the WAITING ROOM *(a Summer Series)*

While you were waiting. A child was born. A person passed. A victory, achieved; a battle lost. A season changed. A week vanished. A friendship culminating in a wedding; a marriage ending in divorce. Someone graduated; another failed. A milestone exceeded and a dream died. One slept and another awakened. The day began and someone else's ended. One person was freed while a dozen others captured, and laughter rang out, while in another place, cries were silenced. While you were waiting, I bled and you healed, and someone we cared for, adjourned. Captivity concluded and new beginnings were welcomed, and some chapters closed while others were launched. And while certain beliefs imploded, other hopes exploded into being, and possibility rained. While I was waiting.

I've been thinking about it a lot lately. When something good happens, something that is unexpected, exciting, something undeserved coming to fruition, the automatic words that fall from my lips are, 'O, praise God! Thank You, God. God, You are so good to me!' But when a bad thing happens, something I didn't expect, something I'm unprepared for, filled with negative content or unfavorable connotations, I seldom exhale a praise to a good God. I grumble, I protest, I complain.

So, does that mean that God is only good when the outcome is positive, when the news is good? Is He only good when there is a harvest instead of a drought; when He answers my prayer or produces my request like a genie hiding in a bottle might, is that only when God is good?! Is He only faithful when He answers favorably time after time and His track record remains unbroken. Or, could He possibly be good *all the time*, even when I must seek His face because it's not easily found, and believe even through the calamity that His faithfulness, although elusive, is still trustworthy? Is He only a good God when I get what I want, or is He possibly an even more loving God when I don't get what I want, when He causes me to wait to want what He wants?
I find myself a lot lately in the Waiting Room of God. Sometimes, it is silent. It is bereft. It is cold. Sometimes, it can be joyful and exhilarating, but more often, it is patient. It is late and it is painful. I hear my tears smash against the walls of my own humanity, and sometimes I can't breathe while I wait. But I know I am waiting for something— and SomeOne —important, significant, valuable, substantial. Worthy. It is worthy to wait in this Waiting Room. For what, I don't always know. But I know it is necessary and essential and consequential.

God, I don't want to go anywhere without You. I don't want to move ahead of You or drag behind You, to go too soon or not on time, and certainly, not too late. I want to wait on You, not You wait on me. O God, fix my focus on Your face. Keep my heart upon its knees, and may my feet be on Your path, and Yours alone. Amen.

Is 40:28b, 31, 'God doesn't come and go. God lasts...But those who wait upon God get fresh strength. They spread their wings and soar like eagles, They run and don't get tired, they walk and don't lag behind.' (MSG)