

Published based on [Waiting on God](#)

Waiting on God

Waiting on God

As I entered the hospital, I heard a woman say "We're just waiting to see." Directly behind her was the newspaper stand. The newspaper headline spoke of having to wait. I thought of how many times we say "I'm just waiting on God." Implied is "There is nothing I can do about this." Sometimes implied is "I have no idea where God is in this situation." I began to think about how spiritual it sounds to say, "I am waiting on God." It sounds so holy. So Christian. So patient. So obedient.

But then I thought of how it feels in spite of the facade we put up when we say "We're just waiting" as if we are at peace with the wait. I thought of it in this way:

Waiting on God

I feel the unanswered questions

And I struggle to relinquish control

I try to quiet my mind and

bridle my emotions

I feel the inner frustration

And the need to be at peace

"Where are you, God?

How can I interpret your silence?"

It may sound spiritual

But it feels restless

The deep longing for God

To prove He is alive

Waiting on God

"My soul waits for the living God"

David said

"I pour out my soul within me"

That is what waiting feels like

How beautiful when it is over

When the answers come

Until then I long for the end

Of the time of waiting

Waiting on God

Realizing that in the process

As my mind and flesh scream

I am learning lessons

About myself and about Him

It is like being behind the waterfall

Movement is all around

But I stay in the quiet place

Watching the powerful force around me

Waiting on God

Feels like He has forgotten

Feels as if He has forsaken

And the very way He answers

Speaks to those deep questions

It is confusing and clarifying

Hurtful and helpful

It is weakness and strength

Fear and confidence

Waiting on God

Awakens my innermost pain

My greatest fears

Demands an answer

And an end to the wait

Is like waiting on springtime

During the winter

Glimpses of hope

Grow with the daffodils

Waiting on God

Experiencing the snow

Again

The disappointment of

Springtime delayed

Experiencing the resurrection

Of hope and purpose

And then I say, "It was worth it"

But I wouldn't choose it

Waiting on God

Truthfully, I hate it

The waiting challenges

Everything within me

On the question of trust

But yet, I have no option out

As the natural seasons cycle

So does my life with God

So I wait

For springtime

And summer

Then I dread Autumn

Because it leads to winter

When I will wait...

You can also find this article published on [Waiting on God](#), and on the tag pages [waiting](#).