

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*I bought a garter belt yesterday. You might be saying, "Excuse me, Lucy - you're going to have a reflection on a garter belt? Is nothing sacred?" Well, I've got to tell somebody. My husband's not home and my youngest son, Jud's not interested. So, you're the most likely candidate.*

*I've never had a garter belt before. I went from puberty to pantyhose! This is important - really. The saleslady had to come in the dressing room yesterday to show me how this thing works. I got the giggles and she did, too. It was the same type giggles I had when I was twelve years old and the Easter Bunny, in my basket, gave me a jeweled razor. I giggled and almost died of embarrassment. Of course, my older siblings declared it from the rooftops - "Lucy got a razor!" I blushed all day, but goodness, I was happy and proud! I thought, you mean I'm really old enough to have one of these! I thought those jewels glued on the handle made it about the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. When my husband finally gave me an engagement ring, I said, "Why, this reminds me of my jeweled razor!" Not really. But excitement and pride were felt on both days.*

*So what about this garter belt? Why, as a middle-aged matron, did I think this was an appropriate purchase or a necessary purchase? Well, you see, I'm two-and-one-half*

*pounds away from my goal weight - the weight I plan to be carrying for the rest of my life - to the Lord's Glory. I've been covered up most of my life with pounds, sweaters, overblouses, long skirts, boots, hats, gloves - you name it - I've worn it. I've been programmed to think that nice girls don't show much - that includes skin and bones. I've prided myself on always walking by a mirror and only taking a quick glance - and never a long gaze. I wouldn't be caught dead combing my hair or putting on lipstick in public. I'd rather have that windblown, washed-out look - so no one would possibly think I was vain. No, I was not vain - just prideful.*

*One thing I've been learning in this new walk of obedience in eating is that we are God's "Beautiful People." We are to walk in that. I think those old Puritans really did a number on us. They made us think gray and drab is holy. Goodness, what a disservice to our God! I see nothing in His glorious creation that merits that belief. Why, there are peacocks in every created species - vegetable, mineral or animal - peacocks everywhere! But a lot of us play the old Adam and Eve number, "I'm a sinner. I think I'll put on some more pounds and clothes, just to be sure I'm covered." But we are covered! We are covered by the cross!*

*When you want to read a juicy story, read Solomon's "Song of Songs." This can be seen as a one-on-one love hymn from our Lord God to his beloved - you and me. When you love*

*and know you are loved - you glow - and a garter belt doesn't  
hurt either!*

*Your sister in Christ,*

*Glowingly,*

*Lucy*