

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

How ever do I have the nerve to write to you? Right now my husband's downstairs watching football and proofreading some of my writings. I went to check on him and to fix his lunch and found him thus occupied. I asked the insecure little question, "How are you able to read and watch TV at the same time, for these writings deal with heavy stuff?" His only comment was, "Yes, it is too heavy!"

Yipes! Devastation plus! "Too heavy?" He doesn't like it. Maybe this effort is vanity - all vanity. Maybe it should be a private spiritual journal for only my eyes to see, marked with instructions that it be burned if found. How dare I write about such big time "life secrets," stuff? Am I trying to be Ann Landers for the religious housewife? Help! I'm not qualified to be doing this!

Sometimes I feel like Moses must have felt: as if I need to take off my sandals, for I'm standing on hallowed, holy ground and don't have any business being here. Why, in the Old Testament there were people who died instantly after touching the Holy Ark of the Covenant. That's in 2 Samuel 6:7. Am I getting too close to the "holy" edge? Am I writing about the things of which I do not know? How dare I have the audacity to write about our omnipotent Father God or His Son, our Savior, or the Holy Spirit, our Comforter, our Helper? How

dare I have the nerve to use the possessive pronoun "our?" Am I trivializing the transcendent? Am I trying to make the incomprehensible warm and fuzzy and friendly - easy to handle, to package, and to claim? Yes, even to write our Father God's name, "Yahweh," was not allowed by the Hebrews, for it was too holy. Well, it's the same name today, isn't it? How dare I write it or about Him? Pilgrim, are these little letters sacrilegious? Do I tell a little episode about "Lucy's life," add a P.S. scripture and a P.S. little moral message and call it a day? Am I encouraging or discouraging others? Is the I of me getting in the way of the Thou of Almighty God? Does He want me to stop this and tear it up? Is my writing to you, Pilgrim, dependent on my husband's approval or dependent on the knowledge of my being called to write? I don't know.

The image that just popped into my mind was that of a mountain climber walking on a skinny ledge. She's on a trail about halfway up the mountain. I realize the climber is me. I'm facing it, clinging claw-like with my hands and inching forward, unable to look up or down. My vision is limited to staring straight ahead at the granite-gray wall only four inches from my face. It's cold, it's craggy, but I do notice some little blue forget-me-nots growing out of a crack and some wonderful green moss clinging to the cliff just as I am.

But. Thank goodness for but's. Of all the words in the scriptures, besides our Lord's name, that little word "b-u-t" brings more hope to me than any other. Time and time again,

the biblical world seems to be crashing in, and at the last minute it's rescued by that safety line of a word, b-u-t, for what usually is connected to that word is God's grace. The good news is that God's biblical world and our world, Pilgrim, are one and the same. The little vision of moss and flowers is enough encouragement for now. I do continue. I don't know why, but I must, just as much as I have to take the next breath of air.

But, what if my husband doesn't like my writings? What if he thinks they're awful? What if he's concerned about my dealing too much with the "deep things" in life?" These letters are heavier and harder than previous ones. Am I on the right track or a self-invented mirage? I don't know, but I will continue. I must.

Pilgrim, have you felt called by the Lord to do something? Felt totally unqualified, but nevertheless, that nagging pull just wouldn't go away? You've tried to rationalize, make excuses, ignore, run, but nevertheless that still small voice just kept pressing unrelentingly. You want to be used to our Lord's glory. That's been in your prayer it seems for ages. But then when a door opens, a call is heard, you're scared to death. Lord, are you sure? Do you mean me? Aren't you mistaken, Lord? Don't you have the wrong pilgrim? But the pressing pressure just keeps getting stronger.

What's that statement, "Go with the flow?" I was just recently at the beach and rode the waves. It was so much fun.

I haven't done that activity since I was a teenager. To watch the surf until just the right wave comes along and you dive forward to catch its movement, join it's powerful surge as it rolls towards the beach - just be a part of the motion - what a delight to participate in this endless activity. Our Lord's work seems similar in some ways. His will is being done daily. It is my prayer that we each can participate in His plan during our limited little time on earth. Pilgrim, may we each go with the flow - our Lord's flow. For me, right now, it seems to include a little letter writing. What's the motion He's calling you to join? Peace. Go with the flow. His power, His strength will sustain just like those rolling ocean waves. Peace.

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy