

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

Guess where I want to go? Do I hear, "Oh, no, not back to the woods?" Sorry. Maybe this will complete the "Woodland Trilogy." All I know is that there is more to the story and it's about prayer. Oh, and it is so very hard for me to write to you about this Holy Communication. It's so very, very personal. I believe each one of us is called to pray - called to communicate with our Lord God, in all three forms of His Personage - to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. This "one-on-One" communication, I believe is to be the most important activity of our lives. Again, I repeat - it is the most important activity of our lives.

I don't understand the dynamics involved, but I do acknowledge the demand of my Lord God for my attention. My precious friend, Judy Stewart, explained this relationship so simply and beautifully last week during Holy Communion at our Prayer Retreat. We, the participants, were asked to give a sermon. There was no awkwardness, no "You do it, Mikey" mentality. Humbly, for about 30 minutes, different ladies stood and reverently, but boldly, shared prayer insights. Oh, and I wish, that I had had a tape recorder. Just like I wish that I had had a rock to mark my prayer ground. I would have loved to have been able to play and replay those humbly, bold declarations of faith. The uniqueness of each testimony reconfirmed the uniqueness of each person's relationship with God. Back to Judy. This precious fifty-year-old, four-foot-eleven-inch child of God stood

and shined. She said, "You know whose voice I love hearing more than any other person's in the world?" We all inwardly nodded. We all knew. You see, Judy loves Robert. Robert is her son, her only son, her only living child, and Judy loves Robert, not in a possessive, smothering way, but in a thanksgiving way. She knows that he is a gift from God. We all know that. With that knowledge, there's no possible room for haughty pride, but just humble pride. A constant "Thank you, Lord" exudes with every statement of love about Robert. Over the years we friends have watched and enjoyed and relished this child's development into a fine young Christian man. The mama beamed; we beamed too. Judy loves Robert. She went on to say that she loved hearing Robert's voice in all situations and under all circumstances. We all inwardly agreed. She then went on to proclaim that if she, the sinner, thirsted for this communication with her child, think how much our God, the Sinless Creator, thirsted for His children's communications. "Yes!" I repeat, "Yes! Amen, sister!" I inwardly proclaimed.

You mean my prayer doesn't need to be perfect? That I don't need to clean up my act before this "Prodigal Daughter" returns to her Father? You mean He wants to hear from me, just as I am, now? With the words and heart and mind that I have today? Wow!

Again, I think of a mother and her child and their communication skills. Over and over, I've seen a mother interpret her baby's, then toddler's, then teen's, then adult child's words. Ga-ga is what I hear the infant say. But his interpreter, his mother, beams and translates an utterance to "I would like some more juice

with my cereal please, mother dear, and I love you.” Oh, how a mother and child can commune and that is what we are to do - commune “one-on-One” with our Father - commune - daily - commune - just as we are - commune.

We often end our prayers with “Through Jesus Christ our Lord.” I believe He is our translator. He takes our baby talk and stands in the presence of His Father, and because of His Crucifixion, can translate our broken utterances into acceptable prayers.

Again, I want to repeat, I don't understand all the dynamics, but I do feel the call - the call to commune with the Almighty. It's like a magnet, a pull towards my Creator. I can ignore the pull, can fill my world with busyness, but the pull is always there. It is constant and the constant does call me.

I'm sitting out on a wonderful deck at a lodge. When I started writing to you, it was before 6 AM and dark. I pulled a chair up under a lamppost to see. As the day broke, the light automatically went off. I looked up and much to my delight, found that I was seated under a beautiful dogwood tree and that the lamp post that had illumined my darkness was cross shaped, having a lamp attached to each one of its arms.

“Lord, let your light shine on me,” was my prayer song. And that was enough, I think, acceptable, I think, for it was a spillover from my heart. I've read books on prayer. I've practiced different techniques of prayer. I've named them, categorized them, planned them - but still, I believe the ones that are most acceptable - most pleasing to my Lord - are heart-spills - love overflows. Sometimes

joyful. Sometimes desperate cries. Sometimes baby talk. But we have the Translator to help with the communication - our Lord Jesus -- "one-on-One."

"And it came about while He was praying in a certain place, after He had finished, one of His disciples said to Him, 'Lord, teach us to pray,' and He said to them, 'When you pray, say:

Our Father who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done

On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,

forever.

Amen.

Your sister in Christ,

Lucy