

Do you remember (if you were watching TV sometime in the mid-90's) that commercial for Burger King? The one that ended with the declaration: "Your way. Right Away. Now." It's like they summed up a generational attitude in a single catch phrase. We want everything that's coming to us. Right Now. It's all about immediate gratification. And, as much as I'd like to separate myself from "my generation," I know I belong smack dab in the middle of it. I know because the LORD keeps bringing up (hard) lessons to teach me to "wait, child." And each time, I find myself bucking against the hand gently holding me back. See, I like me a happy ending. Actually, I like me a happy whole story. Who needs conflict--Who needs a problem? And yet, as my mom told me when I wrote my first story about Mickey and Minnie at four, every story needs a conflict. (She was an English teacher. She couldn't help herself.)

So, our stories need conflicts...our stories need valleys to get to the peaks. And often times, those valleys hold lessons. It's through those valleys that the LORD refines and sanctifies us, reminding us that this world is not our last stop...there's something infinitely greater that awaits us, and we need to live to be ready for that. So, my valleys, some big, some little, have a common refrain. "Wait. Be patient. I have something better for you."

I guess I'm not learning the lesson.

And yet, there are parts that I hope I'm starting to get. My best waiting story involves my husband because, let's just say that if I were writing my story, I would have probably married someone not-so-right for me a long time before I met the one God had chosen for me. And every day I thank God for not giving me what I kept asking for—and for making me wait (a long time. But I get it.).

So, I know that God's stories are worth the wait. I know it in a real life, you-can-bet-your-bottom-dollar-on-it sort of way. They're the BEST stories. And even still. I get frustrated and want to rush ahead.

Take right now, for instance. My husband is without a job for the fifth week. Now, I know that might not seem like a long time to some of you...but, when you couple it with the year and half of struggling to find a job and working jobs that didn't pay well, trust me when I tell you that we *need* him to have a job. There have been a lot of ups and downs during these last five weeks, but for the most part we have remained pretty confident—singing choruses of *Leaning on the Everlasting Arms* and repeating to each other that God has something better for us.

And then last Tuesday hit. Up until last Tuesday, there'd been an extra measure of hope given each day. Something positive to lift the spirits and remind us that God's got this. And then, Monday night, he got a call from the manager of a place where he'd had five (five!) very positive interviews, and he was told they weren't going to continue pursuing him as a candidate. Whoa. So, Tuesday came, and as the day continued, nothing hope-filled happened (that I saw), and like a balloon, I developed a hope leak. Slowly but surely all the hope seeped out of me, until my husband was left with a completely deflated wife. Even though I wanted to be so strong for him, I stood at the stove and just cried and cried (Ugly-face-cry, as my friend Lindsey would call it). And my sweet husband just hugged me and prayed for me and with me, but I couldn't shake my feeling of the world caving in on us. Thoughts of the

future plagued me, and I totally failed to listen to the strains of Matthew 6 playing in my head. I just plain panicked.

And then Wednesday morning came, and God pulled me together. As I was reading the Psalms (because, duh, where else are you going to go when the world is caving in? Nobody knows how God trumps caving in like David—and the other Psalms authors.) And I realized something. I was grumpy because I wanted God to answer me/us with a capital A answer—i.e. a good job for Yves. However, what I was missing were all the lowercase a answers He was providing to sustain us until He provides that capital A answer. We have e-n-o-u-g-h. We do. There's that check someone paid me for tutoring that equaled another two weeks pay; there's the new tutoring job I got out of the blue (where they paid me for the whole summer—in advance! No one does that!); there's the side work Yves can do that doesn't pay well, but that pays something...there's enough.

These are all the little “a” answers, and they do give such hope, if I just consider them. They point me back to the BIG God who has got us in the palm of His hand and is taking care of every little thing for us. We don't have to worry about tomorrow. (There's Matthew 6 again!) He's taking care of it all. Yes, these might be little “a” answers for now. But these little “a” answers are enough. Thank the LORD it isn't my way, right away, now. He works things out so much better than I could imagine.