

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*I've been walking with a dear friend for eight years. Rain, hail, sleet or snow...we walk. Monday through Friday, from 6:00 to 7:00 AM - we walk. We've solved many a global problem and a few family ones. We've remodeled husbands, houses, children, friends, enemies. In fact, we've gotten everything pretty much in shape, at least we thought so, for one hour a day. We usually walk and talk fast, fast, fast - and then we have "quiet time." The walk slows, the world slows. We refocus on our Lord and then the day begins. Bliss!*

*We've had many surprises during these times. A living Christmas tree covered with purple wisteria, an albino pigeon during Holy Week, which we swore was a white dove, a huge holly bush full of birds that sing, sing, sing - instantly stop when we arrive - then instantly continue to sing, sing, sing when we leave. (We wonder who's the 'look-out' saying, "They're here.") We've come across a college campus laced in toilet paper and it was beautiful! Well, as you can tell, we have truly seen some awesome sights!*

*Today was no exception. Fog - thick, deep, heavy fog. Wonderful fog. So many times in my life I've had to drive alone in fog, usually to Birmingham, Alabama or the lake, hoping to find another car ahead so I could follow its lights. The most poignant time that I remember was driving to see my daddy in the hospital. The fog made my already fearful spirit more afraid until I turned up the praise music and turned my*

*eyes to the Lord. The fog lifted and the sun came out. I like fog, for it narrows my world down and refocuses me.*

*Anyway, Madeleine and I were walking in this close world, feeling like a down comforter had gently been laid over us, when we came upon a stuffed animal lying in the road, a one-eyed monkey with arms stretched out. Madeleine said it was saying, "Help me!" So we picked it up out of the road and placed it on the grass. Another monkey saved by the morning troops.*

*We then passed by the movie theatre, which was playing "A Long White Season." Now where are we going - where am I going? Luke 24:13-53: Emmaus. My mind focuses on those two Christians walking together. The fog might not have been hanging outside, but I bet inside their souls were feeling fogged in. They'd lost their friend, their companion, their Messiah. Here they were grieving together, reliving their shared tragedy, comforting each other, and here comes a man barging into their intimate space who not only isn't invited, but doesn't know anything about it! Jesus walks with them, listens to their version of the story, then tells His, explains the scripture, then breaks the bread. The fog lifts.*

*The fog is lifting. Light brings the world into focus. Jesus brings our world back into focus. The fears, the anxieties lose their grip on our lives. We are those "one-eyed monkeys" with arms reached out for help. And we have it!*

*Luke 24:29-31a: "And they urged Him, saying, stay with us for it is getting toward evening and the day is now nearly over. And He went in to stay with them. And it came about that when He had reclined at the table with them, He took the bread and blessed it and breaking it, He began giving it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized Him."*

*The fog lifts in His light! Good morning, Lord!*

*Your sister in Christ,*

*Lucy*