

Reaching back across the years

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I settle my thoughts upon a young woman, wife and mother seated in a simple room that once was part of a tiny train depot beside the railroad tracks of a coastal town in central California.



She is bringing forth spiritual truths, nuggets from scriptures that have charmed her in recent times as led there by the Lover of her soul. This is the second year of her opening to eager ones the treasures in the Song of Songs (Song of Solomon) she has come to know.

Her listeners arrive weekly throughout that year of 1983, forming an informal mini-community of hungry learners who will mysteriously band together for decades to come, even across geographical boundaries that would otherwise separate.



Today I am that woman with the brown eyes and red hair (now long white) arriving at your doorstep with baskets full of tasty morsels for your spiritual hunger, tonics for your soul, blankets for the cold, ointments for your wounds. Would you like to invite me in?

Going back yet six years before the above, however, let me tell you how this person got to that little room beside the railroad tracks.

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It was the spring of 1977 and each of the five Sunday nights before Easter, the family and I had been watching a progressing two-hour segment of the new TV movie *Jesus of Nazareth* starring Robert Powell as Jesus. The sixth episode finally arrived and I was watching in gripping horror as the young Teacher before me struggled through His final hours, then his last moments. Our living room clock was in the eleventh hour and husband and small children had slipped away to bed. I was dazed, perched on the edge of the couch. The Teacher was nailed, then jerked upward to the scaffold of the cross. I held my breath as His came with so much labor. He was in deepest agony. It was time now. He looked out across the air waves and directly into my eyes.

"I love you, Lucy. I love you. If you had been the only one in all the world, I would do this ... just for you. I love you." and His head dropped in death.

I was undone. Instantly. Totally. Finally, I stumbled into bed. The next morning after Mel left for work and the children (2 and 6) were still in bed, I took my Bible to the

kitchen table and sat down, intending to read. Suddenly and unexpectedly, with hands raised into the air, I blurted out to Jesus, "I love You, Lord. I love You."

(For a variety of reasons I don't ever remember saying this before, despite having given my heart to Him when I was five years old. Despite as an early teen, answering an altar call during a special revival meeting that touched me deeply and I was baptized the next night along with my father, grandfather and others. Despite having been raised in church, graduated from a Christian college, taught Sunday School, was Women's Missionary President, faithfully attended most church services with our young family, etc., etc.)

I don't know what happened next except I certainly was not reading. When I came to my senses, I noticed that half an hour had passed. The children were still in bed. I was amazed because they were usually up at 7 sharp. *"Well, Lord. If you will keep them in bed during this time, I will give this half hour to You every morning."*

He did and I did! I fell in love. My previously sporadic Bible reading quickly gave way to an insatiable appetite for the scriptures. It lasted and lasted and soon I learned to follow my Lord's fingertips through different books, sections, topics that seemed to link with various places in the Bible. I was fascinated when I found descriptions of Jesus, His appearance, His voice, His emotions, His actions, His teachings, His mission, His everything. He was real, a Person with feelings and He was very present to and within me.

After intensive readings in the Old Testament coupled, of course, with the New, it seemed He wanted to take me into the Song of Songs (Song of Solomon). I had not read much there because it would too often elicit "oh my's" and the traditional teenaged snickers. But, have me in those chapters He would and gradually the Holy Spirit began to show me deeper meanings to the beautiful poetry. As time went on, I was clearly not to read any of the very few small commentaries I could find at our Christian bookstore on the Song until I had lived in those scriptures for months on end.

When I finally did consult those authors, I gradually saw a teaching syllabus taking shape with some of those thoughts and ones I was discovering myself. Through the invitation of our then new pastor's wife, doors opened for the beginning of my sharing those pages with our Foursquare Church's women's group. The rest is history.

Over time, bridal relationship with Jesus became my "life teaching," a magnificent obsession if you will, and has been shared in varying forms, durations, venues and locales since 1982. The language of spousal love has also been prominent in my prayer journal writings. At times a few of these have even crept into my current *The Secret Place* (<https://kdccw.org/thesecretplace>) and some issues of the related *TSP Express*.

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Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Matthew 5:6

At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Matthew 11:25-30