

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*I'm watching the most incredible air show. The performers are making loop-the-loops, fly-bys, parallel dives, swoops, and soars. Yea! The barn swallows are back. They come each year and nest under our dock. One just did a roll. Thank You, Lord, for aerobatic birds!*

*"I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses. . . ." How does that old hymn go? On Thursdays I'm trying to come to the lake alone - to fill my cup. I'm not trying to be antisocial, but rather, sensible. I have to get away to regroup.*

*The first rule of the day is to lie down: not sleep, but just make myself stop for two hours. The only person I am allowed to talk to is the Lord. I can praise or pray, but there's no reading nor going over my to-do list. Do you know how hard this is - to stop, make yourself stop and rest in the Lord?*

*A duck just flew by. I've also seen a hummingbird. He was just as surprised to see me as I was to see him. He kind of stopped, stared, and then darted away. From my vantage point at the top of the house, I've also observed three deer come out for dinner and dine in and on our front yard.*

*Today I walked along the shoreline looking for creature tracks. I wore tennis shoes into the water to feel them get squishy. That was so much fun that I pulled a lawn chair into*

*the water and sat. The water lapped against me and the wind blew in my face. They acted as great natural massagers and revitalizers. I looked at the flowers blooming and smelled the gardenias. I drank water and had a baked potato with cheese and salsa piled on it. It was fun eating something ugly and smelly, knowing that neither the presentation nor the bad breath mattered. I dined on the dock. Roman style, reclining on my side. The birds entertained me.*

*The sun's just about gone and the birds' show is slowing down, so I'd better go in. Now I will allow myself to read, but first I'll turn off the air conditioner and open the windows so I won't miss any of the nighttime activity. The crickets and frogs are warming up, and soon the fireflies will be out dancing. Lord Jesus, thank You for today. A rabbit just hopped across my path - I wonder what's next?*

*I am your sister in Christ,*

*Lucy*

*P.S. Precious Pilgrim, might you need such a day soon? Schedule it. Demand it. Honor it. He'll honor you with His presence, our Lord's presence.*

*Lucy Dear,*

*I just read your little "Thursday's Child" piece. The idea of your taking off one day a week is preposterous. No one should be allowed such a luxury. Why, it is downright decadent. In my day, Sunday was set aside to rest, and rightly so, for that is and was of the Lord's doing, but Thursday? Never! I thought you had a job and other responsibilities. Are you just letting everything go? And what kind of an example are you setting for others? You're being very insensitive to your readers. Most modern families now have two working parents. They have to put in a 40-hour week, whereas you are knocking off eight just for the fun of it.*

*"Thursday's Child," really! It sounds like the most immature, self-centered day I have ever heard of. Dear, please do reconsider. Laziness is not a virtue, and for God's sake, tear that letter up!*

*With your best interest at heart, I am your  
Aunt Fannée*

*Dear Aunt Fannée,*

*Thank you for your recent correspondence. It's always insightful to hear from you. I'm sorry you found my last letter so distressing. I understand your concern. I really had to do a battle with myself to carve out and justify the Thursday sabbatical. I realize I have no business taking that time off, but I must. I will not survive in this busy world unless I do.*

*I love that in the Bible over and over again it says that our God is a jealous God. I'm so glad He is. Jealousy is an awful thing when practiced by humans, but not so with God. He demands, wants, and yes, I'd even be so bold as to humbly say needs our undivided attention occasionally. The One-to-one relationship between God and man has to be nurtured in the environment of aloneness; at least I've found that to be true for myself. Oh, I do see Him in crowds and in individuals and in children and nature, for He's ever-present, but still, I need the solitude. Please don't get me wrong; I'm no saint or hermit. It's just that I get so easily distracted that the only way I can give God my undivided attention is by separating.*

*When the children were young, I'd go for a walk when my husband would get home. When they were teenagers, I'd hide in my closet or bathroom. Ten minutes, that's all it would take. I wasn't escaping, but rather realigning. Today my world seems even busier and more demanding. In order to try to keep Christ as the center and rock of my life, I must weekly lie down and let go of the burdens and busyness.*

*Aunt Fannèe, please don't blast, but believe that weekly Thursday sabbaticals are necessary for now. Who knows? In a few years I might be back to ten minutes of closet time, but for now I need a day.*

*I am, your devoted,  
Little Lulu*