I decided to take the wadi route and set off from the Moshave (505) to go down the path which Jesus would have certainly walked, as it was the way through the cliffs. The words of the hymn came to mind: ‘O let me see your footsteps and in them plant my own...’ I kept advancing (507) and was soon at the end of the watercourse and looking towards the road leading to the Galilee shores (509). Once on the flat I decided to walk beside the main road from Ginnosar to Tabgah (510).

From here is the Milennium path which was opened by the Pope in 2000 (516).
This was three kilometres in length and took me through to Capernaum (519). I had ‘run the race’. Tourists were streaming into Capernaum, unaware that I had just finished the 60 kilometre walk. There was no cafe in which to sit and savour the last few days so I called the taxi to take me to Tiberias, 15 kilometres south (521).

In the late afternoon I walked that Jewish city which is built on the shore and hills which rise from the Galilee sea and enjoyed dinner in a nearby restaurant. That day was a holiday and the streets were alive with families walking and eating at streetside cafes; it was the polling day on which Netanyahu was returned as Prime Minister with a decreased majority. The next morning I took the 963 Egged bus back to Jerusalem, to spend a last night at St George’s Pilgrim Guesthouse. (332, 333, 335, 536).

Nothing had gone too wrong; yes I had got lost three times but had arrived at my accommodation safely and by mid-afternoon. During the trip I read a Gospel a day, to renew the feel of the writers who had also walked this path. I felt that I had achieved what I had set out to do, and it had been granted to me so graciously. Not only did I traverse physical geography; I had walked the geography of the spirit.