



Women spend lots of time waiting. And sometimes we can get impatient, wondering if God sees and remembers us. Author Alicia Bruxvoort reminds us that not only does God see us, but that He's working even when we can't see Him. Read on for an encouraging reminder of this truth.

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Waiting for *Morning*

by Alicia Bruxvoort

I hear the pitter-patter of his sleepy feet before his voice wakes me. I don't need to look at the clock on my bedside

table. I know it reads 3 a.m. This is his waking time. His squinty eyes and slurred speech confirm that he's not rested, but according to the odd rhythm of my 3-year-old son's sleep pattern, daylight should have already arrived.

He tugs at my arm. "Is it morning yet?"

"No buddy," I whisper, trying not to wake his exhausted daddy beside me. "It's still dark outside."

A moan slips from his lips. "*When* will morning come?"

"When the darkness disappears," I remind him.

Reluctantly, I roll from bed and grab his slender hand. Like every other night, we walk across the hallway to the room where his big brother sleeps. I nudge my littlest boy into the bottom bunk, pull his special blanket to his chin, and kiss him goodnight *again*.

"Stay by me and pray for me," he pleads. I glance at my cozy bed across the hall.

"Please, Mommy, just one minute." I crawl carefully beside him and place my hands on his head of tousled hair. I breathe deeply his sleepy smell and remind myself that this child won't be little forever.

"Dear Lord," I murmur so as not to wake my firstborn snoring above us. "Wrap Your mighty arms around Joshua. Keep him safe. Command Your angels to stand guard over this boy, Your treasure ..."

I speak softly the scripture that comes to mind. I rub his warm bony back. I listen to the steady pulse of his breathing. I try not to think about my own cramped legs wedged into the crack between his bed and the wall. I whisper assurance that morning will, indeed, arrive. And I empathize with my young son's impatience. No matter how old we grow, it is difficult to wait in darkness.

"When will morning come?" I've asked the same thing

of my heavenly Father countless times, like when the tiny life tucked secretly within me relocated from my womb to my Savior's arms, when my marriage threatened to crumble beneath the weight of discouragement and pain, and when the anxious voice on the phone whispered, "Your sister's in the hospital again." Moments such as these are the night times of the soul. Darkness makes dawn seem so far away.

In her book "Calm My Anxious Heart," Linda Dillow tenderly reminds us that faith is walking in the dark with God and choosing to hold His hand. Through insightful commentary on a familiar Bible story, she reminds us that God is often at work even when we can't see His hands. "In the book of Exodus, we find the children of Israel camped by the edge of the Red Sea. It was night, pitch black except for the pillar of fire God had placed between His people and the Egyptians. Can you imagine their fear? ... Hidden in the text is the tiny phrase, '*All that night the LORD drove the sea back*' (Exodus 14:21) ... Because it was night, they couldn't see what the 'wind of God' was accomplishing on their behalf ... [But in the morning], they walked on dry ground to freedom."

When we find ourselves in the night times of life, we are wise to remember that faith is being "certain of what we do not see" (Hebrews 11:1b). And perhaps there is no better time to put our faith into practice than our long hours in the darkness. Just as God intervened all that night for His chosen ones trapped between their enemy and the sea, so He is faithfully at work in our night times, too.

My small son's sluggish snores eventually bring my prayers to a close. Silently, I slip my hands out from under his sleeping head and return to the comfort of my own bed. The sky is still black, but the frogs and the crickets sing a rowdy song of hope beyond my window. They know morning is on its way. Or perhaps they are watching the Creator of the stars work wonders in the darkness.

As for me, I'll have to wait for morning.