

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

*May we begin again, more personalized, more direct,
more One-on-one, just me and you and the Lord. To Him be
the glory!*

*You may ask, "Why? Haven't you written all there is to
write? I mean really, Lucy, 70 letters is surely a gracious
plenty." "But there's more to the story. Each day that we live,
there's more to the story."*

Here's a prayer that means a lot. It says:

*"Lord, You've given me the desire, now give me the strength."
I read this in the back of a book. I don't know the source,
possibly St. Catherine of Sienna.*

And then there's Pearlíe's Prayer:

"Thank you, Jesus, for waking me up this morning."

Pearlíe Mae Lamar

*It's one of the purest prayers I have ever experienced. It
was offered at a Bible study meeting. Twelve ladies from
diverse backgrounds gathered weekly for over a year in our
home. We shared our lives and our love of the Lord. We ended
each session by offering individual prayers. After years, only
Pearlíe's prayer remains in my mind. I can shut my eyes and
picture this matriarchal mother of sixteen offering up her
prayer in simplicity and humility. "Thank you, Jesus, for
waking me up this morning." That was all. That was enough.*

It was a pristine prayer. At that very moment I felt as if I had the awesome privilege of seeing a pure heart in action; it was an unexpected Holy Moment. You come across them rarely in the hustle and bustle of life. But when they are encountered, you immediately want to drop to your knees and quietly adore, much like the Magi of old. These holy invasions are happening all the time, but you have to have your interior eyes open to see them.

Regarding the Magi's hunt, can you imagine the intensity of their search? Each left house and home and security in order to find the Promised One. All they had to lead them was a bright new star in an immense black sky. By day their guidepost would vanish, still up there, of course, but nevertheless to them invisible. Then dusk would set in, which for them would have been more like a dawning each night, for the daystar of Christ would once more shine.

I bet their speed of travel never varied. I imagine they went as fast as was "camel-ly" possible. It was an off and running race from start to finish. They had no idea how long it would take or when or if they would ever arrive. It was a faith journey, much like Noah's and Abraham's and Moses' and Paul's, of old; much like all the saints who have gone before and, might I be so bold, much like Pearlíe's and yours and mine today. For you see, we truly do have only today - only today to praise - only today to pray - only today to be present, to each other and to Our Lord. It is a gift - today.

Pearlie knew this. That's why her prayer was so pristinely perfect. Truth is. Don't you think?

I know what I'm writing is nothing new, but may there be something that causes you to slam on the brakes of your camel of choice and drop to your knees and adore. Pearlie's prayer did this for me and continues to do so daily.

May each one of us be a Magi march, looking, searching, yearning to be with our Lord Jesus. There will be days of darkness and nights of light just as the Magi experienced, but the reality is that our living Lord Jesus reigns in all situations and in all circumstances whether we are aware of it or not. And yes, I did say all. I believe the redemptive shadow of the cross cancels out any other perceived reality.

The reason I'm picking up my pen and writing to you, precious pilgrim, is that I believe a new voyage is about to begin for my family, each and every one of us. Last night in the intimacy of our bedroom, I asked my husband once again, "Are you going to run for governor?" I was expecting the usual fast answer of "I don't think so." This time there was a pause and a calm and then a humility in the answer - "I think so." It was as it should have been - no banners or streamers or fireworks, for that will come later. A quiet resolution of purpose seemed to be a better launch.

It will be an adventure, a hard voyage, one that will affect my family, each and every one of us. There will be lies and trashy tales, for I'm afraid, regrettably, that has become

the way of the political world. Most barbs won't invade our abode. We've experienced hardships before. We know how to pull in and circle up. But there will be an occasional direct hit where damage will be done.

But as a mother who has had an occasional bout of "mighty maternal madness," and not just when the moon was full, how can I say, "Go for it?" Because there is no other choice. He must and we must support.

But why? I just spent the last week at Gunston Hall in Springfield, Virginia. It was the home of George Mason, the author of our Bill of Rights. He was a principled man who would not sign the Declaration of Independence because the Bill of Rights was not originally included. A strained relationship resulted between him and his friend and neighbor, George Washington. Mason would not compromise. He would not back down. He stood firm in his conviction. And he did live to see the Bill of Rights ratified. Just as countless statesmen like George Mason have sacrificed themselves for the good of our country, so we must. Win, lose, or draw, we must. And now may our story encourage other men and women to stand. Our nation is in crisis. I fear a collapse unless we get back to the basics: George Mason-type basics. Bill of Rights-type basics. "In God We Trust" - type basics.

May there be joy in the journey. I believe that deep joy only comes from a personal relationship with our living, loving, Lord Jesus Christ.

My purpose in writing to you during this season is to be sure that I keep my eyes on our Lord, and it will hopefully encourage you to take a plunge into whatever waters you are called by the Lord.

“Oh Christopher Columbus,” as Jo March would exclaim in Little Women. Her battle cry could just as well have been “Oh, Noah!” or “Oh, Abraham!” or any man’s or woman’s name who is willing to launch out into the unknown. But there has always been and will continue to be a star to guide.

“Twinkle, twinkle little star

Remind me that my Lord is nigh -“

Peace and all good,

*I am your sister in Christ getting
ready to campaign,*

Lucy