

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

"Home again, home again, jiggety-jog."

I'm so very, very sorry that what you seem to be getting each day is the dregs. It's just 8 PM, but I am jet-lagged and tired. I awoke this morning at 4 AM. I don't know why, but I always have a harder time adjusting coming home from abroad than going. Maybe it's not the time adjustment that is so hard, but rather the piled-up mail and mile-long "to do" list that makes reentry rather hard.

This morning I set up Holy Communion at our church for the 7:30 service. That is one of today's highlights and means that I'm really at home. Then after the service I unpacked, made our bed, washed some clothes, took laundry to the cleaners, went to the bank, took some pants to be hemmed, had some pictures framed, ate lunch with my youngest son and his wife, visited my friend, Mary Barwick, went to the bookstore, met my husband for a meeting with the house architect, took photographs to be developed, wrote two letters, went to the post office to mail them, went to see our daughter (who wasn't home), then she and her eleven-month-old son came to visit. I fed him dinner. I called my mother, sister, mother-in-law, another friend, father-in-law's wife, came home and we went out to dinner. Whew! The best thing about writing all of this is

to realize I should be tired. Four hours of sleep isn't enough for even half of these activities.

And where was God in all of this running-around busyness? Most of the activities really needed to be done. Often we have days like this. For many, this is the required norm. How do we keep our Lord, Jesus Christ our central focus on days like this, when we're running from one errand or activity to the next?

I don't know. Music helps me. I've been playing Handel's "Messiah" and the Duraffle's "Requiem" in my car. Also, my grandson Hall gave me a lesson or two. As an extraordinarily gifted, normal toddler, he is very busy. He's now crawling nonstop and pulling up on everything that's taller than himself. His attention span is short. He runs from one toy to the next. But what gets me, what I've never seen in a child before, is how he is always reaching for the light. He's done this as long as I can remember. He's always looking up whenever he enters a room and tries to reach for the overhead light. Maybe it was as early as a month or two, I began to notice this unusual phenomenon. Being redheaded, fair skinned, and green eyed, maybe that's what makes him so light sensitive. I do remember early on when I'd take him outside, he'd do a lot of blinking. Interior overhead lighting has always been different. Before he had good hand-eye coordination, he'd just look up and stare, as if in a trance. Now that he's older, he continues to give overhead lighting an

intense study, but has added a reaching out hand to the motion.

I know it probably is just my way of thinking, but who knows. There is so much on this side of heaven that we don't know or comprehend. The first time I noticed Hall's particular fascination with overhead light, I thought, "How interesting." I filed it away, and really didn't give it another thought. Then, every time I was with him, I became more aware of this particular habit. I didn't remember it in the other grandchildren and really hadn't noticed it before. He would turn, twist his body and head as you walked with him just so that he could gaze a little bit longer at that overhead light.

Then I began to wonder, just wonder, might that light remind him of the Light, our Lord's light that he'd experienced before? I don't know. All I do know is that Baby Hall feels drawn to the Light. Are all babies like that, and I just haven't been observant? As new life, are they more aware of the Source from which they really came, from which we really came? As we get older, does our interior and exterior sensitivity to the Light get dulled by busyness and sin and self-importance and power and our own agenda?

Today I had a busy day, plus I was tired. Oh, I did have my usual quiet morning prayer time and Holy Communion at church. I listened to the Duraffle's "Requiem" as I hurriedly drove from one activity to the next. All of this should have helped keep me focused, focused on my Lord, and I'm sure they

helped more than I'll ever know - but who really helped me was Hall -- his reaching up hand. He's very busy and doing exactly what an eleven-month-old is supposed to be doing. He's exploring every single room as fast as possible. He's touching, mouthing, squeezing, holding, licking every item he can pick up. He's biting a little bit and pulling hair a little. All in all, he's having a grand old time. Busy, busy, but give him a light and he stops whatever he is doing, and reaches and gazes.

Lord Jesus Christ, it is this daily "turn" for which I yearn. I don't want to just be going through the motions. I don't just want to be "making my list and checking it twice" in busyness. I want to be more intentional, more present to the required activities, and especially more aware of Your Presence. May I not necessarily do a Hall arm-reaching stare, but may I continually be doing a heart-yearning gaze towards You Lord - even in busyness - even in sickness - even in happiness - even in joyfulness - always be gazing at You Lord - the True Light.

Precious Pilgrim, it is bedtime. Tomorrow may I be more Light sensitive, sensitive to God's Light. Now how is your sensitivity?

I am your sister in Christ,

Lucy

P.S. Jesus said, "I am the Light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the Light of life." That's John 8:12. He says, "While I am in the world, I am the

Light of the world.” That’s John 9:5. Jesus cried out, “When a man believes in Me, he does not believe in Me only, but in the One who sent me. When he looks at Me, he sees the One who sent Me. I have come into the world as a Light so that no one who believes in Me should stay in darkness.” That’s John 12:44-46. Jesus also says, “You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead, they put it on a stand and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before men that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in Heaven.” That’s Mathew 5, verse 14.

It sounds to me like our Lord Jesus Christ is passing the torch, His Light, to each one of us. Each one of us is called to carry that Light as far as possible during our life’s journey. My precious 11-month-old grandson Hall is already reaching. Lord, may I also reach and, Pilgrim, may you reach as we go forth. May we be light bearers, Precious Pilgrim, and carry our Lord’s Light. How is your Christ-given Light today? Peace.