

Excerpts from Chapter 9
WRITING FOR THE SUPREME EDITOR
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HOMESPUN WRITING

I have been happy to understand from the Supreme Editor that not all of my writing should be targeted for publication. He intended that a great deal of it through the years was meant to flow from my heart to the hearts of my family and also to my friends. Period. When it was received, mission accomplished. I believe the Supreme Editor is pleased with that kind of homespun wordsmithing. Whatever I wrote to them is published on their hearts and at the same time a copy is sent to Heaven to be permanently stored.

Ordinary life situations of my adult sons and their families, the grandkids and the great-grands are occasions for me to write heartfelt messages to them. Especially when some beyond the ordinary circumstances come up in their lives—illnesses, anxieties, dramas and traumas, graduations, births, promotions, birthdays, weddings, anniversaries—all give me opportunities to reach out and touch those I love with some written understanding and encouragement. I have always jumped at the chance to substitute or supplement an already printed greeting card with something of myself. I have been personally disappointed to receive beautiful, expensive cards with only a signature. I always look for more. Since 1944, Hallmark has promoted their cards with the slogan, “When you care to give the very best.” I understand, of course, that the reason greeting cards are designed and so popular is that people may not have something of their own to express or they don't know how, so they look for a card that will say it for them. All well and good, but in my case, *my very best* means to send along my personal expression in writing.

It is quite a joke in my family that if they do receive an already printed card from their mom/grandma) it is usually souped up somehow with crossed out words in the printed message or underlines or word substitutions or additions to personalize it. That doesn't mean that each time I compose a polished literary piece of writing to my family, although sometimes I might enclose a copy of one of my recent blog posts which is relevant to the situation. More often it is my personal message targeted directly to what is happening in their lives. I take care to avoid being preachy and focus on understanding and affirmation as a supplement to praying for their need.

My Writing Limitations and Potential

I use the term “write” very loosely. I understand that something handwritten would seem to be more personal and weighty, but unfortunately in my case, such a treatise would not be legible. I admit to cheating on my practice in third grade of the “ovals and push-pulls” as they were called way back when. I persisted in doing the forbidden finger writing when our teacher, Miss Snyder, wasn't looking, rather than using my whole arm movement handwriting as the standard Palmer Method universally taught in schools early in the 20th century. I wasn't embarrassed, although I should have been, when I still accepted my Handwriting Achievement Certificate along with the other third grade non-cheaters. I think I must have been born just a little too soon historically because I have had to wait until the computer was invented later in my life to write the lion's share of my published books. It was still not too late for me to make full use of computer technology for my writing career and rescue me from the pitiful pit of illegible handwriting.

I do virtually all of my writing ministry by email. I think the apostle Paul would do the same were he writing his letters in this generation. Of course the Internet wasn't invented yet when the apostle Paul was alive. He wasn't even able to send his letters of instruction or prayers by Pony Express, certainly not Priority Mail. When he wrote to the geographically scattered churches that he

founded, the letters would have been sent by ship, then finally hand-carried. They were meant to be read and re-read aloud to the young congregations by the leaders and then passed around for the edification of other groups of believers. And preserved for future Christians—*us*. We have no idea whether Paul ever dreamed of them being “published”—would not have known what the word even meant.

The apostle Paul wrote his prayers as well as his instructions and encouragement for building up the fledgling believers. Nineteen of his prayers, short and long, for all different circumstances and geographical locations are recorded in Holy Writ for our edification. Because we, more than twenty centuries later can still read them, study them, hear them in our liturgy, and be blessed and built up in our faith by Paul’s prayers, shows that what we pray may be written down for more permanency. Paul’s written prayers are just as efficacious spiritually as they were when he freshly prayed them.

Don’t you think Paul would have used every technological and scientific invention and modern media if they had been available? He would more than likely have had a web site and used Facebook and Twitter to reach an international following. I’ll wager he would have written his prayers and sent them instantly through cyberspace by e-mail!

I *do* have modern media at my disposal. I can use e-mail to connect with friends, my family, loved ones, needy and hurting people who reach out to me asking, “Please pray for me.” I’m increasingly sensing the Holy Spirit’s urging to pray and to write to my friends as part of my homespun not-meant-for-publication writing.

If I were to write a prayer or an encouragement in the flesh off the top of my head, it would be prideful unless I invoke the Holy Spirit’s help. Only God is omniscient so of course I don’t know what my friend’s deepest needs are, but the Holy Spirit knows. I count on Him to shape what I write according to the will of the Father so that the prayers are certain to be answered in God’s way and time. (Romans 8:26-28)

When I write a prayer, I must first be still and listen to what God may want to do in the life of my friend. I shouldn’t try to be eloquent but simple and sincere. In honest humility I must not write or pray out of turn. I must not superimpose my thoughts or preach sermons disguised as prayers. I must pray Scripture into my friend’s spirit because therein lies God’s mighty power.

I must be receptive to the gifts of the Spirit that He would give me as I pray for a person or write to him. I will pray with David, “*May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart [and my prayer and the words that I write] be acceptable in Your sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.*”

Not a Writer for Children but...

In recent years when some of our sons married and even my grandchildren are establishing families of their own, I’ve had fun with the genre of writing for children—again, *not for publication* but in personal situations. The following will offer some examples of my homespun writing.

When one of my granddaughters was pregnant with her first child, I composed a prayer for the entire family. It included the following paragraph: “...Give Daddy Brian wisdom and gentle care, love and protection for Mommy Kara and baby. Let baby hear the words of love that her parents speak to her even while she is in the womb. Fill her parents’ hearts with awe and wonder at their privileged part in Your creation of a life that will continue into Eternal Life as Your Son Jesus promised. Thank You for already having planned each day of baby’s life even from before the foundation of the world...”

Before baby was born, I composed her imaginary conversation with God based on a paraphrase of Psalm 139:13-18 about the wonders of a human life with an eternal soul being formed in a mother’s womb. It began as follows: “You, O God, are in the process of forming my inward parts; You are weaving my physical body together in my Mommy’s womb. I want to give You thanks for I am being magnificently and wonderfully made; Awesome things are happening to me as I grow every moment of

the day and night. My eternal soul that You have given me already from the first second of my conception knows it very well. Even my bone structure does not escape Your attention. You are skillfully forming all my body parts and organs in a secret place not seen by anyone else ever (until they invented the sonogram!)....”

When Makenna was one month old I wrote a poem welcoming her into the earth's zone of time at this period of history for the special purposes of God. My repeated litany phrase was, “*Sweet little lady, new to the world.*” Year after year I followed with an original story I wrote for her every combined birthday/Christmas since she was born so close to Christmas. It began a tradition on my part for that family as I linked each story to an object which I gave as a gift on that occasion. I typed out each story on my computer and had it laminated to preserve it.

And the Stories Keep Coming

It happened that for the next few years I found mostly little porcelain angels in different poses in the White Elephant room at the Parish Fair. Each year I try to “pretend-listen” to the little statues and let them tell their unique stories. *The Two Sisters* story came to pass after another baby, Myla Lynne, joined the Humes family. Two Angels named Chera and Sera became their Guardian Angels. The next year I couldn't find any angels on the Fair shelves, but I found an intriguing porcelain cottage decorated in a way that let my imagination take flight for the story *Cuddle Bear Cottage* where the bear family had just welcomed a new baby cub and all the woodland creatures came to celebrate with them. The next Christmas I found double angels holding a candle together kneeling in worship and singing. *Lots and Lots of Angels* was the title of that story as they retold the account from the Bible about the first Christmas from their experience as part of the Heavenly Host which appeared to the shepherds in the fields. I wove in the titles of Christmas carols that the Humes children would recognize. The next year I found on the shelves of the Fair another two angels who had an adventurous assignment to bring two special messages of joy to the two Humes girls. My imagination brought *Angelica and Angelina's Christmas Visit* to life.

I am not playing favorites among my grands and great-grands, but I can't keep up with writing stories for each of them, especially since their numbers seem to be regularly increasing. For another son's family I wrote personalized *Welcomes* for the births of each of their children centering on the meaning of their names, which the parents framed.

My homespun writing took another direction for the youngest of my grandchildren, Jeffrey, who lived in another town but during his pre-school years and early childhood he spent an extended time living with me. Wanting to preserve some of those early memories and adventures for him, I kept writing them down for him as if he were writing them about himself at his level of expression. That turned into a binder full of his memories we called *My Adventures With Grandma Bubi by Jeffrey 2003-2005*. A full color photo of Jeffrey at age five graced the cover. Topics were momentous for him at that age: Dogs and cats in our neighborhood, Being snowbound in the big snow of 2003, Lil' Fella, my woodland turtle, Songs we sing as Grandma drives me to school, Birds nests in our fir trees, Listening to the night sounds, Coloring eggs at Easter and making cookies, Things we do at bedtime, Riding in Uncle Rick's John Deere backhoe, Discovering the den of little foxes, My first report card from Rosedale Kiddie Kollege, My favorite thing—fishing with Daddy. This manuscript will never see publication either. Perhaps in God's sight this homespun writing of the heart is more significant than my published works.

Stories for children weren't the only genre my not-for-publishing homespun writing has taken. I'm part of several lunch bunch groups of ladies who once a month frequent the local restaurants to celebrate their birthdays—or just to live out the slogan, “Until further notice, let's celebrate *everything!*” Into a birthday card I try to put in a personalized homespun letter specific to the lady

being honored, or a poem or a prayer crafted just for her. My heart intention is that I have indeed published it on her heart.

One very serious and awesome direction my non-publishing writing has taken is the great privilege of walking alongside friends who are on their final journey to their Heavenly Home. Through the long years there have been many such sacred opportunities. Each has been unique and precious. I have homespun my writing for them in whatever way God has opened that door. Even now their names are etched on my heart as one by one they have crossed the Threshold from their temporal life on earth to their Eternal Life in the Presence of God. I remember Elsie, Bertha, Martha, Mary Helen, Edith, Susan, Edwin, Diane, Betty, Jeannie, Nellie, Joseph, Julia and at least a dozen more beloved friends whom I have “walked Home” by not only praying continually for them but writing to them mostly by email since distance separated us.

I remember Judson, a prolific Christian author in his own right, to whom I wrote an encouraging letter by email every single Friday for two years while he hung on to earth life in a terminal condition under the care of Hospice. He called me his “Girl Friday” and eagerly awaited my weekly communication. I was blessed and honored with our special friendship at that difficult time of his life, and I look forward to continuing our friendship in the Eternal.

I have a box full of the “Friday letters” sent to Judson. They are consigned to my storage closet containing my non-published writings which no one sees. I haven't published them in a book nor do I intend to. They have already served their purpose in the plan of God when they reached Judson's eyes and heart.

However, according to the Scripture verse below, we may infer that someone in Heaven *is publishing them* as a part of an endless library of books titled *Book of Remembrance*. Perhaps a group of Recording Angels whom the Heavenly Father has put in charge of preserving such things. There must be backup copies in God's Heavenly Recording Studio and they must have a Heavenly Printing Press—unless everything is done electronically and “stored in The Cloud” which would make more sense in the incredibly advanced Eternal State we expect.

I base this on the promise of Malachi 4:16, 17 which I take literally. I quote from the Amplified paraphrased edition of the Bible.

“Then those who feared the Lord *talked* often one to another [by inference, *wrote*]; and the Lord listened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him of those who revered and worshipfully feared the Lord, and who thought on His name. And they shall be Mine, says the Lord of hosts, in that day when I publicly recognize and openly declare them to be My jewels—my special possession, My peculiar treasure....”

If there is any publicity or promotion implied in “publicly recognize and openly declare,” I'm leaving instructions that the *Dedication* in the front matter of the “*Letters to Judson* unpublished book” in Heaven be entirely given over to the Supreme Editor Himself.