***The Waiting*, Nikiphoros Lytras (1832-1904)**
***Three Greek Dances,* Manolis Kalomiris (1934)**

Yesterday, I went to the airport to pick up my brother. I love going to the airport, and I especially love watching all of the people waiting for their loved ones--and then the moment when their waiting becomes fulfillment--the moment when they see their loved one coming from afar. Such a transformation happens at this time--the eyes light up, a smile emerges, and a momentum erupts as the two people move faster and faster toward one another. The moment of fulfillment is alive as the two people embrace in full communion. Waiting becomes fulfillment when the other arrives.

I sat and watched all of this yesterday--all the while excited to see my brother come off of the escalator. I was struck by this concept. I don't see my brother often--I have seen him once in almost three years. Sometimes I forget him. There are days that go by where I don't think of him at all. Not because I don't love him, but because I'm busy and I am not immediately confronted by the fact that I love him. But, as I was waiting for him, I got so excited to see him--like my love for him grew in expectation of him coming off of the plane and down the escalator. As I reflect on this, I am struck by this question: why can't I live this experience all of the time? Why do I forget, and why can't I love like this every moment?

The inevitable connection can be made between this waiting phenomenon and our relationship with Christ. What if I loved Christ in the same way (my heart bursting in expectation of Him "coming down the escalator") every moment of every day? In this time of Advent, let us ask ourselves: "What are we waiting for?"

When is the last time you stopped? Stopped for a second and looked, breathed, prayed, or waited? Do you wake up every morning with anticipation for the way Christ will come to you? What does it mean to *wait?*

Take a moment to look at the painting. What is the girl doing? Look at her posture and curiosity. Listen to the playfulness of the music--how does it help you to imagine the mystery in the painting?

Ask yourself:

What am I waiting for?

Am I listening?

What am I curious about?

Do I allow myself to be surprised?