

LIGHT

Bismarck, North Dakota

July 20, 1958

I am a compulsive reader. I read in line at the store, in the bathroom, even at red lights (if I'm not the first car). In emergencies, I like to tell my students, I read soup can labels.

And I always read in bed at night— a snack, a book, my beagle by my side, the cat purring on my stomach— what more could a woman want?

My RV lights are powered by either— real— electricity (through my— shore cable,— a thick cord with an enormous plug at the end) or my battery. That was true of the trailer we had when I was a child, too. And it felt like a disaster when the battery failed and I couldn't read at bedtime.

The family trip log says, —Nice park— free, too, and a swim in Missouri river. But when night fell, so did disaster— something wrong with 12-volt lights. Too late and dark to fix, so Elsi read by flashlight until we all went to bed for lack of illumination.—

A flashlight easily solves the problem of darkness when I want to read. But only the Lord Himself can provide light in the darkness of depression or sin. Luckily (gracily?), He is the light of the world, and I can count on His light shining where I need it.

*You, O Lord, keep my lamp burning;
my God turns my darkness into light.
(Psalm 18:28)*

