

### Three Forty-Five

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What a shock it was that February night when a man's loud voice cut through the air in the middle of the night.

"What's that?" Joe gasped, sitting up in bed.

"I don't know!" My feet hit the floor.

Red numbers glared from the clock.

3:45

"Is it an upstairs radio alarm?" I asked, trying to wake up.

"No." Joe threw off the covers, leapt to his feet, and headed out of the bedroom. I followed close behind. We headed down the hall and into the living room.

The television screen remained turned off—as we had left it. But now, a blue light shown on front of the DVR machine and a man's voice blared through our home.

The enthusiastic voice proclaimed. "My vision comes from God! My hearing comes from God! I sing songs and my voice comes from God! All good things come from God. Give thanks to God."

Did anyone ever listen to preaching at that hour? I groaned aloud.

Still groggy, I stared at the black television screen. Joe picked up the remote control and pushed the power button. The blue light disappeared and the house resumed its nocturnal silence. We padded back down the hallway to our comfortable bed, but I couldn't go back to sleep. My mind raced. How had the DVR turned on? And if it had already been on, why hadn't we heard it? The volume had been much louder than we ever would have had it.

The speaker's message replayed in my mind. All good things come from God.

As usual, my heart warmed at the thought, and I thanked God for everything in my life. Thinking of the blaring message, I was overcome with an urgency to pray. I thanked God for our family and asked again that He protect our daughter's family. Since recently making important faith-based decisions, their lives had become inundated with one predicament after another.

The next morning, my husband and I didn't speak of the incident until we had finished our morning chores and light breakfast.

"I can't imagine how the DVR turned on." I shook my head in dismay.

"Me either," he answered. "It was turned off. Everything was quiet."

"Did you hear what the preacher was saying?"

"Yes, I did."

I sipped my coffee. "You know there are no coincidences where God is concerned."

"I know that."

"It took me a while to go to sleep after hearing that," I confessed. "I just had to thank God for everything. I especially prayed for Colleen and her family."

"Really?" Joe asked, wide-eyed. "I did exactly the same thing."

We both resumed getting ready for work and went off to our jobs.

Early that morning, our daughter stopped in at my place of work. She was upset and asked if we could talk privately for a few minutes. Uncharacteristically, she broke into tears.

“I’m sorry. I told myself I wouldn’t get emotional.” Her usual quick smile disappeared. “I had the worse night ever.”

“What happened?”

“I ran out of anxiety medicine.”

“Oh no. How could you let that happen?” I leaned against an office chair.

“I don’t know. I shouldn’t have let it lapse,” she declared. “I had the most horrific nightmare. I was terrified, it was so real.”

She proceeded to tell me about the nightmare and my heart ached for her.

“I’ve been battling a nasty cold,” she said, “so Mike slept on the downstairs sofa. After the nightmare, I awoke in a panic attack. I managed to get to the stairs and called to him.”

“That’s not good. He is such a sound sleeper. Did he even hear you?”

“That’s the odd part,” she said. “He was already awake. He awoke out of a sound sleep just minutes before I called to him. He said he was so wide awake, it felt like time to get up.”

“That is amazing.”

“I know. We prayed together and it wasn’t long before I felt God’s calming presence.”

“What time did all this happen?” I asked.

“It’s odd that I would remember, but I looked right at the clock when I woke up. It was exactly three forty-five.”