

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

"Breathe on me, breath of God. Fill me with life anew..."

I am exhausted, Pilgrim, physically, mentally, and emotionally. The week in Atlanta at the Christian Booksellers' Association did me in. We got back home last night at 8:00. That day, we had to man the booth 'til 5:00, then break it down, pack it, load it, and then drive back home. Once finally in bed, I couldn't sleep. My husband called at 11:30. I was glad he did. He sounded as tired as I was. He had been campaigning for governor nonstop all week. I won't get to see him until late tonight.

I arose this morning after tossing and turning all night and walked to church to Morning Prayer. Then I went to the office to face the piled-up mail. We unloaded the car, which resulted in a piled-up office. Chaos seemed to be creeping in. With messages to return and orders to fill and letters to write and checks to post and manuscripts to read and displays to be put away - I began to get that burdened feeling.

So what did I do? I went to a Bible study and Holy Communion, thinking that what I needed was a good dose of the Word and the Lord's Supper.

That helped. I reentered the office and was met with the same situation, plus faxes on the floor. The lightness left, only to be replaced once more by that feeling of being overwhelmed. One fax was telling of my husband's and my schedule for tomorrow. We were

to start at 7:45 a.m. and end at 10 p.m. and were to attend one breakfast and two barbecues by puddle jumping in a plane all over the state. Uhhhh! The other fax was about my being on a TV talk show. Help! Heavy!

I am exhausted. I've got to be revived. I don't have the time or the energy to go to the lake for a half day of R&R, so what did I do? Well, I'm now lying out on the upstairs balcony of our house. It must be 98 degrees in the shade. I have the door cracked so that the air conditioner occasionally blows on my face. I tried to read, but I couldn't concentrate. I need a nature-soak, not a knowledge soak. I listen to the birds and the katydids. I watch the leaves on the trees occasionally flutter. It seems to be just as much an effort for them to move on this hot, humid day as it is for me to pick up this pen and write to you, Pilgrim. However, I find it necessary and important. I want you to know and experience the poured-out days in this gubernatorial campaign just as much as the pumped-up days.

"Breathe on me, breath of God."

Each time the cool inside air puffs across my face, I'm reminded of this hymn. Geoff, my son Will's dog, has found my retreat. This dog is a really party animal and can't stand to be left alone. The sliding glass door is only cracked, so he can't join me on this tiny balcony. There wouldn't be room enough for the two of us. He's lying down in the air-conditioned room staring at me and panting so that the occasional puff of cool air is now interspersed with Geoff's moist warm breath.

"Breathe on me, breath of God."

I believe it's important when in this state of total exhaustion to completely surrender and be open to the Life Giver, our Lord God. To do that, as you no doubt have already realized, I have to be alone in nature. You see, I'm so easily distracted; even in this isolation, my mind wanders. My Lord knows this lump of clay, me, and He knows you, Pilgrim, and what He's dealing with. He knows our limitations. Nature nourishes me, for the goodness of God is so penetrating His natural creation that it can and does penetrate me.

People, along with nature, can help give off God's essence, too. For example, as I exhaustedly walked to church this morning, I passed by a parked little red car. Its windshield wiper held a dainty posey of red carnations. An admirer of its owner must have placed them there during the night. How nice! How wonderful! It's a good way to start one's day. It's a wonderful whiff of God sent from one fellow pilgrim to another.

At today's Bible study, the leader reminded us of the famous painting of Jesus standing at the door knocking. He mentioned that the door only has a handle depicted on our side, for we have to ask Jesus individually to come in.

Well, that's what I'm getting ready to do. I know He's standing, knocking, calling, waiting. He always is.

I'm exhausted...

He knows.

I'm hot and sweaty and tired...

He knows.

I haven't completed my list for today...

He knows.

The office is a mess...

Our Lord knows.

But I believe that it is that our Lord wants to be invited to come in. That's what He really cares about.

There's not room on this tiny balcony for Geoff the dog to join me, but I know there's ample room for me and my living Lord Jesus Christ. I'm going to lie back, open the door a little bit wider, and sing a little bit more of that hymn—

"Breathe on me, breath of God."

Come, Lord Jesus. Refresh me. I love you.

Knock. Knock.

Who's There?

Jesus.

Jesus who?

Jesus, the Son of God

And

He does love me and you.

I am your sister in Christ,

Lucy