

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*“My Lord enfolds me in His mighty power,  
I shall not want for God my Lord’s my shepherd,  
In fields of green here is my place of solace,  
And I am led beside the crystal waters.”*

*I’ve been silently singing this version of the 23rd Psalm for the last month. It’s never been one of my favorite anthems, for I’ve always found the melody a little slow and boring. The one word which has intriguingly struck me is “enfold.” I like that word. I tried to find a reference to it in my Bible’s limited concordance, but to no avail. Then I thought “embrace” was a good synonym. The only New Testament reference I found using that word was in the prodigal son’s story. Of course, it’s an incredibly grand, grace-filled Father-son story, but still that wasn’t where I felt led. I was looking for a scriptural reference that captured the relationship between our Father God and little old me.*

*This morning after granddaughter Beverley’s 3:00 a.m. diaper change, I quietly tiptoed back into my husband’s and my bedroom, slowly felt my way around the bed to his side, and skillfully retrieved the Bible off the table. I thought, “Ah ha! Maybe the synonym I’m looking for is hold.” “Hold” had come to mind because all week long we’ve been correcting our precious, almost two-year old granddaughter. She’s talking*

*nonstop, a mile a minute, even in complete sentences.*

*Brilliant, simply brilliant! The only thing she doesn't get quite right is when she says, "Hold you. Hold you." She looks up with those big, blue eyes of hers to one of the eight adults in attendance on this trip (one set of parents, one set of grandparents, one aunt, two uncles, and one girlfriend) all wanting to meet her every need--and say, "Hold you." Each one of us then responds, "Hold me, Bev," and she then says, "Hold me," as she's lovingly picked up by the nearest adult. So "hold" is very fresh in my mind.*

*"Enfold" sounds so good, so comforting, so totally encompassing--not stifling. "Embrace" seems appropriate for lovers, males and females, husband and wife--equals. "Hold" didn't seem right either. It sounds too controlling. Where was the free will in that word? I couldn't find any reference to "hold me," only "hold fast." Once again, I'd come to an unsatisfactory dead end.*

*I had tiptoed with my Bible from the bedroom to the living room and then back to the bedroom. Thank goodness, all my group has remained asleep, including baby Bev. My husband and I had given all of our adult children the night out. We'd been the baby-sitters, and that job included going to bed with the sound monitor.*

*My husband had heard her the first time and gotten up. As he crawled cozily back into bed, I snuggled close and asked him what had been the problem. He said she'd said, "Mama,*

*poo-poo.” He’d told her, “Go back to sleep, Bev.” I groggily smiled and turned over and briefly went back to sleep. The smile came from the satisfaction in my husband having gotten up. The smile also came from my knowing that he didn’t do diapers, even after having four of his own children. My granddaughter must have recognized this shortcoming and that aid was not in immediate sight, for she turned over and went back to sleep.*

*After about two more hours, she cried out again. This time, it was granny to the rescue and I did the dastardly deed. On returning to bed, I fell off to sleep once more. Bev cried out again. I jumped, ran, and retrieved. She said, “Mama.” I said, “No. Mama’s asleep. It’s Lulu.” She then said, “Hold you.” I said, “Hold me, Bev.” As I picked her up, she said, “Hold me,” and I did. I held her closely and comforted her in the dark. I gently lay back with her on the double bed. She remained in my arms in that same held position. My left arm supported her little bottom and my right arm rested lightly on her back. Her head was nuzzled in the crook of my neck with her face softly lying on my shoulder. I could feel and hear her breath. Its rhythmic pace became slower and slower. I could sense her whole body relax as she fell back to sleep.*

*Our hearts beat as one. There was a sense of deep peace and infinite love. I knew at that moment what “enfold” meant. It was like a light of enlightenment coming on. I’d been trying and trying over the last few weeks to figure out*

*what God's "enfolding" love for me meant. I'd studied words and concordances and verses, always coming up with the same old, "No, it wasn't it." It was not quite right. Something was missing.*

*But finally, here it was. Right in my very arms, Beverley in her totally complete, relaxing way had shown her Lulu the truth I'd been searching for. I'm sure there will be Bible verses and literary gems that will now become more meaningful to me. I'm sure for the rest of my life this truth will continually be reinforced, for truth always is. But I do want to document that it was on this night that the comprehension of "enfold" first came.*

*My enfolding of Bev wasn't dependent on Bev's response to me. It was given totally out of love. My Lord also enfolds me because of His love, not mine.*

*"My Lord enfolds me."*

*An enfold isn't a squeeze; it's a gentle, boundaried embrace.*

*"My Lord enfolds me."*

*When you realize you're enfolded, you can totally relax. You know your world is safe.*

*"My Lord enfolds me."*

*My Lord's enfolding love is continuous--day, night, sleeping, awake, it's continuous.*

*"My Lord enfolds me."*

*I'm sure this letter is a little disjointed, just as my sleeping pattern has been. I do pray that the reality of our "enfolded"*

*condition--yours and mine, Pilgrim--has become a little more poignant. If not, might I recommend grabbing a sleepy two-year-old and putting your arms softly around her, lying back on a bed, and feeling her totally relax and fall back to sleep. Ah! What you're doing is enfolding, but more importantly what that two-year-old is teaching is how you and I should act in this condition. May we all learn to relax in the enfolded embrace of our Lord Jesus Christ's arms. Peace. Good night.*

*Your enfolded sister in Christ,  
Lucy*

*P.S. On arriving home, I attended church. The appointed gospel reading for the day was Matthew 23:37-39. Our minister in his sermon focused on "How often I wanted to gather you children together the way a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, and you were unwilling." The word our minister used was "enfold." I inwardly smiled, for I knew exactly what he meant. Thanks, Bev. Peace.*