

Why I Stink at Waiting and Trusting

I am Jane.

Yet...

I am Abraham lying to Pharaoh when he didn't trust the Lord to protect him and Sarah.

I am Rebekkah taking charge and forcing Jacob to deceive his brother and position himself for the birthright.

I am Jacob stealing Isaac's blessing rather than waiting for God to fulfill his promises.

I am Leah, birthing sons and waiting for Jacob's heart and longing for acceptance.

I am Laban, separating the black sheep and speckled goats in attempts to puppeteer *his* outcome.

I am Jane and I'm racking up reasons I should get what I want and why it should happen now.

I'm the two year old on the floor next to her mother's shopping cart, bellowing and crying and throwing myself around in protest.

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And then, during lunch, I hear it:

his soft whisper

"[When the fullness of time had come, GOD...](#)" (Gal 4:4)

Those words, no longer empty, but bubbling over with hope and promise.

Those words, exactly what my heart needed, *in exactly the right time*.

I am Jane.

I am the daughter of the King who longs to give me every good and perfect gift.

So I'll wait for the fullness of time.

I'll wait for God.