

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

I'm sitting at the sandy beach at the lake. It is good and right that I am here writing this all-important letter to you, Pilgrim.

Where do I begin? How do I drop the bomb? No, rather how do I speak truth in love to you, Pilgrim? But that's easy, that's how by God's grace I've always tried to communicate to you. It's just right now my pain is so exquisite.

For days, weeks, possibly even months, many of you have been hearing about my blessed world. There have been challenges, as all of our lives have, but because of our loving Lord Jesus, always blessed. We've gone through a fire, a political campaign, the death of a dear friend and a dog named Daisy.

We've gone through real life ups and real life downs and real life all arounds. If I could send a microphone and a tape recorder to each one of you listening, I know that each one of you could share similar joys and sorrows. It is our human condition. In many of the situations and circumstances we find ourselves, we have no control. We do, however, always have control over how we react.

Do we allow our Lord God through His Holy Spirit to be the Helper, the Healer, the Comforter? Do we totally surrender ourselves to Him, our loved ones to Him, our situation, our

circumstances to Him?

We are called to die to self. We are called to take up our cross and to follow Him, even if that cross is one which we never dreamed we'd have to carry. It is such a cross that I am right now by God's grace trying to embrace.

It is so very hard. It is foreign to everything in which I believe. If there was at this very moment an incision made into my broken heart, it could vocalize its excruciating pain, it would be a piercing scream of "No, Lord, No. I don't want this world in which I'm about to enter." For me, it's like a Gethsemane moment. Even though I don't want it, I do know beyond a shadow of a doubt it is the one to which the Lord has called me.

Within a week to ten days, my precious husband and I will be divorced. "Oh, God, No!" Yes, my precious pilgrim. That is my cross, my excruciating heart pain which I have to share.

You might ask, "But isn't this the same man that we've been hearing about for so long? We've heard about your shared life adventures -- your joys, your sorrows. Lucy, you've repeatedly referred to him as "precious" and you've repeatedly declared your love for him, how can this be? Now you're getting a divorce? I think you've lost all credibility!"

Please hear me out, Pilgrim. My husband is precious. He always will be precious, just as you are and just as I am. Our preciousness comes from our Lord Jesus' act of dying on the cross for each one of us. Our preciousness comes from each one

of us being made in the image of God. Our preciousness is based on our own individual relationship with our Father God, not ever on any human relationship. Preciousness is a fact. It can never be taken away. My husband will always be precious, even if we are no longer married.

This is a tragic, sad situation. It is a death. As I said previously, I am heartbroken. If I could take this cup away and not drink it, I would. I grieve for my children, my grandchildren, my mother, my mother-in-law, my father-in-law, sister, sister-in-law, brothers-in-law, uncles, cousins, friends, acquaintances -- all married people, all divorced people, all families. I wanted desperately to grow old with this one man, the only man I have ever loved. Twenty-nine years is a long time. As I write to you, tears form in my eyes and that is good. They need to flow, for they seem to help in the healing process.

My precious pilgrim, as you know, I share with you much of my life and how the Lord works in it, just as He is working in yours. This program, Living Treasure, is a ministry of encouragement. Our Lord does reign in all situations and circumstances if we allow Him to. I have never felt His loving protection more than in the last months.

Out of respect for my loved ones, you will not hear the divorce details -- the why, what, when, where that our worldly world seems to crave. I will, however, share in the next few days some of the incredibly tender moments where I have

sensed our Lord's protection like no other time in my life.

As I close, I look up and see a host of sailboats skidding across the lake. The breeze is up. The sails have caught the wind. It is my prayer that each one of you catches the Wind of the Holy Spirit, that He may guide and direct and, yes, right now for me, heal, comfort and make whole. I'm so glad our Lord Jesus came to heal the brokenhearted. Once healed, I pray that at that wounded, weakened spot where there will be scar tissue, it will be such a thin place that our Lord's Light can more brilliantly shine through, for I do believe "where we are weak, He is strong."

Pilgrim, does your heart have some of those thin-skinned places too from experiencing some of life's toils and troubles? Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven." Maybe it's from some of those Holy Spirit healed wounds where our Lord's Light can be the most intense.

I'd like to end by once more making the statement, "my precious husband." He is, you know -- because of Jesus. I wish him well. I regret not one moment of our 29 years together. I thank the dear Lord that I had the awesome privilege of being allowed to raise our four children. We have had an incredibly blessed life together. He will daily be in my prayers for the rest of my life.

Ah, Pilgrim, the Wind is up --

I am your wounded, healing,

*hopefully shining sister in Christ,
Lucy*

God bless.

Jesus said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon you because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus, come and heal."