



NightLight

A NEWSLETTER OF McLEAN MINISTRIES

"take heed....as to a light that shines in a dark place." II Peter 1:19

Volume 262 • March 2015

Dear Friends,



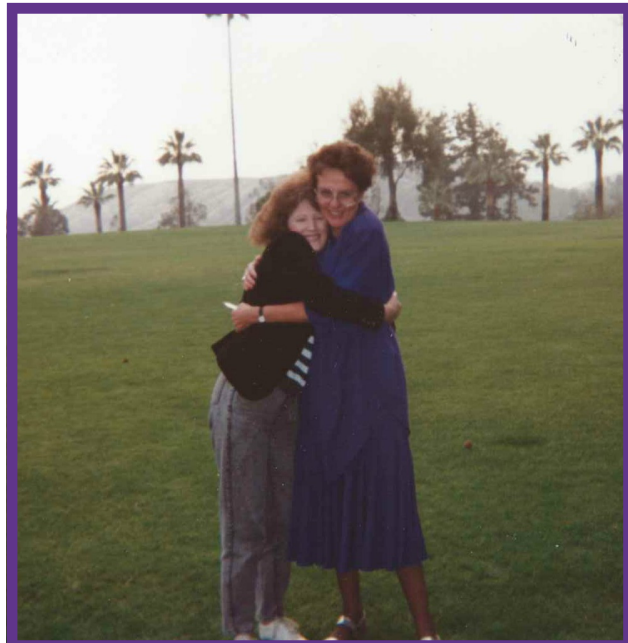
We dedicate this *Nightlight* newsletter edition to Leanne Payne, who stepped over beyond the veil, entering her true Home on February 18th, Ash Wednesday.



"I always keep a globe at hand...I could hardly imagine that God could use me globally. But throwing my arms around a globe, I cried out for God to somehow, in some way, love this needy planet through me. 'Love Your world through me' is a prayer that has been with me ever since."

Leanne Payne





You would think I would have no trouble writing a tribute in honor of our friend and mentor, Leanne Payne. But I have sat at this desk watching snow slowly melt out my window, and my thoughts and feelings seem to mimic the snow-melting, running in all sort of directions. My memories of Leanne precede PCM (Pastoral Care Ministries) by a decade of its beginning in 1981. Her brother-in-law, Gene Mullenax, and her sister, Nancy, were my mentors at the early beginnings of the Jesus Movement, and Leanne's name was an increasing part of our conversation. Though it would be several years before she and I would actually meet, we were in each other's lives from the early 70's on.

So I have forty years of memories. Why is it so hard to express some of them? Why can't I easily write *too* much? Do I write about the healing ministry? Each city would be a book! Chicago, London, Nashville, Dallas...? Do I try to communicate my gratitude for Leanne opening a world to me that my Mississippi education didn't know existed? Do I try to explain the mystery of the moving of the Holy Spirit across a gathering of people like invisible wind across a wheat field, as people from all walks of life are transformed by the Real Presence of Jesus? I can see it all clearly in my mind. All I need to do is simply try to describe any part of each of these memories.

But I can't seem to write no matter how much I try. What I remember most, the only memory I seem to be able to capture and relate to you now to honor her, is that this woman of God met a deeply confused and broken man in his mid twenties, who could not even understand most of what she was talking about. I was so self-focused and lacking in discernment that I misunderstood and then mishandled, nearly every gracious gift she offered me. Years later, after I had come to understand, she said to me, "Clay, the Lord told me that you would not understand, and I was to be

very patient and never give up, because you would eventually get it.” Her sense of humor about my obtuseness took the sting out of the conversation about it. I was able to laugh with her because she was never laughing AT me, but rejoicing with me at the kindness of God in His guidance to her of how to guide me.

I am pretty much convinced I am alive today because she heard the Lord and obeyed Him, much at her own expense! Leanne has been my spiritual mother, guiding me into the healing I needed so desperately, which enabled me to marry Mary, and birth this current ministry for the glory of God. So if you will allow me these moments not to talk about how she helped to change the course of Western Christian thought, or how she laid down her life to bring the truth to a culture lost in intellectualism, sophistry, dead religion, and moral insanity, or how she pioneered an impossible ministry by herself as a divorced, Charismatic, woman (three strikes against her before she ever started!), then I will be grateful to you. I just need to sit here, look out the window at the snow, listen to Mary working quietly in the next room, and be so deeply thankful for Leanne, and for all she gave her world. But mostly, I want to contemplate what she gave....to me.



Closing Thoughts...



*"We saw the world, didn't we, Clay and Mary!
And we spoke the truth to it..." Leanne Payne*



*Yes, Leanne. And we will continue to do so until
our time comes to step over. By His grace. In His Love.
Clay & Mary*

McLean Ministries

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