

God's Servant RUTH

A POEM WITH A PROMISE

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R&R

P U B L I S H I N G

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NAOMI LOSES EVERYTHING

Once in ancient Bible times,
In hot and arid desert climes,
There lived a clan from Bethlehem
Who had some sorrow fall on them;
But God had made a loving plan
To save them by his sovereign hand.

Now watch these folks from Israel
On whom this sorrow fell,
As Yahweh, God their King,
His lovingkindness brings.

Let's meet this clan from Israel,
Where God's own children dwell:
Elimelech the patriarch,
Naomi was the matriarch;
Mahlon, he was their eldest son,
And Chilion their youngest one.

The story that befell,
I am about to tell:
At first there was no rain,
And then there was no grain.
Without a grain of wheat,
They had no bread to eat
And nothing much to drink—
Their lives were on the brink!

It's famine! What disaster!
Soon blows fell fast and faster!

They heard that Moab had some bread.
"We need some bread!" Elimelech said.
They walked for days and days
Through barren desert, heat, and haze.

Until Elimelech got sick;
His head was sore, felt like a brick.
Naomi cared for him and tried
To heal him, but... he died.
Naomi, heartsick, mourned and cried.





Though her husband now was dead,
She stayed in Moab—they had bread.
Her sons both married foreign wives,
And all seemed better in their lives.

Until—

Woe is me! There's more disaster,
Following hard and following faster!

The Lord removed her firstborn son,
But he was not the only one;
Soon life was gone from Chilion.
Naomi's tears flowed on and on.

While grieving, empty, all alone,
Naomi only sighed and groaned.
Bereft of husband, sons, and clan,
Alone in pagan Moab's land,
Naomi felt forsaken by God's hand.



RUTH CLEAVES TO NAOMI

Then word arrived that Judah got some rain
And now had lots of wine and grain.
Naomi packed her things and made for home,
 But she was not alone.
Three widows traveled now, in truth;
 The youngest one was Ruth.

First Orpah said, “I’m coming too,”
And Ruth replied, “I’ll stay with you.”
Naomi told them it was kind
 But bid them stay behind.
“May God be good, as you have been,
 And bring you husbands from your kin.”



The more Naomi tried,
The more her daughters wept and cried.
She gave them each a kiss,
And then she asked them this:
“If I had newborn sons right now,
Would you just sit and wait
To take your marriage vow
Until some far-off future date?”