The Waiting Time

Advent is the Waiting Time. Advent gathers unto itself and cradles our waiting times. All of the times throughout the year when we find ourselves shuddering in darkness. Fighting, confused, defeated. In the darkness that obscures our ability to find a way clear, to genuinely hope for a day, believe in the day, when all suffering shall cease in this broken world of ours. When the brokenness in our own lives shall be mended. Advent is the waiting time of the broken and lost, embracing our cries as we sing out “Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus.” Advent is not a Season. It is a longing. It is a prayer.

Come, Lord Jesus heal my child, my friend. Save him from this hurt. Set her free from this addiction. This fear. Show me the
way, Lord, for I am lost and cannot see your Light in the face of this weight. This crushing darkness. Come Lord Jesus, save me.

Advent is real. Honest. Raw. As real, honest, and raw, as the life-giving Light of Christmas.

The Light that shall miraculously dispel the once seemingly insurmountable darkness. Maybe not all at once. Maybe recognized after the fact. But dispelled all the same. If we wait. If we open our longing hearts to the One who sits beside us in that deepest darkness. That deepest night. The night we cannot imagine will ever end. And yet he is there sharing in the loss, pain, confusion. There beside us, the One who shall never abandon, be it in the darkest night or the brightest of days.

I do not speak as a theologian or astute expositor of scripture or with authority of any kind. Rather I speak as one who has been taught, is being taught, by the people of Guatemala. They have and continue to show me the way. How to sit in the darkness and be open to knowing that he is there beside me. Who teach me how to patiently trust that the dawning of his Light shall come. And that I can count on it, not because of some far-off promise or dream or because of what I have read in a book, but because I have already felt his presence in the dark. I can believe in the dawn because I have already met him, felt his love, in the night.

Our Guatemalan volunteers, patients, their families, witness to me this truth with their lives. How, in circumstances beyond my comprehension, in the kind of darkness I can scarcely begin to imagine, they radiate his joy. His hope, light, and love. I can see his light in their eyes in the deepest of nights. And believe. Not in a fanciful way, but in a real, honest, and raw way. And I can then somehow believe, as do they, that Christmas shall dawn. They know it to be true, because they know him to be true. True before the dawning because he sat beside them in the night.

So during this Waiting Time, this Advent, and at the Dawning of his Light, his Christmas, I will try to spend a little time quietly reflecting, remembering that this is not a Season. My hope is that I will be able to open my heart to the richness of the Waiting
Time. That I can open my heart, not only because of his promised Light to come, but because I recognize in the Dawning, the Light that has been with me in the darkness all along.

For that is how I know to cry out “Come Thou Long Expected Jesus” in the first place.

My hope is that you might join me in the Waiting Time. And, together, may we welcome him as Christmas dawns. Welcome him. Jesus, the joy of every longing heart.

Rev. Linda L. McCarty
President & CEO

*In gratitude to you for being an important part of this journey. Not only the journey of Faith In Practice, but the journey of his redeeming love in this world.*

*May your Advent be rich, your Christmas blessed.*