

Widow of Zarephath

Elijah went to Zarephath. When he came to the town gate, a widow was there gathering sticks. He called to her and asked, "Would you bring me a little water in a jar so I may have a drink?" As she was going to get it he called, "And bring me, please, a piece of bread." "As surely as the Lord your God lives," she replied, "I don't have any bread - only a handful of flour in a jar and a little oil in a jug. I am gathering a few sticks to take home and make a meal for myself and my son, that we may eat it - and die." Elijah said to her, "Don't be afraid. Go home and do as you have said. But first make a small cake of bread for me from what you have and bring it to me, and then make something for yourself and your son. For this is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: 'The jar of flour will not be used up and the jug of oil will not run dry until the day the Lord gives rain on the land.'"



She gave it all and received more back. I personally haven't known anyone who has been one meal away from dying. What do you say to a person in such a circumstance? . . . I'm not sure, but I doubt I would ask for food. The only person who could ask someone else to do that is a person who has already let go. Elijah was the man. He could ask for the widow's last meal because he had let go of his own ropes and was trusting God. Loosening our grip on lines of security takes times and usually is not a last meal experience. But the next time some asks you where your next meal is coming from, give the widow of Zarephath answer, "From God."

