

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

My heart is so full. I have just experienced the most amazing grace-filled 24 hours of my life. Yesterday I flew from Montgomery to Midland, Texas, to speak at Holy Trinity Church. Now I'm back on the plane on the way home.

How I even got there in the first place was incredible. Two years ago one of their parishioners was visiting Santa Fe, New Mexico, and bought our Noah's Ark cards. On returning home, she picked up the phone and called the publishing house to reorder additional cards. The office manager convinced her to purchase not only the cards but also our first book, which she in turn gave to her friend whose son had been in a tragic accident. After reading the book, she wrote to me. After reading her wonderful letter, I put it in the pile of letters to be answered.

Almost a year later, I came upon it once more.

It touched my heart so much that this time I picked up the phone and called her. We instantly became connected, kindred spirits. She asked if I could come speak to her church. I said, "Great"!

So, on arrival, we comfortably visited. There was none of the usual first meeting awkwardness. This family gathering seemed to instantly absorb me, making me feel as if I were an incorporated member. We laughed and shared and visited for

about two hours, and then I was asked if I'd like to meet the rest of the family. I said, "Yes," for I knew to whom they were referring. It was their precious 16-year-old middle son. I was anxious to see him, for he had indirectly been responsible for my being in Midland. We entered into a light-filled converted two-car garage bedroom. It was decorated in typical teenage décor with photos and posters and other paraphernalia that made me smile. It was a grand room, and so was the young man to whom it belonged and to whom I was introduced. He had big glorious green eyes and dark wavy hair. Although he was bedridden and in a deep coma, we talked to him and touched him and prayed with him. He is very much a part of this family. Unconditional love seemed to emanate from that room and to flow throughout the house. Later on, I mentioned the strong feeling that I had experienced from this precious boy, and the aunt said, "Yes, it really seems an anointed house," and I agreed.

The next day the talks went well at the church and the response was overwhelming. I don't even remember what I actually said. I never do. My prayer had been that I would be an encourager to these people and that the Lord's light would shine through me. What is so amazingly incredible to me are the blessings which the Lord God continues to shower upon me. Thank You, Lord, for Midland, Texas.

Now I'm back on the campaign trail. A nice young man who just graduated from college is my scheduler and driver.

My husband, who's running for governor, goes one way and I another. We rendezvous occasionally, and I feel like we are dating again. It's really fun. My scene is mainly schools and senior citizens' centers, plus ladies' meetings. Last week I spoke to a Kiwanis Club, and I was sure there had been a mistake, but sure enough, they were expecting me. The people are warm and friendly. Their concerns are our concerns. I love getting to know this state. I'm out on the road Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. Wednesday is rest day at the lake. Weekends my husband and I either play or campaign together.

It all seems to be going well. I'm sure it's going to get tough. Already there have been callous comments made by some of the opponents. I have to really ask the Lord for help. We are called to love our enemy. These people aren't my enemy; they are our opponents. They also want to win. Some seem to be playing by a different set of rules, and I can't change that. I don't have to like it, but I sure as heck don't have to adopt their tactics. There is only so much energy available, and I'm really learning my limits. Right now, about four visits in one day, plus a night function, is about all I can handle and keep smiling.

After hearing my schedule, my doctor recommended taking vitamins, and especially after the added joyful news that we received three weeks ago. Our only daughter and youngest son are both getting married this year. Help! Give me those vitamins quick!

My cup does continually keep running over. What I cannot get over is the wonderful daily encouragements I've been receiving - hugs from kindergartners, pamphlets from a precious elderly man, handshakes, hugs. I feel like we're running in a marathon, and all along the route we are continually being given unexpected cheers. I know we'll get our share of jeers. I'm not totally naïve. I know we'll be getting more tired and the competition will become more fierce. If we can keep our eyes on the Lord Jesus daily - daily start out with Him - daily give Him thanks and praise - hourly call upon His Name - look into the eyes of strangers and continually remind ourselves that each person met is a precious creation of our Lord God, and each is a part of God's kaleidoscope of mankind. We are all part of God's puzzle of purpose and plan. He loves every one of us. He sent His Son to die for each and every individual, regardless of their political persuasion. Am I getting a little too strong in giving myself a pep talk, Pilgrim? Oh, well! Our Father God is in charge and may His will be done. Win, lose or draw, may His will be done.

Before I close, I want to share with you one more incredible, unexpected gift. Last Wednesday an acquaintance called and asked if I would like to go with her and her daughter to a Baptist camp. They were having their annual ladies retreat and thought it might be something I would enjoy. I'd be staying in the room with her and her daughter. They'd sleep in one bed and I in the other. I was overwhelmed

by the generous offer. Here I'd only met this dear lady a few months ago, and we'd only briefly visited twice during this time. She didn't know how or if one little Episcopalian would fit in with 800 Southern Baptists. She didn't know, but best of all, she didn't care.

It was one of the most wonderful, fun, joyful grand times I'd ever had with a bunch of ladies. We sang. We laughed. We clapped. We giggled. Some cried. We hugged. We prayed. We listened. It was truly awesome. No one can ever take these memories away from me. I will cherish them all the days of my life.

Then two days later, off to Midland, Texas - no one can ever take these memories away from me. I will cherish them all the days of my life.

Campaigning, hugs, smiles, handshakes - no one can ever take these memories away from me. I will cherish them all the days of my life.

Each one of our short, insignificant little lives is just to be a piece of a puzzle, a piece of a glorious mosaic. If we allow our Father God's Light to shine through us, ah what a grand sight to see - a kaleidoscope of color can break through, like a glorious stained glass window.

The time is going by faster than I've ever experienced. I do thank the Lord Jesus for the incredible experiences this campaign year continues to unfold. I'll write to you as often as possible. Wedding lists and letters might become

intertwined, if you don't mind. Life continues to be a joyful ride. Thank You, Lord Jesus!

Let's see:

- 1. wedding cake*
- 2. napkins*
- 3. bridesmaids dresses*
- 4. flowers*
- 5. stockings*
- 6. toothpaste*
- 7. emery boards*
- 8. soap*
- 9. green beans*
- 10. eggs*
- 11. milk*

Uh oh! I'm getting my grocery list mixed up with the wedding list! Help! On with the adventure!

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy