

Come to the Banquet

creative quiet time with God

WAIT

by Russell Kelfer

Desperately, helplessly, longingly I cried;
Quietly, patiently, lovingly He replied.
I pled and I wept for a clue to my fate,
And the Master said gently, "Child, you must wait."

" 'Wait' – You say, 'wait'," my indignant reply.
"Lord, I need answers. I need to know why.
Is Your hand shortened, or have You not heard?
By faith I have asked and I'm claiming Your Word.

"My future and all to which I can relate
Hangs in the balance, and You tell me, 'Wait.'
I'm needing a 'yes,' a go ahead sign –
Or even a 'no' to which I can resign."

And quietly, softly I learned of my fate
As my Master replied once again, "You must wait."
So I slumped in my chair, defeated, and thought,
And grumbled to God, "So I'm waiting for what?"

He seemed to kneel and His eyes met mine,
And He tenderly said, "I could give you a sign.
I could shake the heavens and darken the sun.
I could raise the dead, cause the mountains to run.

"All you seek I could give, and pleased you would be.
You would have what you want, but you wouldn't know Me.
You'd not know the depth of My love for each saint.
You would not know the power I give to the faint.

"You'd not learn to see through clouds of despair.
You'd not learn to trust just by knowing I'm there.
You'd not know the joy of resting in Me
When darkness and silence was all you could see.

"The glow of My comfort late in the night.
The faith that I give when you walk without sight.
That depth that's beyond getting just what you ask
Of an infinite God who makes what you have last.

"And you never would know, should your pain quickly flee,
What it means that 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'
Yes, your dreams of that loved one o'er night could come true,
But, oh the loss if you lost what I'm doing in you.

"So be silent, My child, and in time you will see
That the greatest of gifts is to get to know Me.
And though oft may My answers seem terribly late,
My most precious answer of all is still 'Wait!'"

