

And Jesus sat down opposite the treasury, and watched the multitude putting money into the treasury. Many rich people put in large sums. And a poor widow came, and put in two copper coins, which make a penny. And he called his disciples to him, and said to them, "Truly, I say to you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For they all contributed out of their abundance; but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, her whole living."

She has no name. I'm sure that is how it was with all the big wigs at the temple. The no name lady who came in to drop in a penny. "Ah, Mr. Abrahamson, how is it going for you today. Beautiful weather isn't it. Your daughter, has she fully recovered from her illness. Yes, God be praised for that. The Lord is good to you but certainly have been good to the Lord also, giving such large sums of money to support his work here. O, by the way did you see the plague we placed to acknowledge your latest gift. We are all so very grateful.

But for her, simply good day.

She has no name.

Not Miriam, or Moses or Aaron. Long ago in Egypt, a widow at thirty-five, her body soon to wear out also, daily she mixed the straw with the mud for the bricks. And prayed and trusted until she was all used up, withered and dry, part of the uncounted cost of a Pharaoh's monuments.

In the days of Elijah she lived in the land of Zarephath. And there was drought. She had one handful of meal left, her only shelter against the searing winds of death. But at the promise of the prophet that the shelter would stand. She gave him of the meal, and she and the prophet and her son were spared.

When the armies of Babylon came centuries later,, She had no husband to defend her. Foreign soldiers broke down the door of her house, Her teenage daughter they abused, then dragged out of the house to carry her into exile. And the widow, they simply left with nothing but prayers.

And today she lives in Ethiopia, and Siberia and Gdansk and Chicago and in the Hillcrest Care Center. A widow, with no one to visit her, no one to care. And in all the world it matters not very much to any one whether she lives or whether she dies, this woman of faith.

She had no name because ~~xxxx~~ she has born most every name, ~~xxxxatxtimexxxx~~
~~xxxx~~ But she is not namesless before God. While those who give big gifts
out of their abundance may remain ~~xxxx~~ simply rich people, Jesus has noticed the
nameless woman who gave all her living. He will not forget her. Not because
her gift was so large, but because it cost her so much.

Once Jesus told some dinner companions that one who is forgive~~r~~er much,
loves much. So he might also have said, one who has given much, loves much.

I learned of this at a seminar. If you want someone to remember you, ~~do~~
ask them to do something for you. Once something has givna something for you,
they will think more highly of you.

I think of parents love. The more they must give their child, the more
their child needs from them, the deeper and more abiding their love for their
child. Not what the child gives, but what my child gets from me that makes
me love more and more.

Lately I have been thinking of the cross in this way. When Jesus died
for us, his love for us was increased. Having given to us everything, he
would never forget us.

The farmer farms the land, he gives his blood and sweat and tears to
the place. Until it is more than an investment, a means of making a living,
it is his very life so does he love it.

And so a woman gives. Not because God needs what she has, what is a penny
but she gives to bind her heart to God. She invests all of herself in her God
who she will ~~never~~ ^{forget} ~~leave or forsake.~~

Most of all this widow is a reminder, a pointer to the one who give not
only his whole living, but also his whole life Jesus Christ our Lord. He gave
so much so that he would never be able to forget us or give up on us. Having
invested all that he is and has in you, he will pursue ~~xxxx~~you through every sin,
every adversity until he owns you, your heart and soul and mind and strength.
All of you, forever. Amen.