

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

My prayer this morning has been "Lord, on you may I lean and thus not jam!" Have ever seen a log jam on a river? It's a big pile up - a big mess! When there's a jam-up and all of that energy goes astray, you have the ultimate beaver dam - I mean a mess!

Today I was headed for a jam-up. The busyness of my world was crashing in on me. I felt like it must be Christmas, even though it wasn't December. The lists were building in my mind. The tune, which kept playing in my brain, was "The Twelve Days of Christmas" - two trips to Birmingham, three classes to attend, four suitcases to pack, five letters to write - I sang to myself over and over.

A log jam versus a smooth flowing of logs, which is awesome. When done right, a little tugboat pulls or pushes, depending on the maneuver, thousands of logs with apparent ease. They are encircled by a cable and that little tugboat gets those logs to their correct destination. All of that energy correctly channeled almost adds beauty to the river - it blends in with the flow. But today I was headed for a log jam!

When I was in Canada watching the logs float on the Campbell River, the most amazing maneuver to me was the one the pilot performed over the rapids. It was a powerful river. It would be smooth-flowing and you'd come around a bend and

there would be white caps and churning whirlpools. Situated near the bank of the bend, completely stopped, waiting out the dramatic tide and winds, and rough water, would be a little tugboat, with his logs just sitting there waiting. His load was totally under control - totally still. Eagles soared, fishing boats bounced - motion everywhere - but the tugboat and his load stood still.

The river had the potential of producing the most energy, the most force in that bend. If unleashed, those logs could have acted like the ultimate bowling balls, knocking over every boat in sight - but the pilot kept the logs contained, orderly, under control - until the river was just right for his load. But today I am headed for a log jam!

One of my least favorite Jesus scenes has always been Matthew 8:21-22 when the young man was called by Jesus to follow - and the young man responded - "Lord, permit me first to go and bury my Father." Our Lord responded with "Follow Me, and allow the dead to bury their own dead." I've always thought, "How cold!" How could my Lord Jesus respond so heartlessly? Surely Matthew made a mistake! My loving Lord wouldn't act like that! Probably at this point in our Lord Jesus' life, His earthly stepfather had died. After having personally experienced such heartache myself with the death of my father, I know you have empathy for others. You meet them in their pain - feel it - share it and try to diffuse it. If I could do this, in my brokenness, I knew Jesus knew.

So what's going on here? My Jesus, the ultimate diffuser, wouldn't respond this way. Surely something else was going on - surely! Looking closer, I believe our Lord Jesus' eyes had tears in them and His arms were around the young man. There was total empathy to such a level that we will never be able to emulate. Our Lord not only felt it but absorbed the pain. The funeral preparations, the lists, the busyness, the log jam which the man was forming in his mind, Christ took it all to the cross. He became the Pilot and said in love, with deep compassion - quietly - reassuringly - "Follow Me, and allow the dead to bury their dead."

The log jam dissolves - my log jam dissolves.

The order flowed - my order flows.

The pilot steered - my Pilot steers.

How does that song, "Up a Lazy River," go?

Flowingly!

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy