

Precious Pilgrim,

I tried. I promise you, I really tried, but I just couldn't take it any more and so I left the room. I wanted to watch more TV with my husband. That's supposed to be what couples enjoy doing at home together. Right? But I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand the loud garbage. We were watching two movies at the same time, both action-packed thriller-killers. My husband, being a male, somehow always has the changer and was flipping back and forth and back and forth from one channel to the other.

I don't know how he does it. He can watch blood and guts and fall asleep like a baby. The nasty, grotesque garbage doesn't seem to penetrate his psyche, but it makes me sick. So, I left the living room and closed the door behind me and went to our bedroom and opened the door to the outside.

Ah, now I can hear real night sounds - dogs barking, cars, and crickets. These sounds aren't half as intensive as that blasted blaring box. I can't stand it and rarely watch. Oh, I like an occasional old movie, National Geographic, and Public TV - but basically if my husband's out of town, I won't turn the thing on and do quite fine with a good book, preferably the Good Book.

I remember as a child visiting my grandparents when I was growing up and they didn't have a television. It was wonderful. I remember playing games, talking, and listening to the radio and to each other. I realize I am becoming a

dinosaur, not only because of my lack of computer skills and no email address, but also because of my total ignorance about prime time TV.

When my grown daughter and I recently spent a whole wonderful week together, we watched TV every night. I could not believe the stuff that was on. We watched her favorites, which I presume are most everyone's. I know I am not a prude, but I was shocked. A was with B who used to be with C before B found out, so C now likes A, but A really doesn't like C or B; in fact, doesn't like boys, but girls. I'd ask my daughter if anyone was happily married and had a so-called "normal" life? The answer was "rarely." What is the norm? What is right? What is wrong? Most of these shows were supposed to be hilariously funny and silly, but I found them sick and sad. The apostle Paul said, "Whatever is beautiful - think on these."

I know it makes a huge difference in my total outlook on life how I spend my time.

Today was a splendid holiday. My husband and I got up early and said good-bye to my mama, for we had spent the night with her and we went to the lake. We sat and read at the end of the dock and sat and read inside the house. Our youngest son came to visit and we got the boat out and rode around and just looked and cruised. It was fun.

We then came home and went to see our eldest son, his wife and two precious daughters. We played a little bit with

them. Then we came home and turned on the noise machine - the television. Ugh.

I do have the freedom to get up and get out. I did, not mad, but glad. "Oh honey, could you turn the TV down just a little bit? Thank you. I love you. Oh, by the way, there's a wonderful symphony of sounds coming from the outside into our bedroom." It is quieter, softer, pianissimo. The orchestra is mainly made up of natural sounds - wind, crickets, birds. Why, I think I just heard an owl do a little haunting solo part. And there are a few cars with horns barging in, but they're muffled, so not too invasive. "Come join me, honey, when you can." Ah, this is better. I can hear myself think; better yet, I can hear my heart's yearning in the quiet. I can pray and turn and focus more on our Lord Jesus and His Holy Word. What comes to mind is Philippians 4:8. Paul said, "Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is of good repute, if there is any excellence and if anything worthy of praise, let your mind dwell on these things."

My precious, precious pilgrim, we have been given the most wonderful of gifts by our Father God, truly a love gift, one in which we are honored by its trusting freedom. We have each been given the awesome, huge responsibility of our Lord's entrusting us each individually with free will. Every single decision we make is ours and ours alone to make. But, but you might think there are scenarios in which we have no choices

and no control. Yes, we do always have the ability to decide how we will react to that uncontrollable situation. Best of all, we always have the Holy Spirit to guide and direct us if we but listen. But so often, His is a "still, small voice." One which has to be quietly sought out and his nudges often are very subtle. Precious pilgrim, our noisy world seems to be getting louder and louder and spinning faster and faster. The violence, the trash, the garbage that our society is putting out in bucketfuls makes it even harder for us to walk the walk and to talk the talk. But as our Lord Jesus' followers, even more we are called to be the salt, the light in this darkening world.

Goodness gracious, am I getting carried away or what? I know my straight-laced grandmother wouldn't believe her ears for this letter sounds more like one she would have written than her granddaughter for as a child, and an adolescent, and yes, even a young adult, I think I was often trying to stretch the boundaries a little bit - those that Gran had set. But you know what? She would never give an inch. She knew where she stood. And I knew where she stood and there was no leniency, no leeway, everything was pretty much set in stone based on those ancient stone tablets called the Ten Commandments.

Okay, that's enough. I'll get off my soapbox. Good night and sweet dreams. No nightmares for this little chickadee. Peace.

*I am your sister in Christ,
Lucy*

P.S. Early evening my husband and I left our two precious granddaughters watching the movie, Bambi. Now that's my kind of show. Please girls, don't outgrow your grandmother Googoo too quickly. And the next time we visit, I want to tell you a little bit about your great-great-grandmother, who I called Gran, and her wonderful rule book, and also teach you a little verse. It's Philippians 4:8. Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is of good repute, if there is any excellence and if anything worthy of praise, let your mind dwell on these things."

Ah, good night. "Oh, honey, there's a wonderful symphony playing in here. Come listen." Peace.