

CHILD, YOU MUST WAIT

Desperately, helplessly, longingly I cried;
Quietly, patiently, lovingly God replied.
I plead and I wept for a clue to my fate,
And the Master so gently said, '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 am claiming your word.
My future and all to which I can relate,
Hangs in the balance and you tell me to wait?
I'm needing a 'Yes' a go-ahead sign.
Or even a 'No', to which I can resign.
And Lord, you promised that if we believe,
We need but ask, and we shall receive.
And Lord, I've been asking, and this is my cry:
I'm weary of asking! I need a reply.'

Then quietly, softly, I learned of my fate.
As my Master replied once again, 'You must wait.'

So, I slumped in my chair, defeated and taut.
And grumbled to God, 'So, I'm waiting...for what?'

He seemed, then, to kneel, and his eyes wept with 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, and cause 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'd not know the power that I give to the faint.
You'd not learn to see through the 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 were all you could see.'

'You'd never experience that fullness of love
As the peace of My Spirit descends like a dove.
You'd know what I give and I save...(For a start),
But you'd not know the depth of the beat of my heart.'

'The glow of my comfort late into the night,
The faith that I give when you walk without sight.
The depth that's beyond getting just what you asked
Of an infinite God, who makes what you have last.'

'You'd never know, should your pain quickly flee,
What it means that 'My Grace is sufficient for Thee.
Yes, your dreams for your loved ones overnight would come true.
But, oh, the loss if I 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.'

SOURCE: Author Unknown, cited in Douglas J. Rumford, *What About Unanswered Prayer*, Wheaton: Tyndale House Publishers, 2000, page 39-41.