

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

Over the last few months, I've had to get off of boards and out of organizations in order to free up my time for my husband's political race. Some, I admit, were easy to bail out of. In fact, I really need to look at my motives and priorities once my time becomes mine again and not the campaign's.

I feel like all my little habits, all my little crutches, all my little security blankets, all my little routines are having to be broken. I have a part of me, a big part of me, larger than I'd realized, fighting at the bit. I don't want to enter all this unfamiliar territory. I, who've prided myself on my willing openness and willing vulnerability, don't want my life to be scrutinized and categorized and compartmentalized and judged.

On Wednesday we made our first campaign TV spot. It was fun being made up and filmed. It was just like being in the movies. They even stood me up on a box so I was 5'5" instead of 5'3". But help! This is big time heavy "public."

On Tuesday I made my first so-called political speech in Huntsville to the Huntsville Professional Businesswomen's club. It was fun being driven and handing out bumper stickers. Luckily, five minutes before going on, I was told they wanted an inspirational talk instead of a campaign speech. The Lord was gracious and I strongly felt His tender mercy through these ladies. They ended up encouraging me instead of I, them. They prayed for

me and my family. It was a precious, sensitive send-off - but what about next time? But help! This is big time heavy "public."

Next week I'm supposed to start going wherever my husband goes. His schedule is to be my schedule. This routine is to last all month, and then the next I'm supposed to be primarily on my own. My husband is to go one way and me another, so that we can cover double the amount of territory.

But right now . . . at this very moment . . . I don't want to get into the unknown. I don't want to venture out. I don't want my children to be hurt. I don't want people to be looking at our lives under a microscope. Isn't life challenging enough without it being on public display? But is it my life? To whom does it really belong? On what have I been dependent? I always say, "My Lord God," but if that is really true, why am I having so much trouble letting go? Where is the trust? Where is the faith?

My interior talk is: Lucy, I think you had better look a little closer at the "deep" of you. Is the Lord Jesus Christ your center or not? Are you just a fair weather follower or what? I know that I know that I know - but Lord Jesus Christ, I don't want to go. I like my security. I like my comfortable dependable dependency on You. But is that what You want, Lord? I like the predictable pulse of my life - church, choir, companionship of like-minded people. I love being with my family and friends and the fellowship. I also crave freedom, freedom to choose what I want and where I want to go, and with whom I want to be. I also demand quiet solitude.

But is that what You, Lord, want? I've learned to trust You in the little things. Are You wanting more of me, all of me? I thought I'd given You that, but I must have been mistaken. My reluctance now that it's time to rely totally on You has shown me the truth about myself. Lord, forgive.

Openness to opportunity. I know it is crucial that right now, at this point in my life, I say "yes" totally to this campaign's opportunities and challenges. It's my choice. Life always is. The Lord made it that way. I can slam the door and say, "No!" I can drag my feet. I can daily criticize and complain. I can look for the bad, the broken, the bent - which can always be found - or I can just jubilantly jump and trust and rely totally on the Lord.

I can either say, "Yes, Lord, I will totally trust You in this process. I will trust You with my husband. I will trust You with my children. I will trust You with my granddaughter. I will trust You with our energy, our health, our wealth, our security, our rest, our reputation. I will trust" - or I'll say, "No, I won't."

Oh, but how heavy and separate and burdensome and debilitating that response would be. I couldn't function in a "No, Lord" world. The littleness of me would implode into oblivion. With a "Yes, Lord" I can be a part of the creativity of God, be a part of my living Lord Jesus Christ and His Holy Spirit. The "yes-ness" is infinite and the "no-ness" would annihilate.

So, my mind is made up. But what about my heart? Ah, that's even more important and tougher than the mind, Pilgrim, don't

you think? That's where love and faith and total joyful abandonment take place.

Last week the Lord gave me a gift. It came in the package of a dream. That was significant to me for I very seldom remember dreams, and never vividly or completely. This dream was crystal clear. I was being shown around from room to room in the house where I was raised. The present unknown owner was my tour director. It was a grand old three-story, red-brick colonial house that my grandfather built. The house was sold right after my daddy died when I was 28. So, although I have fond childhood memories, the exit had been a traumatic one.

In the dream, I was happy being shown around, but disturbed, for I didn't recognize any of the rooms. They were different in size and shape. Nothing was the same, even my bedroom. The owner said she was sure that there was one spot which hadn't been changed and that she was sure I'd recognize it. I remembered there was a tiny shelved closet in my bedroom, which as a teenager I'd wallpapered with yellow daisy contact paper. With a little imagination and most of the shelves removed, I'd made it into a hidden vanity table. I guess it also represented my own little dream world. Anyway, the proprietor opened the door to that closet and sure enough, there was total recognition. In the corner, drawn on the wall, was a cross with yellow roses superimposed on it. It was beautiful. Although in reality I'd never seen that representation before, in my dream I thought, "Yes, this is the same." There was a feeling of total peace with the recognition. I then awoke.

On reflection, I interpreted the unfamiliar rooms as the unfamiliar new world that our family is entering. The closet with its rose-covered cross represented a strong call to remain centered daily on the Lord.

I hadn't shared this dream-gift with anyone. It seemed too personal, too private, only meant for me - that is until an artist friend arrived, bearing a gift. She had painted a breathtakingly beautiful Madonna and Child surrounded by yellow roses, roses identical to the ones in my dream. I quietly shared the vision with her, and she quietly reconfirmed my interpretation.

Ah, Pilgrim, this is the season to trust in the Lord with all my might and to lean not on my own understanding. But truly aren't all seasons to be such? I'm getting those bumper stickers ready. I wonder if it would be all right to pass them out while on my knees? Well, at least I can bend the knee of my heart and silently pray "Help!" Our Lord will. He always does if we trust in Him. Might you be needing that to be your prayer, too, Pilgrim? "Help!"

I am your sister in Christ,

Lucy