

*Come Holy Spirit
Use me to Your glory*

Precious Pilgrim,

Today as I write to you - I'm having to dig down deep - plant myself totally on the sure foundation of the Lord Jesus. He is holding, protecting, caring, sustaining, loving on me like No other can. He is the Rock of my salvation. He is my Comforter - my all. And He's yours too, Pilgrim. "This is the day that the Lord hath made - Let us rejoice and be glad in it."

But wait. How can I? How can I rejoice and be glad at this moment in time? For you see, Pilgrim, I am in a season of deep grief, notice not deep depression, but rather deep grief, for you see, my precious darling, the love of my life, Duncan John MacLeod died five months ago of a massive heart attack. He was 62 years young. There were no signs, no symptoms. He lived an active, healthy life - full of energy, vigor, vitality - the most alive, exciting man I've ever known. He was a gift. We had exactly 623 days of absolute marriage bliss. We would end each day with evening prayer and the words "Grateful, grateful" for you see, we couldn't believe the graciousness of our Father God in giving us to each other.

Our worlds, under normal circumstances, would have never met. England meets Alabama in Tennessee! But even more amazing, our worlds had been only a mile and a half away from each other for years. I would yearly go on a silent

retreat at a guesthouse, which was in walking distance to Duncan's house in England - and we didn't know. As I said, he was a gift. His love was a gift. In so many ways, he fleshed out the love of Jesus for me - unconditional love - 623 days of unconditional love. I have been changed and rearranged. His love made me feel beautiful. As I said, I am grateful! Oh, so very grateful - so yes - even on this day - during this hard season - I will proclaim - "This is the day that the Lord hath made - Let us rejoice and be glad in it."

Instead of a letter today, Pilgrim, I'd like to read a story I wrote for my seven grans, age one all the way up to ten. For most of them, it is his or her first experience of death and they did so love Duncan the Cloud as he was fondly called. God bless. Our Lord does sustain. Here's your story.

**Duncan Poodle Dog to the Rescue!
(but not really)**

by

**Lucy Dunn MacLeod
(alias Goo-Goo)**

**To the Grans
with
love**

Duncan died. It makes your Goo-Goo sad. I know it makes you sad too. I am OK because: Duncan loves me and I love Duncan and Duncan loves you and you love Duncan and Jesus loves us all!

That makes us like a big family -- a circle of love. And do you know what? Real, Christ-like love never ends!

I want you to be OK too. Also, I do not want you to be afraid of death. It is OK too. It is like graduation or changing from one room to another. It's a different room, space or place -- a **better** one, rather the **best** one, because it means you're even closer to Jesus.

I was there when Duncan died. We were in bed together. It was 3 AM and we were sound asleep. I woke because I heard Duncan take four deep breaths, just like he was getting ready to swim under the water at the lake. He even moved his arms like he was swimming in a race, which I know he won!

Then he was still, quiet, at peace. So was your Goo-Goo! I knew Duncan was home with Jesus.

Of course, I do and will always miss touching him, hugging him, feeling him. But I'm still loving him all my life! I do and will **always** miss his gorgeous blue eyes and cowboy beard and soldier-like march, his talking and teaching and laughing and playing, his tenderness, thoughtfulness, kindness and fun.

But I'm still loving him all my life! And then, someday, I hope to graduate, too!...in God's time.

But what about Duncan Poodle Dog?

Well, a few days after Duncan died, your Goo-Goo had to go with Jo and Damian, Duncan's children, to Murphreesboro, Tennessee to the cemetery to be sure the plans for the funeral were OK. They were. We then went to lunch at a little café and after lunch we went to a shop to buy beautiful birthday flowers for one of Jo's friends. While she shopped, I went straight to a big basket full of stuffed animals -- all different **shapes and sizes**.

I would pick one up and hug it, then I'd put it back down and then I'd pick up another one and hug it and put it back down. Hugging stuffed animals can make you feel better when you're tired or sad or mad or glad. Don't you think?

None of them felt or looked quite right. But then...but then...I saw **the** most **adorable**, scruffy, **COWBOY-LOOKING DOG**. He even had a bandana and a beard. And I picked him up and sure enough he felt **just right**. He made me smile. He reminded me of Duncan. Even his paws were slew-footed like Duncan's feet. And so I hugged him a little longer and showed him to Jo, then put him back in the basket. As we were leaving the shop with the flowers, Jo stopped and said, "I want to buy that stuffed animal for you."

It made my **heart sing**.

She bought it and she gave it to me and I took it and hugged it in the store and I hugged it as we walked down the street and I hugged it as we got in our car to drive back home. As I said, he felt just right. **And**, as I said, I like the way he looked, too!

As we sat in the car I decided to give this precious gift a closer inspection. I looked at his long, hairy ears. I looked at his shiny brown eyes. I looked at his cute nose and mouth. I looked at his hand-like paws. I looked at his two foot-like paws. I looked at his green bandana. Yes! He was just perfect.

Then...I looked at his tag around his neck. And do you know what his name is? **Duncan Poodl e-Dog!** And, do you know how much he cost? \$20 (which was just the right amount for Duncan and I had a rule: you could only spend \$20 on a present.)

"Duncan Poodl e-Dog to the rescue!"
(but not really).

No, **Duncan Poodl e-Dog** is just a stuffed animal. He is a sweet gift and I will treasure him, but what I will treasure most are the memories of the real Duncan.

Your Goo-Goo has been changed and rearranged by his love. Duncan's love reminds me of Jesus' love and Jesus is the real **Rescuer**. And, as I said, I am OK because: Duncan loves me and I love Duncan and Duncan loves you and you love Duncan and we all love Jesus and

JESUS LOVES US ALL!

P.S. **"Grateful , Grateful !"** (That's what Duncan and I said every night before we went to sleep. We said it because we are grateful to the Lord for each other and for the love that we share. And we are grateful for our many blessings – and that means you!!)

God bless you, precious child.
I love you and so does the Lord Jesus!

Love,
Goo-Goo

*And Precious Pilgrim, I'd like to end our time together with
John 14:1-6.*

*Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also
in me.*

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest and how can we know the way?"

Jesus saith unto him, "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Grateful, grateful, Pilgrim. God bless.

Lucy