

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Good day, Precious Pilgrim,

Interspersed among your letters this season will be correspondences between me and my imaginary Aunt Fannée. I hope it won't be too disruptive, but I needed a safety valve in this political campaign process.

The character of Aunt Fannée is based on a greatly exaggerated characterization of my Great Aunt Fanny. She died when I was quite young, so I'm sure that my perception of her is mostly incorrect. I can still picture her holding court, seated in a red leather wing chair. She was a widow and often wore black lace dresses with a long pearl necklace. Her white hair was immaculately coiffured into a bun. She used a pince-nez eyeglass to read and her eyes to intimidate. She was proper, Emily Post proper. She wrote the rule book for the high school sorority which I joined. It was my perception that she could have written the rule book for any organization. Parliamentary procedure was followed not only at meetings, but in her life.

Imaginary dialogue between the two of us will be fun for me and, I hope, insightful for you. I am no saint. I am a lover of Jesus. Life is a daily struggle to continually try to keep my eyes on Him. There will be added distractions during my husband's campaign, new situations that I've never had to deal with before. Writing about them and coming to grips

with them a la Aunt Fannée will allow me to be more candid with you.

Now here's your first letter that I am writing to dear Aunt Fannée. . .

Dear Aunt Fannée,

Hi. Just thought you'd like to know that we're getting ready to go on a grand and glorious adventure. My husband's running for governor. Whee! I'll be in touch.

Love,

Little Lulu

Lucy Dearest,

I do wish you would use your given name.

"Whee?" Is that really the appropriate expletive? Do you not think "woe" more fitting? Do you have any inkling of the privacy loss you are going to experience? Why, do you realize that you and that dog of yours will no longer be allowed to spend the night at the lake alone? You will need curtains on your windows, locks on your doors, makeup on your face, curlers out of your hair and a smile on your face. Are you ready for a 24 hour "show and tell?" Can you enthusiastically listen to the same speech over and over again? I know that your husband is a good speaker; that is not the point. The point is you, dearest, you. How are you going to cope? How are you going to listen and not yawn, even though it is past

your bedtime? How are you going to organize your world so that hearth and home stay intact? I mean really, no offense intended, but you have not quite gotten it together yet. How do you expect to manage more?

And then, dear, I really did not want to mention this, but it is ever so important that we be truthful and forthright with one another, don't you think? Naturally, I have only your best interest at heart. With this in mind, I have noticed a significant change in your attitude toward others. May I be so bold as to state that I think you have become downright selfish and self-centered? It seems to me that you do exactly as you please, when you please. Why, that charming husband of yours has not had a home-cooked meal in years. It seems to me that as soon as the children left, you packed up your pots and pans and hung up your apron. Can you or will you refocus into a more balanced life?

In fact, what is needed is an about face! You thought carpooling was time-consuming --- just wait until campaigning! They will give you an itinerary each day, telling you where to go and to whom you are to see and what to say. And, Miss Queenie, you will not be the center of attention; it is going to be your husband's time to shine. And how, pray tell, are you going to talk intelligently on politics or polls or opinions? Goodness, girl! Why, you hardly read the newspaper! Does your husband know what a liability he has got on his hands? You, dear, you.

*With your best interest always at heart, I am Your,
Aunt Fannèe*

*Now, Precious Pilgrim, here goes my response back to Aunt
Fannèe:*

Dear Aunt Fannèe,

*It's always so nice to hear from you. I did want to
respond to a few of your concerns. First, you'll be proud to
know that now I'm really trying to have my hair rollers
removed before arriving at any destination. That habit just
kind of snuck up, as most habits do. You see, pink is one of my
colors, and the wind blowing through the car window acts as a
great natural hairdryer. It's just so convenient and
timesaving. Plus, it's fun to see fright form on someone's face.
Complete strangers, especially males, driving along minding
their own business, always react identically to my plastic
coiffure - first horror; then humorous relief. You can read
their minds: "Thank God, that's not my wife!" I'm sure they're
a lot more attentive when they get home.*

*As to my kitchen apron. I can't seem to put my hands on
it, though I'm sure it's somewhere. I don't think I would have
given it away, for I'd grown attached to some of the stains.
They reminded me of a few good meals. Now, concerning the
pots and pans and their whereabouts --- that might need more
looking into. I vaguely remember the children needed some as*

they each set up homes. Of course, I gave them the best, and the others, well, must have just rusted away.

Oh, and you'll be much relieved to hear that I'm starting to read parts of the newspaper. First, I'm tackling the "Far Side" cartoons. Once I can understand them, I'll be ready to move on to the editorials. As to being attentive to political nighttime speeches, I'm going to try to think, "spinach in my teeth," so I won't yawn. How do you think that will work?

So it seems everything is falling into place. I'm sure by the time my husband is elected, I'll be transformed into perfection, especially with your helpful criticism, Aunt Fannée. Please do keep in touch. I do so look forward to hearing from you. Is there such a thing as wife liability insurance? Hmm, just wondering. . .

*Much love,
Little Lulu*