

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*"I will arise and go to Jesus  
He will embrace me in His arms  
In the arms of my dear Savior  
Oh, there are ten thousand charms."*

*This Southern folk hymn floats into my mind this early morning. I'm back at the picture window at the lake, gazing upon spring in all of her glory. It's incredible how the view has changed in less than two weeks' time. Then there was snow four inches deep and now there are dogwoods in bloom. Incredible!*

*On that full-blown wintry day, my main activities were melba-ing toast and crackers to feed the birds and then watching them eat. I've never had so much fun. It was like being invited to a secret party. I was allowed to attend only if I was quiet and provided the refreshments. There were big fat robins and cardinals and little dainty wrens and finches. Each had its own personality. The robins acted as gracious hosts. The cardinals did most of the dancing, except for one bully of a male who kept breaking in. (Who invited him, anyway?) The little birds were my favorites. Their attire wasn't as showy, and they mainly did the two-step. It was their attitude that I liked. They went for the crumbs instead of the*

*crackers. I'm sure at the end of the day's fete it was they who were most full and satisfied.*

*This white blanket seemed to stop everything in its clean stillness. Imagine - an Alabama thundersnow in March. This experience was a first for me. A shout seemed to come into its quietness: "Halt! Evaluate!"*

*Attending four funerals during this season also had the same effect. "Halt! Evaluate!"*

*Three dear friends and a friend's mother have died. I didn't know the mother, but ah, the friends. . . what a blessing each was to my life. I feel like they also allowed me to attend a secret party by sharing their lives with me. Again, I wasn't allowed to participate, only to spectate (no such word, I know, but there should be!) All had cancer. Two also had lived most of their lives within the confines of crippled bodies, one from arthritis and the other from a stroke. They didn't know each other on this side, but I'm sure they do now on the other. They were simpatico sisters, for each possessed the rarest of rare qualities, humorous humility. Wait, that's not quite right. Maybe "humility-humor" is better. The point is that it's a wonderful balancing act - the best balancing act around. The two seem to go hand-in-hand. By humility I mean that each knew her real position in the scheme of things. Each knew the Lord Jesus Christ personally - knew who He was and knew who she was. Again, what a grand balancing act that created! A lightness and a laughter seemed to emanate from such*

*knowledge. There was joy in their pain - and a profound peace. Again, I don't totally understand. I'm not there yet. As I said, I was just a distant spectator.*

*Ann. Barnett. Helen. Ann and I were members of a forum group that meets once a month in Atlanta. The initial shared commonality was that our husbands were presidents of companies. Barnett and I spent four years together in Education For Ministry, a weekly continuing education course for laypersons sponsored by the School of Theology at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee. Helen and I were in a weekly Bible study for two years. It's just now that I realize the incredible privilege afforded by such groups. They were small. They were intimate. They were supportive. Each person was willing to share her life in truth as she understood it. There were no masks worn. There were no games played. A refreshing nakedness of soul was allowed. The Lord Jesus' name was brought up with affection - often. As I said, it's just now that I realize the incredible privilege afforded by such groups. They are great breeding grounds for "humility-humor." These three ladies happened to be our star graduates.*

*Come, Lord Jesus, as the sun does melt this snow, may You so melt our hearts into ones of "humility-humor."*

*Your sister in Christ,  
Lucy*