

Five Minute Friday: Rest



Today I'm participating in Lisa-Jo Baker's "5 Minute Friday," which challenges us to write for five minutes without stopping to correct or re-think or backtrack ... on the topic of *rest*.

So I'll set my timer and share my heart.

GO:

Nights seem to drag on between sheets of inky darkness when my husband is gone. I roll through waves of sheets and don't find him. My mind plays tricks and my heart begins to wonder.

"Is he safe? Did he get there safely? Was the flight turbulent?"

I wake up, eyes snapping open, and run to the computer, setting up the marvels of technology to try to reach him in the land where cell phones won't.

But he is not there.

Padding through the living room and then down the stairs, I flip on lights that bellow my arrival. The boys are still sleeping, until I rouse them to say, "We're going to try to talk to daddy again."

And then, in that moment, I hear the twinkling of the computer. I hear it chirping and calling me. So I run, just in time to accept my husband's invitation.

We all huddle around the screen, happy and nearly teary-eyed to see him there, safe and sound.

He sends his love, and then -- suddenly -- he is gone.

That was it -- a few tender reeds of time, not enough to hear about the trip or the food or his hotel, but enough to know that he is safe.

Enough for a wife's heart to find rest.

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Stop.