

Luke 15:8-10 (NRSVCE) The Parable of the Lost Coin

⁸ "Or what woman having ten silver coins,^[a] if she loses one of them, does not light a lamp, sweep the house, and search carefully until she finds it? ⁹ When she has found it, she calls together her friends and neighbors, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the coin that I had lost.' ¹⁰ Just so, I tell you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repents."

As a person who seems to constantly misplace things, the parable of the woman who loses a coin has always spoken to me. Countless times I have scoured though the entire house, shop or car looking for the one thing I need at the time. We all have been there; searching for something you know you possess, an item you placed somewhere for safe-keeping, or in the case of the woman, something you lost. Then like the woman in the story, the feeling of happiness, relief, and excitement that you feel when you finally find the missing treasure.

In the late 1980's, at 18 years old, I started a career as a designer and model builder. Although I had very little to show for myself, I did have two things going for me, the talents and gifts God gave me, and a beautiful girlfriend who believed in me. Knowing I needed help getting off the ground, she took what little money she had and bought me a few tools to get started. One of those tools was a 15 inch steel ruler. Rare in its own way, as most rulers are 12 inches or 18 inches in length, this ruler became indispensable. Every short measurement I took, every line I drew, every cut along a straight edge I made, the ruler faithfully served. 30 years later, I rarely start a project without that ruler in my hand, as if no other ruler is capable of measuring. Many times it has gone misplaced, ended up in someone's tool box by mistake, or slipped behind a bench, and every time, I seek it out.



I search every corner of the shop, every tool box, every pile of scrap, and cutoff bin.

It's not that I am not capable of carrying on without it; there is just something missing when it is not there, a void, a missing piece in the process, and I can feel it.

Every time I locate it, I am filled with happiness, a sense of completeness. Those who have worked with me since the early days are usually happy to see it be found as well, not only because can they now stop helping me look, but partially because it has become a symbol of the project to follow, our next adventure.

To the young team members it can appear to be some form of OCD, but to those who know me, those who know the story, know my history, they understand what the rare steel ruler represents; the faith that young lady placed in me so long ago.

That beautiful girlfriend (now my wife of 29 years) believed in me, long before I proved myself to her or anyone else. She recognized my worth, my talent, my passion. Like the woman in the story, she rejoiced in what she found, she announced to her family, to her friends, she had found a missing coin, and I am so very

blessed and thankful she did.

At times we are all lost coins, all looking for our owner, our holy father, our faith. Know that all the angels in heaven, and those who love us here on earth, celebrate and rejoice when we are found.

Have faith to believe in those who have not yet proven themselves, for your love and support makes all things possible.

God bless

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