

Precious Pilgrim,

I'm on the way to the Big Apple. New York City, here I come! This place has always been thrilling for me. I remember my first trip with my family at nine years old. I knew it was a big deal and something grand was getting ready to happen for I had "Traveling Clothes." I'd never had "Traveling Clothes" before. One was a navy tailored dress and one was a green tailored dress. I was a little plump, so tailored was important and dark, I learned, was very important. In case there were mishaps - like spills or crumbs. I think the "Dark Traveling Clothes" must have originated with the Pilgrims or at least with my grandmother, who always safely arrived for a visit in a "Dark Traveling Suit." You know the road from Uniontown, Alabama to Birmingham, Alabama, which is about two hours, was treacherous and could only be safely driven in "Dark Clothes." Proudly, I continue the family tradition. I'm in a "Dark Traveling Suit," so I know a spot-free, safe arrival is guaranteed.

I've always had the eyes of "Eloise" of the Plaza Hotel fame when it comes to NYC. I share her enthusiasm over the big and the little of New York. I still walk down the streets with my mouth open, staring up - in awe - at all its bigness - the buildings, lights, theaters, restaurants, people. I also stare in awe of its littleness - the neighborhood groceries, the little families in the park, the carriage drivers, the hot dog vendors,

the bag ladies. How can all these people live in this hugeness - in their littleness? It's amazing to me.

Well - I'm off. I'm getting ready to land - my littleness in this huge bigness. Thank goodness, I'm meeting Mama. We can handle anything together - including NYC. I mean - we three - Lord Jesus, be with us.

I'm now safely situated in our room waiting for Mama to arrive. While waiting for my bags at the airport, I counted crosses for fun. There were a lot of them. Three nuns, I know, were genuine and the others might have mainly been the singer Madonna fans, but praise the Lord - His cross is being worn. I spoke to the cleaning lady in the bathroom - she almost fainted, but finally warmed and spoke to me. My taxi driver had the only taxi whose meter didn't work. "Ah hah! Another dumb Southerner!" he must have thought. My mother had already informed me of the correct fare. He reluctantly agreed to it - then I tipped him \$5.00, just for the joy. He smiled - I smiled - and swinging my cross said, "Have a nice day." He possibly thought, "I not only had a dumb one - but a religious nut, too!" I do know his smile was genuine.

It's not my intention to just write "warm fuzzies" to you or a "Travels with Lucy" journal. It is my intent to point to our Almighty God as He reveals Himself to me in this world. Omnipotent - Omniscient - Omnipresent - Creator - Comforter - Counselor - our Strength - our Redeemer - our Lord. There's no way words can capture the uncapturable. I can adore - we

can adore. "We are His people and the sheep of His pasture." I thank God for that. I thank God for our Shepherd. Now I'm going to see if this room has a Gideon Bible - rejoice! We are His!

Later. I'm now stuck in the Atlanta airport on the way home. They're working on our airplane. A man sitting nearby said, "The rubber band must have broken," - back to reality. The trip was glorious. To have quality visiting time alone with Mama was wonderful - to just share our love and our memories was grand. We revisited Radio City Music Hall to see the Moscow Circus. Because of a three-year-old child sitting next to me, I was allowed to enter back into the childhood wonder of it all. When he clapped - I clapped. When he laughed - I laughed too. His grandfather answered brilliantly all of his "why" questions - including, "The reason for starting the performance at 3:30 was that the elephants had to take a nap and they were just now having their juice and cookies and would then be ready to start." Made sense to me!

The only other insight I'd like to share is that we visited with two New Yorkers - one a cousin, another a friend. One thing they shared in their metropolitan living was having no views from their apartments. You could only see buildings out of all the windows, except for one. My cousin was very proud that you could put your head out of the living room window and lean just right and see Central Park. I said, "how nice but

thought, "how enclosing." If my whole home world was visually man-made, I think I would go crazy!

Or would I? I woke up this morning at 6:30. My bed was right next to the window overlooking the park. I didn't want to awaken Mama, so I just lay there until she woke at 8:00. The window shade was drawn. The room was in total darkness. As the morning broke, the light haloed around the shade. I wanted so badly to draw up the shade or peek under it - but no - I just looked at that drawn shade, which blocked out the light. I thought of those buildings and apartments that blocked out the views and the "Light." Then I thought on the scripture Matthew 27:50-51: "And Jesus cried again with a loud voice and gave up His Spirit. And at once the curtain of the sanctuary of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom: the earth shook and the rocks split."

For all eternity, the curtain has been torn - the "Light," our Lord's Light, has come into the world - the victory is won. As Christians, there is no building - there's no window shade - no experience - that can block us from the "Light" - from His view. The curtain has been eternally torn - the Holy One Shines!

My flight was canceled. We taxied onto the runway and the pilot said he didn't have enough "right engine" to take off. We taxied back to the airport. I ran to another flight - was put on stand-by - and didn't make it. Now after four hours of waiting, I'm in the air. I wish I could make an

announcement on the speaker: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the Right Engine - Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the Right Light - Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a 'Room with a View' - for all eternity. Thank you and have a nice flight - home."

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy