Abigail at the Shearers’ Camp

Gracious Abigail was kind to Lav, a watchful youth,

a fateful *na’ar[[1]](#footnote-1)* to her husband, Nabal. When spies

slipped into camp to search the butcher’s booth,

Lav overheard their boasts- a hunger in their eyes-

Prince David and six-hundred men craving after meat.

Was their leader to be king, or was it only lies?

Oppressive was her cooking fire’s heat,

Abigail was faint- so many salivating mouths

to feed! But she would not accept defeat,

not from Nabal, nor from the dearth of clouds

to bring the rain, that like her prayers of hope

to bear a son, brought only darkened shrouds.

Nabal, pride drunk, slid down a deadly slope.

In the hills, his shepherds roamed unharmed

with David’s *na’ar* around their camps to cope

with wolves and thieves. Vicious threats disarmed,

fatted sheep gave birth. When David asked his due

in meat- Nabal cried, No!- Lav overheard, alarmed.

Lav ran to Abigail, told all the threats he knew-

David’s crown and quest to slay them all.

With baskets full of bread and faith she flew

to plead her case. At David’s feet she’d fall:

*The wrath of God will find your acts unjust,*

*show us the grace that girds your sacred call!*

When she rose, she found his eyes reflected loving trust,

her courage was enough to deter him from bloodlust.

1. *Na’ar* is Hebrew for young males, sometimes mercenary soldiers or servants

   This story is from 1 Samuel 25 [↑](#footnote-ref-1)