

FINDING GOD IN THE WAITING

Life is on hold.
A microscopic virus
Pressed the pause button
On the world
And we are waiting.
Separated, apart,
Frozen in time,
Together we hope
For the world.
Anticipating
A fresh start, a new year,
A vaccine, a cure,
No queuing for food
A hug from a friend!
Still we are waiting.

A symbol of hope adorns
Windows and doors
We separately gather
For weekly applause,
And are waiting.
Searching for meaning
Facing mortality
Stripped of the known
Locked down at home
We are waiting,
And into the pause
For those who will hear
The still, small voice of God
Is found
In the waiting.

By Helen Fuller