

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

We're back! Yes, after a house fire and a year and a half, we're finally back into our house. There are still a few workers here and they're finishing up, but the good news is that we are home -- home, and it feels sooo good! We had a house blessing last week with over 100 parishioners attending. It was truly a celebration and I feel like it's now official -- we are home.

Writing to you, Pilgrim, the scripture that pops into my brain is Psalm 131: 1-3.

"O Lord, I am not proud; I have no haughty looks. I do not occupy myself with great matters or with things that are too hard for me. But I still my soul and make it quiet like a child upon its mother's breast; my soul is quieted within me."

I want to share with you a wonderful image that I don't want to forget and help solidify that scripture, Pilgrim. Last Saturday my 2-1/2 year-old redheaded grandson, Hall Massey, was in a wedding. The family was pretty much on pins and needles, for we didn't know how it was going to turn out. I was told by his mom, my daughter, that the rehearsal hadn't gone quite as planned in that Hall wouldn't walk down the aisle, so we just didn't know what to expect.

On the day of the wedding, my job was to pick Hall up at his house after his nap and take him to the church where he would join his mom who also was in the bridal party. This I

did. Hall seemed a little sleepy and clingy, but we made it to the church. Then tears came forth when it was time for him to get dressed. Looking back on it, I'm now more sympathetic. He was faced with a room full of women -- bride, bride and groom's mothers, grandmothers, sixteen bridesmaids, two flower girls all in various stages of getting dressed. And he was supposed to take off his comfy warm-up suit and put on a white lacy thing, which I bet he thought looked like a girl's.

Finally, after much distress and duress, his mother and I settled him in a relatively secluded corner in the hall where he changed. Then I ran home, got myself dressed and quickly packed an SOS rescue bag for this grandson with juice and crackers and books and toy lamb (his favorite stuffed animal) to be used in case he got halfway down the aisle and quit.

Then I returned to the church, which was packed. I whispered our dilemma to an usher and he quietly convinced his own mother and father to move in on an already packed middle row so that we could be on the aisle and could jump up to rescue if need be. But, "Oh, ye of little faith!" - The grandmother came down the aisle; the mothers came down the aisle; the groomsmen came down the aisle; then the 16 bridesmaids, two flower girls and then Hall Massey. He carried his ring bearer's pillow sometimes like a football, sometimes like a book, whatever, it didn't matter. He walked, walked all the way down that long aisle and then climbed up four steep steps to the alter and stood next to his mom. Whew! I beamed

and caught the eye of his other grandmother and she beamed also, very proudly. Oh yes, I almost forgot, the lovely bride made it down the aisle too.

The ceremony continued just as planned. Hall was hidden and I could only occasionally see his mom lean down so I knew she was quietly talking to him. When it was time for the vows, the bride and groom walked up those same steps, the ones that seemed so tall for my grandson and they went to the altar. And as the minister proceeded to pray, Hall took his pillow and plopped it slap down in the middle of the aisle. He lay down, put his head on the pillow and proceeded to suck his thumb as if it were the most natural place to take a rest that you could find. It was all done very quietly. The bride and groom were facing the priest and only the congregation and the rest of the bridal party could see. He was totally relaxed, totally at ease. In front of over 700 people, this grandson rested in the sanctuary.

With the last amen, his mama gently snatched him up. The new husband and wife marched out, the groomsmen marched out, the bridesmaids marched out, the flower girls marched out and Hall Massey, my precious red-headed 2-1/2 year-old grandson, he ran -- ran as fast as his little legs could carry him down the aisle and out the church. He had found refreshment in the sanctuary and was ready to go out into the world running. "And a little child shall lead." I know it wasn't to Hall that Isaiah was referring, but so often, it is a

child that reminds me of truth, God's truth. "Suffer the little children to come unto me for such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yes.

Once again, Pilgrim, I'm seeking balance in my life and my 2-1/2 year-old grandson seems already to have grasped it.

Pilgrim, rest in the sanctuary and then go out.

Pilgrim, fill up in God's house and then go out.

Pilgrim, dwell in God's home and then go out.

And may I leave you with another gift I received earlier that day from Hall's four-year-old cousin, my granddaughter, Frances. She was sitting on the floor looking at a book in our house, and she looked up at me and out of the blue said, "I love you." Ah yes, Pilgrim, I am home once more. Home is where you hear "I love you" clearest, don't you think? It's where balance begins. Home -- Love. Love -- Home. Ah yes! Ah, and the source of all Love is our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, the only true Home is His Heart. Pilgrim, may our Lord God reign in our hearts more and more.

God bless.

And thank you, Hall and Frances, for the lessons you gave your Googoo.

Resting in the Lord,

I am your sister in Christ,

Lucy

"O Lord, I am not proud; I have no haughty looks. I do not

occupy myself with great matters or with things that are too hard for me, but I still my soul and make it quiet, like a child upon its mother's breast, my soul is quieted within me."

Rest, Pilgrim. God bless.