

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

“Reach out, reach out and touch someone,” as the telephone jingle goes. But what if you can’t see to reach out or worse yet, what if you are so inwardly turned, to the point of implosion, that you can’t reach out?

I guess the reason this came to mind was that one of the most interesting people on our trip to New Zealand was a lady who was partially blind. I’d never before spent a week on a bus with a blind person. Her husband was our “red team” captain, so that the original thirty was narrowed down to fifteen. There were the “reds” and the “blues.” We couldn’t possibly have been called the A’s and B’s or one’s and two’s, because everyone was a “type A,” or at least half of each couple was.

Anyway, there was competition -- competition on the big things and competition on the little things. Some bungee jumped, rope swung, microphone sang, danced, water skied, skeet shot, fished, boated, helicoptered, sheep sheared, lined up, boarded and deboarded --Fast--for points for the team. (The red team won.)

Others of us straggled behind and gathered rocks or scenery. Often my partner in “crime” or uncompetitiveness, was this dear blind lady. At first, I thought it was her eyes that slowed her down, not her disposition. But I was wrong. She said that her husband loved to be “on time” and

“manage” her and she usually allowed him, but by nature, she was a straggler, too. Yea -- a fellow “tagger on” -- another “rope wanderer” -- (that’s someone who likes to explore, as long as they have a rope tethered to home base).

She told me that as a girl of seventeen, she had borrowed some of her mother’s fingernail polish -- couldn’t open the bottle, so tried to heat it over the stove, where it had exploded. It left her totally blind in one eye and partially blind in the other.

“Oh, how awful!” I exclaimed, really getting into the awfulness of that visual loss, when she went on and told of the benefits of the growth opportunities that her loss had afforded. She’d graduated from high school and college with the aide of her friends, who did all required reading for her. She’d married, raised a family, then decided, after years of volunteer work, to go back to school. She earned a degree in counseling and now had her own practice, specializing in marriage counseling.

“Oh, how wonderful!” In five minutes, my “awful” empathy had been transformed into “wonderful elation” -- a real metamorphosis. I realized that “reach out, reach out and touch someone” had nothing to do with one’s eyesight.

The word “metamorphosis” reminds me of the moth I saw two nights ago at the lake. Because of traveling, we hadn’t been there in almost a month. In that short amount of time, the winter had given way to spring. It was pouring down rain.

I felt like the blind man that Jesus laid hands on, twice, in order for the man to see clearly. With Christ's first touch, everything wasn't totally clear, it was blurred -- like the pouring-down rain distorted this spring beauty. I could see azaleas, dogwoods, fields of blue and white wisteria, and little spring green leaves popping out. Thank goodness, it was storming. It would have been too much to take in -- too beautiful to fathom!

I needed gradual exposure -- a little blurriness. The raindrops softened the glory, so that it was palatable to my senses. The real thing would have been too much to comprehend. Maybe the blind man also needed a little time to adjust to the glory. It says in Mark 8:22-25: And they brought a blind man to Him and entreated Him to touch him. And taking the blind man by the hand, He brought him out of the village, and after spitting on his eyes, and laying His hands upon him, He asked him, "Do you see anything?" And he looked up and said, "I see men, for I am seeing them like trees, walking about." Then our Lord Jesus laid His hands upon his eyes and he looked intently and was restored and began to see everything clearly.

I believe that it was Christ's compassion, not ability, that slowed the healing process down. And I thank Him for this rain blur that slowed this spring down for me.

Back to the moth, I'm sorry how my brain's bouncing, it must be the jet lag again. Anyway, the first night at the lake

the storm grew worse, never letting up. The wind howled -- lightning -- thunder -- I mean, a real "Noah storm." I looked up from writing and there, on the window, was a huge green moth. I mean, it's raining and storming and Noah wouldn't want to go boating tonight and here, flying in for a rest, comes this big beautiful green moth. "Flying in adversity." That's what that moth was doing, "Flying in Adversity."

Now I want to think about "Implosion." I want to consider those who can't "fly in adversity" in the storms of life - - those who are so inwardly, self-absorbed or so totally life-crippled, that they not only can't fly, they can't even take off. And the worse scenario is those that implode and disintegrate because of their limited vision. I think of Peter and Judas -- both denied and betrayed their Lord. When confronted, one wept bitterly, then got up and became a "rock." The other hanged himself. One accepted forgiveness -- the other couldn't. One flew -- the other crashed and burned.

Much as we'd like to deny it, I think we all have a little Peter and Judas in us. We all are sinners - deny-ers -- even betrayers -- at one time or another. The difference is, as Christians -- we are to be flyers -- getting ready for those eternal wings to come. And what are we to do for those who just can't seem to lift off -- for those whose life seems to be stalled or their wings clipped? I suggest, "Reach out, reach out and touch someone," might be just the right approach for a rise to occur.

Isaiah says in 40:31, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

Lord, may we take flight, even in adversity. May we carry friends piggyback, if need be, until they get their wings? Oh, but of course, I forgot -- You piggybacked us all -- through Your Son, our Lord.

Let's go flying -- "up, up and away." You, Lord God -- are the "Wind Beneath Our Wings."

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy