

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

My eyes are closed as I begin to write to you.

The beauty is too strong to continue to look upon.

The moment is too rich to capture.

My heart aches from the glory of it all.

Spring is coming forth ---

--This day would have been complete if I'd only gotten to have breakfast with my eleven-month-old redheaded grandson - which I did.

--And this day would have been complete if I'd only gotten to spend three hours with fifteen four-year-olds - which I did.

--This day would have been complete if I'd only gotten to have a leisurely lunch with a friend - which I did.

--This day would have been complete if I'd only gotten to experience a full-blown springtime with butterflies flying - which I did.

To put them all together is a lot to handle. Maybe it would have been helpful if I had done this morning's art project with the preschoolers at St. John's Headstart Program. The teacher said, "This week, boys and girls, our theme is spring. Today we will each make a flower. First, take your green crayon and color grass at the bottom of your page. Next, you will be given a stem, two leaves, and a flower head cut out of colored

construction paper. You will then paste them on your page. Try to make yours just like mine.”

This would have been an easier entry into the glory of the Lord's spring. For now, I must continue to just sit and gaze and praise....

This afternoon when I had a lull and decided to write to you, I took a folding chair out onto the front stoop of our guesthouse where we're living after our house fire. Under normal circumstances, this would not be my most desirable, inspirational spot. A mud hole and a burned out house can be limiting, but not at dusk. The wash of the horizontal sunlight seemed to bathe away the ugly and spotlight the spring.

My prose became ponderous. That's why, Precious Pilgrim, all you get today is mostly two haiku poems. Haiku is Japanese poetry. Each verse has a line with five syllables, and then seven syllables, and then five syllables. I don't see myself as a poet; it's just that I find this minimal discipline type exercise helpful when your heart is so completely full that there are just too many words that want to burst forth. There is such an abundance of joy that it needs to be contained in order to share it effectively with another. The first poem I'd like to read is called "Spring Dusk."

*Spring Dusk
(An attempt at Haiku)*

*Tiny insects' flights
Shimmering transparency*

Dusk sets all ablaze.

*Silver spider webs
trail in endless suspension
aerodynamic.*

*Singing birds soar high
Angelic movement motion
celebrating life.*

*Squirrels jump tree to tree
leaping branch to branch to branch
graceful arabesque.*

*Spring green leaves unfurl,
fragrant color profusion,
blossoms and flowers.*

And the next Haiku poem is called "Butterfly Set Sails."

Butterfly Set Sails

*Butterfly set sails.
Fly with your gossamer wings.
Fragile, transparent.*

*Stronger than you look.
Empowered by Son and Wind.
Lift off. Take flight. Go.*

*Do not be frightened.
God's boundaried space awaits you.
His flight schedule set.*

*Never to return.
Look to the promised future.
Don't retrace your steps.*

*You are beautiful
Embodying God's glory.
A kaleidoscope.
A floating rainbow,
A joy representation,
A hopeful package.*

*You are a blessing.
Life is a transformation.
Metamorphosis.*

*Your cocooned cloister
Made possible your coming.
A safe place for growth.*

*Come into the Light.
Feast on the flowers' nectar.
Let sweetness refill.*

*Your zigzagging grace
Your fluttering, floating style,
You smell the roses.*

*You take time to rest,
Seemingly to meditate
Energy restored.*

*Then you're off again
To unknown destinations
Goodbye and thank you.*

*A strong reminder
"All is well" and "All is well,"
Even in pain.*

*Life is a journey.
Say "yes" to the adventures,
Unpredictable.*

*But always worthwhile
As long as our Lord God leads.
I am trusting Him.*

*To make all things right,
To set all the captives free,
To welcome us home.*

*Paradise awaits.
May man become butterflies.
Transforming beauty.*

*Goodbye little friend.
Bon Voyage and safe journey.
You blessed this pilgrim.
Thank you and God speed.*

And thank you, my precious pilgrim. My senses are slowly recuperating and regrouping, now that today's strong spring stimuli have been put to rest. Dusk has descended into the dark. I'm still suffering from a little mind mush. The beauty blew me away. For nearly a month, I've been hopping from here to there. Somehow in the hopping, I jumped from winter to full-blown spring. I need time to adjust to the glory, God's Glory. May I end with one of King David's praising Psalms, number 148.

Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens. Praise Him in His heights. Praise Him all his angels. Praise Him all his hosts. Praise Him sun and moon. Praise Him all stars of light. Praise Him highest heavens and the waters and that are above the heavens, let them praise the name of the Lord for He

commanded and they were created. He has always established them forever and ever. He has made a decree, which will not pass away. Praise the Lord from the earth, sea monsters in all deeps, fire and hail, snow and clouds, stormy wind fulfilling his word, mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and winged fowl, kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all judges of the earth, both young men and virgins, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord for His name alone is exalted. His glory is above earth and heaven and He has lifted up a horn for his people. Praise for all his godly ones, even for the sons of Israel, a people near to Him. Praise the Lord.

And now, precious pilgrim, go get yourself a ringside seat and stop and look and listen to God's surrounding glory. If your words need a little framework like mine did today, try creating a Haiku poem. It's fun. Five syllables, seven syllables, five syllables. It helps in the joy dance with our Lord.

*I am your sister in Christ,
Lucy*