



## What are we waiting for? March 2026

Waiting. We spend a lot of time waiting. Right now I guess most of us are waiting for Spring, grateful for a week, maybe, without rain, with sunshine and warmth. Three months ago we were waiting for Christmas, and then New Year and then Valentines, and now Easter. But wait. Isn't there a danger in all this waiting? Are we not at risk of missing the things we're not waiting for, the extraordinary ordinary day-to-day things like meeting a friend by chance on the High Street, like noticing those crocuses by the car park, like the sunlight in the market on a Saturday morning, like a cup of tea right when you really need it, like a good book? Even if the thing we're waiting for is not exciting, not fuelled by fireworks or chocolate, if it's results or outcomes that might be about the next year, the next job, the rest of life, still there's the risk of missing out on the comfort of those extraordinary ordinary things.

Waiting well takes patience. Waiting well for Christmas takes the patient quietness of Advent; waiting well for Easter takes the opening discipline of Lent. If firework-fuelled wine-determined New Year's Resolutions have failed, then perhaps the very absence of excitement that is Lent, a time for reflection, for regulation, for listening and opening to God and our neighbours, can prepare us, steady us, for the amazing, abundant, grace-filled re-newing of Easter: an earned re-birth into the new self that we resolved to simply (and unrealistically) step into back in the darkest days of the year.

And when waiting is hard, when there is nothing we can do, when the space between us and outcome is fear-filled, if we turn to look, to see, feel, then there is a companion always ready, always understanding, always holding. There is always God.