

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

I'm going deep today if you don't mind. You see, my daddy died thirteen years ago today. He was 59. Oh, and did I love my daddy and he loved me. I miss him. It makes me sad that my children only have a slight memory of him. He was wonderful. He did everything 100%, worked, played, loved - 100%. It is because of his unconditional love that it has always been very easy for me to understand my Lord God's love. Of course, Jesus called his Father "Abba" = Daddy, for He experienced that 100% love, too.

In my most favorite picture of Daddy and me, he's seated and I have my head in his lap, sucking my thumb. I must have been about six years old. The picture symbolizes Daddy's kind of love. I remember overhearing my grandparents talking about how awful it was that I sucked my thumb. I remember having some horrible, yucky stuff painted on my thumb so I wouldn't suck it. It was a complete embarrassment to everyone, except Daddy. In the picture, he has his arms around me, with a smile on his face.

That is the picture I continue to carry in my mind. A father loving his child unconditionally. That is also the picture I carry of my Lord God. I don't know why He called me into being. I know I must constantly be a disappointment to

Him, not living up to His mark, His expectations - but He loves me. Our Lord God -- He loves me - Lucy, and He loves you too!

Today is the most fantastically beautiful day that you can imagine. We awakened to sixteen inches of new snow. The drive to the airport was breathtaking - the mountains, meadows, and trees blanketed in this white shimmering sparkle. A blue, blue sky - unbelievable. The view from the airplane was also magnificent. All you could see were snow-covered mountains, clouds, and blue, blue sky.

It reminded me of "Buddy's Run." "Buddy's Run" is the name of the uppermost ski trail at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. It was named for Buddy Werner, a member of the U.S. Olympic Ski Team in the fifties. He was killed in an avalanche in Switzerland. I had seen his picture earlier - handsome, athletic, full of life, full of potential. How tragic, I thought - and then I saw "Buddy's Run" and the tragedy had been turned into a triumph. I cannot tell you the awesomeness of the view - more glorious than any cathedral that I have ever seen. It took my breath away. It was very steep and the mountain view went forever. You felt like if you weren't weighed down, you could just take right off into heaven - right into Buddy's world - right into Daddy's world - right into God's everlasting arms.

I love Paul's declaring for all eternity in Romans 8:38-39, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to

come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I also am persuaded.

I love my Lord Jesus saying in John 14:1-4, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whether I go ye know, and the way ye know."

I had a Daddy who unconditionally loved me; in fact, that "had" needs to be changed to "have," for that type of love doesn't end. I have the Father God who unconditionally loves me. He sent His Son just to be sure that I'd make it back to Him.

I believe these "worlds - heaven and earth" are closer than we can even imagine - only a breath away. The view from "Buddy's Run" felt eternal - you could almost picture going from the finite to the infinite. The view from my airplane window has the same feeling. The awesomeness of God surrounds me - as I am sure it surrounds my daddy and Buddy and His other saints. My God, I thank you for the views - and for Daddy.

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy