

Good morning, Church. Daily Reading, Psalm 136.

After disembarking our ship, we were picked up by my niece Dina. We stopped by her house and said our goodbyes to Dina, James, and daughter Camryn. It was such a delight to spend a few days before the cruise at their home. They were such great hosts. Next, Don led us to the ferry, where we waited in line through two unloading and loading of the ferry before finally making it on board to travel from Edmonton to Kingston and on to the peninsula. It is no wonder they call Washington the Evergreen State. It is beautiful. One of my favorite parts of the drive was around Crescent Lake, just north of Forks, where my sister lives. The lake is the second deepest in the state, at 624 feet deep. We traveled on Hwy 101. Yes, the same Hwy 101 near our home. "The highway is also known by various names, including El Camino Real in parts of California, the Oregon Coast Highway, and the Olympic Highway in Washington." (Wikipedia)

For thousands of years, people have been traveling roads built by civilizations before. While our roads are probably much different than when Paul and Silas, Peter, or John traveled, there were intercontinental roadways connecting Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Acts 9:11 "The Lord told him, "Go to the house of Judas on Straight Street and ask for a man from Tarsus named Saul, for he is praying." (NIV)

So whether we are traveling down a street called Straight in Damascus, the old road to Jericho, the King's Highway in California or "the King's Highway from Egypt to Syria which runs from Egypt across Sinai to the Gulf of Aqaba, then north into Syria. (This old route passes many pilgrimage sites, including Mount Nebo, Jordan, where Moses is said to have seen the Promised Land,") (NG) we should be grateful to God for the minds who design roadways and bridges, and those who have enriched our lives and made travel possible and convenient.