

IT IS WELL 2 KINGS 4:25-26

“And so she departed, and went to the man of God at Mount Carmel. So it was, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to his servant Gehazi, "Look, the Shunammite woman! Please run now to meet her, and say to her, 'Is it well with you? Is it well with your husband? Is it well with the child?'"

And she answered, "It is well."

“It is well.” How could it possibly be well with this woman? Her only son is dead for crying out loud! Elisha and his servant, Gehazi, should’ve been ashamed for even asking such an insensitive question.

This mother’s problems started the day her little boy went to work with his father. His dad was a farmer, and the two were out in the fields when the boy complained about a severe headache. It was harvest time which meant dad was extremely busy with all the hired hands, and temporary laborers. He was under the gun.

So when his son screamed out, **“My head, my head!”** this father did what any other concerned, conscientious dad would do... *he sent the boy back to his mom.* A servant picked him up and carried him to the house.

We’re told in 4:20, **“When he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.”** *What an ordeal for this mom!* She sat there all morning, and watched her son’s condition deteriorate. She was helpless to do anything for him! By high noon the boy had died on her knees.

Honestly, I can’t imagine any mother suffering a more terrible fate. At breakfast she had fixed her son a bowl of cereal - now by lunch he’s dead on her knees.

The break in your heart for this mother grows even wider when you learn the whole story... This boy was her only son. She and her husband had tried for years to conceive a child, but to no avail. After all the infertility treatments, and long sessions of prayer, *the miracle had happened when it was least expected...*

Her baby was born shortly after she and her husband had befriended Elisha. The couple had noticed that when the prophet made his rounds he always walked right by their house. They had a spare bedroom, and one day the woman suggested to her husband that they offer it to the Prophet Elisha.

Now the room wasn't much - *just a bed, a table and chair, a lamp* - but it was a place where Elisha could stopover either for the *night*, or for a *nap*. It was an act of kindness on their part, and surely a service to God.

And Elisha appreciated their gesture; so much so he wanted to do a kind deed for the lady and her husband. So in verse 13, the Prophet Elisha told his servant, Gehazi, "Say now to her, 'Look, you have been concerned for us with all this care. What can I do for you? Do you want me to speak on your behalf to the king or to the commander of the army?' She answered, 'I dwell among my own people.'" In other words, "thanks, but no thanks." The family had ample provision and protection. The last thing they wanted was a government *hand-out* or a military *look-out*. When it came to material stuff they were content.

Gehazi though, had been observing the couple's lifestyle. He noticed there were *no toys or swing set in the yard - no baby blankets on the clothesline - no strollers or diaper bags in the garage*. He even saw they drove a sporty, two-seater, rather than a mini-van.

Gehazi concluded in verse 14, "She has no son, and her husband is old." *A-ha!* Here is a way Elisha can return the generosity and hospitality of this couple. He can pray, and ask God to provide them a child.

Elisha was obviously confident that God approved of his intentions... The prophet made a bold prediction. In verse 16 he tells the woman, "About this time next year you shall embrace a son." What a promise!

And can you imagine the joy and elation a year later when this baby boy was born? It was a miracle! A barren couple had been blessed with a miracle child!

Of course, after the baby's birth, I'm sure Elisha must've thought, "*What in the world have I done?*" His nap-times were no longer as peaceful with a baby in the house... I'm sure there were nights when the baby's crying kept him up... But the Prophet Elisha was delighted God had brought such joy to this house!

Everyone who knew their story viewed this little boy as God's miracle gift to this couple... Yet now that fact only added to this mother's grief and confusion... I can hear her cry, "*God, he was my miracle! He was your gift to me. To take him so young is cruel. He's a flower yet to bloom. He's a butterfly still in his cocoon. Why lay him in my arms, only to snatch him away so soon?*"

Imagine, this woman convulsing tears, slumped over a lifeless corpse. His limp little head bobbing up and down on her quivering knees. *What an awful picture...*

But after this woman gains her composure she performs an amazing act of resolve and faith. With the little strength she has left she picks up her son, and takes him to Elisha's room. She lays the boy's corpse on the prophet's cot, and closes the door behind her.

Next, she calls for a donkey... She's going to see the prophet. As she saddles up the burro, she tosses the keys to her servant, and says in verse 24, "**Drive, and go forward...**" *I told you they had a two-seater!*

The Shunnamite woman is too upset to take the reins herself, but she says to her servant-chauffeur, "**Drive and go forward; do not slacken the pace for me unless I tell you.**" In other words, *step on it, man!*

But before they leave, the woman's servant has a question. *Why are they going to see Elisha?* He asks the Shunnamite in verse 23, "**Why are you going to him today? It is neither the New Moon nor the Sabbath.**"

It was like getting up on a weekday morning to go to church. *Why are we going to Calvary Chapel on Monday? There're no Bible Studies, no worship services.* If you just want to see Elisha, he'll be by in a few days? And it's weird how she responds. The remainder of verse 23 reads, "**And she said, "It is well."**

It's as if she's answering another question... "**It is well**" is not a rational response to "**Why are you going to him today?**" Actually, the reason that she's going is that **it is not well!** It's as if she's on a different page...

Which brings us to our text... When this grieving mom reaches Elisha, he sends out his personal assistant - *a servant named Gehazi* - to greet her. And in verse 26 Gehazi asks the woman three questions: "**Is it well with you? Is it well with your husband? Is it well with the child?**" And as I read this story the answer to all three has to be "**NO!**" *Of course, it's NOT well!...*

It's certainly not well with this mom. Her heart has been ripped out of her chest. She's cried so much her tear ducts are bone dry. She's probably dehydrated.

And it's not well with this husband, either. She now realizes she's married to an insensitive lug. She's been embroiled in an all day vigil, overseeing her son's death; while he can't pry himself away from his work. The man was still in the field when she left for Elisha.

And of course, it's not well with the child. She had left her son at home. His cold corpse is lying on a spare cot. It's now being taken over by rigor-mortis.

If I'd been this mom, and Elisha's servant had asked me, "**Is it well?**", I would've gone ballistic! I mean lost it! Blown a fuse. *Is it well?... is it well?... I'll show you if it's*

well... I would've bristled up and cold-cocked Gehazi. But read again her amazing words in verse 26. The Shunammite mother answers Gehazi, **"It is well."**

This morning, I want to ask all the mothers here three questions... **Is it well with you, Mom?... Is it well with your husband?... Is it well with the child?...** And with the time left, let's work through these three questions before we reach a final answer.

First, if you're a mother, **"Is it well with you?"**

Thankfully, most of you have never had a child die on your knees. *But Kathy and I have come close twice.*

Our daughter suffered from sleep apnea when she was an infant. Kath noticed how Natalie would stop breathing. We were given a monitor that sounded an alarm at night when it no longer detected a breath. The first night that alarm screeched 45 times. If you had asked us if all was well, we would've said, **"No."**

And most of you are well aware of the second time we had a child come close to dying, it was when our oldest son battled covid. Zach was *ten weeks in the ICU, six weeks on a ventilator, a month in a coma.* Trust me, there was nothing **"well"** about that situation.

And even if you haven't walked with a child through the valley of the shadow of death, being a mom has other taxing challenges! You may not have lost a child, but all moms at times feel like they were *losing their mind!* I know you've *lost your patience... maybe your sanity... definitely your energy... even your figure...*

Here's a poem called, **"A Mom's Prayer."** Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray my sanity to keep. For if some peace I do not find, I'm pretty sure I'll lose my mind. I pray I find a little quiet. Far from the daily family riot. May I relax, not have to think, about what they're stuffing down my sink. Or who they're with, or where they're at, or what they're doing to the cat... I pray for time all to myself (*did something just fall off a shelf?*). A silent moment for goodness' sake (*Did I just hear a window break?*). And that I need not cook or clean (*why not, I've got the right to dream*). Yes, now I lay me down to sleep. I pray my wits about me keep. But as I look around I know, I must've lost them long ago!"

Here're a few entries in the **"Dictionary of Motherhood"**... **Grandparents** - The people who think your children are wonderful even though they're sure you're not raising them right. **Impregnable** - A woman whose memory of labor is still vivid. **Prenatal** - when your life was still somewhat your own. **Sterilize** - What you do to your first baby's pacifier by boiling it in water, and to your last baby's pacifier by blowing on it. **Temper tantrum** - What you should keep to a minimum so you don't upset the

children. And I'll probably get in trouble for this one, but **Weaker Sex** - The kind you have after the kids have worn you out.

Did you hear about the mom of several preschoolers who sent out thank-you notes for the new gifts she got at her most recent baby shower? One of the notes read, "Many thanks for the play pen. It's something I now use daily. From 2:00 to 3:00 in the afternoon I get in it to read and the children can't get near me."

Have you ever notice when a gold minor strikes the main vein and hits the rock with the heaviest portion of precious medal, it's called "**the mother load?**" I'm just saying, *a mother's load can get awfully heavy at times.*

Is it well with you, mom? Perhaps you would answer, "*Not really. I'm tired and burned out. I love my kids, but I'm not sure I'm cut out for this mommy gig. I haven't lost a child to death, but I feel like I've lost them in other ways... to a hurried lifestyle, to ungodly friends, to worldly influences... Yes, there are nights when I tuck my children into bed, close the door, and wonder if I'm losing them... or if they're losing me!*"

If the question was posed to you, mom, "**Is it well?**" You would have to respond, "No, I'm not well. I wear a smile, but I'm tired, and I'm not so sure I can carry on." Well, in a few moments I want to show you, mom, how the Shunammite was able to feel everything you're feeling, *plus some*, yet still respond, "**It is well!**"

But there's another question our text requires me to ask you, "**Is it well with your husband?**" And please, please muffle your laughter! I know what you're thinking, "My husband **assumes** all is well, but he lives with his head in the sand. He doesn't know what I go through. The kids are lost, I'm dying inside, and he's still at the office harvesting a paycheck. *No, it's not well!* My husband needs to care for us, not just his job!"

There's another definition in the *Dictionary of Motherhood*... "**Bottle Feeding** is defined as an opportunity for Daddy to get up at 2:00 in the morning."

Once a mother was out walking with her four year old daughter. The little girl picked an object up off the ground, and started to stick it in her mouth... Her mom told her not to do that. The little girl wondered, "*Why?*"

Mom replied, "*It's been laying outside. It's dirty. It probably has germs on it.*" The daughter was astonished, "*Wow mom, how to you know all this stuff?*" This was a mother good at thinking on her feet. She answered her little girl, "*It's the mommy test. You have to know it, or they don't let you be a mommy.*"

As they continued down the path mom noticed her daughter had delved into some serious thought. After a few minutes the little girl blurted out, “I get it! Then if you flunk the mommy test, you have to be a daddy!”

Hey, my purpose today is not to trash or bash dads. I am definitely an advocate for *two-parent families*. I believe a child needs both a *godly mom* and *dad*.

But a father shouldn't just be a *figurehead* - a good dad is an *active dad*. He takes leadership in the training and discipline of his kids. *Hey, I love dads. I am a dad.* I'm just pointing out that no matter how hard a dad tries - there'll be times when his wife is still going to think he's not doing enough. *And she might be right!*

But mom, this is where you need to be careful. **For men are like yarn.** Push a string of yarn, and it goes nowhere. To move the yarn it has to be pulled. And to cultivate a good man a wife has to learn to pull the right strings... Ladies, you'll help your husband be the man God wants him to be, and you need him to be, by pulling him with your example and encouragement.

Men respond to coaxing and pulling, more than they do being pushed with harsh words, and angry tones, and constant badgering, and feminine manipulation.

Years ago, a friend of mine told me, “Sandy, the best thing you can do for your kids is to love their mom.” And that's definitely been true! But the reverse is just as valid. “One of the best things a mom can do for her children is to love, and honor, and support their father.” Ladies, you can't put a dad down in front of his kids, and then expect those same kids to show him respect.

On rare occasions, Kathy and I will get upset with each other. We'll disagree and argue over a decision, and suddenly she'll say to me, or I'll say to her - “Wait a minute! Let's remember we're on the same team here!”

It's been said, “Teamwork is like a waterfall. It's a lot of drips working together.” And this is how a dad and mom should operate - **as a team**. Let's encourage one another - not undermine, or put each other down.

Here's a recipe for married moms, entitled: “*How To Cook Up A Tasty Husband.*” “Husbands can be spoiled by improper cooking. Some women keep their husband in hot water, or let him freeze, or keep him in a stew, or pickle him. No husband will be tender and good when so managed. Add some sugar, a few kisses. A little spice improves him. Do not try him with something sharp to see if he's becoming tender. Just stir him gently. A husband is delicious and digestible when prepared properly, and will keep as long as you want to have him.” Every mom does herself and her family a favor by trying her best to build up her child's father.

Ladies, **“Is it well with your husband?”** *Well, maybe not.* We husbands can get distracted, and neglect the people we love most. Like the Shunammite’s husband, we can get too wrapped up in the harvest. Our wife needs us to help her shoulder the burden, but we’re out in the fields. We can become downright insensitive.

But ladies, even if this sums up your husband, let me show you how you can still say of him, **“It is well.”** There is a reason the Shunnamite replied as she did. But before I disclose it, there’s a last question to ask...

“Is it well with the child?” *And at times you wonder, don’t you? What’s going on in that little head?*

It reminds me of the old comic strip, **“For Better Or For Worse.”** The series chronicled family life. In one strip the first three frames show a mom and dad lying in bed, worrying about their child. They’re asking questions like, **“Are we too tough on Mike? Or not tough enough? Do we give in too often? Do we listen? Do we understand? Do we nag too much? Are we good parents? How do we know what to do?”** The final frame has 10 year-old, Mike, lying in his bed, thinking, **“Trouble with parents is they think they know it all.”**

So often we really don’t know what to do... At times our kids are sweet, and nice, and respectful. At other times they act like they just came down out of a tree. If you’re married, and contemplating parenthood, a ride on a wild rollercoaster is good preparation.

Once a mom was hurried and hassled - she was preparing dinner for her husband’s family. That night at the table she asked her daughter to say grace.

The little girl was reluctant, **“Mom, I don’t know what to say?”** Mom should’ve left it alone, but she was so proud of the sweet prayers her daughter usually prayed. Finally, the mom suggested, **“Honey, sure you know what to say, just say the last prayer you heard mommy pray?”** The little girl bowed her head, and prayed, **“O Lord, why did I invite all these people to dinner?”** You never know what to expect from a child.

Here are a few more entries from the Dictionary of Motherhood... **Defense** - What you’d better have around de yard if you let de kids out. **Look out** - What it’s too late for your kid to do by the time you scream it. **Top bunk** - Where you never put a child wearing Superman jammies... **Two Minute Warning** - When the baby’s face turns red and he or she begins to make those familiar grunting noises... **Non-verbal** - The ability to whine without words... And **Whoops!** - An exclamation that roughly translates, **“Get a sponge.”**

A mom knows if it's well with her children. God equips moms with a sixth sense. She's tuned in to her child's ups and downs. She understands moods and hormones. She can distinguish the difference between a *rite of passage*, and a *departure from the right path*...

If anyone knows the heart of a child, it's his or her mom. A mom is to the soul of her child what a meteorologist is to the weather. *Most of the time she can read the signs and forecast the child's thoughts!*

When a mom slows down her busyness, and spends time with her brood - when she watches closely and listens, she can answer this question... A mom always knows if **it's well**, or if there's a problem brewing.

But again, this Shunammite's son was dead for goodness sakes! You'd expect her to answer, **"No, it's not well!"** Yet she does something about his deadness. In a sense, *what she does is what every mom can do!*

This woman boards a donkey, and goes straight to the person with the power to help! The Shunammite Mom journeys to the man of God. It was through Elisha that God had given her a son. Now she's stands confident that God, through Elisha, can give him back!

Once she informs Elisha she knows she's done all she can do - *now the outcome is in God's hands*. And thus, the woman speaks in response to Gehazi's question, **"Is it well?"**... by saying, **"It is well!"** **The Shunammite's answer is a statement of her faith!**

Three truths motivated this mom's confidence and faith in God... And if you're a mother you need to write these truths down, and consult them often; for each of these truths also applies to you and your child...

First, the child was **promised**.

Second, God was **powerful**.

Third, help was **present**.

Hey, **your child is as much a miracle as this mother's son**. Every child is a miracle! Psalm 139 tells us, we're all **"fearfully and wonderfully made."** None of us is an accident. God shapes each of us and fashions us in our mother's womb. No matter how far a child might stray, God has a purpose and plan for your child.

Second, **God is the one with the power to restore a lost child**. 2 Kings 4 describes how Elisha returns with this woman and works another miracle. He enters the room where the corpse laid. Elisha robs the grim reaper, and restores life to the Shunammite's son. And mom, God can deal with the deadness in your child. If He can

resurrect a child from the *dead*, He can deliver a child from *distraction*, or *dependence*, or *defiance*, or *deception*, or *difficulty*. God has the power to restore!

And lastly, **this woman believed that God's help was present**. That's why she saddled a donkey, ordered the driver *to push the pedal to the medal*, and made a beeline straight to the man of God. And mom, you should do the same... The woman's servant was wrong, you don't have to wait for a Sabbath, or a Sunday to pay God a visit. God is ready to help you at your point-of-need. **God hears a mother's prayers**.

All moms, *hear ye, hear ye*... Because your child is **promised** - and God is **powerful** - and His help is ever **present**... **don't give up!** Have faith today! Place your child and your dire circumstances in the hands of God.

God can help you - even you - who carry a mother's load. The God who delivered this Shunammite mom from *her grief*, can deliver you from *your grind*. If you're a mom in need of help, *God will be your strength!*

And God can help your husband. Yes, even your husband. Ladies, when you're done *pushing, picking, pecking, and pestering* - why don't you try **praying** for the ole boy. The God who raised a boy's corpse off Elisha's bed, can raise your husband off the couch!

And God can help your child. Yes, even your child. He or she may be a *wayward child*, but they're still a *promised child*. Perhaps, they're a miracle marred, but they're a miracle nonetheless. This mother doesn't hesitate. She immediately goes to God for *His help with her child*. Mom, I encourage you to do the same!

If you read the rest of the chapter you'll learn how God uses the Prophet to raise the Shunammite's son in a unique way. *But never forget her amazing faith!*

This was a mother who believed all along, even at the height of her crisis and desperation, that God could help her family. That's why she answered, **"It is well"** even *when her circumstances shouted the opposite*.

Even though her son sat lifeless in her lap she knew God had not abandoned her. In her heart of faith **all was well**. Her son's illness was no surprise to God. It was a test of faith for her. Would she trust God, or succumb to her feelings of despair? Even if God chose not to heal her son, it would mean He had a good reason for the outcome. This mom would rest in Him.

Ladies, let me encourage you, in spite of how your situation appears today, **realize** God's **promises**, **rely** on God's **power**, and **rest** in God's ever **present** help in time of trouble... Rise up in faith, and along with the Shunammite boldly declare, **"It is well with my child! It is well with my husband! It is well with this mom!"**

And I have one more question I need to ask today, “[Is it well with your pastor?](#)” And I say, “[Yes, it is well!](#)” But like the Shunnamite, today, that’s a statement of faith more so than a summation of my circumstances.

For I have a personal update I need to communicate. I’ve received news no one wants to hear. My doctors have diagnosed me with prostate cancer. Thankfully, it’s been detected early and it’s treatable. In April, I had a PET scan that showed the cancer is still contained in the prostate - *which is good*. So I’m having surgery to remove a diseased prostate - a robotic prostatectomy.

The procedure is scheduled for June 4; then according to the doctor I’ll need 3-4 weeks to recover.

So over the next two weeks we’ll finish Revelation; I’ll teach again on June 2; have surgery on June 4; rest and recover the month of June; then be back in the pulpit the first Sunday in July, raring and ready to go!

So despite my circumstances, like the Shunammite, here’s three reasons I can say to you, “[It is well.](#)” **God has made me promises. God is still all powerful. And God is still present to help in times of trouble.**

Though God never promised us a trouble-free life, just before He ascended to heaven Jesus did **promise** He would never leave us or forsake us. And in the last 43 years I’ve walked with Jesus, He’s proven that to be true. Even this current trial is God’s way of preparing me for heaven, and me testifying of Him on earth.

Second, never forget our God is **all-powerful**. He can heal me instantly if He chooses... In fact, I asked my doctor, *what if God healed my prostate of the cancer?* He told me he’d still want to cut it out. The prostatectomy is the only way to be sure the cancer doesn’t return... *made sense to me!* So I’m praying for God to empower, and give skill to my surgeon, so I can avoid any negative side-effects that could occur. If you pray for me, pray for a successful surgery, a quick recovery, and for the resumption of good health.

And lastly, I know God’s help is **present**. I won’t be undergoing this surgery alone. Jesus referred to the Holy Spirit as *our Helper*. I’m in the hands of a faithful Lord Jesus, and that’s a very, very good place to be.

So over the next few months, if you consider yourself a part of Calvary Chapel, here’s how you can help...

First, pray! Pray for me, my wife Kathy, and my family. Kath went to Oregon this week to spend Mother’s Day with her 89 year old Mom. But this will be a challenge for her as well. So please keep her in your prayers... Also pray for our pastors, and pray for our church... *God hears and answers us when we pray!*

Second, come to church. Your attendance is the best way for you to show us your love and support. In June I'll be watching the livestream from home, and if the room looks vacant I'll worry, so be sure to come!

And **third**, if you'd like to **communicate with me** and send an email, a text, or even a card or letter, send it to the church, or text me at 678 960-9321. (*Just let me know who it is that's texting.*) Hearing from you while I'm away in June will be a great encouragement.

So if you ask me, "**Is it well with you, Pastor Sandy?**" And I say, "**It is well**" - I'm not denying my problems, rather I'm trusting in Jesus... in the great and precious **promises** He's given us - in the **power** He readily possesses - and in His ever **present** help in trouble.

This morning, I've asked the elders of our church if they'll come forward and pray for me. And I'd be grateful if the whole CC family joined them in prayer.