

<u>Sit Still</u>

Faith is not always the slaying of a giant, It's not always bold. Sometimes it lies in the quiet of the wait. Seeing abundance in the broad but trusting in the strait. It can be beyond the anticipation of years ahold. Steadfast and not defiant. Sometimes faith is the soft breeze, Fiddling amongst the leaves atop the trees. It's not always the force of the crashing waves, Or the thundering of the sky. At times, it's in the debris of destruction. Leaving you alone to wonder why. Faith is not always the victory of the win. Sometimes it thrives on defeat, Understanding that failure can be a ladder to success. Faith is not always awakening, sometimes it's in the rest. Neither is it always concrete. It's not always the finish, sometimes it just begins. Sometimes it's that excitement for others. A smile on your face yet tears in your heart. It's not always in the freedom of the leap. You'll find it when you don't depart. Let it be the pain that you feel. The necessity to hurt before you can heal. It's in his will. It's knowing that sometimes your strength is to sit still.

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