

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*It was a long weekend at the lake. One night we had hosted a wedding party and the next day we celebrated our youngest son's birthday party. Amazingly enough, we still had leftover slaw and butterbean salad. The quantity seemed to multiply when refrigerated. We had devoured and totally depleted the aluminum pans of chicken, rolls, tomatoes and brownies. It was just those two salads that would not disappear.*

*The family had been very good sports. They never made any disparaging remarks when I would re-stir, re-contain, and re-present those blasted salads at each meal. It had reached the point that even parsley wouldn't help. So, not wanting to cart food back home, I decided to recruit some fresh bodies to eat the salads.*

*I stopped at the tennis court and told those playing to please spread the word and get all the neighborhood to come and eat leftovers for lunch. Well, sure enough, a Paul Revere call was put out, and at least forty men, women, and children showed up. It was a grand meal, and thank the dear Lord, we finally got rid of the salads.*

*My only regret was that in my busyness of hopping around hostessing, I failed to comprehend a grace gift that was given. Lord, forgive.*

*The kitchen was where I mainly hung out. It's really a grand place to spend time at a party in our home, for everyone is constantly coming in and out. It's usually the center of all the action, or if not, bulletin updates are almost instantaneously given.*

*A lot was going on. Hot dogs and hamburgers were coming in from the grill. Buns were coming out of the oven. Mothers were putting on ketchup and mustard for little ones. Teenagers were rushing in between video games to replenish their plates. Grandmothers were presented lunch on trays in the living room. There was a lot of commotion except for one little soul, precious Bill Butler. He's six. He's my children's godson and first cousin. He had perched on the stairs that led outside and calmly sat sucking a finger and caressing his rabbit skin.*

*He comes from a hunting family. He's the youngest of three boys. It's only natural that his "blanket" is an animal skin instead of a patch of cotton. I walked over and asked if I could feel it. He graciously allowed me to touch. I said it was soft and felt good. We smiled at each other. I returned to my chaotic KP duty. He continued his calming, comforting activity in the corner.*

*During our bustling busyness, Bill came up to me and asked if we had any scissors. I smiled and tried to be solicitous, but was distracted. I said I was sorry, but I knew we*

*had none, for I had searched earlier for some. He sweetly walked away.*

*I didn't give him or the scissors another thought. When the kitchen duty was finally done, I went to join those on the porch. By chance, I sat next to Bill's mama and mentioned not having any scissors for him. She said that he had wanted them so he could cut off a piece of his rabbit skin to give me because he knew I liked it.*

*A lump formed then and forms now in my throat as I remember the graciousness of that child's grace gift offered. It says in the American Heritage Dictionary that grace is an unmerited gift from God.*

*I must commend my children on their godson. In a moment that I almost missed, an unselfish, Christ-like nature was exemplified by this six-year-old.*

*Paul said: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all evermore." 2 Corinthians 13:14. NIV. I do believe the "grace," the "love," the "fellowship" is with us even during KP duty. We just have to be open to receive. How often do I have my doors shut? Are you also so inclined?*

*I am your precious sister in Christ,  
Lucy*

*P.S. Precious Bill Butler, it's not necessary to cut the skin for me. The gift was given in the offering. Thank you,*

*precious child. It reminded me strongly of another Gift Giver - our Lord and Savior and His incredible gift of salvation.*

*Knock. Knock.*

*Who's there?*

*Bill*

*Bill who?*

*Bill Butler, who's a precious child and I love you.*

*Lord, please keep banging at our doors so that we will be open to seeing Your gracious glory in the everyday. Peace.*