

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

“Lucy sure has gotten chubby.” I almost died when I overheard this statement being made about me at a party. The gentleman who said it hadn’t seen me in years, for he lived in another state and was visiting. He made the comment to his wife. I knew his words carried no malice, for I know he cares for me and I also for him. He was just making a truthful observation.

His wife was seated next to me. He was seated next to her. She quietly admonished him to be quiet and then proceeded to play like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I played the same game and continued to pretend I hadn’t heard a thing and was totally enthralled with the person on my opposite side. Inside I was embarrassed to death.

No one skipped a beat. The music played on and the party continued. As I said, we all pretended nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Truth, God’s truth, had happened. Goodness, was that out of the ordinary? I hope not. I must confess, however, that when it came to evaluating my own body, I sure hadn’t been seeing the real thing recently. Why over the last few years I’d convinced myself that I looked darn good. I mean, 30 extra pounds sure take out those old wrinkles better than any old expensive night cream. Right? My past bright-colored wardrobe, for I love color, had slowly become

more sedate and elasticized. Give me a break, I thought, aren't I just experiencing the middle-aged, hormonally-enhanced spread that everyone talks about?

"Lucy, be real! Who's everyone? How come the majority of your age group looks like a million dollars?"

"Well, maybe they've spent that much on maintenance."

"Lucy!"

"Maybe they didn't have a house fire and weren't a displaced person for 2-1/2 years. Maybe their husband didn't run for governor two times and you put on pounds so you didn't feel exposed and naked in the limelight. Maybe their 14-year-old loving Labrador dog hadn't died -- Maybe -- maybe --"

"Lucy! Give me a break! Just how "Poor Pitiful Pearl" do you want to play this scene?"

My Precious Pilgrim, sorry for the personal dialogue. No, I'm not starting to talk to myself. Well, maybe just a little. It's just that sometimes it helps to see things on paper if you're trying to walk in truth--God's truth. That's why I think prayerfully keeping a journal can be so very beneficial, notice I said prayerfully, for that seems to help keep Christ in the center.

So, what was my first step on hearing this truth being stated? You got it! I went from that party and had a delightful dinner, possibly larger than usual to help put out the pain, and guess what? It didn't and I knew deep down inside, it wouldn't for it never has, at least in the long run.

"Tell it all, girl! Tell it all!"

Yes, I must confess, I am an emotional eater. Are you starting to think, Pilgrim, "Lucy, I wish you would share this stuff only in the privacy of your closed, locked, hidden journal." Sorry, I'm not keeping one right now, so, Pilgrim, you get the goods. Anyway, I thought you might need to know what one of my thorns in the flesh a la St. Paul is. Maybe it's yours too, or if not, maybe there is some other area in your life, Pilgrim, that hasn't come completely under the Lordship of our Lord.

He says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "Uh oh!" Occasionally, I've turned to potato chips instead of prayer. Our Lord says, "The Holy Spirit is the Comforter" -- not cake. "Uh oh!" Anyway. Enough is enough. You get the picture. Right now I am a little plump. Wait. Please go back and scratch out that word "little." We are trying to deal in total truth here.

So, what am I doing to get this "temple" in better order? How am I becoming a better steward of this gift called my body? Well, first I confessed to and asked forgiveness from my Lord once more. I gave thanksgiving for the exquisitely truthful statement made at the party. It finally fixed my eyes on the fact of fat. Gross! Gross sentence, but true.

I then went and bought a wonderful notebook. The paper happens to be in the shape of a butterfly. Each day gets one page and there are a lot of pages. You know, it took me a

goodly amount of time to get into this predicament, thus I'm giving myself plenty of time for the needed metamorphosis to take place. (It's not just a "diet diary," for I don't want to become obsessive, but rather it's more about balance and relationships.) I've divided the page into three sections. The subtitles are God and me, Others and me, and me. God is in parenthesis in each section, for I cannot walk wisely in any area without His help and guidance.

So, that's it. The diet is boring (for right now, it's pretty much the same items eaten each day), but boring is O.K. I know what I can have and I don't have to think much about it. I'm relating strongly to those Israelites in the desert who ate manna each and every day for 40 years.

Hopefully, my season of discipline won't be quite that long -- but on second thought, it does need to be at least for the rest of my life.

Discipline -- disciple. Discipline -- disciple. Those two words seem to be growing together. I want to be a "Disciplined Disciple." Do you, Pilgrim? As such, I want, rather yearn, for all areas of my life to come under the King of King's Lordship. Right now the focus happens to be on food. I'm sure the Holy Spirit will point out another area of growth possibilities after this "thorn" becomes more ruly.

Yesterday while checking out of a store, I ran into a good friend's sister and she was buying new underwear for she shared that she had recently lost a lot of weight. She said, "I'm

a bad yo-yoer." I thought, I can't do a yo-yo very well myself where as my husband can do tricks like "around the world," "rock the cradle" and "walk the dog."

Then it dawned on me that she wasn't talking about a toy, but rather her weight fluctuation. Oh yeah! I've been there, done that -- over and over again. But today -- right now -- I'm walking in the discipline of the desert and this Precious Plump Pilgrim called Lucy is on the way to the Promised Land by God's grace. I am being transformed into a beautiful butterfly and soon my outside is going to reflect more of my inside -- where you know Who our Lord reigns.

Love,

Lucy

P.S. Pilgrim, my assigned scripture reading for this morning's devotional was 1 Peter 2:4-10. It was a grand "Word" in which to start my day. May I quote verse 9 from the Amplified Bible?

"But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a dedicated nation (God's) own purchased, special person, and you may set forth into the wonderful deeds and display the virtues and perfections of Him Who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light."

Ah, that seems to be a good desert walking traveling tune for today, don't you think? Now, I'm off -- rather we are off -- my Lord and I -- onward and upward to His Promised Land.

Pilgrim, you can join us too! Peace. God bless.