

Published based on [Are You Sick and Tired of Waiting?](#)

Are You Sick and Tired of Waiting?



"If one more person looks at me and says, 'Have you not had that baby yet?', I am going to scream! I mean, does it look like I've had this baby yet?" My well-meaning church family didn't know that I was, well, umm, emotionally and physically depleted. In the South we might call that being "As ill as a hornet."

Not one of my better moments, for sure, but nonetheless, I had had it! Forty-two weeks pregnant by all accounts, I had begged my doctor to let me deliver naturally and not be induced. I was down to the wire in all regards. My doctor had said, "I can only let you wait another day or two." My family was certainly ready for me to deliver, if you know what I mean. And I myself was sick and tired of being pregnant.

Having been induced during my first two deliveries due to medical conditions and the fact that I just like to carry babies in my womb an inordinate amount of time, I was determined to go into labor on my own. I'm not sure if I felt this would make me more of a real woman or what. However, Elliott, my third-born who is graduating high school this Friday night, was not in a hurry to arrive.

Then it happened. 2:20 a.m. November 23, 1992. I awakened. Hmm, I wondered. Could that little feeling be my water breaking? I got up having heard that if your water breaks, things will begin to progress and you'll know for sure.

Everyone else in the house was still asleep. I decided to get a shower just in case. Then it hit me. A real labor pain. And then another. And then another. Every five minutes like clockwork they came.

I awakened my husband. We lived an hour from the hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, where my doctor delivered babies, and we had two children at home who needed to be awakened and dropped off at a friend's home.

I began to put on my makeup for there were sure to be lots of photos taken. I started with this mint-green primer to cover up the redness. Nothing like a broken-out face to add to one's self-confidence during pregnancy.

However, at that point, the pain was so intense that I abandoned the beautification process.

We threw the kids into the car, delivered them to our friends, and took off. About twenty minutes into the journey, I begged my husband to stop at a different hospital that we were to pass enroute to Memphis. "No", he said, "My baby is not being born at that hospital." (Long story). I replied, "Well, then, your baby is going to be born on the side of the road because I am not going to make it to Memphis."

He increased his speed.

Forty minutes after we arrived at the hospital, Elliott was born with peeling skin from being 'postmature' and more evidence that he had stayed in the cocoon as long as possible. The photos were made. My mint-green face smiled.

And let me just say, natural childbirth is not all it's cracked up to be.

So often we have the same feelings in the spiritual realm that a pregnant woman has in the natural.

Impatience. Frustration. Tiredness. Misery. And joyful anticipation.

Romans 8:18 describes it this way: *For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.*

Romans 8 goes on to speak of how creation itself is waiting, groaning, yearning, and experiencing birth pangs and of how we ourselves are groaning, waiting for delivery.

The Message offers this rendition of Romans 8:22-28:

All around us we observe a pregnant creation. The difficult times of pain throughout the world are simply birth pangs. But it's not only around us; it's within us. The Spirit of God is arousing us within. We're also feeling the birth pangs. These sterile and barren bodies of ours are yearning for full deliverance. That is why waiting does not diminish us, any more than waiting diminishes a pregnant mother. We are enlarged in the waiting. We, of course, don't see what is enlarging us. But the longer we wait, the larger we become, and the more joyful our expectancy.

Meanwhile, the moment we get tired in the waiting, God's Spirit is right alongside helping us along. If we don't know how or what to pray, it doesn't matter. He does our praying in and for us, making prayer out of our wordless sighs, our aching groans. He knows us far better than we know ourselves, knows our pregnant condition, and keeps us present before God. That's why we can be so sure that every detail in our lives of love for God is worked into something good.

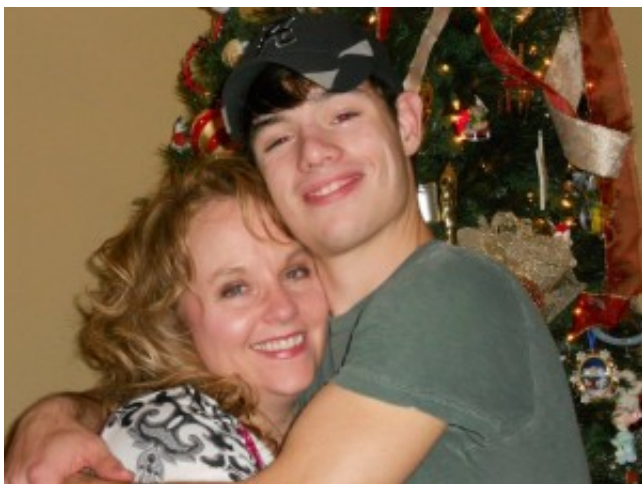
Most of us hate being enlarged. Stretched. Challenged. Taken out of our comfort zones.

We resist the process. We complain. We gripe.

"Why, oh, why?"

"When, oh, when?"

I suppose the answer to those questions is that there are more things being formed within us that are just not full-term yet. We are not being diminished and God does care. His Spirit intercedes for us. He is working it all together for our good.



Yet, it's hard to believe at times. It tries our faith and our patience. And yet God is still in control. Stretching. Enlarging. He doesn't run away from His involvement in our process. He knows that the end result will be the birthing of something beautiful in us and through us.

One day, you will watch your dream taking flight just as I experienced Elliott's birth and now his graduation this week.

Suffering can lead to glory so hang in there! God is always doing more in the hidden places than we can see. Ask Him for the grace to wait and the inner knowing that there will be a joyful delivery in His own timing.

You can also find this article published on [Are You Sick and Tired of Waiting?](#), and on the tag pages [delivery](#), [glory](#), [pregnancy](#), [pregnant](#), [Romans 8](#), [stretched](#), [tired](#), [wait](#), [waiting](#).