



NightLight

A NEWSLETTER OF McLEAN MINISTRIES

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

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Dear Friends,



*Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these.
(Matthew 19:14)*

*I tell you the truth, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.
(Matthew 18:3,4)*

Jesus Christ uses the child-spirit as a touchstone for the character of a disciple... as an expression of the simple-hearted life we should live as Christians...We are to become as little children, with openhearted, unprejudiced minds in relation to God. (Oswald Chambers)

[Excerpt by Clay from a 1997 writing]

I miss album covers. I can close my eyes this moment and remember in vivid detail the sensation of becoming emersed in the colors, designs, lettering, and liner notes. It was akin to the moment Sebastian opened the Never Ending Story, or Lucy passed through the wardrobe into Narnia. Opening an album (of course not just any album - Herman's Hermits or The Animals didn't quite do it) was taking a leap into another world - a world of magic, wonder, beauty, and powerful emotions that my young heart could hardly contain. Often, before I ever put the needle on the record, the sense was coming to me just from the cover, that there was a greater higher place than my little dark sexually confused world, and I was invited up into it.

I remember one particularly degrading afternoon. I had spent it submerged in the macho sexual culture in which I was about to drown. I left the gym showers wishing I could go somewhere and take a shower for my soul. I walked into the kitchen at home to find a parcel on the bar. My mom said, "I ordered this for you. I just thought you might like it." It was album

shaped! I went straight to my room (the only place you can open an album correctly). I carefully broke open the cardboard holder and pulled out the contents. It was blue, that deep rich royal blue that Disney (REAL Disney) always used for the color of night skies. The lettering was gold. I laid back on the bed and just drank in the way the gold blazed out from the blue field, one Old English calligraphy letter at a time. It said, "All the Majesty and Grandeur of Handel's Messiah."

I stared for what seemed like an hour (but there is no time at a moment like this, not time as we measure it) just trying to take in the word **Majesty**. I stared at it. I tried to drink it with my eyes. **Majesty**. The sounds of Handel's music which the gold and blue heralded began dancing through my memory. My eyes could not take the **Majesty** in. Instead, tears began to pour out. I was in that shower for my soul I had longed for. If I had known how to do it then, I would have simply rolled off the bed and onto the floor on my knees and worshiped the **Majesty** Himself. But I didn't. I was nearly 14 and I was slowly losing my ability to fly.

The wardrobe door was closing. I was beginning to forget the deep magic. I was 'growing up.' What I would have naturally known how to do as a child, I was resisting as a teen. By young adulthood I would refuse to do it, and spend a painful period of my life worshiping the creature instead of the **Majesty**. But, when the 'adult' shell finally cracked years later, the little child inside would still remember how. And he would teach the 'adult' how to bow and cry and sing and worship again.

Clay and I have talked together often in the last months, especially about dying well. Dying well is the last part of living well. And living well is about an ongoing relationship with our Blessed Trinity, where we grow in our ability to receive and give love. Our true self is our eternal child heart, which needs to emerge, develop, and grow. We grow forever young, as one writer has said. We come full circle back to the eternal child that is the core of our true self in Jesus Christ.

Spiritually we never grow old; through the passing of things we grow so many years young. The characteristic of the spiritual life is its unageing youth, exactly the opposite of the natural life...The Ancient of Days represents the eternal childhood...The mature saint is just like a little child, absolutely simple and joyful and lively...There is a marvelous rejuvenescence when once you let God have His way. (Oswald Chambers)

But unfortunately, many of us have put away our 'knowing' from childhood. We have forgotten how to fly. We have forgotten the deep magic we knew and experienced as children. So many of our early pictures have been lost, or repressed, or squashed, or rejected, or locked up and put away deep within us. We wrongly thought it was what one did to grow up and become an adult. We threw out the baby with the bath water. We

mistakenly discarded our childlikeness along with our childishness. We thought it was the way to get on with life. Instead, we found ourselves growing old rather than growing forever young.

As a result, we have as adults emotionally starved personalities. We have lost pieces of our true personhood. We have put away our childlikeness along with our creativity, good imagination, and spontaneity. **We have lost our wonder of the Majesty.** Life has become a serious affair, full of things to do and a growing sense of responsibility that squeezes out of us time for simple joys. Time to just be still and know. Time to renew our vision to truly see through to the heart of things. Time to experience the deep magic. Time to smile. Time to adore the **Majesty.**

I do not think we have enough of the wondering spirit that the Holy Spirit gives. It is the child-spirit. A child is always wide awake with wonder. But as we get older we forget that **a child's wonder is nearer the truth than our older knowledge...**The childlike wondering mind of the Holy Spirit was exhibited in the Lord Jesus Christ as everlasting wonder and expectancy at His Father's working...**The Lord Jesus spoke and worked from the great big child-heart of God.** God Almighty became incarnate as a little child, and Jesus Christ's message in us must become as that of little children. (Oswald Chambers)

The evidence of a childlike life is JOY. Joy doesn't come and go like happiness. It resides within us through good times and bad times. It endures through sorrow and pain. It is the true joy of the Lord which is our strength, our energy to live. May our adult shell crack, and our childlikeness awaken within to teach us how to truly live - rooted in joy. Our eternal child within remembers how to bow and cry and sing and worship the **Majesty.** And it is how to die well, too - **adoring the Majesty.**





Update on Clay

*The Lord gives strength to His people;
the Lord blesses His people with peace.*

(Psalm 29:11)

*Clay continues to slowly decline,
with additional conditions that
accompany his weakening body.*

*We are both exhausted, but
peaceful, knowing our loving
Father has us in His intimate care.
Please pray for pain free days for
Clay, and continued strength for
me to care for him, as Clay
expectantly awaits his Homegoing.*

Adoring His Majesty, Clay & Mary

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