

*TO TELL  
THE STORY*



LUKE ITALIANO

## A Dream Given

For so many years, her house was empty. Her husband was a good man. And she loved him dearly. But they had no children.

The Bible doesn't tell us her name. It does tell us that she was well-to-do, and that she dearly loved hearing God's Word. And so, when Elisha, the man of God, the great prophet, came to her hometown, a little place called Shunem, she invited him in for a meal. And then, she and her husband built an addition to their home just so he would have a place to stay when he came to visit.

Well, Elisha wanted to thank them. And so he called his servant who was able to speak to the Shunammite woman, who, who could translate for Elisha. So Elisha said to Gehazi his servant, "Call the Shunammite."

And so he called her. And there she was!

And Elisha said to his servant, "Tell her, 'You have gone to all this trouble for us. Now what can be done for you? Can we speak on your behalf to the king or the commander of the army?'"

And when the woman heard Gehazi's translation, she shook her head. "I have a home among my own people." She didn't offer her service to Elisha for any reward. She did it out of thanks. She returned to her kitchen to continue making dough for the evening meal.

"What can be done for her?" Elisha muttered.

Now Gehazi, he was a clever man, and Gehazi answered, "Well, she has no son, and her husband is old."

Then Elisha said, "Call her!"

And so the woman came back, and she lingered in the doorway, not even entering his room, her fingers sticky with dough.

And Elisha said, "About this time next year, you will hold a son in your arms."

The woman didn't burst into laughter. She didn't leap with praise to God. She objected. "No! No, my lord! Don't mislead your servant! Don't mislead your servant, o man of God!"

She ached for a child. She ached for a son. And for so many years, she had hoped. And for so many years, her hope went unanswered. No. She had learned not to hope. She had learned that she and her husband were enough – she didn't need the child.

How dare he? How dare this man of God come here and give her false hope? How dare he rekindle what was in her heart? How dare he?

And yet... She became pregnant. She held her stomach in fear the child would be taken away from her – that it was just a dream! But she felt the child kick. And when she sang to him, he answered. And she gave birth.

And she held the child in her arms. And she praised God. The God who owed her nothing and yet had given her so much. All she had ever wanted: a son!

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Brothers and sisters,

We worship a God who is no weakling, but can do so much more than we could ever hope or imagine. Pray to your Father with boldness. He loves you and will give you what is best – which is not always what you want. But that's a story for next week.

This story? This story is true.

2 Kings 4:8-17

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