

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*“Give me your hand, Bev.” She turned her gorgeous, big blue eyes up to her adoring grandmother, and then . . . and then . . . I have to make an instantaneous judgment call. Is she giving me a plea or a flee glance? If it is a submissive plea for help, she’ll raise a hand and I’ll grab hold like a vise. If, however, the glance goes into a ducked head, charging bull position, then I know to put on my road runner shoes, for she’s about to take off running.*

*How can an 18-month-old, tow-headed, 25-pounder have so much spunk and determination? You have to be quick to read her, and it’s never predictable. One time she’ll cautiously attack the stairs; the next time you feel like she’s considering a nosedive. She’ll lie, sit, stand, roll, or bounce on any given object. She’ll cling to your side or jackknife into space. She’ll dance uninhibited among a crowd of 200 Fourth of July celebrants. She’ll brazenly kiss a total stranger; that is, unless she knows you want her to perform. She then might become a plain Jane, having no personality whatsoever.*

*Control? My goodness, this little lady already knows how to control. She’ll call for Daisy the dog 100 times, who won’t give her the time of day, whereas if she’d just call “Lulu” (me) once, I’d kiss her feet. As a matter of fact, I already do that, so there’s no need to call. “Ah ha! An insight!”*

*"Give me your hand, Bev."*

*"You must be joking! I wouldn't consider it. I can do this myself." That seems to be her silent response unless she gets a little scared; then she's willing to compromise with a hand. Sometimes she'll even offer both arms. That's not out of desperation, but she sometimes likes the higher ride and view. I'll pick her up and put her on my left hip, the one that was sprung by the previous generation of children. It sits just right, and then we're off.*

*Control. "I'll do it my way," is already the precious child's theme song, but isn't it also mine and yours? After reflecting on her responses, I realize mine are identical. The granddaughter-grandmother relationship parallels my Father God-me relationship. How about you, Precious Pilgrim? I'm not necessarily jumping off beds anymore, but I am often running like the wind, saying, "Catch me if you can." Of course, our Lord, He can, but I have to stop and ask. He won't grab hold, pick me up, or place me upright unless I allow Him.*

*Free will. What an awesome responsibility. What an incredible gift. For our Father God to love us, His created creatures, so much that He won't rule or control or dictate unless we say, "Yes, Lord; Come in, Lord; I want you, Lord; I need you, Lord; I want you as Lord and Ruler of my life; I want your Precious Son, Jesus, as my Savior." And then, even then, when we've asked Him in, He will - through the Holy Spirit and*

*His Word - point the way; but the power of the choice continues to be in our hands. Awesome!"*

*My most favorite time of all right now with Granddaughter Beverley is when I pick her up out of her bed after she's been sleeping. For a few moments, she clings tightly with her head on my shoulder. She smells great - a mixture of powder, cream and diaper. It's really intimate. It's a quiet time. We're relaxed in our relationship.*

*I've had surrendered moments like that with my Lord. Have you, Precious Pilgrim? They've been brief moments, for I still love trying to be in charge. I'd love to be able to stretch out Miss Bev's and my cuddling time, just as I suspect my Lord, your Lord, would also like some more surrendered attention time from us.*

*Something to work on in my life, surrendered control.*

*What about you, Pilgrim? Might you need to be doing a little more surrendering, too? Just a thought.*

*I am your precious sister in Christ. I am precious. And so are you, because of the love of Jesus. I am.*

*Lucy*