THE WIDOW OF NAIN Luke 7:11-16

It's been long years since my husband died
The flowing tears that cried and cried;
The bringing up of our lovely lad
The only thing that kept me glad.

But Oh, dear God, just what is your plan
That I be robbed of my young man?
The deep well of tears that had been dried
Now refilled and my faith sore tried.

Look, my little lad is laid down low
On bitter bier that moves so slow.
Amidst torrid heat and black-dressed flies,
The wailing throng around me cries.

As I walk in step with broken heart,
A sudden feeling makes me start;
I look up and my gaze quick led
To a white-robed man straight ahead.

How to I explain what I now feel?
His look so loving, calm, and real.
Compassion o'erflowing , reaching to me;
"Weep not" a command, not empty plea!

Grief swept away by tangible Love,
Expectancy strong with this saint from above;
He walks with assurance, touches the bier:
The procession stops from front to rear.

I feel new hope, can this be true?
His perfect Love changing my view!
A future free from barren strife;
A Love that is Eternal Life.

He looks at my son with Love in his eyes:
"Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"
This is not now a foolish word,
I see it's death that is absurd!

My son sits up from where he laid dead
The bier no more a mortal bed.
My son is risen, whole and free!
Life is immortality!

The white robed man helps him get down
Holds our hands in the warmth of his own.
I hug my son tight, I can't let him go
And I turn to his saviour, and thank him so.

I've heard about Jesus, - this must be him,
Tears of joy now filled to the brim.
I've seen Love at work, a love so pure,
His "Weep not" command a holy cure.

The fear of God descends upon all,
For Life and Love are wonderful.
My life transformed in simple trust:
To follow Christ a humble must.

Oh, everyone just shout with joy
For Love has saved my only boy,
God blesses all with purest light.
All life is safe; it is Truth's sight.

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