

PrayerCast: In the Waiting
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With Deborah Brown

Waiting stinks. Right?!?! There is no other poetic way to put it. It's for the birds. But God in all His wisdom uses waiting to teach us and guide us. We know this as Romans 8:28 says, "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose."

And I am sure I am the only one that feels waiting is for the birds, but just in case there is one more person that feels this way, here is reassurance on the waiting and timing.

God gave us many verses to meditate on timing.

"But they who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." Isaiah 40:31

"Wait for the LORD; be strong, and let your heart take courage; wait for the LORD." Psalm 27:14

But my favorite is from Ecclesiastes. I feel ashamed of this, but it's because The Birds... well The Birds and The Byrds, "Turn, Turn, Turn." (See what I did there, for the birds and The Birds and The Byrds).

"There is an appointed time for everything. And there is a time for every matter under heaven." Ecclesiastes 3:1. New Living Translation translates this as, "For everything there is a season, a time for every activity under heaven."

When I have processed "all the emotions" of waiting, I am reassured that God has the perfect timing, everytime.

I was pregnant with our first born. The gender was to be a surprise. During my fifth month of pregnancy, I could not walk and contributed to my sciatic nerve. However, after quite "enthusiastic motivation" from my husband at 1 a.m. when I was on the bathroom floor crying because I could not walk due to the pain; he drove me to the hospital. I had 6 DVTs, blood clots in the groin. I was in the hospital for ten days and strict bed rest for six weeks afterwards. Quite the trial and tribulation praying the blood clots would dissolve before they move to high risk areas. While in the hospital, I got my first ultrasound. We didn't know the gender, but we found out the baby had club feet. The following month, gender is still a surprise, but it has club feet. Every month, baby with club feet. So lots of praying and waiting for blood clots to dissolve and for my unborn child.

I chose thank you cards that were a black and white image of a baby's feet. I placed it on my fridge so every time I opened the door (which was frequent) I would thank God for healing my baby's feet. December 17th comes and we have a "Joshua!" Our moment of excitement was quickly turned to club feet. I hold this baby with his curved legs and stiff feet. My tears drip on his cheek. But I hold firm to God's promise. 77

Six weeks go by when we meet the Pediatric Orthopedic Surgeon. Two residents come into the room and are almost elated with Joshua's legs and feet. "Take pictures of him, he is text book club feet. Pick your color for his castings." Club feet isn't the worst diagnosis. "He will just be a baby Forest Gump," one person told us. But in my heart, I knew God didn't want this for Joshua. I sat waiting for the doctor to come in and discuss the next steps. I prayed, "God, I asked you to heal Joshua. I know you did not create him with club feet. I know you answer my prayers when I need them, not necessarily when I want them. And God, I need you to heal him, now."

The doctor comes and she is very quiet pulling and stretching his stiff, curved legs. She rolled his ankles around and looks up at us and then to the residents and says, "this isn't club feet, this is a big baby in a small womb." She showed us physical therapy stretches to do at home. Joshua walked when he was a year old.

God telling me to wait for my son's healing was the H to the A to the RD! HARD! The process of waiting is easier than a "No." It is the following through on the wait and holding fast to his promises that is hard. But the hardest is waiting to find out the answer was, "No." In 2018, I had to wait to find out His answer was, "No," and it ended in grief. My mother was diagnosed with two cancers while I was pregnant with my fourth. We waited for her to be healed. We all prayed and fasted for her healing. We waited and held fast and she later died of a cardiac arrest due the pure mass and size of the cancer. My prayer warrior, mentor, and my mama was gone. (Long Pause)

How can I be frustrated or doubt in my creator when it doesn't go according to my timing? (Pause) Does He get impatient with my impatience? (Pause) How do I trust my God who says wait, or wait and no? (Pause) Does He get mad or disappointed in me and my disappointment? (Pause) I believe God welcomes all these questions. I know He waited patiently and still waits patiently when I have questions, doubts, and impatience.

There is a season, a timing, for everything. Take this time to lament your disappointments and frustrations. No reason to carry them any further. Let us sit here in this time of silence for you to talk to your creator and ask why and express your emotions to Him.

(Long Pause)

I thank you for your time you spent with your creator and telling him about your experiences and emotions of waiting. He already knows. But he truly wants to listen to you; healing and restoration are His end game. I pray that you feel peace and reassurance today that your waiting was not in vain. They are not unmerited. And that you are fully loved by the one who made you.