

Precious Pilgrim,

It's a gray, dreary day. I'm on my favorite sofa at the lake, which should help, but it doesn't. Everything out the window looks flat and blah. I mean a gray day! There is no fire crackling in the fireplace to make things glow and be cozy, because it is too warm. The trees are still and the lake is calm, so it feels as if I'm inside a huge gray sphere and I hate gray!

The only life I can see in this world is a loon floating out in the middle of the lake so far away that it looks just like a black speck. I've been watching for a long time, almost hypnotized, thinking this lone loon fits perfectly with the melancholia that I am enjoying. I mean, it's the last day of the year. Let's have a little respect for the regrets, the lost dreams, the failures that we've experienced during the year - those letters that won't be written this year - those visits that won't be made this year. Goodness gracious, I think I'm going to start crying.

But wait a minute. There is not one loon, there are two. My husband just walked into the room and said, "What a wonderful gray afternoon this is!" Instead of crying, I burst out laughing.

Somehow, knowing that the loon isn't pitifully alone makes all the difference in the world. It reminds me that we aren't alone either. Somehow, having my gray world invaded by a husband saying, "Isn't this gray world beautiful?"-- did make it beautiful.

*Our world is beautiful - "but" - forget the "but" - say it -
"Our world is beautiful" - "but" - wait a minute - you see our
precious Lord Jesus came into the world and canceled the "but"
for Christians. He has set things right! Alleluia, our walk with
Jesus continues forever.*

There are now three loons on that lake - naturally!

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy