

**Date** : 9 March 2025  
**Theme** : Conversational Equipping (I)  
**Topic** : Emotional Pain, God's Presence and Breakthrough  
**Key Passage** : Sarai: *Genesis 16, 18, Hebrews 11:11, 1 Peter 3:6*  
Hagar: *Genesis 12,16*  
**Key Verse** : *...She gave this name to the LORD who spoke to her: "You are the God who sees me," for she said, "I have now seen the One who sees me." That is why the well was called Beer Lahai Roi... between Kadesh and Bered. Genesis 16:13,14*

### **Pain.**

My topic is conversational equipping in the home. But before we talk about conversation, I want to address why we don't have conversation. What is standing in the way of constructive interaction.

List of bible texts used to re-create Sarai and Hagar's stories:

- Sarai: Genesis 16, 18, Hebrews 11:11, 1 Peter 3:6
- Hagar: Genesis 12, 16

For small group prayer time:

for Dads/husbands or anyone who wants to discuss this question:

William Carey (Candle in the Dark movie) experienced great tensions—his multiple obligations and deep love for wife and children and the Indian people.

- What *feelings* were evoked in you as you watched his difficulties and experiences?
- Do you face similar tensions? What are they?
- Can we bring these tensions and difficulties before our Lord Jesus? Tell Him how you feel, and ask Him for his direction during this difficult time.

For most of the rest of us:

Read this poetic story. Have you ever experienced something similar? How did you respond to pain?

1. Will you come to the Lord Jesus and release your pain, fear and anguish before Him?
2. Will you release forgiveness for Jesus' sake? I forgive \_\_\_\_ [name] for \_\_\_\_.[specify incident]
3. What is the Lord Jesus releasing to you? Receive.

Can you say what Hagar said in the end: *God hears me. God sees me. You are The Living One who sees me* (Genesis 16)? Like Sarai, what do you choose? (Hebrews 11:11, 1 Peter 3:5, 6)

Pray for your own and each others' family relationships.

## Story:

*Who am I?*

I was born around B.C. 2000. I am a slave woman. I served the great deity, Pharaoh himself. He gave me to a beautiful woman and her husband. They had no children. I became the surrogate, the egg-donor. And why not? Becoming a "lesser wife" would be better than being a slave.

But they only wanted the baby. When I quarrelled with his wife, he didn't take my side. He didn't want to get involved.

I felt used. Incensed. Helpless. There was nothing I could do. Or was there?

I was deeply distressed. My anguish drove me to desperation. I ran away. I could see no way out.

I would die of thirst and starvation. And no one would get the baby. Not me. Not them. I collapsed, crying, beside an old well.

Footsteps.

Who was it? Who could be in this deserted place?

A person came walking in my direction.

He called my name.

"Hagar."

How did he know me?

"Servant of Sarai."

He knelt down beside me, looking concerned.

"Where have you come from?"

"And Where are you going to?"

Going to? I didn't know. "I am running away." I confessed.

The person gazed calmly and kindly at me. It seemed he could read my thoughts.

"You are pregnant," He said quietly.

How does he know I'm pregnant? I wondered.

Then he spoke confidently, and with authority.

"You will have a son."

His words painted a different picture in my mind. I imagined holding my child.

I did want him.

"And you will call him *Ishmael*."

"Because God has heard of your misery."

*Ishmael!* It means: *God hears*.

God hears me.

Even though no one heard my distress, the God of my master Abraham, the God who is greater than Pharaoh himself, he has heard me.

Then with urgency, and authority, he said

"Go back."

Suddenly, what I dreaded seemed less fearful now. God is here. God hears me.

I was thirsty. I let down the bucket and drew up refreshing water.

I breathed deeply and drank.

I wanted to live.

When I looked up from the refreshing drink, the person had disappeared.

*Who was he?*

I turned to go. Then looked back at the well.

It was here that my identity had changed.

I am not Hagar the servant. Hagar the alone.

God is here. The Living One. He hears my misery. Beer Lahai Roi.

The living One who sees me.

I am not Hagar the ignored. Hagar the oppressed. Hagar the used and abused.

I am significant. I am yours. You are *The Living One who sees me*.

You come to me. You are here. You see me. You hear my pain. You direct me.

I returned to the camp.

Now I didn't despise Sarai. I did not need to oppress another.

The Living One sees me.

Soon, I held my baby boy.

Abram listened to my story. He believed me. And he named our son Ishmael.

God hears. Beer Lahai Roi. The well of the Living One who sees me

### Closing song

*Open my eyes that I may see*

*Glimpses of truth Thou has for me*

*Place in my hand the wonderful key*

*That will unlock and set me free*

*Silently now I wait for Thee*

*Ready my God, Thy will to see*

*Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine.*