

The "Gift" of Sleep

Written by
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My routine of writing this journal has typically been that I will write about our day in the evening after supper. When our days have been uneventful, I will sometimes write about something that inspired me or of a thought I felt worthy of sharing. Occasionally, I will wait until the following day to put something on paper. Tonight, though we had a good day, my mind was blank so I waited. Sure enough, at 2:00 AM ***after being awake for an hour***, I was inspired to share my views on sleep.

As a child and then a teenager, I had the luxury of sleeping soundly through the night for at least eight hours at a time. The day I gave birth for the first time my "sleep fairy" escaped and since then sleep is somewhat elusive. I suppose it is because as a mother my ears had to adjust to the demands of a baby at all hours and even as my children grew up, their needs still required my attention throughout the night. When Jim died, it was months before I could sleep more than four hours in a row, but that was part of my grieving process. Since my spiritual "awakening", I find myself wide-awake at all hours of the night with thoughts pouring into my head. My dreams will wake me up no matter how tired I may be and I will get up and write them down. Then of course, menopause has kicked in now too so my sleep fairy seems to have gone on a permanent holiday. And who can blame her with me throwing the covers off one minute because I'm too hot and then snuggling into Rick the next because I'm too cold.

Rick, on the other hand, has incredible sleeping abilities. Once his head hits the pillow, within 1 minute he is asleep while I need to read for twenty minutes or more to lull me into a semi-conscious state. Rick sleeps so soundly that I'm sure a train could pass through the bedroom once he's asleep and he would never know! It really is a good thing because with my constant activity, I'd keep him awake if he was a light sleeper. The worst part about waking up through the night is that if I don't fall back asleep right away, I'll lay awake for an hour or more trying to still my mind. Tonight I opted to get up and write instead, a much more productive use of my time. It's been almost another hour and I know soon I will be able to get onboard the sleep train once more. Yes, sleeping soundly is indeed a gift!