

MAYOR'S CORNER



A BLOG BY MAYOR JAMES D. STEWART, JR.

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When the Wait is Worth the Weight

You're at the one-yard line. You've done the work, pivoted when you had to, and stood on faith for what felt like an eternity. The clock is ticking, the crowd is watching, and you're waiting on one final piece to fall into place.

And suddenly, everything stops.

Most people call this **the Wait** — the passage of time, the frustration of the calendar. But what we really feel is **the Weight**.

The Burden of the "Almost"

The Weight is what sits on your shoulders while you're being patient. It's the fatigue of a vision that should have taken months and stretched into years. It's keeping a team motivated when their confidence is flagging.

But the heaviest part? **The vulnerability.**

When you announce a vision publicly, you aren't just waiting for a result; you're defending your reputation. You know, people are watching who aren't rooting for your success. They're waiting for you to stumble so they can call you a fool.

The "Public Fool" Syndrome

Nobody likes to feel like a fool in private, let alone in public. When you're sitting in that final waiting room, and the last piece hasn't fallen into place, the voice of doubt whispers that you were wrong ever to speak up.

But here is the truth: **The fear of looking like a fool is often the final test before you look like a visionary.** If the path were clear, it wouldn't require faith. The very fact that you feel the weight of opposition is proof that you are carrying something heavy enough to change your corner of the world.

I Hear My Mother Singing

There's a song Bishop Marvin Winans sings — *I feel like going on. Though the storms may come, I still feel like pressing on.*

But when I hear it, I don't just hear Bishop Winans. **I hear my mother, Juanita Stewart.**

She's been gone a couple of years now. But on the heaviest days, when the Weight is pressing the hardest, when I would give anything for one more conversation with her, I can still hear her humming that song over me. *I feel like going on.*

That's the voice that keeps me pressing. Some of us aren't walking this road alone. We're carrying the prayers of people who didn't live to see the harvest, and their song becomes the fuel for our feet.

The Harvest is Coming

Paul told the church at Galatia, "*Let us not grow weary in doing good, for in due season we shall reap, if we do not lose heart*" (Galatians 6:9). That is the promise underneath every waiting room.

The **Wait** is building your character. The **Weight** is building your strength. The **harvest** is already on its way.

To the Person in the Waiting Room:

If the last piece hasn't arrived yet, **don't leave the room.** Your critics aren't carrying the burden; you are. Their "I told you so" has no power compared to the legacy you are about to leave. Renew your strength. Catch your breath. Listen for the voice that's been singing over you all along.

Mine sounds like Juanita. Yours has a name, too. **Keep pressing on.** The harvest is closer than the weight.

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