

*I wait for the Lord; my soul waits,
and in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord
more than those who watch for the morning,
more than those who watch for the morning.*

-Psalm 130:5–6

DEVOTIONAL

Waiting can make us honest, or it can make us frantic. Some waiting feels holy, like standing at a doorway, listening for footsteps. Some feels like being stuck in traffic with no exit in sight.

The psalmist says he waits for the Lord more than those who watch for the morning. That line isn't cute. It's desperate. It's someone who's been up all night, scanning the horizon, just wanting light to come.

I wonder what I am waiting for. And not just what, but how. Am I waiting like someone paying attention, or like someone rattling a locked door? Am I waiting for God, or waiting for proof, or waiting for my circumstances to finally cooperate?

Waiting can be the place where God quietly reshapes what we expect. Not by holding back love, but by stretching what we imagine love can look like. The answer isn't always a sudden fix. Sometimes it's a steadier presence. A next step. A hand held in the dark. A breath that finds its way back.

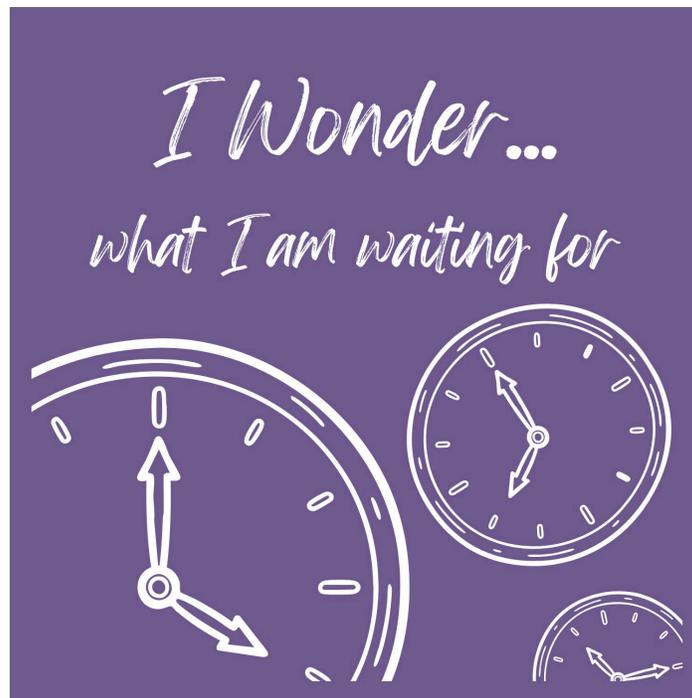
Waiting isn't wasted time. It can be the slow, unglamorous work of trust, built one ordinary day at a time.

SPIRITUAL PRACTICE

At some point today, set a two-minute timer and just stop. Sit still. When your mind starts running, bring it back to this one sentence: *I wait for You, and You are here.*

CLOSING PRAYER

God of the long night and the coming morning, hold me in this waiting. Quiet the frantic parts of me. Teach me to watch with hope, and to notice You even before the light changes. Amen.



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