

Day 72 – May 9

Today we see the end of Elisha's earthly pilgrimage. King Jehoash was with him and proclaimed, "I see the chariots and charioteers of Israel!", hearkening back to Elijah's trip to heaven which Elisha witnessed. But then, in the end, this miracle-worker, man-of-God, and prophet quietly fades from the scene with a simple, "then Elisha died and was buried." The end. No fanfare, no fiery chariots, no angelic choirs. Just "Elisha died and was buried." Simple and humble. Until a dead Israelite is thrown on his grave and comes back to life! Wow!

Humility is hard. When I speak to people who are close to death, they all hope that there will be many people at their funeral, that they will say important things about them, and that they will be remembered for their important contributions to others, to their work, or to God. We want to be memorialized. And few would be content with Elisha's death notice: "Elisha died and was buried." If that were our obituary, we'd be upset. If that was all that marked our passing, we would be angry. We deserve more! Yes, humility is hard.

Have you written your own obituary yet? Or designed your own funeral? While it may seem a bit morose, many have, including me. And it changes each time I write it as I age, mature, and grow. Does your obituary laud your strengths or accomplishments? Does it tell the story of your life? Would others call it humble?

For Elisha, it was enough that he had done God's will in his life. His death was mourned, but not memorialized. I pray that I have the same humility when my time comes.