



Grace Church

The Rev. Dr. Matthew Calkins
Rector

THE WIDOW'S STORY

Sermon for the 24th Sunday after Pentecost, November 8, 2015

Readings: 1 Kings 17:8-16; Psalm 146; Mark 12:38-44

Sermon text: A poor widow came and put in two small copper coins, which are worth a penny. Mark 12:42

Time: ten years after the death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth

Place: a small room in Jerusalem

Person: an elderly widow: this is her story.

You ask me if I ever met Jesus of Nazareth. I did; it was ten years ago, not long after I became a widow. Just a year earlier my husband had died—but almost everything we had was gone.

I hadn't planned on that. But not much of what I had hoped for and planned on came to pass. One child died of the fever, and another made a wrong move in the market and a Roman soldier pinned him to the ground with a spear.

Broke our hearts, and I don't think my husband ever recovered. He lost something inside and a year later he too died. And there I was, alone in the world, sixty years old. Too old to remarry, too young to die, not broken enough to beg. I took in sewing, did some cleaning, helped an old friend in the market. That made a few coins each week. I lived.

But your question was about Jesus, did I remember him. And yes I do. In fact, meeting him changed my life.

It was just before Passover during the sixth year of that cruel Roman governor Pilate. Just before they crucified our Lord. Of course back then I didn't know much—really nothing—about him. I heard his name—heard about his healing of the sick and his new teaching. The whole city was buzzing about his entrance the week before, how he was hailed as Messiah. We all were wondering, was he really the one? And then I saw him in the Temple.