

Reflection for June 29, 2025 – “A Double Portion” Inspired by 2 Kings 2:1-2, 6-14

In ancient Israel’s cultural and legal system came the practice of a “double portion.” It represented God’s promise to give beyond the normal amount, symbolizing favor, inheritance, and blessing.¹ This was a special allotment, a blessing or inheritance on individuals in unique positions.

A double portion would be considered an enhancement, a perk, something extra, a privilege.

In our reading from 2 Kings this morning, the student Elisha asks for a “double portion” of his master’s spirit. The prophet Elijah is about to be taken to heaven and asks Elisha what he can give him before he leaves. **“Please let me inherit a double share of your spirit,”** Elisha responds. If you see me as I am taken your request will be granted Elijah replies.

As we heard Chris share, Elisha did see chariots and horsemen coming for his master and his wish was granted.

I wonder what Elisha actually wanted with his extra portion. Was he inclined to be someone who wanted to stroke his own ego? If he had more of Elijah’s skill as a prophet, he would possibly be more sought after, a notoriety. Perhaps he relished in the spotlight drawing attention to himself. Perhaps he really wanted to be a somebody.

Alternately, maybe he just wanted to be more gifted so that he could accomplish more in his ministry. Perhaps his desire to receive a double portion of Elijah’s spirit, was so that he could serve God more completely.

In later chapters of 2 Kings, we hear of many significant acts Elisha accomplished. He parted the Jordan River after Elijah’s death, filled vessels with expensive oil for a widow who was in debt with her creditors, healed a commander of the Syrian army from leprosy and resurrected a Shunammite’s son from death. Elisha was a productive prophet.

What was his motivation? We can only make assumptions.

Throughout my life there are times when I wished that I had been given a double portion.

At times I wished that I had been a little brighter. I did well in school, but it always seemed I was a “nose to the grindstone,” student. Study, study, study, to get reasonable grades, when I knew of others that just seemed to soak everything in without much trouble. How come they got straight A’s, and I got maybe one, a few B’s and some C+’s. Man, that was frustrating.

I wished I had a double portion of height, or agility, or strength. You know the guy who is picked last when choosing teams for a baseball match? That was me. OK, we’ll take Ian. How embarrassing. How come I was not 4” taller, fleet of foot and muscular?

¹ [a double portion biblical - Search](#), Accessed June 28, 2025

I would have taken even a single portion of my dad's mechanical aptitude or carpentry prowess. He could re-valve an engine or overhaul a carburetor. He was a handy carpenter. He proved that by resurfacing cupboards in the kitchen and fabricating his own workbench which was so well made I still have it. We raised the house when I was young, and he did all the support work for the new walls. I can barely manage to change the furnace filter and if I replace a tap washer, it will leak, guaranteed.

Give me a double portion already, I want to be better than I am!

I officiated at a Celebration of Life service yesterday here in the sanctuary. As is always the case, the mood is solemn. But the sharing inevitably leaves me with feeling blessed. That is because I always hear about an individual who was spirited, cherished, and loved. There are stories of achievements and stories of memorable events, and the personality of the departed always comes through in remarkable ways. The spirit of the eulogized is with us. And often I remark, because I didn't know the deceased, I'm jealous because my life would have been blessed by having known them.

I have absolutely no idea whatsoever if the deceased had a double portion of anything. Were they privileged? Were they extraordinarily talented? Carpenter, lawyer, brick layer, physician? Teacher, used car salesperson, accountant, truck driver? Perhaps a check-out clerk at the supermarket or an accountant, it doesn't matter.

When sharing happens we hear about a sense of humour, and someone who was good provider. We hear how good they were with children or grandchildren. We hear about them being a great host or a super green thumb gardener. We hear they loved music or liked to walk in both sun and rain warmly greeting passersby as they went on their way.

In all that is shared, there are common threads. Compassion, honesty, sensitivity, kindness, generosity and gentleness. We leave knowing how the person loved and was loved. We know through the tears that are shed how they were cherished.

Which makes me wonder about the double portion thing. I'm not sure if it matters. I'm not sure it matters at all as long as one inherits a single portion of the creator's love. Just a little bit is all that is needed.

I witnessed that in abundance yesterday as family and friends embraced each other and dried their tears. I witnessed it in the fellowship after the service as stories were shared. I witnessed it the face of a father holding his young daughter, who didn't quite know what was going on.

I felt it after the service yesterday when a stranger on Waldo Way asked me how the service went. He asked, "was that a memorial service." "Yes, I replied." "Did it go well?" "Yes, I said. I think it did and that is what I hope for, that family and friends feel nurtured and supported." "That's good he said." And then he shared a lengthy story about how he came to be here in Peachland. I think a portion of grace was shared between us.

A single portion of God's Grace, a single portion of Christ's Love should be enough. It is enough. These are simple but extraordinary things. And we are blessed when we receive them.

Knowing that you are cherished whether or not you can hammer a nail straight or update that antivirus thingy on your computer. Knowing that you are special even if you

are packing around a few extra kilograms or don't have the finest clothes to wear. Understanding that honesty, integrity and good judgement can't be compromised. Knowing that the best way to treat a stranger is how you want to be treated yourself. Understanding that while to "forgive and forget" is difficult, it is what we are called to do.

Receiving a double portion might be nice but a single portion is lots. It is lots when it comes from the Creator because that tells us we are enough. It tells us we are singularly cherished for all of our unique talents, and we are enough despite our limitations. It tells us we are special. It tells us just be who you are, that is who you were meant to be, and that is why you are loved so much.

It is lots when it comes from Jesus because then we know we are valued for our differences. We are not cast aside because we look or think differently. We are not shunned because of how we talk or who we choose to love. We are not admonished because we have to visit the local food bank or shop at the thrift store. We are not admonished because we are forced to live on the street or in a tent.

A single portion is enough. Just knowing the Creator and walking with Jesus is enough.

Thanks for listening this morning, Amen