

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

A family chapel will be dedicated on Father's Day this year. I will be attending along with the rest of the family -- children, grandchildren, great-grans, cousins and friends of Carolyn's and Red's. I know it will be a memorable day and I look forward to the occasion. It is a dear little stone structure much resembling a tiny English village church. It looks so homogeneous with the landscape that you could imagine it having just grown there as if a lovely flower. It's so rightly situated on the grounds of their property that I now can't imagine the little tree shaded knoll without "Carolyn's Place of Serenity" as it is being named.

I know on that special day the appropriate prayers and hymns and words of dedication will be given. I know there will be plenty of photos and memories made so that the day will be a lifetime landmark for those attending. Ah, Pilgrim, but I would like to add a little pre-dedication story which is so sweet and tender that it needs to be added to the family chapel's history in the making.

A few weeks ago while on baby-sitting duty for two of my grans, Hall, age 4 and Lucy, age almost 2, I decided a good after-nap activity, you know you have to be coming up with those like pulling a rabbit out of a hat, was to go visit their great-grandfather. Ah, and what a good plan it was. We went

unannounced, but were thankfully met by them with great enthusiasm. We had the added bonus that the children's great Uncle Joe was also visiting. We were asked if we'd like to go in a golf cart to visit the recently completed chapel.

Of course, we all enthusiastically responded "yes." We loaded up -- boys in the front, girls in the back. I wish I had had a camera to record our adventures, for at such tender ages, I'm afraid neither Lucy nor Hall might remember how Hall assisted his great-grandfather. He was told that his great-grandfather might need a little helping hand when walking and asked would he help. Oh, that precious, precious child took that request seriously. As you know, a four-year-old's normal operating speed is fast, whereas Hall enthusiastically made the necessary adjustment. The golf cart would periodically stop, Hall would hop out, run about a little, and then come back to Red and give him his hand and they would slowly walk together. It was such a tender, tender scene. This redheaded great-grandson of Red's, once a redhead himself, never forgot his job, even when his attention was momentarily diverted to the carp swimming in the reflection pond outside of the chapel. Even then, I would see Hall periodically turn and check on Red to be sure he was doing OK. That was the one memory I want to pass on to my grans.

The other memory involves granddaughter Lucy. Red and I entered the chapel and that meant Lucy did too, for during this entire tour she had either been sitting in my lap in

the golf cart or riding on my left hip when we were walking. We left Hall and Uncle Joe watching the fish and we slowly walked to the front of the chapel. Red took a seat and so did Lucy and I. Red said we ought to say a prayer and I concurred. This redheaded little china doll prepared herself by putting her hands together, lowering her head and closing her eyes. Her great-grandfather and I did the same. Can you imagine the lump, Pilgrim, that formed in my throat? What a privilege to witness such a sight. Then Red proceeded to say the Lord's Prayer. I joined him and at the end, Lucy loudly proclaimed "Amen."

Yes! I believe, Pilgrim, the chapel has already become a holy place, even before the official dedication. For our Lord Jesus said whenever two or three are gathered in His Name, He would be in the midst of them and on this day I strongly sensed His presence -- when a great-grandfather, his great-granddaughter and her grandmother sat with bended head and said our Lord Jesus' Prayer.

Precious Pilgrim, do you know what a privilege it is to be a family historian? We all are, you know, at some time or other. Right now my sister and I are encouraging our mother to write down family stories, ones that she remembers. Of course, my sister and I can recall some, but not all and our perspectives will differ from Mama's. Stories help remind us who we are, from Whom we come and to Whom we belong. They help form our identity in Christ. Sadly today few families have

older generations living with them, which used to be the norm. As a child, I had the blessing of not only a grandmother, but for a while a great-grandmother living with us. Why, I could go up to the 3rd floor and hear family stories almost any afternoon of my choosing.

If you don't mind, your today's letter was meant primarily for two of my grans, Lucy and Hall. They can pull it out whenever they desire and pretend their Goo-Goo has them both tenderly held in her lap and then proceeds to tell them a story. A true story.

*I am your sister in Christ,
Lucy*

P.S. Precious Pilgrim, do you have some glory stories which you might need to tell -- to share? May I encourage you to do so and, oh yes, remember to cherish the past, dream the future, and live the present. God bless.