

"The Call in the Night You Should Figure Out"

1 Samuel 3:1-20
January 14, 2018
by Rebecca Enney

Uncle Floyd does not sleep with his cell phone beside his bed. He puts it on the dresser across the room. And he usually turns the sound off overnight.

But one night this week, right in the middle of a dream, he heard his phone make a tiny click. And it woke him up. But his phone does not make a click sound to alert him to a call or a snap chat or a message or even Facebook. So, he ignored it and went right back to sleep.

And then, sometime later, his phone clicked and it woke him up again! He was kind of puzzled and this time he got out of bed and checked, but there was no indication that anyone was trying to reach him. But, as long as he was up, he checked on Barabas and Gator and then went to the bathroom.

Then later, as he lay there in bed awake, his phone made the sound again!

"I reckon someone is trying to tell me something!" So, he checked his "recent calls" and all, but there was nothing there.

As he puzzled over this, the thought of Mrs. Potato Head kept coming to him. She had seemed a bit confused last Sunday when they talked at church. And the more he thought about it, the more Uncle Floyd felt that Mrs. Potato Head was trying to contact him. This was not a call to ignore.

He checked the clock and it was 5:00AM, just half an hour before he was about to get up anyway, so Uncle Floyd called the front desk at the Retirement Home where Mrs. Potato Head lives and asked them to check on her in her apartment.



He held the line for what seemed like a very long time, but finally the staff person came back and asked if Uncle Floyd could come over, not right now, but after the boys left for school. They said Mrs. Potato Head was anxious to see him.

Later, when he arrived at her apartment, she looked up and said "Where were you? I kept trying to call you, but the phone wouldn't work right."

Uncle Floyd sat down beside her on her bed and put his arm around her shoulder. "I reckon it is good to see you! Tell me how you are."

And Mrs. Potato Head started to cry. She explained that she got very confused during the night and was looking for Mr. Potato Head, her

husband.

"But I know he died many years ago!" she said. "I guess I just missed him."

Uncle Floyd gave her a big hug and sat with her until it was time for her to go for breakfast in the dining room, which was exactly the RIGHT THING TO DO! The End