

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

"I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy, joy in my heart. Joy in my heart, joy in my heart. I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy, joy in my heart—joy in my heart today."

Do you know such a person whose life exemplifies these words - that joy just bubbles forth from their very soul - that blessed assurance is such a reality that no other situation or circumstance, person, place, or thing can pull them off the mark. They are rock solid in their faith in the knowledge of who they are and to whom they belong. Their inside matches their outside - what you see is what you get. They are wholehearted, single-minded. There is no duplicity for work has been done on them through and through by the Holy Spirit. They have been transformed so much so that their love for Jesus and Jesus' love for them - that all-important relationship has become their all in all - their identity - their very being - their essence.

Ah, Pilgrim, is there such a being? Can there be such a person on this side of heaven? I am here to attest that, yes, there truly can be. Granted, such a person is a rarity. I've only personally known one or two or possibly three such living saints. One is Helen Bryant. It is to her and her wisdom that I'd like to turn today. I came across this little childlike rhyme which I penned. It's hard to capture Helen in prose, so I ventured poetry. I still failed miserably for you can't capture a saint in words. Hopefully, there will be a

little light of glimmer of the light - Christ's light - that she shines forth.

Here goes. It's called:

Helen's Morning Light

"Good morning! Good morning! It's a beautiful day. It's warm and the sun is shining!" Exclaims my childhood nurse as she enters Mama's, wearing her permanent silver lining. This cheerful lady's 86 and still walking with a bounce. She might not hear quite so well, but it's her attitude that counts.

For these thirty years our paths have crossed, she's been a constant witness.

She knows her Lord. She loves her Lord. She has a childlike, joyful fitness.

I stopped this ditty and sought her out and asked how was she always happy? Hers is a real, deep, genuine joy and not one of those fake or sappy.

"Be happy! Be happy!" is what she said energetically to me.

"Take one day up, then put it down," and that was her decree.

"Helen, do you talk to Jesus all day long?"

"No, right now I'm talking to you," was her responsive song.

"When we are through, then I'll ask Him for another thought."

Ah, so their relationship is silver, for it's continually being wrought.

Helen's shine is not just skin deep, a Pollyanna, Mary Poppins kind.

Hers is no superficial act, but rather she's Christ-aligned.

*We've shared up days, down days, weddings, and dyings,
Birthings and sicknesses, laughers and cryings.*

But never, ever has there not been a smile on this dear person's face.

For she knows with complete certainty her final resting place.

And so do you, and so do I on good days and on bad.

It's in the arms of Jesus, and that's what makes us glad!

"My grace is sufficient," are Christ's words which today are searing my brain.

Spoken to Paul two millennia ago, they're right now just as relevant and plain.

Take note: they were said not when he was up, but rather when he was down.

He prayed three times for his thorn to be gone, then accepted it as though it were a crown.

A crown that was fashioned like Christ's very own, made of sharp penetrating darts,

Embraced with grace, can become the very thing that softens and molds our hearts.

To my precious friend who's feeling hopeless, may I next time give you a smile

*And a Helen-like "happy" based on the Lord, and may this
thorn-embraced reality*

beguile—

*Beguile you into the very arms of Jesus, our only true Safe
Place.*

*It's there that you and I and all can find His eternal,
sufficient grace.*

*Pilgrim, this morning by chance I read from the Rule of the
Third Order of the Society of St. Francis, "Joy is the divine gift
coming from union with God in Christ. It is still there even in times
of darkness and difficulty giving cheerful courage in the face of
disappointment and an inward serenity and confidence through
sickness and suffering. Those who possess it can rejoice in weakness,
insults, hardship and persecutions for Christ's sake for when they are
weak, then they are strong." I'd like to have added to "See - joy
fleshed out in living color. Please see Helen Bryant." Now, may I
leave you, Pilgrim, with a few of Helen's sayings - joyful sayings, of
course.*

"Happiness is like potato salad. When you share it, it's a picnic."

*"Don't worry about the mule being blind. Just get in there and hold
the line."*

"Love is what miracles are made of."

"To live in this world safely, we have to look, watch and pray."

"Just to live, we have to have the Lord, police and stoplights."

"A bright smile turns away a lot of frowns."

*Thank you, Helen, for your shine and to all those saints of God,
"How's your glow coming, Pilgrim?" Peace.*

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy