**Scripture**

**Luke 7:11-17**

Jesus journeyed to a city called Nain, and his disciples and a large crowd accompanied him. As he drew near to the gate of the city, a man who had died was being carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A large crowd from the city was with her. When the Lord saw her, he was moved with pity for her and said to her, “Do not weep.” He stepped forward and touched the coffin; at this the bearers halted, and he said, “Young man, I tell you, arise!” The dead man sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother. Fear seized them all, and they glorified God, exclaiming, “A great prophet has arisen in our midst,” and “God has visited his people.” This report about him spread through the whole of Judea and in all the surrounding region.

**Our Scripture Reflection**

The poor widow in today’s Gospel has two strikes against her:

1. Her beloved son, her sole means of financial support is gone. She will now be left to begging for her daily bread

2. There were those self-righteous people in her village who were wondering what sin she or her ancestors had committed that provoked God to take both her husband and son? She was looked upon as a cursed woman, that is, until Jesus came along.
He will not allow her to remain in the state of an outcast. No, she is a daughter of God who needs her son and and Jesus “gave him to his mother.”

Food for your Journey

That's the thing about tombs. Sometimes we don't even know we are in them, until the light breaks from on high. But I know we all have them.

I wonder what it is for you. Is there something buried? Thought to be dead? Something that you have left for dead? What in your life might have been in such darkness that any kind of dawn would feel sudden and unexpected causing you to shield your eyes?

Sometimes tombs are about how we treat things in our life as though they represent the end. This relationship is over. This life of faith has ended. That time of happiness will never return. There's a big stone covering that thing I used to feel or I used to love or I used to be and anyway, it's September 17, 2019

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Sometimes tombs are about how we treat things in our life as though they represent the end. This relationship is over. This life of faith has ended. That time of happiness will never return. There's a big stone covering that thing I used to feel or I used to love or I used to be and anyway, it's started to smell of rot. That part of me is totally dead, period. End of sentence. But as great African American preachers often say -- "where we put a period ... God puts a comma."
Having a God of resurrection means that the story is seldom over when we think it is.

A Prayer from the Heart

Dear Jesus, Your Heart was full of compassion at all times. Help me to grow beyond my selfishness and self-concern so that I may see and respond with compassion to the needs of those who are hurting all around me. Amen