

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*I see it now. The stage is dark. Dissonant music is playing menacing low. There is a little howling, moaning sound created by a wind machine. A fog maker is pouring out its obnoxiously oppressive white stuff - so that the first two or three rows of the audience are experiencing a slight chill and tickles in their throats. Soon the coughing begins - just enough so that everyone starts reaching into his or her pocket looking for a Kleenex.*

*The mood is set. The apprehension is felt. All wonder, "When will they turn off that blasted machine and is this crumbled-up Kleenex I found, clean?" (Lucy, hush!)*

*One lone actress dressed in black enters from stage left. Her head is downcast, but her posture is upright. As if a regal, but deposed queen, she walks slowly towards center stage. She's mature in shape and mind. (In other words, she's middle aged.) She arrives - pauses - waits - hesitates - until she instinctively knows that by her sheer commanding presence, she has already completely captivated her audience. She knows they are putty in her hands.*

*The night is hers. They are mesmerized. She can feel it. Why, even the coughing has stopped. The one spotlight which has been following her every move - brightens and widens slightly, for at her age, we don't want the light to be too harsh or unflattering.*

*She is ready for her line - the beginning to begin. (She thinks to herself.) "On your mark, get set, go." "Come on, old girl, you can do it - you can do it -- you can do it - you can!"*

*Another scene (I think to myself). Do you know, Pilgrim, how very hard it is to start? -- To pick up this pen and write? To think, maybe I'll just write for the sheer fun of it - every day or at least try? -- Like a real writer does? (Now Lucy, don't take yourself too seriously!) Don't worry. I won't. I mean, I know I'm not really a writer. Not really. Even though there have been books and there are a few unpublished manuscripts. I know I'm not really a writer. I mean, like it's a profession or an avocation. Previously, I've just written in between grocerying or grannying or cleaning or cooking. Well - not too much of the latter!*

*But how can I find time to write daily - for the sheer fun and discipline of it? The possibility is exciting, but scary. What will I write about? To whom? Why?*

*Let's get back to our actress and see if she can help get this thing jump-started. She opens her luxurious lips and liltily lets fall these words - in a dark monotone - shaded with caramelized vowels -*

*"Lucy, be quiet and write - what did she say?"*

*"Fallen trees lie all around like wounded soldiers on the ground."*

*"What? Gross! Pitiful! Put that pen down! I want my money back! Turn that fog machine back on!"*

*The End*

*I guess I've done enough writing for the day. I'm sure the inspiration is there, but not the time.*

*Maybe I wrote that depressingly dark line because I watched a TV biography special on Edgar Allen Poe the other night.*

*"Nevermore! Nevermore!"*

*Was he talking about my writing - not "The Raven?" We'll see - just hold that thought.*

*"Fallen trees lie all around like wounded soldiers on the ground."*

*Maybe tomorrow it will make more sense.*

*Good day, Precious Pilgrim, ah, and it is a good and blessed day for this is the day that the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it. And no, you haven't tuned into the wrong program. This is Living Treasure, and we are still a ministry of Christian encouragement. I know we started a little differently today. What I just read to you was written over ten years ago. Today I was going through some old files and came across this folder that said "Unfinished Writings." It made me laugh when I read it, and I hope it did you. It also so humbly amazed me how our Lord can take our lives, which can go all sorts of unexpectedly different ways and take it all and, by His grace, redeem it. In your letters, you've learned about much of my life, some of the ups and downs and all-arounds, but through it all, through it all, by our Lord's grace, He does reign. I know, as a fellow Pilgrim, that is true of your life's journey too. Sad to say, I'm still not writing daily; I still haven't acquired that daily discipline. But I did today add a little bit to*

*that ten-year-old dismal first line, "Fallen trees lie all around like wounded soldiers on the ground." I think the original inspiration, or lack of inspiration for those words came after seeing the devastation left by a tornado at the lake. I couldn't get over the chaotic path. Huge trees were snapped off, as if they were matchsticks. Ah, but the good news is that today, ten years later, all has naturally recovered like so often, by God's grace, our own lives have.*

*First, let's hear Ezekiel 37:1-14. Talk about a rebirth.*

*The hand of the Lord was upon me, and He brought me out by the Spirit of the LORD and set me in the middle of a valley; it was full of bones. He led me back and forth among them, and I saw a great many bones on the floor of the valley, bones that were very dry. He asked me, "Son of man, can these bones live?"*

*I said, "O Sovereign LORD, you alone know."*

*Then he said to me, "Prophecy to these bones and say to them, 'Dry bones, hear the word of the LORD! This is what the Sovereign LORD says to these bones: I will make breath enter you, and you will come to life. I will attach tendons to you and make flesh come upon you and cover you with skin; I will put breath in you, and you will come to life. Then you will know that I am the LORD.'"*

*So I prophesied as I was commanded. And as I was prophesying, there was a noise, a rattling sound, and the bones came together, bone to bone. I looked, and tendons and flesh appeared on them and skin covered them, but there was no breath in them.*

*Then he said to me, "Prophecy to the breath; prophecy, son of man, and say to it, 'This is what the Sovereign LORD says: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe into these slain, that they may live.'" So I prophesied as he commanded me, and breath entered them; they came to life and stood up on their feet—a vast army.*

*Then he said to me: "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel. They say, 'Our bones are dried up and our hope is gone; we are cut off.' Therefore prophecy and say to them: 'This is what the Sovereign LORD says: O my people, I am going to open your graves and bring you up from them; I will bring you back to the land of Israel. Then you, my people, will know that I am the LORD, when I open your graves and bring you up from them. I will put my Spirit in you and you will live, and I will settle you in your own land. Then you will know that I the LORD have spoken, and I have done it, declares the LORD.'"*

*Talk about a rebirth, Pilgrim. Now here is your completed poem.*

*Fallen trees lie all around  
Like wounded soldiers on the ground.  
Our lives can seem like splinters too  
Shattered dreams that don't come true.  
Ah, but Pilgrim, take heart and see  
Our Lord is redeeming all for thee.  
Trust Him, love Him, follow Him, do  
He climbed up on that cross for me and for you.*

*The mystery is profound  
We cannot comprehend.  
Our Lord is making all things right  
To this we say, "Amen."  
I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
St. Paul and Job did say.  
May we declare this acclamation  
Each and every day.  
Fallen trees - wounded soldiers,  
This is not our demise.  
On that glorious trumpet day  
You and I will rise.  
Sing hallelujah, praise, rejoice,  
Dance like David with a victorious voice.  
We are children of the King.  
We are His beloved, Pilgrim, sing.*

*I am your standing tall, by God's grace,  
sister in Christ,  
Lucy*