

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

G'day Mates,

I'm "down under" in the wonderful city of Sydney, Australia. And that's what I'd like to write about to you - the "down under" of my world - or the "topsy-turvy" of my world. What amazes me is that you put me on a plane for thirty hours, mess with my eating and sleeping habits and the result is not a happy camper!

I'm right now getting ready to call up room service and ask them to please remove their complimentary stocked little refrigerator, for it is not longer completely stocked. In the past two days I've had health food - consisting mainly of nuts and fruit, until they're becoming unhealthy. I've had juices, coffee, tea, diet cokes, and the straw that broke the camel's back was two granola bars covered with chocolate. "Help! Room Service - get this thing out of here! I mean pull it out of the wall!" I've become like the plant in "The Little Shop of Horrors" play - "Feed Me, Seymour!" - but I'm not hungry - I'm tired. My metabolic clock has gone haywire, been turned upside down.

I'm expected in this meeting to sit in classes all day long and take comprehensive, intelligent, precise notes, when my body clock keeps saying, "Bedtime, Lucy!" Each night at dinnertime, I'm supposed to be charming and vivacious, with direct eye contact and visible interest shown to one thousand

of my newfound international friends. I can't even focus on what they're saying - much less their eyes.

This jet-lag affliction has really taught me something about myself. Much to my great disappointment, I've come to the realization that I'm not astronaut material. I can live with that shortcoming, but I'm not quite so sure of another one.

You know in Matthew 26:36-41, it recounts a very personal, intimate story of "Four Mates," as the Aussies would say, and one of them is really having a rough go of it - in fact, His life is on the line. All He asks of His mates is that they will stand by Him. In the Garden of Gethsemane our Lord says, "My soul is deeply grieved to the point of death, remain here and keep watch with Me." He's not asking them to share in His grief or death - just to stand - to support - to be present. The old Lucy would jump in at the chance, for I have a little Florence Nightingale, "Flying Nun," in me - but now, after this acute bout of jet lag, I'd have to truthfully say, "Excuse me, is that Central Standard Time or Aussie time that you'll be needing me?"

It says that after praying, Jesus returned to His best friends, His closest mates in the world - the ones He thought He could count on - He found them sleeping. He said, "So, you men could not watch with Me for one hour? Keep watching and praying, that you may not enter into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

You know, my Lord could have just as easily been addressing Lucy as Peter, James and John. Right now I'm wearing my pretty little gold cross around my neck. I'm carrying my little blue New Testament in my purse, ready to pull it out at a moment's notice. Next to our hotel bed, lugged all the way from Alabama to Sydney, is my New American Standard Bible with concordance and my favorite devotional books. I mean, I'm a "marching army for the Lord" - if I've had my sleep. Lucy - "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Yes, Lord, but I thought that at any time or place, at the drop of a hat, I could stand up and be counted for You. Lucy, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

I guess it's about time that I really understand that statement. I mean, really comprehend my weaknesses and limitations. I know I've read those passages numerous times, but deep inside, I've pridefully thought, "You know good and well, Lucy, if you set your mind to it, you could do anything!" No, you can't, Lucy, you think jet lag is bad. I guarantee there will be a few more "life rides" that are going to be "loop-the-loops" and it's going to be the spirit - I mean "the Spirit" - "our Lord's Spirit" that allows you to witness in the hard times - the "out-of-whack" times.

I think of the saints and martyrs of the past and those living today. I believe they've all been and are ordinary people, for we've all been from the beginning just "dust stuff." The difference is the spirit propulsion, I mean the "Spirit

Propulsion.” There’s no jet lag, no cold feet, no ambiguity with the “Energizer,” the Holy Spirit.

In John’s beautifully loving Gospel, he simply stated after his Christ’s resurrection in John 20:19b-22, “Jesus came and stood in their midst and said to them, ‘Peace be with you.’ And when He had said this, He showed them both His hands and His side. The disciples therefore rejoiced when they saw the Lord. Jesus therefore said to them again, ‘Peace be with you, as the Father has sent Me, I also send you.’ And when He had said this, He breathed on them and said to them, ‘Receive the Holy Spirit.’” The Healer - the Comforter - the Gift Giver - the Guide - the Illuminator - the Revealer - the Teacher - the Helper - the Sanctifier - the Empowerer.

That’s dynamic news! It is Christ’s Spirit in us that does not allow mountains to be made out of molehills. He knows of the stuff we’re made and it’s not “tough stuff” or “hot stuff,” just dust - but with a little bit of breath - His breath - ah - the Saints begin to activate and it doesn’t matter a “hill of beans” what the Greenwich Mean Time is!

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy