# You must wait.

You’re in a pit and wondering if this is the place you’ll die. You must wait.

They accuse and convict you. The slam the door. Nothing seems to be happening. You lost your last appeal and the lawyer wants his money. You must wait.

You are scrubbing the floors in a corrupt palace where money changes hands under the table. It’s all a sham. They paint their walls with the blood of the innocent. Nothing has changed. You must wait.

You make a mad dash out of the city where you were once a prince and now you’re stepping in sheep dung on the backside of the desert. You must wait.

You are in the belly of the beast, the den of the lions and the fire of the furnace. You must wait.

He took his share. He wished you nothing but death. But you love him still with an eye on the horizon. But first you must wait.

40 days in the desert.

40 years in the wilderness.

Perilous hours in the storm.

3 days in the tomb

9 months in the womb

You must wait.

But you move in the waiting. Your lungs have breath. Your pulse continues. The music is there. Hope is the stuff that keeps you alive.

Never-ending nights and arduous days.

Most have given up. They've packed it in. They tapped out on the mat of the threshing floor.

But you, ample servant of the Most High, you must wait.