

When You Cant Sleep Remember Samuel Who Had A Similar Experience 1 Samuel 3
WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP, REMEMBER SAMUEL WHO
HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE. 1 SAMUEL 3:10

"And the lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth."
David believed God gave sleep to His people (see Ps. 127:2), but there are occasions when his faith might have been challenged. Sleep was designed by God to bring rest to weary bodies and refreshment to tired minds. Nevertheless, sometimes sleep is elusive. Overwhelming noise, over-active minds, overpowering pain, and sometimes, over-filled stomachs prevent people from obtaining necessary rest. Consequently, the manufacturers and dispensers of sleeping pills are making their fortunes. It might be wise to consider that occasionally even the Lord disturbs His slumbering people.

When Jonah was awakened on his run-away voyage to Tarshish, the captain of the vessel said to him, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not" (Jonah 1:6). The shipmaster's timely intervention changed Jonah's attitude and saved the lives of his crew. When Ahasuerus, the king of Babylon was unable to sleep, he was used by God to prevent the death of Mordecai and save the lives of many Hebrews (see Esther 6:1). Quite recently a friend said to me, "I do not sleep much these nights, so I use the time to pray for you." Repeatedly, Paul said that he prayed for his friends night and day (see 1 Thess. 3:10 and 2 Tim. 1:3). Perhaps some of God's people are so preoccupied during the day that they need to make up for lost time at night! It is better to pray than to remain restless in bed.

A young lady once said to me, "I do most of my praying at night, and the Devil hates it! He does not like my praying so much, and quickly puts me to sleep. Praying works better than sleeping pills!" When the boy named Samuel was unable to sleep, he discovered God was calling him to great service. When he listened, the Lord revealed facts unknown to other people. Quite recently I awakened in the middle of the night, and I asked as I lay in bed, "Why did God permit this to happen? It must be because I need to pray for someone." Instantly, the name of a Christian brother came into my mind. I spent the next few minutes asking God to help that man. I know now that he had a great need. Furthermore, after my prayers had been uttered, I slept for the rest of the night.

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During our visit to South Africa, my wife and I stayed for a time in a missionary home. We met a charming missionary who was also a temporary guest. One day I asked about her most exciting experience on the mission field. She described how her first real assignment was to accompany an older missionary on a special trek to reach a certain tribe of cannibals. When they arrived they discovered the chief did not want white people in his district. He probably feared he would be reported for some of the practices he encouraged. He grumbled, and pointing to a mud hut and said, "You can stay there tonight, but tomorrow you leave."

Mrs Phipson paused, and it was easy to see she was reliving her experience in that hostile village. She continued, "I was wide awake, and while my partner slept, I listened to noises outside the hut. Finally, I crawled to the small door and saw we were surrounded by natives who were flat on their stomachs, wriggling like worms toward us. I hurried to awaken my senior worker who, realizing our danger, said, 'Quick, light the lamp. Let them see that we are awake.' Then we made tea and drank it. Then we made more tea and drank that! We continued until dawn. During this time the head-hunters

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finally left us."

I was about to interrupt with a question when she lifted her hand and said, "I have not finished. The next morning we left, and to be honest I was glad to get away. Three weeks later a native runner from the base station overlook us with our mail. My friend opened one of her letters to discover a lady overseas had written to ask, 'Did you have any special need on (and the date was given). I could not sleep that night for your face haunted me. I turned over and over in my bed, but had no rest until I prayed specially for you. Suddenly, I knew everything was alright but I would like to know what happened on that particular night"' Mrs. Phipson said, "I kept a diary in those days, so I was able to turn its pages to answer her question. On the night that lady was constrained to pray for her friend-that was the night the cannibals left us." It pays to pray-even when you cannot sleep.

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