

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*"I'm singing in the rain  
Just singing in the rain  
What a glorious feeling  
I'm happy again.*

*I'm laughing at clouds  
So dark up above  
The sun's in my heart  
And I'm ready to love."*

*These lyrics by James Cullum from the classic movie,  
"Singing in the Rain," starring Gene Kelly, keeps playing over  
and over in my brain and it makes me smile. It's kind of  
become my husband's and my theme song.*

*You see, he says it was on our third "non-date" walk when  
it started to rain and I grabbed his arm to help steady myself  
so I could walk under the umbrella with him - it was at that  
moment - that very moment - that he knew he was in love and  
we knew, we knew we were in love. Goodness, that was a long-  
winded sentence! But how do you write about a moment made  
up of a few seconds, which is the birthing of a whole new world?*

*Who would have guessed? Who could have imagined? A  
widow and a widower coming together like that. Why, I  
couldn't have. I wouldn't even go on a date when asked! I  
told my church friend who was our cupid, I couldn't. I just  
wasn't ready to go out even though it had been close to a year*

*since my husband died of a massive heart attack. I couldn't imagine loving again even though I knew my late husband Duncan, he would have wanted me to.*

*For, you see, Duncan was a widower who was willing to love again. Often we'd talked about how each love is unique -- standing on its own, never competing or comparing, just unique. And somehow love, Christian love, seems to just create more love. It grows and flourishes, and spreads, and can make you more loving and more loveable. I pray that it has made me thus.*

*Anyway, where was I, oh yes -- the walk -- the third walk before the first date. I'd have to say, it was love at first rain.*

*Over the next few months, yes, that's right, few - five to be exact - we walked and talked and laughed and danced. We shared our stories, our memories, our dreams. We met family and friends - and then we married.*

*Oh, and it was the most wonderful wedding ceremony. We were married in the church where I was raised - just family and close friends.*

*My godfather and eldest son gave me away. That wasn't the original plan, but it just seemed right. This son surprised us the night before by coming from Baghdad, Iraq where he is working, to attend the wedding. And before the service, the groom and bride, that's Paul and me, did meet and greet at the front door of the church, those attending. That wasn't the original plan either, but it just seemed right.*

*It's now been 115 days since that blessed day and life continues to be grand and glorious. It's amazing that even though I am 55 years old, I have never felt younger or more alive. Everything seems fresh and new. It's like the world after a spring rain. The sights, the sounds, the smells all seem to be more vibrant.*

*Have you experienced such a spring rain, Pilgrim, either through love or through a gentle rain on your face? I hope so. I know this experience is not unique to me. Why, just last week after Paul had gone to work - he's a gynecologist and at 65 works only two days a week - it started raining. And praise be to our Lord God, it was one of those gentle, soft, light rains, the type that I've learned to love. I quickly put on my rain gear and ventured out. There is a three-mile woodland trail along the Tennessee River right near our home. Sometimes I walked fast. And sometimes I walked slowly, just absorbing the rain's glory. Those droplets seemed to act like prisms enhancing the beauty of our Lord's creation.*

*Gentle rains seem to close you in. Don't you think, Pilgrim? It's a more intimate world and you have to look more closely to the surround sights and listen more intently to the surround sounds that seem to enfold you.*

*There weren't many people out on the trail, only two joggers and two other walkers, but what I couldn't get over was each joyfully greeted. Each was having just as much fun as I was.*

*Precious Pilgrim, our time is about over, so if you don't mind, I'll smile and sing again - just one more time for today.*

*"I'm signing in the rain  
Just singing in the rain  
What a glorious feeling  
I'm happy again.*

*I'm laughing at clouds  
So dark up above  
The sun's in my heart  
And I'm ready to love."*

*Pilgrim, I think that sun can be spelled capital SON and, yes, our Lord Jesus is in our hearts and because of His indwelling and love, each one of us can love. And you know what? Being a rather poor or creative speller is how I like to see it - why not spell that word rain - "reign" - and let it refer to God's reign - "I'm singing in the reign - Just singing in the reign" - Yes - that spelling is a lot better!*

*Peace. Go venture out into the rain and rejoice. We are loved by Love.*

*God Bless,*

*Lucy*