Waiting in Faith

By: Nona Perdue

Read: John 1:5

*“The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.”*

I struggle during Advent. My faith is shaky and I tightly clench my little mustard seed. That’s all I need, right? Faith like a grain of mustard seed? You see, my son died on Christmas Eve, 2017. Advent brings such mixed emotions! I instinctively wait in joyful hope to celebrate the birth of Jesus. I also relive past holidays and experience deep longing for my son, Drew, as the anniversary of his death approaches. But hope can still be found in the depths of my despair and darkness. If I lift my eyes toward heaven, the light runs down and diﬀuses the pain . . . my faith rises to sustain me, even if I have to sometimes dig deep to find it. (That was the feeling behind this painting, during a time of despair; the resemblance of three crosses on the lower left to remind me of the gift of grace that fuels hope.)

How will the Christ Child come again to each of us this Advent season? What will we hear if we listen while we wait? For me, last year’s gift was the moment I sat in the pew at church on Christmas Eve and looked out the window. The most incredible sunset “Auburn sky” took my breath away. In that moment, I knew that Drew was with me and I knew that Christ was with me. A sense of peace and calmness washed over me . . . a peace that was balm for my parched little momma soul on that second anniversary.

We are also waiting for the final Advent, as we await HIS coming in glory. Perhaps that is what I’m really waiting for . . . to one day be reunited with my FATHER and with my son. In the meantime, I’ll wait in faith. I can rest in the knowledge that my little mustard seed has proven to be a strong foundation for God’s promises. This Advent season, I’ll let my “messy” faith carry me as I make room in my heart for the Christ Child, nestled next to my precious boy and bathed in heavenly love and light.

*Prayer*: Father God, thank you for the gift of grace that holds me when I struggle. Settle my restless soul and fill it with the peace and joy of Advent. Amen.

Painting: “Faith Can Be Messy”

