

MAYOR'S CORNER



A BLOG BY MAYOR JAMES D. STEWART, JR.

MAY 4, 2026

ON EAGLE'S WINGS

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." — Isaiah 40:31

Irondale family, I'm tired.

Not the kind of tired a good night's sleep wants to fix. The deeper kind — the kind that builds slowly, layer upon layer, until you realize you haven't truly exhaled in a long time.

I want to tell you why. Not for sympathy, but because somewhere in this city tonight, somebody is reading this who is carrying their own quiet weight. And I want you to know you are not alone.

The Layers

Last summer, I spent nearly a month at Harvard studying local government. I came home in June and stepped straight into a re-election campaign — running for the office while running the office, with no halftime in between. When the election ended, the work didn't pause. Major capital projects. An economic development project I have been shepherding since I first walked into this building in January 2021. The thousand quiet decisions a city of 13,545 neighbors requires every single day.

And then, in April, Kim lost her father. Grief has a way of reaching backward. The death of my father-in-law brought back the ache of burying my own mother, Juanita, and my father. With Mother's Day approaching, those memories don't sit politely in the corner; they walk right into the room. They sit beside you in meetings. They show up in the quiet of the car ride home. So when I tell you I am weary, I mean it in the full, human sense of the word.

Maybe You Know This Tired Too

Weariness doesn't only live in the mayor's office. It lives in the single mother working two jobs. In the caregiver tending to an aging parent. In the entrepreneur whose dream is taking longer than they planned. In the widow who still sets two dinner plates on the table out of habit. In the young person who is doing everything right and still feels behind.

Some of us carry our tiredness on a public stage. Most of us carry it on a private one. But we all carry it.

That is why I am holding tightly this week to one of the most honest passages in all of Scripture: *"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."* — Isaiah 40:30-31

God doesn't pretend we won't grow tired. He tells us plainly that even the strongest among us will fall. Then He gives us the way forward — not faster running, not harder pushing, but waiting. Waiting on Him. Trusting that the strength we cannot manufacture for ourselves will be supplied by the One who made us.

"The eagle does not flap harder when the storm comes. It spreads its wings and lets the wind carry it higher."



What I'm Asking of You

I am not stopping. I am stewarding — and I am committing to finishing what we have started before I start anything new. Completion is a form of stewardship. But I need your prayers, Irondale, not as a formality, as a real act of partnership.

Pray that God renews my strength like the eagles. Pray for Kim and our family as we walk through this season of grief and remembrance. Pray for our city staff, our council, our first responders, our teachers, and our small business owners, the people whose shoulders this city actually rests on.

And if you are weary too, pray for yourself. Then let someone pray with you. We were never meant to carry these things alone.

We will rise again. We will run and not be weary. We will walk and not faint.

Not because we are strong — but because **He** is.

The City of
Irondale

Build Community. Build the Future.