

I Sleep but My Heart Is Awake

The Lord gave me this vision as I was waiting on Him during the night season. As it gradually unfolded in front of me, I clearly saw the following events take place.

I sleep, but my heart is awake; it is the voice of my beloved!

He knocks, saying, “Open for me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one; for my head is covered with dew, my locks with the drops of the night” (*Song of Solomon 5:2, NKJV*).

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and dine with him, and he with Me” (*Rev. 3:20, NKJV*).

As I lay in my bed, I heard the sound of faint knocking. It was the one my soul loves. My heart leaped within as He spoke to me, saying, “Come away with me, My love.” He had a special invitation in His hand, rolled as a scroll. I jumped out of bed eager to open the scroll.

I quickly read the words, ***“I have invited you to a feast prepared for you. Will you come?”***

I said, “Yes, Jesus. I would love to.”

“Come right away and bring nothing with you,” He said tenderly as we approached the hallway leading to my living room.

I was glad I had answered His knock that night or I would have missed my invitation to feast at His table. As I walked with Him into my living room to my favorite prayer chair, my “secret place” was suddenly transformed into a huge dining hall with fine china set perfectly in preparation for the big event. The table was beautifully laid, ready for a special feast.

Jesus took His place at the head of the table. His eyes, so full of love, made me feel welcome. He spoke to me with such tenderness that my heart leaped within as He fixed His gaze on me. There were others who sat at the table, but it was as if Jesus and I were alone in a special place prepared just for us.

My Beloved told me many others were invited to come dine with Him at His table that night, but they would not answer their door to let Him in. I recalled that He had been

weeping when I answered the door, overcome to have found a companion with whom to share His heart.

At that moment I realized His hair was wet with dew of the night because He had been standing in the cool night air. I quickly got up off my chair and fell at His feet. “Oh, Precious One,” I cried, “how many times I have left you standing all alone out in the night air?”

“How many times have you become ‘wet with the dew’? Oh, Lord, how many times have I chosen the comfort of my bed instead of time with you? I often made you walk alone into the night with your heart breaking.” My tears fell faster than I could wipe them away.

“Get up My child,” He said. “I don’t remember those times because they are under My blood!”

He gently pulled me off the floor and embraced me. Oh, the love I felt as I leaned against Him. He whispered into my ear. “Thank you for keeping Me company tonight, only a few of My choicest servants responded to the call to come.”

I took my place at the table again. Jesus was excited about the meal He had prepared. One person at a time was served His divine meal. When He came to me, He served me only a small portion of food and gave me only a little to drink. The few others around me had plates full and cups overflowing. While I ate with the others I said nothing. I was perplexed.

The Lord perceived what was in my heart and, when everyone had finished the meal, He spoke. “Some ask in their hearts why I gave more substance to some but not to others. This meal symbolizes the deeper things of God, the very secrets of my heart, and I gave you according to your capacity to receive.

“As you keep coming to this table I have freely set before you I will enlarge your capacity to receive through your obedience to the knocks at your door. I must tell you, however, that I come at inconvenient times.

“I want to know, My dear one, that if you love Me as much as I love you I will share many secrets with you, but only if you are willing to come. And as I have said before, only a few chose to respond to My invitation. Most are tucked comfortably in their beds unwilling to lose sleep ... but I am the night visitor.”

All at once I was back in my living room with my heart full of the One I desired most. His presence lingered. Night after night I heard Him knocking. And while I was asleep my heart was always awake, so I could hear his affectionate call. “Come away with Me, my love.”

My living room was often transformed into a banquet hall where I sat at His table with my invitation in hand. I joined only a few others; there was never a crowd.

Each night at His table I was served more and greater substance. My capacity to receive was enlarging with every meal. I drank my new wine with my heart overflowing with joy in the fullness of His presence. I was intoxicated with His love. I was quite content to just sit quietly with Him.

“You have ravished My heart, My treasure, My bride,” He proclaimed, “with only one glance of your eyes. You have become to me as a garden enclosed. Eat, O beloved friends. Drink, yes, drink abundantly of My love.”

His eyes were so full of love that my heart was moved as if it was my first visit with Him. From deep within I cried, “I am my Beloved’s—the one He desires. Come, my love,” I pleaded, “let us go and spend the night together. There will I give you my love.” I woke up the next morning still in His arms, eating while leaning on the chest of my Lord.

Each night, as I climb into bed, my heart is always awake listening ever so closely for that familiar knock from the One I desire more than life itself. I vowed not to leave Him standing outside, all alone in the night.

He has come with invitation in hand; my night visitor has prepared a special place for me. There He shares His heart, uttering whispers from the throne room that can be heard nowhere else, only at His table where I feast on His presence.

“Many are called but few are chosen” (Matt. 22:14).

Father, I make myself available to You in the night seasons. I sleep but my heart is awake... Speak, Lord, for thy servant has a listening heart...

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Steve Porter is the founder of Refuge Ministries. He has written many books and has a special anointing to bring forth the deep truths of the Spirit with clarity and simplicity that draw one up into a closer walk and deeper relationship with our Lord Jesus Christ. Steve's books, articles and videos have touched countless lives around the world.