

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*I'm hiding! Shhh! Don't tell! My goal today was to write you two letters, for our family's going to be gone for a week and we'll be out of touch -- physically, but not spiritually! Well, I was successful in writing the first one, as everything was quiet and beautiful and undisturbed. You see, I have a one-track mind and I really have to focus, with no distractions, to write. Well, as soon as I finished the first letter real life invaded. At 7 AM the stereo's blasting - the doors opened (freezing) to go get the wood to start a fire - the newspaper's being read out loud to me - then going to the store for coffee - then showering - then - well "Good Morning, Vietnam" - a real day has begun. Our son Jud just woke up and now I have two precious men wanting attention. (But I want to write a letter!)*

*One more time I say with great confidence, "Why don't you fix breakfast?" (This is not the usual Saturday morning scenario in our twenty years of marriage, but I'm an optimist!) "And dear Jud, why don't you go study for your history exam." (Again, an optimist.) "I'll clean up the dishes."*

*I run, yes run, upstairs to the second floor, thinking, now's my chance -- the wonderful office tower room on the second floor! It's two stories - one wall is all windows and the opposite wall is a stairway leading to the Chaplet, which is a diminutive, little chapel. It was named by a precious elderly Sunday School teacher. There is a 6' x 4' landscape painting hanging over the door and a beam of light is shining straight*

*down on it from the stairwell. Gosh, I thought, this is just like how the shepherds must have felt that starry night - minding their sheep, business as usual - when glory dropped in.*

*Luke 2:9: "And in the same region there were shepherds staying out in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord suddenly stood before them, and they were terribly frightened. And the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for today in the city of David there has been born for you a Savior who is Christ the Lord."*

*I was so excited, "Thank you, Lord," I have something to write about! I quietly sneaked back down the stairs for some tea. My men were playing cards and eating leftover rice and steak. (Oh well! Not the breakfast I planned, but I bet I still will get to do the dishes!) I fixed my tea and crept back upstairs - excited that everything was just right. But the beam was no longer shining. The painting, which is wonderful, was again, just wonderful, no longer glorious!*

*What a let down! What a disappointment! I wanted to look and look and think and ponder and enjoy and dream and pray - but the glory was gone. But maybe it would have been too much. Maybe it would have dulled my senses instead of heightening them - like too much chocolate cake.*

*Luke 2:13-15: "And suddenly there appeared with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased.'*

*And it came about when the angels had gone away from them into heaven, that the shepherds began saying to one another, 'Let us go straight to Bethlehem then and see this thing that has happened which the Lord has made known to us.'"*

*I bet that invasion of glory lasted only a moment! It would have been the ultimate "laser show" which their finite minds would have tried to comprehend - would have tried to relate to others - but somehow would have never been able to recapture. I bet those shepherds were never the same, for they knew all the way down to their deepest level - that He is! Our Lord Jesus Christ is.*

*I'm sure each one of us has had an invasion of glory sometime during his/her life - the first view of your child, a bird singing, children giggling, a Daddy and a son playing cards and eating steak and rice for breakfast.*

*Our Lord reigns. Let's live in the glory!*

*Your sister in Christ,*

*Lucy*