

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

I don't want to do it! I don't want to rip out eight inches of knitting and leave only two. My husband said for me to just keep on knitting, but something has gone wrong, terribly wrong. I started with twenty-five stitches in a row, and now it's grown to about thirty-seven. The yarn is fabulous with multiple shades of blue mohair. Somehow or other, I've been splitting the yarn or something, to get this big of an increase, plus there are holes all in it. I've only been at it for a week. I can't believe it's been that short of a time since Betty in Taynton, England gave me my first lesson. I have three balls of this heavenly stuff. My plan was just to knit up each skein, join them together, and voila, I'd have a throw to give to my sister-in-law for her sofa at her converted barn.

I guess that I first noticed things were going a bit screwy on the plane coming from England. I counted the stitches and the numbers were just a little bit off. Not to worry, I kept madly knitting. Then, it became more and more obvious that something was majorly wrong. Not to be daunted, I thought, OK, the first thing I make might not be a throw. It might have to be one long misshapen scarf. Surely, if you wrapped this thing around your neck two or three times, nobody would notice the mistakes. I mean the color and furry mohair alone could still make a fabulous look. Right?

So, I kept going, a little bit less enthusiastically. A neck couldn't even handle the width this thing is becoming. It seems to have a life of its own. This morning I noticed that it's starting to look like a sleeve for a sweater. That was a wonderful thought. I could just fold it in half and knit it or crochet it or sew it or glue it - or somehow turn this thing into a sleeve. But how could I ever knit another one to match it? And then there would be making a middle, a neck, cuffs, who knows what all goes into making a sweater? Not I.

Even I know this would be too much an undertaking for me at this point. So, I am in a dilemma. To yank, or not to yank, that is the question. As I said, my precious husband, who's sound asleep next to me, had this morning advised that I just "keep on knitting." I know he doesn't have much faith in my handiwork ability. Reason being, fall before last, when we were in Italy for a month, I took up crocheting. I made twenty-four awful acrylic squares in this awful pale turquoise color. My plan was to attach these squares together when I got home and have a baby blanket for my daughter's upcoming baby.

Well, I took all of this ugly yarn on this trip, eight balls of this stuff. It took up a lot of room in my suitcase. I brought along two crochet needles, hiding one like the travelers checks, in case one got lost so I could still keep on going. I did, however, forget one little thing... a measuring tape. Needless to say, this was a major mistake.

In one month's time, we rented three houses at different locations and had twenty-seven family and friends visit. Whenever there was a lull or a break or a wait, I'd pull out a little yarn and my needle and crochet happily away. I was so excited. My big balls of yarn were slowly turning into neat, flat, easier-to-pack squares. I thought they looked pretty good. Maybe some were a little triangular or rectangular in shape than square, maybe some were a little larger than others. Oh well, I kept going merrily along, never daunted - I'd heard the term "blocking" and I just figured once we got home, I could just block these little suckers into shape.

Well, you can't. They're living in a drawer in the living room at the lake. I won't let them go. Surely, they'll someday come up with a discovery or an invention on how to turn unusable crocheted objects into something divine. If not, I have heard they make a wonderful dishcloth. I love my family and friends, but, as yet, I don't think these would make perfect Christmas presents. Maybe when I'm old and feeble and a great-grandmother, I can pull them out and proudly distribute them. By that time, hopefully, I can also get away with a little glitter on them. Why I say "hopefully" is because I do plan to be an eccentric great-granny. I'm already working on it, just ask my children.

My husband's awake. I'll have to stop for now. We are at a meeting in Palm Beach, Florida. We've had a wonderful day. Well, I think I've come to a conclusion about the mohair

monster. I know you are relieved. I say, "Let her rip!" I'm going to pull her apart and do this thing right, even if it takes twice the time.

Last night's fifties party at this convention helped me to come to this conclusion. Most everyone dressed the part. It was strange rattling my hair in a bubble, putting a headband on, and spraying this bouffant hairball. It was strange putting on thick liquid eyeliner and ending each eye's corner with a little upward turn à la Elizabeth Taylor's Cleopatra look. I was amazed at my agility at this seemingly lost art. It's been almost thirty years since I've created such a look. I guess once an eyeliner, always an eyeliner and once a hair teaser, always a hair teaser. It gave me the creeps a little for the image in the mirror was no longer me. It also bothered me when we took the elevator down and walked through the large lobby, that nobody seemed to even take notice. I mean, I was weird looking and no one even blinked an eye. Then I realized, in many ways I really did fit in, not just with those attending our party, but with others. In fact, many of the guests looked as if they had gotten stuck in a time warp - dresses too short, hair colors too bright, faces too tight. It made me sad. I had first noticed this phenomenon at the beauty parlor yesterday. It looked like many of the clientele were not feeling comfortable with where they were in life - the present, not the past. Sad.

Don't worry. I did rally. We did enjoy the party and hearing the original Four Tops. These 50+ granddads were

good. It was fun to hear some "oldies but goodies." Those entertainers brought back some fond memories for the audience - but then it was over. Yes! It was over and I got to comb and wash that rat's nest out of my hair and get that eyeliner off. I got to come back to where I belong - happily in the present.

So, why am I redoing the knitting and how did last night's activity help me decide? Well, I guess the main reason is that I can. And with really little effort, I can make it better and perfect and be proud to give a finished afghan to Kay as originally planned.

And for those precious, precious people stuck in the past - I know I can't fix them, tell them they might look better with a present-day look instead of a frozen past one. They must be carrying baggage of pain or fear or hurt or unfinished business. I think in life, it is only the Lord who can bring a healing to a soul, even with the help of another - a friend, a physician or a family member - but miracles, you know, do happen, daily. Dropped stitches in life can be picked up - and then you move on - turns can be made to the right, and then you move on. Every age and stage of life is to be lived fully - and then you move on. We are to dwell in the present, expectantly, for the best is yet to come.

In the last letter of John's Revelation, he quotes our Lord Jesus who says three times, "I am coming." Then John

concludes our love letter with, "Come Lord Jesus." May we join John. May this also be our heart's prayer today.

Now let her rip.

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy