



A Song in the Night

by Jean Easley

An assemblage of angelic-like voices sang me awake at a little after four that Wednesday morning. Normally, I was a late sleeper. From three or four to getting-up-time, I am just beginning to get some real rest. But widely awake I was as the chorus burst upon my mind and heart: "Don't give up on the brink of a miracle! Don't give up. God is still on the throne! Don't give up on the brink of a miracle! Don't give up. Don't give up. You're not alone!"

As the beautiful choir sang those words, faith dropped into my heart—faith straight from Heaven. Hadn't I prayed to the Lord just last evening at bedtime to refill my faith reservoir, which had been drained nearly dry during the past weeks of this trial? I had told Him, "Lord, I cannot muster up faith to continue to believe, but I know that you can send faith from Heaven." Now, I believed again! Giving up was out of the question! We would receive our miracle yet!

My husband had been stricken with a large kidney stone. Several weeks of terrible illness passed before the latest appointment with the doctor brought the bad news that tests revealed more blood in the urine. That, along with other medical signs, meant that they would have to go in and get the stone surgically before it caused significant damage to the kidney.

So, another dye test at the hospital was scheduled for Thursday morning early. I was heartsick, of course. Number one, we had prayed so earnestly for God's intervention, and we had asked so many others by long distance telephone to pray. And, it was not just that aversion to the antiseptic smell of hospitals and the surgeon's knife; but on the practical side, as long-time missionaries, we did not have medical insurance.

The Sunday before, Gene had been still feeling very sick and not much like trying to go to church that morning. Already two weeks of constant pain and sickness had plagued and weakened him. Somehow, however, I was not satisfied to stay home that day, and as I laid my hands on him like I had done so many times before to pray, I said, "I believe God says if we'll get ready and go to church that He will help us to be able to make it through the service."

So, we went. We were late, had to sit in the back, and didn't really enter in to the proceedings very much. But one good thing in the service that morning was a choir number among others that said, "Don't give up on the brink of a miracle." As the church choir sang it, I knew God had had them sing that song just for us, or at least for me, as it so greatly blessed me and did not seem to fit in with the other parts of the service. But, frankly, there were so many things at home to be concerned with that I simply forgot all about that music.

Tuesday evening, we reluctantly called a local pastor to cancel Gene's Wednesday evening schedule to preach, as he would be preparing for the dye test the next day. That night was a real struggle of faith for me. Try as I might to hold on to the needed faith, I felt weak and faithless. However, as I went to bed that night, I knew all good things come from God, including faith and strength to endure hardness. So, I just asked Him to drop into my heart what I could not seem to obtain for myself.

Then came my song in the night! I was told by an unseen heavenly host to not give up! Like an instant replay, I was reminded I was not alone! So clearly did I hear the words and the sweet chorus of voices that I thanked the Lord for new faith and for the encouragement they ignited in my heart! And I went quickly and peacefully back to sleep.

A few minutes later, I was shaken awake by my husband's words, "Honey, I have something to show you!" No sooner had my angelic choir left, than Gene had passed that terrible, pain-causing stone! We rejoiced and rejoiced; we never did go back to bed that morning! We were ecstatic! God answers prayer! He answers prayer for miracles! And He also answers prayer for faith to believe!