

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*"From ghoulies*

*and ghosties*

*And long-legged*

*beasties --*

*And things that*

*go bump in*

*the night --*

*Good Lord, deliver us."*

*I laugh to myself for this is that ancient prayer that comes to mind as I write to you. I'm in St. Croix with my family. We're here together for a whole week. I want to keep it just like this -- my group, under one roof, on an island. We're protected, isolated, private. It's a far cry from the campaigning world in which we find ourselves right now.*

*It has been a grand and glorious relaxing family time. Being in the tropics, I've never seen so many lizards. Maybe that's why the ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties prayer floated in. They're everywhere. Big ones. Little ones. Fat ones. Skinny ones. At times they seem to be taking over the whole outside of the house. At the same time, I've never experienced more rainbows. It started with our very first morning. There was a complete bow stretched from one bay to the next. The house sits really high up on a bluff, and you had the feeling on that day that if you attempted hang-gliding, you'd have gotten entangled in the bow. It was that near and that*

*clear. It was perfect, with each end going right into the clear azure sea. You knew that if there was gold to be found, that was the bow that marked the spot. And it didn't stop with just that one. They've continued daily, sometimes parts, sometimes even doubles. I've become so expectant that now, instead of looking for seagulls or sailboats, I'm looking for rain clouds that might produce another one of these colorful spectacles.*

*Lizards and rainbows. That's real life, don't you think, Pilgrim? It's interesting that God made both and that the rainbows come out of storm clouds. (I know the prism theory and all that.) But boy, don't you know Noah and his family went absolutely ballistic when they saw that first miraculously marvelous color extravaganza? The gross gray gloom was instantly splintered. Wow!*

*With it returned their perspective for hope.*

*With it returned their perspective of being cared for and loved.*

*With it returned their knowledge that they were not alone.*

*That's plenty of blessed assurance. The message was reinforced and permanently put into place for us with Christ's crucifixion.*

*But what about those "lizard days" -- those ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beastie days -- and things that go bump in the night days -- those unknown worlds which we sometimes find ourselves entering -- those help! I don't know if I want to go into worlds like a sick world or a dying world or a divorce world or a jobless world or a growing old world or a lonely world or a frantic world or, for me, a campaigning world where you might think a few lizards might hang out. C. S. Lewis, the renowned English writer, referred to that little old red devil as a lizard and I like that*

*analogy for its sliminess. But as Christians -- trusting, faithful, hopeful Christians -- what do we do about those reptiles in our realm? For as I said, these rainbows and lizards do seem to coexist.*

*First -- I think we need to take a big, deep breath and then give out a booming, belly laugh. I think lizards hate belly laughs for they take themselves so seriously and flee if you don't. Then combine that joyful glee with wholehearted prayer. That's why I like the "ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties prayer." You can't help but smile when you say it.*

*Also, my Lord Jesus right now has seemed to be smiling and saying to me, "Come, sit, child. I've been enjoying watching the Martha part of your personality perform. You're really quite good at busyness. But now it's time for you to sit a while and relax with Me, your Lord, and let us enjoy one another. You are getting ready to embark on a whole new adventure with new challenges. You mustn't try to go it alone. I need a renewed, fresh, deeper commitment to Me, your Lord. I also want you to emulate your grandbaby Bev's dependency and trust."*

*It seems that is how He's calling me to meet our Lord in contemplative prayer. I find that even scarier than going into the political arena. Scary probably isn't the right word--apprehensive is possibly better. Apprehensive, tentative, unsure are probably more pleasing attitudes to my Lord than my old ones, and they are ones from which He can lead me out in humility and joy and peace and love. In the past, it's been more like:*

*"God,*

*It's me, Lucy.*

*You called.*

*I'm here.*

*You've got 30 minutes.*

*I'll try to be quiet and listen.*

*This had better be something special for my time's very valuable.*

*I'll try this for a few days, but if I don't get the response I'm expecting from you, Lord, I'm out of here. Amen."*

*Can you believe such talk? As I write, I'm more shocked at myself than you are, Pilgrim. But, I confess, that was much more like my frame of mind than one of a humble-hearted pilgrim reaching out and opening up and surrendering to her beloved Lord Jesus. I was going strictly on my own terms. The call to be quiet was from Him, our Lord, just as I believe it continues to be today.*

*Hopefully, in this silent prayer dance, I'll be able to let Him take the lead instead of me. It's to be daily, monthly, yearly--but I'm lazy, I'm undisciplined. I think routines are boring. I like spur-of-the-moment sparkle, impulsive drives and soaring leaps. I like being in control. I thought I'd been giving the Lord His due. I've been the "churchiest" church lady around. But it seems for me, right now, He doesn't want more activity, but less. Is that true in your case too, Pilgrim?*

*Now here are some lighter little limericks. This letter needs a little lifting, don't you think!*

*Rain, rain, go away, Lizards and rainbows are here to stay.*

*It seems that circumstances really don't matter;*

*It's our attitude that causes our incessant clatter.*

*Into the quiet, into the quiet, into the quiet I'll go*

*"Contemplative" sounds so awesomely holy,*

*I've got to go to remember to stay low.*

*Low and humble, I'm no big deal. It's You, Lord, that are the One.*

*I thank You for the silent call and most importantly, for your Son.*

*Forgive me, Lord. Forgive me, Lord. Forgive me if my rhyme*

*Makes light of Your omnipotent awesomeness and You, the*

*Indescribable Sublime.*

*If I'm to become child-like in how I trust You and adore,*

*These little limerick baby talks help keep me on the floor*

*Pride doesn't reign in these lines; no adult would write like this*

*Only a child who's willing to smile and offer her Beloved a kiss.*

*May I give You my heart.*

*May I give You my heart.*

*May I give You my heart completely.*

*Lizards and rainbows won't distract as long as I continually seek*

*Thee.*

*Now, Pilgrim, let's say together:*

*"From ghoulies*

*and ghosties*

*and long-legged*

*beasties*

*And things that*

*go bump in*

*the night --*

*Good Lord,*

*deliver us.”*

*Then let out a belly full of laughter. Now silence into the quiet  
with our beloved Peace.*