

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH

1 Kings 17 1-16

Zarephath is my lonely home,
My faith in God sore tried.
My husband dead, my son so young,
In deep despair we'd cried.

I held him tight with mother love,
I did not want to die.
We'd nothing left but one last meal;
Would God yet hear my cry?

I gathered sticks for final meal,
When someone called to me:
"Fetch me some water for myself."
I humbly did agree.

But then he asked for *all* I had,
Was this man for real?
I said to him "As thy God lives,
'Tis my remaining meal."

With eyes that shone he said to me
"Fear not, just serve me first.
Place trust in God and your reward
Will be you'll never thirst."

I looked at him, believed his word,
This was a prophet true:
Now sensed he saw what really was,
My task was just to do.

Baked all the meal with all my oil,
Did give him first to eat.
The barrel and the cruse stayed full!
I felt God's love so sweet!

I served Elijah many days.
We always had our fill, -
Our lives transformed for simply this:
We trusted in God's will.

Held in His love all were secure -
Eternal love a fact.
We had no need for any more,
Our lives preserved intact.

"I had to give my very last" -
This thought so strong and bold:
*For only when we drop the past
Do all of God we hold.*

WHEN WE GIVE
OUR ALL
WE FIND
ABUNDANCE
IN GOD