

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

My Precious, Precious Pilgrim,

Today your letter comes in poetic form. If you heard yesterday's letter, you know that I am in St. Croix with my husband, family and friends. It's a grand vacation. Everyone has been up and at 'em - busy, busy with various activities - everyone, that is, except me. You see, I needed some "be-ing" time instead of some "do-ing" time today. I needed to be able to continue to step back and process the deaths of two precious children that died last week at Father's Purcell's Exceptional Center - Charlie and Tim - were both twelve years old. Both had lived longer than expected given their bodily limitations. It was just happenstance that each died within the same week. Their lives and deaths have profoundly affected me. Yesterday I compared myself to being a soft-shelled crab. I'm very vulnerable. To see these two precious little ones soon after their departures, of course, affected me profoundly. Their lives were gifts; their deaths were gifts. I was given a deeper sense of God's blessed assurance. It helped me to write about these boys to you yesterday. And now, out of the blue, I need to write once more. This time, in poetic form, which isn't my strong suit. But still, I think this helped. It's a more condensed form. It's helping me to look closely at this life experience jewel that the Lord has allowed. And then, by God's grace, I'll try and join the rest of the house party in some of their activities. Here goes:

Ode of a Soft-Shell Crab

*Here's to the St. Croix party of eight
Who allows me not to participate.*

*While you snorkel and scuba and swim and sun,
I am a bump on a log and really no fun.*

*You want to parasail and shop and explore;
I want to get in a fetal position and be a bore.*

*You want to dine, dance and play games,
To go meet the new neighbors and find out their names.*

*I want to hide. You want to seek.
I want to stay in my valley. You want to reach peaks.*

*There's no telling why you're putting up with me,
And I want to say "thank you" for just letting me "be."*

*Don't worry. Don't hurry. Don't doubt the outcome.
Lucy hasn't had a lobotomy, nor have I gone dumb.*

*It's just, you see, I need a rest
To process experiences I have to digest.*

*If I don't slow down and take things in,
But keep running and running and running to blend*

*Into this crazy, hazy, fast world of ours,
Where "busyness" is the monster that devours.*

*Peace and calm and meditation and prayer,
Solitude occasionally, where the music doesn't blare.*

*I need this space. I need this time.
I need a safe haven where I can "be" with the Divine.*

*There's so much happening in this glorious world,
Why, right before my very eyes miracles do unfurl.*

*Little ones, big ones, all shapes and sizes,
There's no limit in the "glory" that daily arises.*

*No limits, except those put on by modern man
And I am as guilty as the next, if I don't notice the fan.*

*The fan, the fan which mentally keeps blowing
Keeps planting a seed which is ready for growing.*

*Growing in order to crack my old shell,
To expand my horizons in this world in which I dwell*

*The crack comes. The growth does occur,
Because you allow me to "be" with the "Big Sir."*

*My Lord, my God, gently leads me deeper,
He knows I am a simple child and really a slow creeper.*

*He allows me to be who I am and to go at my own speed;
A stiff-necked, wavering, wandering child He continually does lead.*

*He leads, I follow more or less depending on my mood,
No team player here - by right He should have sued.*

*But no, His way is gentle - Fatherly - and kind,
He says, "This way, child, you're getting a little behind."*

*Behind, but not forgotten - no, He always keeps on calling:
"Yoo-hoo, this way, child of mine, and can you do a little less falling?"*

*"But Father, in my fallen state I do some of my best growing.
On bended knees, humility reigns and that awful pride stops showing."*

*So here I sit, under my blue tent, waiting on the beach
Like a soft-shell crab with no defense, but easily He can teach.*

*"Teach me, Lord, I beg of You, the truths you'd have me learn,
I'm willing to grow a little bit now and take in what you'd have me discern."*

*Then I'll put my armored shell back on and continue in the battle,
The size might be a little large and possibly I'll rattle.*

*But I know you'll continually walk with me while I grow to the right size,
And when it's time to shed once more, I'm sure you will advise.*

*So ready or not, here I come, back into the world I go.
Thanks, group, for letting me "be" and now may I join the show?*

*For the show must go on as it always does and that's the way it should be,
But if you feel a call to have a great fall, please feel perfectly free..
Just to "be" with Him.*

And now, may I read Psalm 139. This version is from the Jerusalem Bible and they use Yahweh for God but, right now, if you don't mind, I'd like to use Daddy.

Daddy, you examine me and know me. You know when I sit and when I rise. You understand my thoughts from afar. You watch when I walk or lie down. You know every detail of my conduct. A word is not yet on my tongue before you, Daddy, know all about it. You fence me in, behind and in front. You have laid your hand on me. Such amazing knowledge is beyond me. A height to which I cannot attain. Where shall I go to escape your Spirit? Where shall I flee from your Presence? If I scale the heavens, you are there. If I lie flat in Sheol, there you are. If I speed away on the wings of the dawn, if I dwell beyond the ocean, even there your hand will be guiding me, your right hand holding me fast. I will say, "Let the darkness cover me and the night wrap itself around me." Even darkness to you is not dark and night is as clear as the day. You created my inmost self, knit me together in my mother's womb. For so many marvels, I thank you. I wonder and all your works are wonders. You knew me through and through. My being held no secrets from you. When I was being formed in secret, textured in the depths of the earth, your eyes could see my embryo. In your book all my days were inscribed, every one that was fixed is there. How hard for me to grasp your thoughts! How many, Daddy, there are! If I count them, they are more than the grains of sand. If I come to an end, I am still with you. That's Psalm 139:1-18.

*Jesus loves me, this I know,
for the Bible tells me so,
little ones to Him belong,
they are weak, but He is strong.*