neighborhood.



And yes, he is wearing his winter boots.

He greets everyone we pass, from the college student jogging with his buds firmly planted in his ears to the other children we pass.

The other night we were walking when a man and woman walked past. They smiled at Daniel and he waved back.

Then he fell silent.



As we reached the corner, and he started to turn, he said, "Mama, did you see that old man?"

"Yes, I saw him," I said, even though the "old man" was maybe in his mid-50s.

"We should pray for him," said Daniel.

"That's a nice idea," I said. "And maybe for the lady who was with him?"

"Yes," he said. "She looked old, too."

"Do you think we should pray now or later?" I asked.

"Later," he said. "When we say our prayers."

And then he leaned over his handlebars and pedaled to the end of the block.



God, please bless that man and the lady with him. And bless our little bicyclist.

Linking up today with Gina at Someday They'll Be Saints.

