

Do we have to do this right now?

“Excuse me? Are you Serious?” I sat up in bed in the middle of a dark, empty room asking “God you want me to do what?” Even though I just heard a voice, I knew no one was physically there as I looked around for the source, of said Voice.

“What time is it?” I rubbed my eyes and rolled over only to see it was 3:17 am. “Really? 3am? That is the time you chose to have this talk?”

“YES!”

Suddenly I realized, now I knew what the voice of God sounded like, and it was not George Burns. It was nothing at all like I thought it would be. It was not a powerful booming voice with an echo which shook the room, but a Voice which was inaudible, yet loud and clear. It was what in Hebrew is known as *Demamah*; “The Whisper of God.”

This was the point where I decided my imagination was running wild. “Mental note to self: remember what you had for dinner and never eat it again, before bed. What else could have me to wake up at 3 am thinking I hear a voice? Not to mention my explanation being that it was the voice of God?” I asked these questions as I made the decision to go back to sleep. I was content with thinking, if God wanted to have a talk, it was going to be in two hours, when I normally get up. Immediately I began to toss and turn and, it became obvious very quickly that I was not going back to sleep until we had worked this out. This meant the Voice I heard was not my imagination and I knew it.

Well, here we are 3:30 in the morning and I was either dreaming and woke myself up or had just been awakened by the voice of God with instructions to, of all things, write a book? Let us pursue the later shall we? I called out into the darkness, “OK, fine, you want me write a book? About what? Do you mind telling me at least that?” No reply, so I continued. “Just to be clear, YOU (God) want ME (Darren) to write a book detailing how being a suicide loss survivor led

me to advocate for ending suicide? Wait, how did I know that? Did I not just ask “about what”? Ok, so let us assume I now know what to write about. Do you really think this is a promising idea?” I asked. Still, no answer

“Of course, you do. Why else would you have said it?”

I tried to be logical next, “Let us be honest with each other here Lord. You know English was never my strong suit, in school. I mean, the spelling issues alone will take months to fix.”

In a dark empty room just after 3am, I decided to be straight with the Voice and let him know I did not agree with this plan. “Lord, I hear you, but why me? Are you sure you did not call me by mistake? I cannot believe I am right for this.” Still not a word. Maybe it was my imagination? Another crazy dream, but it seemed so real. By this time, I am up walking around the bedroom and looking out the window. Looking out into the lamp lit street as if the answer would just be standing outside waving at me which, of course, it was not. Instead I get a question: “What are the words to the song you have been singing for weeks?” My mind began to race for all of about two nanoseconds until the words to the Casting Crowns song “*Nobody*” begins to play in the soundtrack of my mind.

“You picked twelve outsiders nobody would have chosen, and you changed the world.”

“Ok, I get it and guess I should have seen that one coming. I assume that means that I am supposed to *tell everybody all about somebody that saved my Soul?*”