

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

I had completed my task of packing for a trip and was sitting Indian-style on the floor when my precious daughter and her precious three-year-old redheaded son, my adorable grandson poked their heads in the room.

"Hi, what are you doing?"

I showed off my perfect packing. My daughter was impressed. My grandson could have cared less. He came and plopped himself down into my lap and willingly received a few hugs and kisses. I wrapped my arms around him and just out of the blue started singing "Rock-a-bye baby." He seemed to recognize the tune. I couldn't help myself, but started rocking side to side with the words. Then, when I came to the part, "When the bow breaks, the cradle will fall," it just seemed appropriate to keel on over to the side.

He was totally surprised as we capsized. I was taken back a little bit myself. During this maneuver, he was encapsulated and protected by his Googoo's crossed legs and arms. He burst out laughing and squealed with glee and shouted, "Do it again, Googoo. Do it again, Googoo." I did, over and over again.

His responsible mother looked on. Yes, there are definitely advantages to being a grandmother! After Hall's and my rocking and rolling on the floor, of course we'd worked up a

thirst. "Googoo, I want some juice," he said. "No, Hall," his mother said. "Googoo, I want this sheep." He was referring to a stuffed animal that lived in the grandchildren's room. Before I could open my mouth with an affirmative, the mother, my daughter, once more said, "No, Hall," knowing that "no" was also meant for his Googoo. I was a good girl. This time I honored his mama's wishes. I could tell her "no" was a true "no" and I didn't need to push the point, but she knows and I know and she knows that I know, and I know that she knows that if it had just been Googoo and Hall, alone, that lamb and that juice would have been goners -- gone to Hall! His wishes are my commands, if they aren't harmful and not tooo removed from his mama's desires. Ah, the benefits of being a grandmother! After having raised four myself and after having been the enforcer of the "no" word for decades, I deserve a little leniency time. Right, Pilgrim?

Even though that day Hall didn't get to take home a toy lamb or a cup of juice, I do pray his visit did have some take home value. I hope he will remember the safe embrace he received as we toppled over again and again. I want to pass that "safety net" reality down to him, the one that was passed down to me. As I write to you from this desk, I am also gazing upon a portrait of my mother and beside it is a smaller painting of a mother and child walking together. The latter painting was first given to my mother by my grandmother and now my mother has given it to me. Both strongly remind me of

the loving protection each of these ladies gave me while growing up. What that protective, loving environment allowed was an easier transference to and comprehension of our Father God's eternal loving embrace. Talk about a warm cocoon!

Right now, at this very moment, I'm in a very precarious position. My known world seems to be shifting as if an earthquake were taking place. I've experienced wobbly-legged situations and circumstances before. All seems solid as a rock, routines in place, boundaries set, the sun comes up, and the sun goes down. All is well. All is calm. All is predictable and then, "wham," the unexpected situational earthquake comes rolling in and knocks your rhythmic world ajar. You find yourself knocked down flat, face first.

Usually, it happens so fast, so unexpectedly, you don't even have time to say a prayer except, "Help Lord!" which might be one of our best, Pilgrim. Then, after the initial shock, you get up, brush yourself off, try and assess the damage and then, by God's grace, keep on keeping on.

Jesus gave us the wonderful parable about the house built on solid rock. Matthew 7:24-25 says, "Everyone then who hears these words of mine and acts on them will be like a wise man who built his house on rock." The rain fell, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house, but it did not fall because it had been founded on rock. And Luke 6:47-48 says, "I will show you what someone is like who comes to me, hears my words and acts on them. That one is like a man building a

house who dug deeply and laid the foundation on rock.”
When a flood rose, the river burst against that house but could not shake it because it had been well built. They are God’s strong truths, one in which you can put your total trust. The Holy Bible has one episode after another of how solid one’s world is if we follow the Lord God, seek His Face, depend totally on Him. The lives of the Christian saints are just one biography after another recounting their challenging lives and their dependence on their Lord God and His faithfulness in love and protection.

And I concur with Paul’s statement in Romans 8:35-39:

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword?

As it is written, For thy sake we are filled all the day long; We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creatures shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Yes. It is true! Pilgrim, I think we each have to experience our own little individual earthquakes in life. Some might only be a “four” on the Richter scale whereas the next

might be a full-blown whopper of a "nine." That's why I hope and pray that my grandson today received a real sense of what loving, protective arms feel like when you take a topple like we did. I know his mama and daddy, relatives, teachers and friends are giving him such security. Each example points the way and I hope and pray that act of my arms today will reinforce the fact that Christ Jesus is our only sure foundation, protector, deliverer, and savior.

*"Ring around the roses,
A pocket full of posies.
Upstairs. Downstairs.
We all fall down."*

*Yes, Pilgrim, I think I have another song to sing to Hall.
God bless.*

*Your sister in Christ,
Lucy*