



## *A Preacher's Wife, With Love*

Author Unknown

I have preached a thousand sermons  
while you sat quietly in the pew; I've  
been given honors, when they should  
have gone to you. People call on me  
to pray, while you're seldom ever asked;  
You've been left in shadows dim while in sunlight I have basked.

I am called "The Reverend" while you're just "the preacher's wife."  
I've been given many titles... sometimes you are given strife.



I am named the chairman of  
a dozen boards or more;  
you're but cook and baby-  
sitter, and scrubber of the  
floor. But listen, preacher-  
maker, God rewards in  
nobler ways; earth may  
recognize the clergy but in  
heaven will their wives repay.

The day is fast approaching  
when all status will be past;  
for the Scripture has  
recorded that the first shall  
be the last.



And God has really planned it so that if any would be great, she must be  
the least among us; seems if servants never rate. But when we get to  
heaven if a crown should be my prize, you must surely wear it for 'twill be  
your very size. Heaven is the equalizer of unbalanced things of life;  
and if any own a station there it will be the preacher's wife.

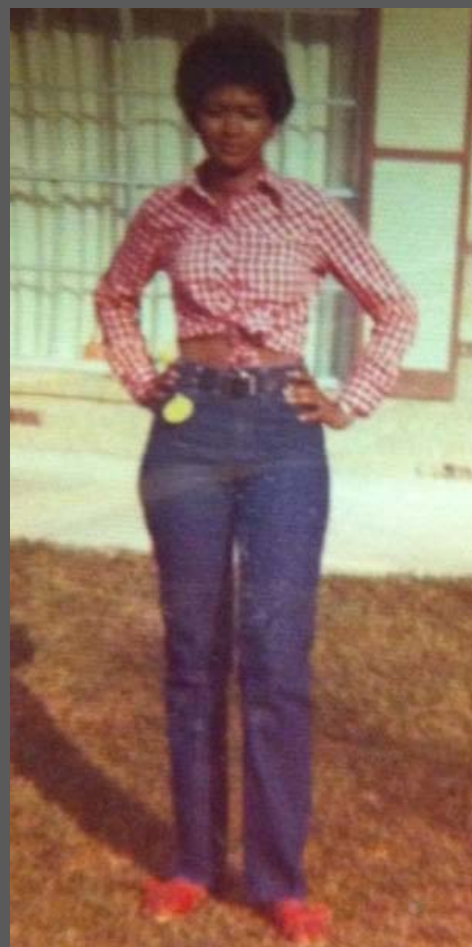
With All My Love, Affection, and Trust  
On 35<sup>th</sup> Our Anniversary,

*Elliott*

**BEFORE CHRIST**



**BEFORE CHRIST**



**AFTER CHRIST**



**AFTER CHRIST**

