

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*What a gloriously beautiful day! I just drove up to the lake and was fortunate to time it just right so that I could listen to one of my favorite radio personalities, "Mrs. G." Every Saturday morning at 9:30, Mrs. G. tells children's bible stories in the most enchanting manner. She sounds like a wonderful grandmother with a British accent. I can imagine sitting curled up in her lap, with her arms around me, as she brings to life Jesus and His world.*

*She reminds me of my ninety-four-year-old grandmother for whom I am named. She lived with us while I was growing up, and one of my favorite activities was to listen to her tell stories as she braided her waist-length hair. It was a warm time - a close time - a safe time. The story would invariably end with a "happy ever after" and the braid would become a crown or a halo, depending on the tale.*

*Spontaneous storytelling from one you love is grand! It's not so much the story, as the intimate bond that exists. It's like receiving a rare gift from one you love.*

*I think that was the atmosphere which prevailed when Jesus said in Matthew 19:14, "Suffer the little children to come unto me". As a child, this was the first mental picture I had of Jesus. Me - sitting in His lap - receiving love. Sometimes in my mind, I'd squirm and get down and twirl for Him and then crawl back up into His arms. He'd be smiling - understanding that I had a very short attention span and would have to fidget. But that was OK - I was only a child - I am only a child.*

*Then as a "grown-up" listening to Jesus, I pictured myself as Mary, sitting at His feet - listening - adoring - absorbing every story He had to tell, for I knew this could not last. In Luke 10:39 I had to help Martha, I had to become Martha very shortly. My daily schedule only permitted Mary a short visit, for Martha had a list of things to be done. He would tell His story - I'd listen, I'd adore. He'd smile - I'd smile and I'd hear Martha coming. But that was OK. I was only a grown-up.*

*Then as a sinner - I don't like to talk about that state. I don't like to come to Jesus in that state - but I do.*

*Not able to look Him in the face...Not able to climb into His lap...Not able to sit at His feet - for I am ashamed. I can only touch His hem, like in Mark 5:28. I know if I look up, I'll see Him smiling.*

*"But Lord - I was a child, I was a grown-up, I was a sinner."*

*"But Lord - I am a child, I am a grown-up, I am a sinner."*

*"That's OK? You want me to climb up into your lap anyway?"*

*"Will you give me a hand?"*

*"Oh, a cross."*

*"Yes, Lord, I'm climbing."*

*Your sister in Christ,*

*Lucy*