

I read a reflection this morning by Andrew Taylor-Troutman, pastor of Chapel in the Pines Presbyterian Church in Chapel Hill, NC. He writes about this time of not knowing when we might be able to get back to the things we miss. In pointing out that staying home protects others, he says, “Waiting, then, is our holy calling.”

I am not a very patient person a lot of the time. I’ve recognized that “urgent” is a word that appears with some regularity in my writing/preaching. So “holy waiting” is a practice I need to intentionally cultivate. I suspect, though, that this enforced waiting might open me to glimpses of the holy that my impatience doesn’t always permit me to see.

I’m also mindful that my kind of waiting is a luxury—others are waiting to recover, waiting to hear news about loved ones who are sick, waiting to find moments of rest in the midst of caring for others, waiting to get back to work or school, waiting to know whether the next check will come through . . .

How are you experiencing “waiting” today?

Rev. Taylor-Troutman pointed me to these words from Psalm 130, so let’s pray them together:

I wait for the Lord, my soul waits,
and in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord
more than those who watch for the morning,
more than those who watch for the morning.
Amen.