

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

“Lucy, will you say a few words?” That was my husband’s request today when he called me out of the bleachers. It was Saturday, July 3rd. We had rendezvoused in Prattville for its Independence Day celebration. My husband had been traveling the state campaigning all day. I only had to travel Highway 14 from the lake. Even so, I knew we both wanted to quickly meet, speak and greet the celebrants, and then hurry home.

For you see, the whole family was together, including the grandbaby. This was a rare occasion. It’s hard for us to gather, for everyone’s world has become complicated from time restraints. Not since Christmas had we gotten the whole family together.

Over the Fourth we were to have four days under the same roof. I did not want to be in Prattville. I wanted to be playing with grandbaby Bev and catching up with my brood.

I’d gotten stuck in this situation by asking, “Honey, would you like me to go along Saturday?” He’d given me a release from most of the day, but had asked if I’d like to meet him in Prattville at 6:00. How could I say “No” or “Maybe some other time,” or “Give me a rain check” or “See you later, alligator” or “No way, Jose!” or “You must be joking” or “Surely, you jest?” I mean, I’d made a commitment to the man and his

campaign for governor. I couldn't just say, "No, I don't feel like it." I mean, we've just started the race, unofficially. I can't burn out before we've even ignited. I have no inkling of what it's going to be like. Already, with one little inconvenience, I'm ready to buck the schedule. How in the world am I going to do when I'm programmed, scheduled, prompted, and probed 24 hours a day for months on end?

As I lie in bed writing to you, Precious Pilgrim, late at night, recollecting the day, I wish I could say that some grand scripture had popped into my brain, but no. It's another '60's tune. I don't know what's going on. It used to be hymns, now it's high school hits. Am I going into some regressive escape mode? If that's the case, by the time we're finished with this gubernatorial race and campaign, I'll be quoting nursery rhymes! Anyway, the song I'm singing is:

*"I will follow him, follow him wherever he may go,
There isn't an ocean too deep.*

There isn't a mountain too steep . . .

I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow.

*I love him, I love him, I love him, and where he goes,
I'll follow, I'll follow . . ."*

Silly, isn't it? Simple, isn't it? But, oh, the difference in attitude such a song elicits. If this could become the attitude of my heart not only toward my husband and his campaign, but also my life song, sung as a commitment to the Lord. Why, it easily could become the 20th century's "Onward, Christian

Soldiers” type hymn for the church. I can picture hand motions a la Supremes to go with it. All we have to do is capitalize the pronoun “Him.” I will follow Him.

Obviously, it’s time to go to sleep, Precious Pilgrim. The day was actually quite enjoyable. My husband made a wonderful speech. We heard some incredible singing. We met some really nice people. And I didn’t embarrass the family with my unrehearsed comments. (Thank You, Lord.) We have two uninterrupted family days to go. Yea!

*I am your campaigning sister in Christ,
Lucy*