

BUSY, BOTHERED, BITTER & BARREN
Pastor Kerry S. Doyal

"As Jesus and his disciples were on their way, he came to a village where a woman named Martha opened her home to him. 39 She had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet listening to what he said. 40 But Martha was distracted by all the preparations that had to be made. She came to him and asked, "Lord, don't you care that my sister has left me to do the work by myself? Tell her to help me!" 41 "Martha, Martha," the Lord answered, "you are worried and upset about many things, 42 but only one thing is needed. Mary has chosen what is better, and it will not be taken away from her." Luke 10:38-42 - (NIV)

Martha-like in my frenzy - good and needed frenzy.
Works that need to be done.
Needs that will go unmet.
Jobs that are noble, God-honoring.
Yet, jobs that take on a life of their own.
Jobs that become my life, my focus, my avenue to seek joy.

I want to worship in my work - through my work.
Yet, unintentionally I worship my work.
And truly myself through my work.
A dreadfully diligently carved totem pole of sorts.
A totem pole bearing my face, my image, acknowledging me.

"A little more, a few more things, a bit better" - an endless cycle.

Doing more to feel better, striving vainly to end my emptiness.
Feeling briefly better, yet empty still.
A Martha through and through.
Dedicated, Diligent, Distracted and Damning.

Marys need us - so we think.
Marys create us - so we feel.
If Mary would do her part.
If Jesus would just get through to her.
There she sits.
Soaking it up while others die, lack, hurt, go without.

"Lord, please penetrate Mary's heart", we pray.
"Speak to her Lord.
Let her hear from You.
Make her open to Your word, Your teaching.

Help her to see the needs, the true needs.
Lord, open her eyes to see her selfishness."

Quiet! The Lord speaks.
Finally He's going to -

Yes? You want to have a word with me?
Ah, recognition! I knew He noticed.
He's going to use me as an example.
What an honor. What a -

But, Lord, I was doing all this for you.
Had I had the help of others, I too would be at your feet.

No, you're right, I would have found another dish to prepare, another
need to meet.
All the while seeking to meet my own deepest needs which only you can
meet.

Yes, Lord, I do love you.
I thought it was evident in all I did.
Yes, Lord, I'll trust you to meet my needs and those of others.
To do the most with just enough.
To present my best and no more.

Yes, Lord, I remember, its you who multiples efforts.
Feeding thousands from so little.
Thousands who sat and waited for you to serve them.
Who witnessed leftovers for later.

Lord, forgive my efforts at being God.
I not only fail miserably, embarrassed at my efforts,
I also insult You in my noble, feeble attempts.

At Your feet, that's where I need to be.
That's where I want to want to be.
Waiting, being feed, serving you by letting You serve Me.
Honoring You by letting you honor me.
The immeasurable honor of being at Your feet.

Lord, preserve Marys from me and for you.
And, Lord, as I sit, squirming at times,
make this Martha more like Mary

"Even youths grow tired and weary,
and young men stumble and fall;
but those who hope in the LORD
will renew their strength.
They will soar on wings like eagles;
they will run and not grow weary,
they will walk and not be faint."
Isaiah 40:30-31 (NIV)

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