

I have often wondered how Joseph got through his life without a sleeping disorder. Every time you read about Joe in the Bible, some Angel is appearing to him in a dream.

Here's a simple guy who only wanted to be a good carpenter, get married to his sweetheart, Mary, have a bunch of kids and maybe take a vacation to Disney World sometime.

Unfortunately, poor Joe kept falling asleep.

First this Angel comes into his dream and tells Joe that Mary, his innocent bride-to-be, is pregnant, but still a virgin, and that he is to go ahead and marry Mary and get her out of town.

So Joe packs his pregnant, virgin wife off to Bethlehem and helps her give birth to a savior. Everything seems to be going just fine when one night, another Angel appears to Joe in a dream and tells him that Herod is really ticked off about this savior stuff and he needs to get Mary and Jesus the heck out of there... sooooooo,

Joe packs up the wife and savior and travels hundreds of miles through the boring, hot desert into Egypt where the cranky Herod would not find them.

Well everything seems to be going great for the Carpenter family when, once again, that annoying little Angel crashes Joe's dream to tell him that Herod is dead and won't bother them any more and that they are free to pack up all their cares and woes and head back through the hot, boring desert to a place called Nazareth, Galilee... soooo,

Joe packs up the donkey, who by now is getting really tired of this moving van stuff, and takes the fam back through the boring, hot desert to their new home in downtown Nazareth.

Now maybe I'm a little off base here, but I'm thinking that by the time poor Joe got to Galilee, he must have had a tough time getting to sleep at nights. I sure would. His dreaming had certainly turned his simple world upside down.

I would have complained all the way through the desert.

"Hey, God... Don't you have any Angels that work the day shift? I mean, is it asking too much to have your Angels call on me during normal business hours? Enough, already!"

And you know that these dreams took a toll on the marriage. I can see poor Joe sitting there with his morning cup of coffee trying to explain to Mary how they have to head back through the

boring, hot desert again.

I bet those two did some serious entertaining of changing religions.

“Mary, we have got to find a God that will work with us during the days so I can sleep at night.”

“Yes dear, I know. It would be nice to find a God that would let us stay put for awhile so I could actually start a garden for us..”

Joe’s life certainly didn’t turn out the way he hoped it would. But Joe didn’t seem like the guy to complain much. He was given a job and simply went about doing it right. A good carpenter will do that.

But if there were photographers around during that time, you know that Joe would be the one with the bags under his eyes.