

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS
By Pastor Jim Bornzin November 1997
1 Kings 17:8-16 Mark 12:38-44

“Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For all of them have contributed out of their abundance; but she, out of her poverty, has put in everything she had, all she had to live on.” Mark 12:43-44

What is a widow? What pain is theirs? Only a widow knows.

What loneliness? What sadness? In public it seldom shows.

In Bible times a husband sort of owned his wife.

Things are somewhat different now; women have a more independent life.

Yet Jesus said, in marriage, the two become as one;

And those whose spouse has died, know, the separation is no fun.

A part of you is missing; a part of you is gone;

You waken early in the morning to face another dawn.

Then off to church or market, or off to see a friend,

You've got to keep busy, or the day will never end.

Evenings seem the loneliest, so quiet and so dark,

And everywhere you turn at home, that man has left his mark.

His tools are in the garage, his boots beneath the stair,

A funny indentation in the seat of his old chair.

I've known a lot of widows, and most have wondered why

Their life goes on, without a man, and some would rather die.

The Bible mentions widows quite often so it seems,

And more than once, the widow is the one whom God esteems.

A widow saved Elijah's life by sharing her last meal;

Then Elijah saved her son's life to show that God was real.

Jesus said, "I tell you, this poor widow has given more

Than all the wealthy folks who gave from their rich treasure store."

Widows know a secret, which at first may seem quite odd,

For, living without a husband, means they put their trust in God.

Widowers too, in times of grief, learn lessons of survival,

Without a wife to lean upon, discover faith's revival.

So you and I have much to learn from widows poor and weak,

That we are rich, if our spouse lives, no other should we seek.

But together learn the lesson that blessed are those who give,

That loving generosity is the most joyful way to live.

Giving to each other, to daughter and to son,

To God and church and charity, it can be truly fun.

You hear the question everywhere, "But will there be enough?"

Revealing fear and lack of faith, we hang on to our stuff.

But widows have already lost so much, they've cried so many tears,

And in the act of letting go, found God has calmed their fears.

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The jar of meal was not emptied; the jug of oil did not fail,
God's supply of daily gifts is larger than our pail.
Jesus at the temple, watched folks as they went by
And when he saw the widow, it nearly made him cry.
For all of them had given, from their apparent wealth;
But she gave from her poverty; revealing spiritual health.
Beware of those who preach and pray but don't know how to give,
They devour widow's houses, and for appearances they live.
Beware the glitter and the glitz of ministries appealing,
To grow and glow their only aim, may be a form of stealing.

Your local church, though humble, is bold enough to ask
For gifts of time and money, devoted to one task,
To love and care as Jesus did, to heal and to forgive,
To teach the gospel message, by grace alone we live.
Your local church, whatever its name, sustained by God's own grace,
Equipped to do God's mission, prepared to run the race.
Its ministry is in the world of daily work and play,
Its ministers, the members who love and care and pray.
And much goes on behind the scenes, morning, noon, and night,
Paid for by Christ's precious blood, and by the widow's mite.
So today, we say a special thanks to those whose spouse has died,
For showing us God's love still lives, and cannot be denied.
For all the ways you serve your church, for all the ways you love,
May you receive a special gift from God who dwells above.