

Eutychus

I am Eutychus. My family lives in Troas. The Apostle Paul was in town and gave a long sermon on the day before he was to leave. My mother insisted that I go. She thought it would “do me good” and had hopes for me to be a student of philosophy or religion. She was a Christian and said that this Paul was a very important man. My Dad and I were not really interested. Dad did not even come to the meeting, but Mom and a few other relatives and friends were there.

Anyway, it was hot and crowded in that third-floor room, so I sat in the window to get a little breeze. I really tried to follow the message, but part of it was stuff I had already heard before and then there were a lot of names of people and places I didn't know. Basically, it was boring. And it just went on and on. I was getting very sleepy.

You know how you sort of jerk when you are falling asleep? I did that and almost lost my balance, but then caught myself. That happened twice, I thought to myself, “I really ought to get out of this window,” but then felt too lazy to do anything about it. I was just starting a really interesting dream about flying when I opened my eyes and Paul himself was hugging me.

I was on the ground, there were people gathered all around me and they were saying things like “Give him some air,” or “don't move him.” They were mostly wide-eyed or praying. Somebody carried me back upstairs. And I thought, “Oh, no! He isn't finished yet.” But as it turns out they were going back up to eat.

My mother suddenly showed up and hugged me. She was crying and saying how this aged her 10 years. I said I was hungry, and she thought I probably should not eat. A man behind her said, “Let him eat.” He looked like someone I should recognize so I asked him his name. He said, “Dr. Luke.”

“You're a doctor?” I said, “What happened to me?” He told me that I had fallen three stories and when they got to me, I was actually dead. The impact had stopped my heart. Paul rushed down and threw himself on top of me and I started moving and breathing and my heartbeat came back.

Dr. Luke told me that I must have landed flat on my back because neither my skull nor my legs were broken. I must have been totally relaxed so that the force was distributed equally over my entire body. He said that I needed to pray and thank the Lord Jesus Christ for preserving my life and ask Him to show me why He had saved me. I actually did that! And I really meant it!

So, the after-effects were all good. I didn't even ache the next day, but I had a new appreciation of life and a genuine sense of purpose. I had a growing love for this God who bothered to revive a sleepy risk-taker. And did I have a lot of interesting conversations after that! Everybody wanted to talk to me. Girls gathered around and whispered to each other.

I don't recommend it as a way of becoming popular – after all, it might not have turned out so well. But my life was changed for the better and my story spread like wildfire. I wish I had a way of telling all my friends about it at the same time!