

“But hope that is seen is no hope at all. Who hopes for what he already has? But if we hope for what we do not yet have, we wait for it patiently.” Romans 8:24-25

I live in a state of “It’ll be okay.” I say it when hurts invade, when others disappoint, when fractious rifts make me want to seclude myself in an outfit of sorrow. I say it to my children when they are hurting and to my neighbor whose life sits on the brink of bankruptcy.

“It’ll be okay,” is my hope for the next hour of the day. Even when the clouds rip open and pour out their darkest rain, I still see, “It’ll be okay,” written in a backdrop against the storm. It will be. It has to be. I’ll make it be. In spite of how it turns out, it will be okay.

Even if it does not turn out like I want it to, *okay* still imbeds itself on the never-ceasing pump of my heart to remind me that it’s there. Okay surges through my veins with my blood flow, whispering encouragement as it passes each organ.

“It’ll be okay,” the tides of my blood scream out to my bones. “It’ll be okay,” the breath of my lungs calls out to my soul. Somewhere, somehow, deep down inside, I eventually begin to believe that it really will be.

For what is hope if we already know the answer? There is a sweet element of surprise in allowing ourselves to trust the Lord so completely. This process calls for us to abandon discouragement and really believe that God will send us the hope we need.

When I was a little girl, my daddy ran beside me as I pushed the pedals of my first bicycle. He encouraged my efforts, making sure he stayed right by me in case I fell. His words of encouragement kept me going until I was able to ride my bike alone, unassisted by his accompaniment. It felt so good to reach the hope of which I had once only dreamed. I could ride! I could actually do this by myself. My father’s belief in me was the catalyst I needed to wait patiently until I achieved my goal.

Now that I am grown, my heavenly Father runs beside me as I try to push the pedals of my life. He encourages me, making sure He is right by me in case I give up. He reminds me that I can make it. His belief in me is the catalyst I need to wait patiently for the hope I cannot see.

Sometimes, I don’t get what I want, but my answer is the same. “It’ll be okay.” I believe it really will.

Prayer: " *Father of hope, thank you for the encouragement you send to remind me that I can always count on your love to bring me through. I trust you today. Amen. "*