

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*"I will arise and go to Jesus. He will embrace me in His arms.  
In the arms of my dear Savior, oh there are 10,000 charms."*

*This is the song, which has been playing in my mind all day long and ah, it is a good one if you are on a Sabbath Rest such as I am. I have for the second Saturday in a row spent the day sitting at the water's edge at the lake. It's another glorious blue-sky day. It's been a milder, softer one than last week. There have been no sailboats for the wind is down. Instead of sailboats, I've had the companionship of butterflies. Oh, and isn't that a grand treat? They've mainly been Monarchs. It must be their migratory season. It's fun to watch each one's unexpected arrival. He or she would usually land near the water's edge and soak up the warmth from the sun and sand and after a refueling, take off.*

*I can totally identify with this world for my motives today have been similar ones. I plopped myself down on this sandy lakeside beach early this morning also with this purpose in mind. I'm having a Saturday Sabbath Rest, a Restoration Day.*

*As you know from my last few letters to you, Pilgrim, I am in the midst of getting a divorce. Oh, and it is so sad. It is like a death and must be treated as such. I need time to mourn, to grieve. Twenty-nine years is a long time to be together with one man. It will take more than a month or two to get over. In fact, I believe there will be a hole in my heart from this broken relationship for the*

*rest of my life.*

*My prayer is that I can totally say "Yes" to this pain, sometimes excruciating, sometimes a dull ache. I want, by God's grace, to be able to embrace this heartache. I want, by His grace, not to become bitter or morose or depressed, but rather, by His grace, to be healed and made whole.*

*From this sad situation, I pray for an enlarged softened heart, one more compassionate and loving toward others. I thank our Abba Father daily that He sent His Son to die for us. I thank our Lord Jesus that there is no pain, no suffering, no emotion, no feeling that He, our Christ, hasn't Himself personally experienced. As strange as that might sound, that brings me great comfort. It makes it easier for me to come to His side and cry, knowing He knows every single human hurt imaginable. Mine right now just happens to be caused by a crumbling marriage. Pilgrim, yours might be from another situation or circumstance. The good news, yes Good News, is that we follow the crucified, resurrected, enthroned Christ Jesus to whom we can always draw near and be tenderly consoled.*

*I close my eyes and let the gentle breeze caress my cheek. I close my eyes and allow the sounds of the rhythmic waves wash over my spirit. Healing. Healing.*

*Right now I'm trying to listen to my little wounded self. If I'm tired, I stop. If I don't have the emotional strength right now to do something, even little things like babysitting the grans, which I normally love to do, I'll call and cancel. My precious children*

*understand. I've had to learn it's not about being selfish, but rather about being a good steward. It's about setting healthy boundaries so that the healing can take place.*

*Right now I think the best gift I can give my four grown children and six grans is to give them an example of how one does cope with a tragedy. Yes, for the first time that word came out. It was hard for me to let it surface, for there are so many, many other tragedies in this world of ours, and today divorce has become so commonplace that to call it a "tragedy" seems a little melodramatic. But, you know, I don't think so, Pilgrim. I believe broken relationships grieve our Lord God's heart. If that be the case, how dare we try to soften the blow? The ending of 29 years of marriage through divorce is tragic. The breaking of any holy marriage vows, no matter how long the duration, is tragic. There. Now. I've said it.*

*Instead of leaving this letter on a sad note, I'd like to go back to the butterfly world. That little creature has brought me great strength and pleasure during this season. When the divorce negotiations began a little over two months ago, I took two rings, two pair of earrings to a jeweler and asked for this jewelry to be made into a butterfly pin. I also instructed him that I didn't want that butterfly to look like it had gotten smashed on a window, but rather, I wanted that butterfly to be on the move, soaring. Well, sure enough, it is. Those individual pieces of jewelry represented so many important events: engagement, matrimony, anniversary, birthday. They would have taken on some sadness if I left them as*

*they were, whereas they've been re-designed, re-worked, a metamorphosis has taken place, a butterfly has come forth. All the jewels are still the same; they have just been rearranged. All the jewels of my life, the pieces of the puzzle that make me who I am, the Lord God's little lamb-Lucy, are still the same, but by His grace, a metamorphosis is taking place. I'll soon no longer be a married Christian lady, but a single one. I'll still be His Little Lamb, with the same destination, His Glory Kingdom, there's just a different flight plan scheduled. I wish it weren't so. I named my new home "Lamb's Rest." It is little and lovely and a perfect cocoon for this Lambie butterfly to be transformed.*

*Here's a poem, Pilgrim, I just wrote:*

### *Butterfly Set Sails*

*Butterfly set sails.  
Fly with your gossamer wings.  
Fragile, transparent.*

*Stronger than you look.  
Empowered by Son and Wind.  
Lift off. Take flight. Go.*

*Do not be frightened.  
God's boundaried space awaits you.  
His flight schedule set.*

*Never to return.  
Look to the promised future.  
Don't retrace your steps.*

*You are beautiful*

*Embodying God's glory.  
A kaleidoscope.*

*A floating rainbow,  
A joy representation,  
A hopeful package.*

*You are a blessing.  
Life is a transformation.  
Metamorphosis.*

*Your cocooned cloister  
Made Possible your coming.  
A safe place for growth.*

*Come into the Light.  
Feast on the flowers' nectar.  
Let sweetness refill.*

*Your zigzagging grace  
Your fluttering, floating style,  
You smell the roses.*

*You take time to rest,  
Seemingly to meditate  
Energy restored.*

*Then you're off again  
To unknown destinations  
Goodbye and thank you.*

*A strong reminder  
"All is well" and "All is well,"  
Even in pain.*

*Life is a journey.  
Say "yes" to the adventures,  
Unpredictable.*

*But always worthwhile  
As long as our Lord God leads.  
I am trusting Him.*

*To make all things right,  
To set all the captives free,  
To welcome us home.*

*Paradise awaits.  
May man become butterflies.  
Transforming beauty.*

*Goodbye little friend.  
Bon Voyage and safe journey.  
You blessed this pilgrim.*

*And God bless you, Pilgrim. Peace.*

*Your sister in Christ,  
Lucy*