

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Loon Watching

Oh, to be this loon I watch, diving into deep.

He floats on water like a top, then under he does leap.

Last dawn I thought he was a deer; I awakened everyone to see,

For the speed he went and the wake he made really did fool me.

I watched him glide his way towards shore, I knew he was coming in.

I wanted to share this experience, so that's why I woke my men.

I ran down the stairs, flung open the curtains, so their rooms were dark no more.

But much to my chagrin, he'd gone, so I quickly shut their door.

My son said, as I fled, "It must have been a loon."

With disappointment, I agreed, but I knew he'd resurface soon.

So back I went, up to the top, with nothing more to do

But gaze once more as if transfixed; my eyes continued to pursue.

I know this bird. I've watched his ways. He's fascinating to behold,

His swimming, diving, rhythmic beat has a lesson to unfold

To you and me, like no other bird, the balance he does show,

Of being in his wet surface world, but feeding deep below,

He calls to his mate, his one for life, they communicate quite well;

Independent in their routes, but often parallel.

He's a flyer. He's a floater. He's got his act together.

I think it's because he feeds deep, even in inclement weather.

Feeding deep, that's what he teaches me, over and over again,

Although his nourishment is fish, yours and mine is found within.

Within the quietness of our souls, we are to listen and be still,

So the Holy Spirit can lead us, guide us, teach us, and refill.

Men, I'm sorry that yesterday's "deer" was nothing but a bird,

But come watch this loon, for his life-giving lessons are ones that need to be heard.

Pull apart, come away, from your surface world of cares.

Be still, have a fill, let God infiltrate your lairs.

“Lairs?” you ask, “the home of beasts, what are you referring to?”

Well, it rhymes and seems sublime, plus my “soul” home has had few.

Beasts, that is, unwanted guests, the ones who’ve stayed within,

Like gluttony, sloth, envy, and the like. You know, the ones called “sin.”

There’s nothing better to straighten out our act than a cleaning directed by the Spirit.

He’ll turn on His shining truth light so we can see and thus needn’t fear it.

Deep within, deep within, deep within He calls--

Father, Son and Holy Spirit, He does want our all.

Our all, and nothing less, is what He’s waiting for,

But like that loon, friend, we must dive, so that someday we can soar.

Reconciliation Dance
a Pas de Trois

Dedicated to Daddy, who hated the word "I"

Grab your partner, hug 'em light;

That's the message I want to write.

"One." "Two." "Three." "One." "Two." "Three."

"I." "Me." "We." "I." "Me." "We."

The tempo's right. The rhythm's fine.

If only I can get this line to rhyme.

Five gifts of those I did receive,

Extra special this I know and I do believe.

For two of them, I had to bend that prideful letter "I."

A humbled "me" did arise as that stiff "I" did die.

"I's," you know, start a sentence, they like to be out front,

Self-centered is what I'd call them, if I'm being blunt.

"Me's," however, act so much better; they're knee-like in design.

They're really less conspicuous and hidden in a line.

"I" can do this. "I" am smart.

"I" am powerful. "I'll" break your heart.

This is the life of the Rich and Famous "I."

It's isolated and a self-absorbed lie.

No one, you see, is self-sufficient; we weren't made to operate like that.

Relationships are mandatory, that is unless you're a hermit-like cat.

Help "me." Love "me." "Use me." That me's a social butterfly.

Everyone wants her on his team; she bonds without a cry.

"I" with humility can be transformed into a bended "me,"

And then, dear friend, by the Grace of God, can become a healthy "we."

"We" is such a communal word; it's open and receiving.

The W's arms seem lifted up for worship and believing.

It takes two to tango, as we know, but our dance is not the same.

*Unless Christ resides in the middle, our relationships become quite lame.
Co-dependent is a modern term. It's received quite a lot of billing.*

*As Christians, we need a bounded space to let Him become the filling.
"We" is what life is all about; it's to include a "you" and a "Him" and a "me."*

*And then we three can go a dancing into eternity.
This year I'm adopting an e. e. cummings-like "i"*

*For its smaller stature, with its dot, won't let me stand too high.
So, dear typist, if it's not too much bother,*

*Please use that lower-cased "i" to remind me of Our Father.
And now it's time to stop this rhyme and go back to my prose,*

I hope this sing-song rhythm hasn't made you snooze or doze.

A “Ditty” Written While Drying My Hair

*Lord Jesus, I wish I could find
every single reference and line.
I wish I knew Your every Word,
when it was spoken, where it was heard.
I want to love You through and through,
I want to know You; I'm yearning to.
As I look out this window while drying my hair,
I see the birds flying and gliding in air;
I see them searching, soaring, just for fun.
I see the pine trees glittering in Your sun.
The lake is calm, as calm as can be,
The sky is cloudless, as cloudless as me.
For there's no frown on my forehead, only rollers in my hair;
At this moment, there's peace, His peace, and I've nary a care.
Breakfast is over; the kitchen is clean;
The boys have gone hunting, and I enjoy my solitary scene.
I wish it could last; I wish it could stay,
But I'm going to a luncheon in "B'ham" today.
I'll be with my high school class of '66.
At Brooke Hill Girls' School, we had quite a close clique.
Now we're older and wiser, or supposed to be.
I'll say, "Is that you?" and they'll ask if I'm me.
Some will have gray hair, some will have bleached;
Some will have double chins, but goals have been reached.
There've been husbands and children and careers for some,
It will be interesting to see how far we've all come.
As a grandmother, writer, and mother of four,
It sounds like I've had blessings galore
Which I have, which I have, which I cannot deny;
But if I said I'd reached my goal, that would be a lie.*

I want to know Jesus, all of me.

I want to totally surrender and become what I'm supposed to be.

I have moments of alignment, where He is in charge;

Then I take back control as if I am the "Sarge."

I know at the luncheon we'll laugh and we'll giggle.

We'll reminisce some, but then I might wiggle--

I will wiggle and squirm if I'm put on the spot,

"Lucy, surely you've reached your goal, for you've done such a lot!"

And that's quite observant; it's really quite true,

But as for my goal, I've got a long way to go. Do you?

Oh, I'm sorry--I'm trying to turn the focus around,

So I don't have to deal with myself and my faults to be found.

It's so much easier to work on others;

Then I can hide as if under the covers.

But deep, deep inside, the real core of me

Wants to become what my Lord meant me to be.

A loving friend who does dance with Him and always lets Him lead,

A surrendered, broken, joyful child who by His cross was eternally freed.

My hair is dry, the birds have flown, the clouds are rolling in.

So it's off to B'ham with the girls, for we weren't allowed any men.