

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

This program is called "Living Treasure" for I believe there are precious gifts given to us by our living Lord God even on the darkest of days. All I can write to you is about my own world, tell you my own story and how the Lord is working in my life, as I know He is working in yours, Pilgrim. We just have to be aware. For me, that awareness can become more keen during devastating or disastrous or desert times. Those rough times can act like sandpaper heightening our spiritual sensory nerve endings.

You know, all have such times when the only light we can perceive, or even if it is just faintly, is that of the Light of God's Son, Jesus, and His love. It can. It will. It does get us through the dark times. We just have to hold on, hold on tightly and trust.

Today, I'd like to write to you about trust. That has been the most glorious of gift words during this season of marital unraveling. When it became crystal clear to me that divorce was inevitable, the option which I believe the Lord wanted and wants me to take, trust became a big factor, trusting in our Lord Jesus. To jump into this totally unknown world of singleness was and still is and will continue to be for quite some time, frightening. As a twenty-two-year-old, I jumped from total innocence to the marriage altar. Talk about a babe in arms. I went directly from my Daddy's arms to my husband's arms, and now I believe I am being called into my Father God's arms.

"Detach, Lucy. It's time to detach." Those were the interior

words I heard whispered to my soul as I drove back and forth to the lake. They were as strong and as clear as I had ever heard. Each pressed intently on my heart. I didn't want to be that reality; but, oh, I knew with complete certainty that was the path I was being told to take.

I knew over the last few months and years I had done all I could. There was a real sense of peace in that knowledge. I had and have no regrets. I also realized that I was becoming an at-risk child of God, for I was at risk of losing who I was, who the Lord meant for me to be, created me to be. I was beginning to lose my "Lucyness" and I knew with all certainty that that was not God's will. Each of us, Pilgrim, is uniquely made by Him, our Creator Father God, and He wants us to continually grow in that design of "His" making. I realized I was beginning to self-destruct, not so as anyone might notice, but internally, I did. There was erosion beginning, a few little rough edges starting to pop out. Occasionally, reactions to situations would be out of character. Occasionally, negative thoughts would uncharacteristically float into my mind. "Lucy" was beginning to lose "Lucy."

For those who have experienced this sad, sad world called divorce, I know you'll understand. For those of you who haven't, count your blessings and please have compassion on us, the brokenhearted. But wait a minute, you know, I guess "brokenheartedness" comes to each and every one of us little lambs, at one time or another. It's just packaged in various shapes and sizes and situations and I am so thankful that our Lord came to heal the brokenhearted.

Now, let me try and get back to today's theme, the one on which I wanted to write. It's on trust. It's amazing, but I do believe the Holy Spirit gives us occasionally a scripture verse or just a word or two for different seasons in our life. For me, over these last few challenging months, the verse given was "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." That's Proverbs 3:5.

On a Saturday afternoon, I was sound asleep on the sofa in front of the TV. It had been a stressful, lonely weekend. I had turned to the Christian channel that plays lovely music and shows glorious scenery, and has scripture verses printed on the screen. I thought it might minister to my pain, which it did, in fact, so successfully that I had gone to sleep. On awakening, there was that precious verse on the screen as if just for me, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." "Yes, Lord" was my inward response.

Then I went to a local huge bookstore to do some browsing around and I bought a cup of coffee and right at the counter was a stack of one magazine only and on the cover of that magazine in big bold letters was, "Trust Me." I laughed to myself.

Then later that night, I once again turned on the television to a different channel to hear a nationally known evangelist and guess what the theme for the night was? You've got it, Pilgrim. Trust - trusting God.

I was getting the message and was beginning to try with God's grace and my breaking heart to allow that letting go of control to occur more and more and to allow myself to fall more and more

into the loving arms of our Lord Jesus and just trust. That was all I knew to do. I couldn't fix. I couldn't change. I couldn't rearrange. I knew that, for I had repeatedly tried with all my might. Now was the time to totally trust in the Lord and to allow Him to be totally in charge of my life. Being by nature a caregiver, this letting go was hard, but at that point I had no other options for survival.

A few weeks later, I had to enter the grown up world of lawyers after which I decided to go look at some beautiful artwork at the Birmingham Museum for beauty always ministers to my soul. On arrival, I saw standing directly across the street from the museum a man, or maybe an angel (who knows). He was holding a large sign which said, "Trust Jesus." This time, I just burst out loud laughing.

Trust, yes. That is my word right now.

I just wanted to share, Pilgrim, with you a little bit of my story today, which today sadly enough includes the unraveling of a 29-year-old marriage. "Ugh!" Lucy -- "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." "Yes, Lord." "Trust Me." "Yes, Lord." "Trust Jesus." "Yes, Lord."

Pilgrim, if I were a cheerleader, I'd do hand signals with:

"Give me a T." "T."

"Give me an R." "R."

"Give me a U." "U."

"Give me an S." "S."

"Give me a T." "T."

"What do you have?"

"TRUST."

"One more time."

"TRUST."

"Say it again."

"TRUST."

"Yea TRUST!"

You know, maybe Precious Pilgrim, we lambs are all God's cheerleaders. This is just a new cheer I've been learning.

Your trusting in Christ sister,

Lucy

God bless.