HEAVEN WAITS #3: *Expect*

✨***Psalm 139:1-5, 'God, investigate my life; get all the facts firsthand. I am an open book to You; even from a distance, You know what I'm thinking. You know when I leave and when I get back; I'm never out of Your sight. You know everything I'm going to say before I start the first sentence. I look behind me, You're there, then up ahead, You're there, too. Your reassuring presence, coming and going.' (MSG)*** ✨

The whole world is holding its breath. The cacophony is ruckus and deafening, as internally, I think humanity trembles, waiting, for what, we don't know. There is not much more to leverage, is there? Every news site, all social media, each newscast, spits out venomous and retaliatory details, many, I suspect, false narratives. But like dopamine hits, we crave more: more exposure, more hype, more crisis, more, more, more. And just like an expectant mom, Heaven waits.

Many years ago, I had the incredible gift of experiencing birth. Four times, in fact. To this mom, it is the most spectacular and amazing event I have ever been allowed to enter into. I also got to assist my children in many of the births of their babies. The gift of life is an unspeakable joy. From the moment of conception, the mystery of what God creates in the inner being is miraculous. He wove me with intense imagination. With extraordinary fashion, He designed you. And with profound and extravagant love, He dreamt us into existence. The heartbeat of our mothers nurtured us, and our life pulsed through her veins while she waited. And I waited for the births of mine also. There is a pregnant pause as we all wait, at times for just what, we don't know.

The womb grows, and what is being grown within, grows. In utero, there are strange and wonderful things taking place. Everything is preparing as the beauty inside is being perfected. All of it, stretching, bending, flowing. And then there is the first groan, the initial sigh, the faint scream, as the wonder of it all presses against its confines. It won't be long now, once the contractions begin and the breathing grows shallow. And just when you think you can't take one more moment of the excruciating process, life bursts into being, and a gusty cry rises from the dream.

I think there is an expectancy in the air also as Heaven waits. I believe a holy God is preparing the birth canal of this world for the second coming of His Son. I think as we gasp, He is holding His breath, intent on delivery of the greatest acceptance we will ever receive. I think the birth pains are growing more intense and we are beginning to be able to time their arrival. It seems as if the growth of ungodliness and waywardness and evil has almost outgrown the womb in which it has lain buried, but its due date is nearly here. The agony of the contracting world outside is applying unbearable pressure to the inner being, and only His Spirit can accompany us from this existence to the eternity where Heaven waits.

Yes, Heaven waits, with an anticipation and holy effervescence, as God comes to reclaim His own. And with it comes our joy. What we have longed for and hoped for may be finally closer than we can even imagine. Let's bring along everyone we can so they too can know the matchless grace of God!

✨*Eph 3:20, 'Never doubt God's mighty power to work in you and accomplish all this. He will achieve infinitely more than your greatest request, your most unbelievable dream, and exceed your wildest imagination! He will outdo them all, for His miraculous power constantly energizes you.' (TPT)*✨