



Strength in Waiting

Waiting in hope and joy is for me an important aspect of this Lenten Season. Yet I learned how much I want the Alleluia of Resurrection without the discipline required beforehand.

A baldheaded eagle perched quietly in the oak tree on the shores of the [Flambeau River](#) provided me with a moment of reflection on the blessings and necessity of waiting in silent expectation. The huge wingspan as the bird alighted on

the bare branch caught my eye; and I knew this was a special moment as the arm of the tree chosen for a rest swayed and lowered with the eagle’s weight. The white head further identified that this was indeed the magical, soaring eagle.

The flying eagle, not this resting bird, fulfills my image, and I wanted the message to conform. I watched in anticipation as the huge bird sat content just to be. I didn’t want to remain with this time of sitting and resting. My desire was to experience the excitement of flight — of seeing the power of takeoff and being lifted in spirit by the freedom of a soaring eagle entertaining me with a circling dance.

Time passed and, with a second’s glance away, the resting eagle was gone. I had missed the flight and was left with the vision only of power in suspension. Yet I knew that somewhere an eagle could soar because time was taken to gain strength and be renewed in patient waiting and reflection.

And so for several days, I spied this reflecting bird recouping energy for the journey ahead — just the perched bird, never the high-flying messenger. These are indeed the days for growing in strength through hopeful waiting as well as active preparations for the eternal flight ahead.