

1: Widows () - IMDb

The Widow Directed to the Widow's God. by John Angell James, THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH An example of trust in God and kindness to needy widows.

She was the daughter of Phaniel, of the tribe of Asher, and was very old. She was a widow, for her husband had died when they had been married only seven years. She was now eighty-four years old. She never left the Temple but stayed there day and night, worshiping God with fasting and prayer. She came along just as Simeon was talking with Mary and Joseph, and she began praising God. She talked about Jesus to everyone who had been waiting for the promised King to come and deliver Jerusalem. Anna was one among the few who, in that dark degenerate age, preserved the light of true piety from being quite extinct, and who waited for the Messiah. Gifted with the spirit of prophecy, she delivered the messages of God to the few who were disposed to receive them, and spoke of him that was to come "who would bring deliverance for his people. Her abode was in one of the dwellings which surrounded the temple, and her sole employment was devotion. She had long been dead to the world, and the world to her; and, with her heart in heaven, she had neither interest nor hope upon earth. It was her privilege, as it was of good old Simeon, before she closed her eyes on earthly things, to see Him of whom the prophets spoke. Having uttered her gratitude that the light had not departed from her eyes, until she had seen the Lord, she confessed him before others, and commended him to their regards. You may be willing to lay down your aged body, and your widowhood, and go to that world, where you shall flourish in the vigor of immortal youth! And now, leaving Anna, I turn to the aged widow, who has little to do but to wait and watch for the coming of her Lord. Mother in Israel, I address you with sentiments of reverent respect, while I call upon you to indulge the reflections, and perform the duties, appropriate to your circumstances. Your age, connected with your widowhood, renders you an object of deep concern. You have outlived, not only the husband but the friends of your youth. As regards those who started with you in life, you are alone in the world; and you sometimes feel a sadness come over you, because there are none who can talk with you of the scenes of your childhood and youth which are as a tale written only in your own memory. Spend the evening of your days, in adoring the God that has kept you thus long, and in admiring the varied displays of his attributes, and the rich and seasonable communications of his grace, which it has been your privilege to enjoy. From what dangers he has rescued you amid what temptations he has delivered you through what difficulties he has conducted you under what trials he has supported you and what mercies he has showered upon you during a widowhood of thirty, forty, or fifty years! How much of his power, wisdom, patience, faithfulness, and love have you seen in all these varied scenes, through which you have been called to pass! Let it be the employment and delight of your soul, in the long evening of your life, to retrace, with gratitude and admiration, the wondrous course and journey of your existence. When by infirmity of body, you are shut out from the public ordinances of true religion, and the communion of the saints; when through failing sight you can no longer read the Word of God, and you can only think upon its contents, dwell upon the past with thanksgiving and love. When you became a widow, perhaps early in life, you trembled, and asked, "How am I to be sustained? And now, during the remainder of your days, and of your widowhood, withdraw your attentions from this world, and prepare for that glory, on the verge of which you are now living! Almost every tie to earth is cut, or hangs very loose about your heart. Heaven has been accumulating its treasures, and multiplying its attractions for many years, and earth growing poorer and poorer, until one would suppose it has scarcely anything now left to make you, as you are about to leave it cast one lingering longing look behind. Let it be seen that you are dwelling on the borderland, waiting and longing to pass over to your eternal home. Let it not distress you, if you cannot be so vigorous in the service of God, as you once were. Do not be cast down, if you cannot hear with the same attention or pray with the same length, fixedness of thought, and fervor of emotion or that you cannot remember with the same power and accuracy, as you once did. It is the decay of nature, rather than the decline of grace and your divine Lord will make the same kind excuse for you, which he once did for his slumbering disciples, and say, "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak! You must have been long since weaned, or ought to

have been, from living upon frames and feelings. Your frames and feelings have far less of liveliness than they once had, and you must be brought to a simpler and firmer reliance upon the faithfulness and unchangeableness of God. You must rest upon the simple promise, and rely upon the pure and unmixed word. Aged saint, believe, believe—hold on to the end, by faith. Yes, though an aged widow, apparently forlorn and desolate—send forth notes of cheerful praise. Like good old Anna, who when she came in and saw the Lord, gave thanks, and spoke of Christ to those around—so you should likewise do. Encourage the younger widows to put their trust in God. Tell them how he has appeared to sustain you. Bear testimony for him, and remind them, that he is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Let it appear to all who come round you, that though God sees fit to detain you upon earth—your affections have gone on before you into heaven; that your heart is dead to the world—though your body lives in it; that though you are willing to wait all the days of your appointed time, until your change comes—that still the coming of the change will be a joyful moment. It is an unfitting sight, to behold an aged widow clinging to earth, even when its attractions, one would think, are gone; and loving the world, when its charms are all faded, and it is but the skeleton of what it was to her. But, at the same time, let there be no impatience to be gone. Your husband is dead; perhaps your children also, and there be few in whom your heart takes a deep interest or concern. You can see no reason why you should linger and loiter another hour in the world, which is one vast sepulcher, where all that was dear to you lies buried—and why, therefore, should such a tomb as this world—be your dwelling place? Let there be no peevish wishes for death—no fretful complaints of life. It may be you are dependent, and are afraid you are a burden to your friends; and this adds to your impatience to be gone—but strive against it. God loves his children too well to keep them one moment longer from his house and home above—than is best for his glory—and their happiness!

2: Download [PDF] The Widow Directed To The Widow S God " Fodreport eBook

The Widow Directed to the Widow's God: The Widow of Zarephath by John Angell James, Posted on April 21, by Michelle An example of trust in God"and kindness to needy widows.

Therefore, brothers, pick out from among you seven men of good repute, full of the Spirit and of wisdom, whom we will appoint to this duty. But we will devote ourselves to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Many rich people put in large sums. And a poor widow came and put in two small copper coins, which make a penny. For they all contributed out of their abundance, but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, all she had to live on. It shall be for the sojourner, the fatherless, and the widow, that the Lord your God may bless you in all the work of your hands. For they all contributed out of their abundance, but she out of her poverty put in all she had to live on. And the first son whom she bears shall succeed to the name of his dead brother, that his name may not be blotted out of Israel. If you do mistreat them, and they cry out to me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath will burn, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall become widows and your children fatherless. Everyone loves a bribe and runs after gifts. For it is good to sing praises to our God; for it is pleasant, and a song of praise is fitting. The Lord builds up Jerusalem; he gathers the outcasts of Israel. He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. He determines the number of the stars; he gives to all of them their names. Great is our Lord, and abundant in power; his understanding is beyond measure. If anyone aspires to the office of overseer, he desires a noble task. Therefore an overseer must be above reproach, the husband of one wife, sober-minded, self-controlled, respectable, hospitable, able to teach, not a drunkard, not violent but gentle, not quarrelsome, not a lover of money. Honor widows who are truly widows. But if a widow has children or grandchildren, let them first learn to show godliness to their own household and to make some return to their parents, for this is pleasing in the sight of God. She who is truly a widow, left all alone, has set her hope on God and continues in supplications and prayers night and day,

3: Widow Directed to the Widow's God by John Angell James

The Undistracted Widow includes sections to help widows find renewed identity and purpose. Cornish helps readers trust in God, manage emotions, learn from both biblical and contemporary widows, rethink the past, present, and future, and prepare for what's next.

A spirit of quiet reverence permeated the gathering as an organ prelude of hymns was played. I gazed at those who sat before me. There were mothers and fathers and relatively few children. The majority of those who sat on crowded benches were women about middle age—and alone. Suddenly it dawned on me that perhaps these were widows, having lost their husbands during World War II. My curiosity demanded an answer to my unexpressed thought, so I asked the conducting officer to take a sort of standing roll call. When he asked all those who were widows to please arise, it seemed that half the vast throng stood. Their hopes had been shattered, their lives altered, and their future had in a way been taken from them. Behind each countenance was a personal travail of tears. I addressed my remarks to them and to all who have loved, then lost, those most dear. Death Shows No Mercy Though perhaps not so cruel and dramatic, yet equally poignant, are the lives described in the obituaries of our day and time when the uninvited enemy called death enters the stage of our mortal existence and snatches from our grasp a loving husband or precious wife and frequently, in the young exuberance of life, our children and grandchildren. Death shows no mercy. Death is no respecter of persons, but in its insidious way it visits all. At times it is after long-suffering and is a blessing; while in other instances those in the prime of life are taken by its grasp. As of old, the heartbroken frequently and silently repeat the ancient question: Where can I turn for peace? Where is my solace When other sources cease to make me whole? When with a wounded heart, anger, or malice, I draw myself apart, Searching my soul? Gentle the peace he finds for my beseeching. Constant he is and kind, Love without end. Our hearts go out to the widow at Zarephath. Gone was her husband. Consumed was her scant supply of food. Starvation and death awaited. Her response is particularly touching: And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he delivered him to his mother. We, too, can bless if we will but follow His noble example. Needed are eyes to see the pitiable plight, ears to hear the silent pleadings of a broken heart; yes, and a soul filled with compassion, that we might communicate not only eye to eye or voice to ear, but in the majestic style of the Savior, even heart to heart. He cautioned His disciples to beware of the example of the scribes, who feigned righteousness by their long apparel and their lengthy prayers, but who devoured the houses of widows. Frequently it is a modest one in size and humble in appearance. Often it is tucked away at the top of the stairs or the back of the hallway and consists of but one room. To such homes He sends you and me. There may exist an actual need for food, clothing—even shelter. Such can be supplied. Almost always there remains the hope for that special hyacinth to feed the soul. Go, gladden the lonely, the dreary; Go, comfort the weeping, the weary; Go, scatter kind deeds on your way; Oh, make the world brighter today! Those who grieve frequently find themselves alone. Missed are the laughter of children, the commotion of teenagers, and the tender, loving concern of a departed companion. The clock ticks more loudly, time passes more slowly, and four walls do indeed a prison make. Hopefully, all of us may again hear the echo of words spoken by the Master, inspiring us to good deeds: Evans left for our contemplation and action this admonition: But we can help them live in the warm glow of a sunset made more beautiful by our thoughtfulness, by our provision, and by our active and unfeigned love. Life in its fullness is a loving ministry of service from generation to generation. God grant that those who belong to us may never be left in loneliness. The commodities at the storehouse on Welfare Square had not been their usual quality, nor were they found in abundance. Many products were missing, especially fresh fruit. As a young bishop, worrying about the needs of the many widows in my ward, I said a prayer one evening that is especially sacred to me. I pleaded that these widows, who were among the finest women I knew in mortality and whose needs were simple and conservative, had no resources on which they might rely. The next morning I received a call from a ward member, a proprietor of a produce business situated in our ward. Could you make arrangements? The storehouse was alerted, and then each bishop was telephoned and the entire shipment distributed. The wife of that generous businessman

became a widow herself. I know the decision her husband and she made brought her sweet memories and comforting peace to her soul. Thank You I express my sincere appreciation to one and all who are mindful of the widow. To the thoughtful neighbors who invite a widow to dinner and to that royal army of noble women, the visiting teachers of the Relief Society, I add, may God bless you for your kindness and your love unfeigned toward her who reaches out and touches vanished hands and listens to voices forever stilled. The words of the Prophet Joseph Smith describe their mission: I admire the ward leaders who invite the widows to all social activities, often providing a young Aaronic Priesthood lad to be a special escort for the occasion. Widows and Widowers Frequently the need of the widow is not one of food or shelter but of feeling a part of ongoing events. Bryan Richards of the Seventy once brought to my office a sweet widow whose husband had passed away during a full-time mission they were serving. It is what my missionary-minded husband would like. I saw the receipt made in her name, but I believe in my heart it was also recorded in heaven. The room is beautiful and peaceful. I asked this sweet widow to sit in the chair usually occupied by our Church President. I felt he would not mind, for I knew his heart. She has now gone home to that mother who preceded her in passing. Fathers experience loneliness as well as mothers. We looked in vain for a year-old widow, whose memory had become clouded and who could not speak a word. An attendant led us in our search, and we found Nell in the dining room. She had eaten her meal; she was sitting silently, staring into space. She did not show us any sign of recognition. As I reached to take her hand, she withdrew it. I noticed that she held firmly to a Christmas greeting card. It was one my wife, Frances, had sent to Nell the week before. We left more filled with the Christmas spirit than when we entered. We kept to ourselves the mystery of that special card and the life it had gladdened and the heart it had touched. The grieving widow, the fatherless child, and the lonely of heart everywhere will be gladdened, comforted, and sustained through our service, and we will experience a deeper understanding of the words recorded in the Epistle of James: A few examples follow: Ask family members to make a list of all the widows, widowers, and fatherless or motherless children they know. Invite them to gladden the heart of someone on their list. Invite family members to tell of times they have visited or given other service to those who live alone. Then read aloud the last section of this message, and bear your testimony of the blessings that come from remembering the lonely. Photographs by Robert Casey, posed by models.

4: The widow directed to the widow's God

In this book, James directs widows to take their sufferings to God for relief. He tenderly shows that the widow "needs a special message of comfort from her Lord." There are practical suggestions and helps for widows, Scriptural examples of widows, letters from widows, and letters to widows.

Posted on April 21, by Michelle An example of trust in God's and kindness to needy widows. The prophet Elijah, after having been miraculously fed during a long famine, by ravens at the brook Cherith, found it necessary to leave his retreat in consequence of the drying-up of the stream which had hitherto supplied him with water. There is a mysterious sovereignty running through all the ways of God, extending also to his miraculous operations. He works no such miracles, nor gives such wondrous signs, than the exigency of the case needs. He who sent meat by a bird of prey, could have caused the brook still to resist the exhausting power of the drought, or have brought water out of the stones which lay in its dry bed—but he did not see fit to do so. When the brook fails, however, God has a Zarephath for his servant; and a widow, instead of ravens, shall now feed him. Go to such a distance in a time of famine! What am I to do, and how am I to be fed on my long and toilsome journey? And when I shall have arrived there, am I to be dependent on a woman, and she a widow? Nothing of the sort—for what is difficult to reason, is easy to faith! God had commanded, and his commands imply promises. Arrived at the vicinity of the place about evening time, and looking around, of course, for the female hand that was at once to guide him to a home, and feed him too—Elijah saw a poor woman gathering a few sticks, which the long drought had scattered in abundance. Her occupation, as well as her appearance, proclaimed her poverty. He saw no one else. Remembering, however, the ravens who had been his caterers for a whole year, he knew that help could come by the hand of even the feeble instrument of a poor widow! An impression, such as those who had been accustomed to receive revelations from God well understood, assured him that his deliverer was before him. 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? And I have only a handful of flour left in the jar and a little cooking oil in the bottom of the jug. I was just gathering a few sticks to cook this last meal—and then my son and I will die! You are, in your own apprehension, about to make your last meal, with your fatherless child, and then with him to yield yourselves to death. How little could she have imagined when she uttered that sorrowful confession of destitution—that help was at hand, and a rich supply at her very door! How opportunely does God provide supports for our distresses. It is his glory to begin to help—when hope seems to end—and to send assistance in his own way, when ours all fail—that our help may be so much the more welcome and precious, by how much the less it is expected—and thus redound to his own praise, as much as it is for our comfort. Afterward there will still be enough food for you and your son. For this is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: There will always be plenty of flour and oil left in your containers until the time when the Lord sends rain and the crops grow again! My child has claims upon me, and I have a claim upon and for myself, which it is impossible to forego or forget for any other claim—and I am surprised at a request which would take the last morsel from both of us—to feed a stranger! That she did believe the promise is evident—and equally so, that this faith was the gift of God to her soul. She went and did according to the saying of Elijah. And now, we ask, was she deceived by the failure of the promise—or rewarded by the fulfillment of the promise? When did one word that God has spoken fall to the ground? For no matter how much they used, there was always enough left in the containers, just as the Lord had promised through Elijah. Israel had lost Elijah—and a poor widow in a heathen land has found him! Thus often does it fare with a people, who, though they have been privileged with the most faithful preaching of the gospel, will not turn unto the Lord with all their heart, and walk uprightly before him. Yet Elijah was not sent to any of them. He was sent instead to a widow of Zarephath—a foreigner in the land of Sidon. All distress has disappeared. Well might this poor widow rejoice in the privilege of sitting daily at the feet of this man of God, for instruction in divine things! Can we doubt for a moment that the prophet most gladly opened his mouth in divine wisdom, to impart it to the soul of this simple believing sister? Can we doubt that they prayed together, that they read together out of Moses and the

prophets, that they conversed together of the day of Christ, which Abraham saw with gladness? And would they not, do you think, occasionally raise a spiritual song to the honor of their Lord and Savior? How swiftly and how pleasantly must the hours have passed with them; and well might the angels of God have rejoiced, as no doubt they did over this little church in the wilderness! Behold here then, my brethren, the bright and happy termination of a path, which commenced in such thick darkness! Only let all the children of God implicitly follow his guidance, and he will assuredly conduct them to a glorious end! The trials of this poor widow, however, consisted not of her poverty alone. The child miraculously snatched from the jaws of famine was still mortal, as the event proved for he sickened and died. In her behavior under this new trial, we see that her faith, as a believer, was sadly mixed with her infirmity as a woman; and that her faith did not shine with the same luster in this new trial, as it did in the former one. Perhaps, we are sometimes as apt to presume upon past experience, as we are, at other seasons, to forget it. Did you come to remind me of my sin and kill my son? This shows how sorrow is apt to becloud the judgment and to exasperate the feelings and at the same time, how affliction is apt to revive the recollections of past and even pardoned sin! And who are they? The widows that are left in circumstances of deep poverty, who have only a handful of flour, as it were, in the barrel, and a little oil in the cruse; and who after eating this last supply, are preparing to yield themselves to destitution or death. Afflicted woman, my heart bleeds for you! The provider for your own comfort and that of your children is gone! The hand of the diligent that once made you, if not rich, yet comfortable lies lifeless in the grave and it is your bitter lot to see the little which he left you, continually being consumed without your knowing, or even being able to conjecture how the empty barrel is to be replenished! Now, above all times, is the time to look up with hope to God when we have no other to look up to. What promises are upon record for your consolation. Having already laid them before you, I will only refer to a few of them. What sweet language is that in Psalm Turn to your bible, and read those comforting portions of Holy Scripture. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. The rocks of the mountains will be their fortress of safety. Food will be supplied to them, and they will have water in abundance. So that we may boldly say, we Christians, yes, every one of us individually The Lord is my helper. Be content with such things as you have, then, for he has said I will never leave you, nor forsake you. God seems to draw back with dread and abhorrence at the thought of forsaking his people. Not that I mean to insinuate that you are authorized to expect miraculous supplies. Your garments will not be rendered undecaying, like those of the Israelites in the wilderness; nor your provisions inexhaustible, like those of the widow before us. But the God of providence can find you means and instruments of assistance, as effectual as if the laws of nature were suspended in your behalf! All hearts are in his hands! All events are at his disposal! All contingencies are in his knowledge and under his direction. Only believe, and perhaps you are really limited to faith you can scarcely do anything else. On this subject I have dwelt in a former part of the volume. You must, in proper season and manner, exert yourself for your own support, and for that of your children. But what I mean is, that when after every effort, and fixed determination, and utmost energy, to provide for your necessities; you do not see through what channel, and to what object, your efforts are to be directed; you are to believe that God will, in ways unknown and unthought of by you, provide you his assistance. This is your faith. In ten thousand times, ten thousand instances he has helped poor dependent widows as effectually without a miracle, as he did the woman of Zarephath by a miracle. The barrel of flour, and cruse of oil has been replenished as truly though not as mysteriously as in the case before us. And why is this case recorded but to encourage you to trust in God. Read it with this view of it; and when the last supply is exhausted, from time to time, read it again and again, to raise the hope of a future provisions from him, who hears the young ravens when they cry. O what a God-honoring grace is faith! All things are possible, and all things are promised to him that believes. But look up unto God, who can replenish it, and with much in the former to generate doubt and fear, feel also that there is as much in the latter, to encourage faith and hope. She shared with Elijah the last meal she was preparing for herself and her son. Grief is apt to make us selfish, and limited circumstances to produce an indisposition to give to others in dire need. Take

heed against such a state of mind as this. Do not exhaust all your tears upon yourself. There are many as destitute as you are, perhaps some far more so. You are prepared by your own experience of poverty, to sympathize with others in similar destitutionâ€”and will find in sympathy to them, a relief for your own sorrows. Nothing tends more to relieve that overwhelming sense of wretchedness, with which the heart of the sufferer is sometimes oppressed, than a generous pity for a fellow weeper!

5: What Does the Bible Say About God Caring For Widows?

*The Widow: Directed to the Widow's God [John Angell James] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Leopold is delighted to publish this classic book as part of our extensive Classic Library collection.*

The prophet Elijah, after having been miraculously fed during a long famine, by ravens at the brook Cherith, found it necessary to leave his retreat in consequence of the drying-up of the stream which had hitherto supplied him with water. There is a mysterious sovereignty running through all the ways of God, extending also to his miraculous operations. He works no such miracles, nor gives such wondrous signs, than the exigency of the case needs. He who sent meat by a bird of prey, could have caused the brook still to resist the exhausting power of the drought, or have brought water out of the stones which lay in its dry bed—but he did not see fit to do so. When the brook fails, however, God has a Zarephath for his servant; and a widow, instead of ravens, shall now feed him. What he does not find, he can make—and here, therefore, is a firm ground of our confidence in him, "Those who know his name will put their trust in him. I have commanded a widow in that place to supply you with food. Go to such a distance in a time of famine! What am I to do, and how am I to be fed on my long and toilsome journey? And when I shall have arrived there, am I to be dependent on a woman, and she a widow? Nothing of the sort—for what is difficult to reason, is easy to faith! God had commanded, and his commands imply promises. It was enough, "Go, for God sends you! Arrived at the vicinity of the place about evening time, and looking around, of course, for the female hand that was at once to guide him to a home, and feed him too—Elijah saw a poor woman gathering a few sticks, which the long drought had scattered in abundance. Her occupation, as well as her appearance, proclaimed her poverty. He saw no one else. Remembering, however, the ravens who had been his caterers for a whole year, he knew that help could come by the hand of even the feeble instrument of a poor widow! An impression, such as those who had been accustomed to receive revelations from God well understood, assured him that his deliverer was before him. 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? And I have only a handful of flour left in the jar and a little cooking oil in the bottom of the jug. I was just gathering a few sticks to cook this last meal—and then my son and I will die! You are, in your own apprehension, about to make your last meal, with your fatherless child, and then with him to yield yourselves to death. It was time for the prophet to visit this widow, to whom he was evidently sent, more on her account than his own. How little could she have imagined when she uttered that sorrowful confession of destitution—that help was at hand, and a rich supply at her very door! How opportunely does God provide supports for our distresses. It is his glory to begin to help—when hope seems to end—and to send assistance in his own way, when ours all fail—that our help may be so much the more welcome and precious, by how much the less it is expected—and thus redound to his own praise, as much as it is for our comfort. Afterward there will still be enough food for you and your son. For this is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: There will always be plenty of flour and oil left in your containers until the time when the Lord sends rain and the crops grow again! She might have said, "Charity begins at home. My child has claims upon me, and I have a claim upon and for myself, which it is impossible to forego or forget for any other claim—and I am surprised at a request which would take the last morsel from both of us—to feed a stranger! That she did believe the promise is evident—and equally so, that this faith was the gift of God to her soul. She went and did according to the saying of Elijah. And now, we ask, was she deceived by the failure of the promise—or rewarded by the fulfillment of the promise? When did one word that God has spoken fall to the ground? Thus stands the record—“So she did as Elijah said, and she and Elijah and her son continued to eat from her supply of flour and oil for many days. For no matter how much they used, there was always enough left in the containers, just as the Lord had promised through Elijah. Israel had lost Elijah—and a poor widow in a heathen land has found him! Thus often does it fare with a people, who, though they have been privileged with the most faithful preaching of the gospel, will not turn unto the Lord with all their heart, and walk uprightly before him. Yet Elijah was not sent to any of them. He was sent instead to a widow of Zarephath—a foreigner in the land of Sidon. All distress has disappeared. Well might

this poor widow rejoice in the privilege of sitting daily at the feet of this man of God, for instruction in divine things! Can we doubt for a moment that the prophet most gladly opened his mouth in divine wisdom, to impart it to the soul of this simple believing sister? Can we doubt that they prayed together, that they read together out of Moses and the prophets, that they conversed together of the day of Christ, which Abraham saw with gladness? And would they not, do you think, occasionally raise a spiritual song to the honor of their Lord and Savior? How swiftly and how pleasantly must the hours have passed with them; and well might the angels of God have rejoiced, as no doubt they didâ€”over this little church in the wilderness! Behold here then, my brethren, the bright and happy termination of a path, which commenced in such thick darkness! Only let all the children of God implicitly follow his guidance, and he will assuredly conduct them to a glorious end! The trials of this poor widow, however, consisted not of her poverty alone. The child miraculously snatched from the jaws of famine was still mortal, as the event provedâ€”for he sickened and died. In her behavior under this new trial, we see that her faith, as a believer, was sadly mixed with her infirmity as a woman; and that her faith did not shine with the same luster in this new trial, as it did in the former one. Perhaps, we are sometimes as apt to presume upon past experience, as we are, at other seasons, to forget it. She said to Elijah, "What do you have against me, man of God? Did you come to remind me of my sinâ€”and kill my son? This shows how sorrow is apt to becloud the judgment and to exasperate the feelingsâ€”and at the same time, how affliction is apt to revive the recollections of past and even pardoned sin! And now let those to whom this beautiful narrative is especially applicable, take it to themselves, and apply it their own sad and sorrowful hearts. And who are they? The widows that are left in circumstances of deep poverty, who have only a handful of flour, as it were, in the barrel, and a little oil in the cruse; and who after eating this last supply, are preparing to yield themselves to destitution or death. Afflicted woman, my heart bleeds for you! The provider for your own comfort and that of your children is gone! The hand of the diligent that once made you, if not rich, yet comfortableâ€”lies lifeless in the graveâ€”and it is your bitter lot to see the little which he left you, continually being consumedâ€”without your knowing, or even being able to conjectureâ€”how the empty barrel is to be replenished! It is for such as you, to remember the words of Jehovah, "And let your widows trust in me! Now, above all times, is the time to look up with hope to Godâ€”when we have no other to look up to. What promises are upon record for your consolation. Having already laid them before you, I will only refer to a few of them. What sweet language is that in Psalm Turn to your bible, and read those comforting portions of Holy Scripture. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. The rocks of the mountains will be their fortress of safety. Food will be supplied to them, and they will have water in abundance. So that we may boldly say, we Christians, yes, every one of us individuallyâ€”The Lord is my helper. Be content with such things as you have, then, for he has saidâ€”I will never leave you, nor forsake you. God seems to draw back with dread and abhorrence at the thought of forsaking his people. Not that I mean to insinuate that you are authorized to expect miraculous supplies. Your garments will not be rendered undecaying, like those of the Israelites in the wilderness; nor your provisions inexhaustible, like those of the widow before us. But the God of providence can find you means and instruments of assistance, as effectual as if the laws of nature were suspended in your behalf! All hearts are in his hands! All events are at his disposal! All contingencies are in his knowledge and under his direction. Only believe, and perhaps you are really limited to faithâ€”you can scarcely do anything else. Not that I mean to discourage effort. On this subject I have dwelt in a former part of the volume. You must, in proper season and manner, exert yourself for your own support, and for that of your children. But what I mean is, that when after every effort, and fixed determination, and utmost energy, to provide for your necessities; you do not see through what channel, and to what object, your efforts are to be directed; you are to believe that God will, in ways unknown and unthought of by you, provide you his assistance. This is your faith. In ten thousand times, ten thousand instancesâ€”he has helped poor dependent widows as effectually without a miracle, as he did the woman of Zarephath by a miracle. The barrel of flour, and cruse of oil has been replenished as trulyâ€”though not as mysteriouslyâ€”as in the case before us. And why is this case recordedâ€”but to encourage you to trust in God. Read it with this view of it; and when the

last supply is exhausted, from time to time, read it again and again, to raise the hope of a future provisions from him, who hears the young ravens when they cry. You do not know when or how it will comeâ€”but believe that it will come! O what a God-honoring grace is faith! And as faith honors Himâ€”so he delights to honor faith! All things are possible, and all things are promisedâ€”to him that believes. I would not encourage wild enthusiasmsâ€”but I believe that God says to his dependent and destitute people, "Be it unto you according to your faith.

6: What does the Bible say about orphans and widows?

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

A spirit of quiet reverence permeated the gathering as an organ prelude of hymns was played. I gazed at those who sat before me. There were mothers and fathers and relatively few children. The majority of those who sat on crowded benches were women about middle age—and alone. Suddenly it dawned on me that perhaps these were widows, having lost their husbands during World War II. My curiosity demanded an answer to my unexpressed thought, so I asked the conducting officer to take a sort of standing roll call. When he asked all those who were widows to please arise, it seemed that half the vast throng stood. Their hopes had been shattered, their lives altered, and their future had in a way been taken from them. Behind each countenance was a personal travail of tears. I addressed my remarks to them and to all who have loved, then lost, those most dear. Babbal, who accompanied Elder Ezra Taft Benson on his postwar visit to Europe to assist the struggling Saints, recounts in his book *On Wings of Faith* one heartrending account. A woman, even the mother of four small children, had been newly widowed. Her husband, young and handsome, whom she loved more than life itself, had been killed during the final days of the frightful battles in their homeland of East Prussia. She and her children were forced to flee to West Germany, a distance of a thousand miles. The weather was mild as they began their long and difficult trek on foot. Constantly being faced with dangers from panicky refugees and marauding troops was difficult enough, but then came the cold of winter, with its accompanying snow and ice. Her resources were meager; now they were gone. All she had was her strong faith in God and in the gospel as revealed to the latter-day prophet Joseph Smith. And then one morning the unthinkable happened. She awakened with a chill in her heart. The tiny form of her three-year-old daughter was cold and still, and she realized that death had claimed her. With great effort the mother prepared a shallow grave and buried her precious child. Death, however, was to be her companion again and again on the journey. Her seven-year-old perished, and then her five-year-old. Her despair was all-consuming. Finally, as she was reaching the end of her travel, the baby died in her arms. She had lost her husband and all her children. She had given up all her earthly goods, her home, and even her homeland. From the depths of her despair, she knelt and prayed more fervently than she had ever prayed in her life: I have nothing left—except my faith in thee. I feel amidst the desolation of my soul an overwhelming gratitude for the atoning sacrifice of thy Son, Jesus Christ. I know that because he suffered and died, I shall live again with my family; that because he broke the chains of death, I shall see my children again in the flesh and will have the joy of raising them. Though I do not at this moment wish to live, I will do so, that we may be reunited as a family and return, together, to thee. Though perhaps not so cruel and dramatic, yet equally poignant, are the lives described in the obituaries of our day and time when the uninvited enemy called death enters the stage of our mortal existence and snatches from our grasp a loving husband or precious wife and frequently, in the young exuberance of life, our children and grandchildren. Death shows no mercy. Death is no respecter of persons, but in its insidious way it visits all. At times it is after long-suffering and is a blessing, while in other instances those in the prime of life are taken by its grasp. As of old, the heartbroken frequently and silently repeat the ancient question: Where can I turn for peace? Where is my solace When other sources cease to make me whole? When with a wounded heart, anger, or malice, I draw myself apart, Searching my soul? Gentle the peace he finds for my beseeching. Constant he is and kind, Love without end. Our hearts go out to the widow at Zarephath. Gone was her husband. Consumed was her scant supply of food. Starvation and death awaited. Her response is particularly touching: And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he delivered him to his mother. We, too, can bless if we will but follow his noble example. Needed are eyes to see the pitiable plight, ears to hear the silent pleadings of a broken heart; yes, and a soul filled with compassion, that we might communicate not only eye to eye or voice to ear, but in the majestic style of the Savior, even heart to heart. The word widow appears to have had a most significant meaning to our Lord. He cautioned his disciples to beware the example of the

scribes, who feigned righteousness by their long apparel and their lengthy prayers, but who devoured the houses of widows. Frequently it is a modest one in size and humble in appearance. Often it is tucked away at the top of the stairs or the back of the hallway and consists of but one room. To such homes he sends you and me. There may exist an actual need for food, clothing—even shelter. Such can be supplied. Almost always there remains the hope for that special hyacinth to feed the soul. Go, gladden the lonely, the dreary; Go, comfort the weeping, the weary; Go, scatter kind deeds on your way; Oh, make the world brighter today! Those who grieve frequently find themselves alone. Missed is the laughter of children, the commotion of teenagers, and the tender, loving concern of a departed companion. The clock ticks more loudly, time passes more slowly, and four walls do indeed a prison make. Hopefully, all of us may again hear the echo of words spoken by the Master, inspiring us to good deeds: Evans left for our contemplation and action this admonition: We cannot bring them back the morning hours of youth. But we can help them live in the warm glow of a sunset made more beautiful by our thoughtfulness, by our provision, and by our active and unfeigned love. Life in its fulness is a loving ministry of service from generation to generation. God grant that those who belong to us may never be left in loneliness. The commodities at the storehouse on Welfare Square had not been their usual quality, nor were they found in abundance. Many products were missing, especially fresh fruit. As a young bishop, worrying about the needs of the many widows in my ward, my prayer one evening is especially sacred to me. I pleaded that these widows, who were among the finest women I knew in mortality and whose needs were simple and conservative, had no resources on which they might rely. The next morning I received a call from a ward member, a proprietor of a produce business situated in our ward. Could you make arrangements? The storehouse was alerted, and then each bishop was telephoned and the entire shipment distributed. Drury, that beloved welfare pioneer and storekeeper, said he had never witnessed a day like it before. He described the occasion with one word: I know the decision her husband and she made has brought her sweet memories and comforting peace to her soul. I express my sincere appreciation to one and all who are mindful of the widow. To the thoughtful neighbors who invite a widow to dinner and to that royal army of noble women, the visiting teachers of the Relief Society, I add, may God bless you for your kindness and your love unfeigned toward her who reaches out and touches vanished hands and listens to voices forever stilled. The words of the Prophet Joseph Smith describe their mission: I admire the ward leaders who invite the widows to all social activities, often providing a young Aaronic Priesthood lad to be a special escort for the occasion. Frequently the need of the widow is not one of food or shelter but of feeling a part of ongoing events. President Bryan Richards of Salt Lake City, now serving as a mission president, brought to my office a sweet widow whose husband had passed away during a full-time mission they were serving. It is what my missionary-minded husband would like. I saw the receipt made in her name, but I believe in my heart it was also recorded in heaven. The room is beautiful and peaceful. I asked this sweet widow to sit in the chair usually occupied by our church President. I felt he would not mind, for I knew his heart. She has now gone home to that mother who preceded her in passing. Fathers experience loneliness as well as mothers. We looked in vain for a year-old widow whose memory had become clouded and who could not speak a word. An attendant led us in our search, and we found Nell in the dining room. She had eaten her meal; she was sitting silently, staring into space. She did not show us any sign of recognition. As I reached to take her hand, she withdrew it. I noticed that she held firmly to a Christmas greeting card.

7: The Widow Directed to the Widow's God: The Widow of Zarephath by John Angell James, |

In this book, James directs widows to take their sufferings to God for relief. He tenderly shows that the widow "needs a special message of comfort from her Lord." There are practical suggestions, Scriptural examples, letters from widows, and letters to widows.

8: Editions of Widow Directed to the Widow's God by John Angell James

*The Widow Directed to the Widow's God [John Angell James] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on*

qualifying offers. This work has been selected by scholars as being culturally important, and is part of the knowledge base of civilization as we know it.

9: The Widow Directed

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