

“Some time later the son of the woman who owned the house became ill. He grew worse and worse, and finally stopped breathing. She said to Elijah, “What do you have against me, man of God? Did you come to remind me of my sin and kill my son?” 1 Kings 17:17-18 NIV

lectio // 1 Kings 17:17-24

This is a perfect example of an ancient Jewish woman's perspective on life and death. God controls ALL, or, in his case God's representative. It's kinda creepy that NIV says, “finally stopped breathing,” with all the people dying from the Covid-19 virus. She doesn't even hesitate to put responsibility (not necessarily blame) on God. Her son's death as a reminder of her sin? Wow, that's dark. I've been told that that Jewish culture didn't even think of evil or sickness being attributed to Satan. Yeah, Job writes about evil as an entity, but it doesn't come up in most of the stories. Then Elijah confirms it when he says, “Then he cried out to the Lord, “Lord my God, have you brought tragedy even on this widow I am staying with, by causing her son to die?” They did not have the hard questions we ask today! Or at least the multiple places to blame someone. Did God kill her son? Did her own sin or her son's sin kill the boy? Did the boy die because that's just what happens in a sinful, fallen planet filled with selfish choices that ALL humans make? How did he get sick? Who gave him the illness? You see, she (nor Elijah) even thought about that! WE DO! If you think I have answers to these questions, I do not. I just know everyone struggles with them. Maybe most just jump to holding God responsible for all things good and evil and ride the wicked roller-coaster of good God/bad God feelings throughout life. I just know what Jesus said, “The thief comes to kill and destroy.” And all of these ideas come to a hard stop when someone you love DIES and you are left holding a bag of broken emotional glass.

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Dad,

I know that you are good - always. You are right, true and just - always. Your will and your ways are PERFECT and your love for us (me) is pure and real. I can put my trust and my life in your hands because you are my father!

contemplatio

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root