

*He revives my soul  
and guides me along right pathways for his Name's sake.*

**—Psalm 23:3**



**TUESDAY, MARCH 14**

Sometimes you have to just stop and listen. I reached one of those points after several grueling months of makeshift housing after a succession of hurricanes and tornadoes. My church was destroyed, and the hospital building where I worked was decimated.

One day, I borrowed a truck and drove several hours to an unaffected area, found an Episcopal church, sat alone in a pew and prayed. I became aware of a woman walking the labyrinth. Eventually, I entered it as well and made my way around the path. The bright sun struck my eyes, and I was not able to see the markings on the path as I began my way out from the center. Lost, I glanced up and there, several turns away, was the woman. Her presence enabled me to determine the direction to take. In that moment, I realized I was not alone, I wasn't lost; there were others on the path I could lean on for help. I was able to return to the work of rebuilding a community alongside a wonderful, dedicated staff.

Today, I serve in a parish with a grass labyrinth. As I walk and pray there, I recall the woman from that day who reminded me that we are not alone, that God is here and that if we listen for the Spirit, we can find our way out of the tragedy.

**—Elizabeth Jay Jordan**