

My time with God

I am thrilled it is autumn, my favorite season. The air is crisp, the leaves are turning stunning shades of red and gold and pumpkins are omnipresent.

These days, the sun doesn't rise until nearly 7 a.m. and we have less than 12 hours of daylight. The days continue to grow shorter.

The heat and humidity from the summer is long gone and I couldn't be happier. With the cooler temperatures, I have been even more excited to get out of bed and go for my morning run.

During the week, I run around 6:30 a.m. while it's still dark outside (I run on streets with streetlamps) and the streets of Baltimore are still relatively quiet. Roads and sidewalks are not yet clogged with pedestrians and vehicles.

My route takes me to Baltimore's Inner Harbor. I arrive around 6:45 a.m., just as the sun begins to come up over the horizon, reflecting on the harbor's calm water. The sunrises for the past couple of weeks have been breathtaking – brilliant pinks, purples and oranges. I found myself saying "Wow" one morning as I was struck by a particularly brilliant sunrise. (The sunrise was orange on two mornings the Orioles happened to win – how providential).

This natural beauty reminds me of Psalm 113:3, "From the rising of the sun to the place where it sets, the name of the Lord is to be praised."

During my morning runs, I think about the coming day and pray. In a time when our lives are busier than ever, it's important to slow down, take time to give thanks to God and remember what is truly important in our lives.

Regardless of the route I take, I pass nearly a half-dozen churches and hear church bells ding from at least one church at the top of the hour. The 'ding' from these bells serves as a reminder to me of God's presence in my daily life.