



Waiting

By William Stephenson

Most of my time is calculated in waiting:
Waiting in line, waiting for school to get out,
Waiting for a job offer, waiting for relatives to arrive,
Waiting for relatives to leave, waiting in a doctor's office,
Waiting for tests to come back, waiting for parents, for children,
Waiting for something to happen, waiting for someone to change.

It's as if
The whole world is just one big
Waiting room.

Advent is the season of waiting.
Waiting for something
That I hope is going to happen
And getting myself
To be receptive
To a world-changing event.

Waiting in Advent
Has to do with my yearnings,
With my being receptive,
With my longings,
With my expectations.

Waiting.

"Here I am Lord.
You don't have to wait on me.
I'm going to wait on you."

Waiting
Can make me open
To an encounter with the Eternal.
To letting the Eternal
Be birthed or re-birthed into my life.
To wait
And then know that there will be
No doormat this season on my mind
Or in my heart
That says,

"Sorry,
There's no room."

