



Wounded Workers Devotion

The elderly lady who sat next to me in church that day looked exhausted. She welcomed me with a weary smile, and we sat quietly together in the pew. It had been about a week since we had been there to say goodbye to her beloved husband, whose body now was resting in the church cemetery.

We shared a hymnal during that service, and as I sang with her, I found myself wondering how I would react after so great a loss. Would I come to church right away? I cannot imagine having the strength to enter a social situation again so soon. How was she able to handle all the hugs and words of sympathy and all the memories that must have flooded her when she walked in the door that day? She seemed so strong as she sang quietly beside me.

Sing: Let Us Ever Walk With Jesus, verse 2, LSB 685 or LW 381

Her voice began to break somewhere in the middle of that song, and I noticed her hand was shaking. I put my hand on hers while the song continued, feeling powerless and awkward as the pain she was carrying revealed itself.

She was not strong; she was wounded-deeply. Yet she had not come to church to receive comfort from me. She was coming to her God. She considered it worth the energy, the exhausting social encounters, and the risk of crying in public to join her church family on Sunday morning and be fed by the Word of God. She brought the empty cup to the only One who was able to fill it, to Him who shed His precious blood for the husband she missed and for her.

That day I learned from her example. We do not need to be strong, healthy, or cheerful when we come before our Savior. When we have need, even tremendous need, or pain, or weakness, we have a God who welcomes the weary. *“I myself will be the shepherd of my sheep, and I myself will make them lie down, declares the Lord God. I will seek the lost, and I will bring back the strayed, and I will bind up the injured, and I will strengthen the weak”* (Ezekiel 34:15-16a). When His children come, He tenderly cares for them and He makes us able to endure.

With His help, she did more than endure. Even after her great wounding, she remained an active worker and giver in her church and community. I thought of her again when I attended our district LWML convention. Many who gathered there showed both the weariness and wisdom that comes from many years in this fallen world. Some invested hours every week in the work of the LWML, others only rarely attended meetings, and others simply contributed to their mite boxes now and then. Yet each child of God, even those wounded and weary, had been cared for by Him. Each responded by giving and caring for others. When God’s children are filled with so great a love, they cannot help but let it refresh those around them! To Him be the Glory!

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, You are a God who welcomes the weary. Thank you for giving your children the worship service: a place where we can come with our shaking hands and be steadied by Your certain Word. Thank you for Jesus, who poured Himself out for us, that we may have life in Him. Let His word be our strength and comfort when we are wounded and weary. Care for us, Lord, and make Your love for us overflow to others. In Jesus' name. Amen.

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