

nov 2

waiting is hard

"when the cloud tarried ... then the children of israel ... journeyed not." num 9:19

this was the supreme test of obedience. it was comparatively easy to strike tents. it meant we were moving closer to our destination; our journey was nearing an ending. there was excitement and interest in the route, the scenery, and the locality of the next halting - place. but, ah, the tarrying.

then, however uninviting and sultry the location, however trying to flesh and blood, however irksome to the impatient disposition, however perilously exposed to danger - there was no option but to remain encamped. how descriptive of the place where our tents now reside, as yet, like the children of israel, we have no recourse but to wait.

the psalmist says, "i waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry." and what He did for the old testament saints He will do for believers throughout all ages.

still God often keeps us waiting. face to face with threatening foes, in the midst of alarms, encircled by perils, beneath the impending rock. may we not go? is it not time to strike our tents? have we not suffered to the point of utter collapse? may we not exchange the glare and heat for green pastures and still waters?

there is no answer. the cloud tarries, and we must remain, though sure of manna, rock-water, shelter, and defense. God never keeps us at post without assuring us of His presence, and sending us daily supplies.

wait, young child of God, do not be in a hurry to make a change! minister, remain at your post! until the cloud clearly moves, you must tarry. wait, then, on thy Lord's good pleasure! He will be in plenty of time!

sit still, my daughter
yet the heathen die,
they perish while i stay!
i long to reach them – but i long far more
to trust His way!

we know our long journey is ending and we long to look upon the promised land. but we must not falter at the end. i, too, am a sojourner like you. my tent is getting old and i do not want to be like moses who only got to glimpse the promised land, never to enter it alive.

we know that moses did arrive there now but how his heart must have ached at not leading in those he had brought so far. we all have those we have nourished and help keep on the chosen path. but we know God's way and timing is perfect. we must have confidence in waiting for the cloud to move. still, in our anxious awaiting we cry, is it time, Lord?

we know our next move will be into His presence, and oh how we long for it. still, as we continue to wait

patiently for the Lord, we shirk not from the necessary duties He has assigned us. we who are more established must lift up the one who has wearied in their way. we live the witness that God's got this; that God's got me and He's got you.

it won't be long before it is time to not only strike our tents but to shed them. we will hear this, His summons to us: "so be ready in the morning, and come up in the morning to mount sinai, and present yourself to Me there on the top of the mountain." exo 34:2