Colloquially patience is the art of waiting. Whether the wait is that of a passenger persisting in rain for the next train, a secret admirer silently trying to catch the smile to make their day, or that of a mother longing 9 months to meet a new member of her kin. While the act of waiting is essential, I believe ascribing a simple definition to patience overlooks a subtle yet prominent layer in the process: faith.

Patience is bilayered in my viewpoint. The superficial layer of physically anticipating an action or a result, something which is often exaggerated by nervous glances to the clock and stagnantly tense bulging of brows. And the quieter internal layer of carrying a faith that the anticipated action or result may be a reality soon, a delicate process which escapes many unnoticed.

The devotee Shabri Devi is who I think about when I attempt to understand patience's internal machinery. Shabri Devi was a devotional disciple of Sage Matanga. Having dedicated her life to serve Sage Matanga, Shabri Devi sought enlightenment to achieve peace, to which the Sage advised Shabri Devi to wait for Lord Ram's *dharsan*. While Shabri Devi could have merely counted each day anxiously staring at the open gates of her Ashram, awaiting Lord's presence. Or could have carried on with her daily life until Lord himself showed up on her doorsteps. However, her ability to channel the inner faith of meeting Lord Ram one day into a tangible everyday ritual combined both elements of patience into its distilled form, a penance. An internal wish and a longing accompanied by simplicity of raw lands, tasted berries, and pureness of heart was ultimately answered over a bed of flowers and a crowd full of devotional *yogis.* What set Shabri Devi aside was her consistently innocent devotion in conjunction with physical acts of a wait.

When I try to extrapolate the lessons from Shabri Devi's life into today's faced pace life of artificial intelligence and social media algorithms, I find that the internal element of faith is almost always missed in the wait. While waiting for a text message from a dear friend or an iced coffee at a cafe, rarely do I find anyone taking the opportunity in that wait to connect to their inner being. Moreso, using that opportunity to channel one's inner focus into a manifestation of receiving the text or the delicious cup of coffee. A servant to our senses, most today would find themselves lost in the next YouTube Shorts video or perhaps distracted in the escape windows of mental daydreams.

But for me, an ideal act of patience in the above given examples would be to be in the present moment, soaking into the act of waiting. To illustrate, envision the friend you are waiting to hear from by putting yourself in their shoes, remembering their tone of voices, distinct facial expression, the unique way they carried themselves, and how you interacted with the friend. Similarly, at the cafe overflowing with wafts of sugar and caffeine, observe the skilled barista juggling orders to craft an immaculate drink for your taste buds. Patience for me is to absorb the reality happening in front of you with an inner faith that what yearning for could be a tangible reality. To combine physical act with inner dedication and belief.