

THE PREACHER'S WIFE

There's a lady in most every church who gives God all her life;
Each day she lives in serving Him, she is the Preacher's Wife.
There are very few who see the heart beyond the smiling face,
Her burdens and the work she does - no one could take her place.

Her ministries are many, sometimes washing dirty clothes,
Wiping dishes, spills, and tears, or the baby's nose.
A kind word of love or comfort, or some steaming dish of food,
Sharing tears and laughter, and speaking just the good.

She might sing or play the piano, or teach in Sunday School,
She may type the Preacher's letters, and make sure his coffee is full.
There are many jobs she sees too that members could have done'
There are many nights she is weary at the setting of the sun.

But where she specializes is the man that is her life;
Her first responsibility, for she's the Preacher's Wife.
She prays him through the worst times, and she cheers him through the best,
She does things the way he likes them, and fills his each request.

She tells him all his sermons are the best she's ever heard
And she's proud that he is faithful in the preaching of God's Word.
She assures him that his coat and tie are the world's most perfect match,
She tells him he is handsome and she's glad that he's attached.

She carries all his children 'neath her heart, then in her arms;
She nurses them through illness and checks that they are warm.
She teaches them of Jesus' love and leads them to the Lord,
She teaches them to say, "We've got the best daddy in the world!"

She lives life in a hurry, sometimes without life's finer things,
But without onetime complaining she accepts what praying brings.
There's a time of great rewarding when we reach the end of life,
And only then will the world know the greatness of the Preacher's wife.

By Cathy Corle