

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*On our beach at the lake stands a bonfire, ready to be lit. In fact, it's been ready for four months. The original plan was that on Labor Day morning at sunrise we were to cook breakfast over the coals. It was a wonderful idea! There were thirty-two relatives who arrived in their P.J.s and robes at 6 AM to watch the sunrise, but alas, no beautiful sunrise! The wind was howling, waves crashing, menacing clouds, freezing cold, but everyone was a great sport. We drank coffee. The children played "Let's Find Win" who is our twenty-five-year-old son, who didn't want to be disturbed, and had hidden and slept in the boathouse. We cooked breakfast in the kitchen, giggled and laughed and everyone was home and back in bed by 7:00. The "First Annual Labor Day Breakfast à la Sunrise" didn't go exactly as planned for there was no sunrise, but there was fun. And thus, there sits the unlit bonfire; it's still waiting to be lit.*

*I've always loved campfires. Somehow, they instantly create fun and intimacy. S'mores, hot dogs, doughboys, marshmallows - sounds horrible, but if you add songs and friends, it's divine. As a child, I fondly remember them at camp and the lake, and as an adult we had campfires by a stream next to our house in Delaware. It was glorious, so "Come and have breakfast at 6 AM" over a campfire made total sense to me. An invitation you couldn't refuse.*

*That same invitation was offered almost two thousand years ago, "Come and have breakfast" (John 21:12a) to the*

*disciples. It is one of the most beautiful scenes in the Bible and it feeds my soul. Can you imagine the scene? These precious men had lost their Savior, their best friend, the one that they had so closely followed almost to the end. Oh, and that "almost to the end" was what they were stuck with for the rest of their lives. They had been willing to leave family, riches, tradition, make fools of themselves almost to the end.*

*So now the hurt was double. They had His death plus their denial. Oh, if they could just have said, "Lord forgive... Lord forgive." They all felt guilt, but Peter even more because he had denied the (his) Lord three times, just like Jesus said. But Peter loved Him - loved Him more than life itself - but he denied - "Oh Lord, forgive."*

*They went fishing. I go shopping or eating. It's the same. Let's keep on keeping on, even with the hurt. Oh, but the hurt hurts! "Lord forgive!" There's a fire glowing on the beach. It's the Lord - it's OK - we're OK - "Lord forgive."*

*And He said, "Come and have breakfast."*

*To His glory, I'm going to light that campfire.*

*Your sister in Christ,*

*Lucy*