HEAVEN WAITS #7: *the Waiting Room*

✨***Isaiah 26:3, 'You will keep in perfect peace those whose minds are steadfast because they trust in You.'***✨

They sat in the waiting room, people coming and going. There was a profound silence, only interrupted by quiet weeping, a gasp here, a sigh there, mere whispers followed by more silence. The invisible revolving door let families in and dribbled other individuals out, and on every tabletop sat to-go cups with chewed up straws sticking out and food wrappers with half-eaten items and creased sacks that once held sustenance. A muted television set hung on the wall while news and weather reports drifted across its ticker.

We waited too. For the phone to vibrate, for news to come, something...anything, a palpable uneasiness like another person draining the room. You looked so ill when they wheeled you away. I am reminded how precious every breath is—always—but especially when you are counting every one of them. How did we get here? The question floats through my mind and lingers in that recollection space where memories dwell.

Then, the Heaven that waits, breaks through the quiet. Like all the machines beeping and tubes whooshing and equipment humming and the silent soles of those who walk the halls...it is there that Heaven speaks. With a gentle echo, I am made aware that Peace is a Person, and a holy God is still in control, always and forever on the throne. And everywhere I look, I see waiting rooms, the waiting rooms of life. We are all waiting on something. With our breath held and eyes transfixed, we are all waiting...for a better day, for an answer, for the right question, for an end or a beginning, for forgiveness, for hope, for love, for direction, for the end to chaos, for peace, for grace...for heaven.

I don't know what your waiting looks like, but mine has been a season, a long one at that. I have held my breath and hoped and wept. I have wept some more and reckoned, and then wrecked, I have fallen flat on my face before a holy God. 'What do you want from me?' I have railed. To find His gracious and gentle response, "Come, child, let Me hold you together while we sort it out. Shhhh," He has consoled. Yes, Peace is a Person, and I know, even as we wait on the tests to come back and the results to arrive and the doctor to appear, that at the end of the day, it will still and always be okay. He is still good and He is still faithful even when His answer may not match mine. I can trust Him—no matter what, no matter the outcome—because He is trustworthy and He is always right on time.

But today...today, we are given another chance! "You can each have a turn going back," the doctor says quietly. "Not long. She is tired, but she will love to see all who are waiting. For now, she is going to be ok."

✨***Psalm 46:10a, '"Cease striving (be still) and know that I am God."'***