

Hi KC Parents!

During the Summer of my 7th year, my family moved to Eagle Rock, and that Fall, I was enrolled at St. Dominics School. Entering third grade was exciting and stressful, adjusting to a new neighborhood, new house, and new friends.

I was very much aware of the financial stress our new home brought to my parents; although they kept it much to themselves, money was tight!

One day there was an announcement that Disneyland was having “Catholic School Day.” Everyone was encouraged to purchase their tickets and warned about the deadline! There was quite a stir leading up to and waiting for the magical day. It would be a monumental day for me in particular, because it would be the first time I’d ever visited the Magic Kingdom!

I wish I could remember how much those tickets were back then; I’m sure if we knew, we’d laugh our heads off—or maybe cry! Regardless, the price was steep for my dad, even with the “Catholic Day” discount! Remember, I come from a family of 12 kids, and even though some weren’t born yet, there were several tickets he needed to purchase to cover my sibs that were school-aged.

I was the one child who begged him relentlessly, even over his stalling. On deadline day, I walked home from school, feeling sick to my stomach. He never bought the tickets. When I got home and said that the office would be closing soon, and we’d have no other chance, my dad jumped up from his seat and said, “Let’s go!” We drove to the school, and I waited in the playground while he entered the principal’s office, intending to make a deal. It seemed like an eternity as I anxiously waited on the playground. When he finally exited her office, I ran fiercely to him, “Did you get the tickets? Did you get the tickets?” “What did she say? Do we get to go?”

He somberly shook his head and said, “No.” My entire body deflated, and I hung my head, ready to burst into tears, when he said, “I’m just teasing you! Of course, you get to go!” That stinker, my sarcastic dad! Big hugs ensued.

Waiting is never easy.

My grandkids are chomping at the bit to open the gifts that are under our tree! Every time they start in, I have to remind them that they have to wait till Christmas day. Their disappointed faces almost cause me to give in, but I’m not that much of a pushover! Haha.

Throughout the bible, people had to wait for God to follow through on his promises. Abraham and Sarah waited for a child; Jacob waited seven years for Rachel to become his wife; Joseph waited for freedom from imprisonment; David waited in caves for God’s promise of kingship. Israel waited for the Messiah. We wait for our coming King!

But in the meantime, we wait for the fulfillment of personal promises. We wait for answers to our prayers. If we turn our attention to the outcome of each of our faithful forefathers, we will wait with greater hope and faith.

While we wait, God is at work. He is never absent, uninterested, or uninvolved. His timing is perfect, and his wisdom unfathomable.

Lord, help us in our seasons of waiting. We put our trust in you, our Messiah, and Coming King!

Blessings,
Viv Stone