



## APRIL 2024 HUG~IN~A~MUG Vol. 95

*Turn to me and have mercy on me, as you always do to those who love your name. Direct my footsteps according to your word; let no sin rule over me (Psalm 119: 132-133 NIV).*

I woke this morning at 3 a.m. and looked out to behold a heavy, wet, and simply magical, breath-taking, silent overnight snowfall! The weight of it has caused limbs and lines to bow down...to the nature of a fickle Spring! I love it! No camera could do it justice, though I tried! One fights the urge to go out barefoot on the deck and just dance in it. I had been two days without TV, so I was unaware of the weather forecast I missed that stated “heavy snows, icy roads, and a short return to winter” was on its way. Additionally, I didn’t really have the desire to know much else that was on TV, or about this world of ours gone “slightly off plumb”. It seems that an entire year has been spinning away from God’s desires for us!

They say people often *turn to the Psalms for comfort*. It is the longest Book of Psalter with 150 chapters! And I chose Psalm 119, with its 176 verses! And particularly our theme verses with their reference to the word "footsteps" took me to the back of my eyelids, to that familiar poem, “Footprints in the Sand”. In these two precious verses 132-133 **we know: God’s desire for us**. I hear His promise. I feel His “**always**” assurance. And I feel His Guidance directing me on my Journey....which has been full of all those “reflections” I begged you do in the March HUG. Lent finished off an actioned-packed month of March! And we are these last few days, stepping into April’s *four full weeks*, simply getting away from me already! I have searched now, for four days, for the Holy Spirit to wake me before dawn and direct me to a short message for: Post-Lent-2024.

FACT: I don’t know about others, but I confess I’ve been so busy catching my breath from a most unusual Lenten season. (*sigh*) The calendar played a breathtaking trick of sorts! Friends, it was the greatest opportunity and privilege to come to the foot of the throne in deep immersion into The Word and re-live the journey of our Christ to the Cross. My congregation was so blessed with mid-week Bible Study, evening services punctuated by fantastic soup suppers; I table hopped and met so many new faces! We plowed through Scripture and were refreshed and reminded of our faith.... where God the Father directs us to our priceless earthly inheritance: His blood-bought Grace and Mercy...BUT for this still grieving Mother on Palm Sunday, I had to keep busy and rest in the reality of something my “beloved Elder”, Wayne Hensley, spoke to me when my husband passed at age 39, and now my son, at 55: “The Bible promises that when one full year has passed, you will come out from under the pain and Rejoice that they are in Paradise.” It’s so. And I did. And though those dates will always be on the calendar; “The Promise will become a Reality.” In my recent footsteps, I truly felt the Holy Spirit acting on my full recovery: a Palm Sunday will be etched on the back of my eyelids, and I am able to rejoice! You and I, we all are Chosen to be SO blessed!

Lent 2024 began on Valentine's Day back in February; it was 40 days, including all of the month of March! Bold in the opportunity and privilege to kneel in earnest Prayer at the Foot of the Throne, we had delightful, well attended midweek services, punctuated by fantastic soup suppers (in my home church). And we were led to dig deeper (the older I get) and dissect the reality of our faith, where God directs us, thanks to dedicated Pastors, gifted musical staff, AND, straight into Holy Scripture, to His Throne of grace and mercy. My prayer for you all then, is that we go out, take on new and refreshing opportunities! Table Hop! Make New Friends! Make that overdo phone call! Keep watch over the widows, widowers, and those who live in aloneness. Sink deep and daily into your Prayer Chain and be name-specific! Seek out and be BOLD to new faces, offering a hand of kindness. May God direct your footsteps.

In His Precious Name we pray: Father, make me an instrument. According to Your Word.  
*Yours in The Risen Lord, Patricia Reck, Author ~~The HUG*