

Love Absolute

By Bill Pugh

It is only a TV ad, but there is something deeper. A delightful little girl wants to buy her Mum a chocolate for her birthday. No money. At the local milk bar she carefully places her priceless trinkets on the counter. Her Mum waits outside.

“A bar of chocolate, please,” she asks. And the shopkeeper all business-like counts the trinkets, considers, and hands back one to the little girl together with the bar of chocolate. Business completed, chocolate proudly in hand, she goes outside and says, “Happy Birthday Mum!” The little cameo finishes, a smile on the face of the shop keeper. Genuine.

My late friend Alan, a soldier in the Australian Army in WW2, was badly wounded in the Allied retreat from Crete. Waiting on the shore to be evacuated he was told that New Zealanders would be evacuated first, as the rescuing vessel was a Kiwi ship. Seeing his plight, a sailor on a rescue craft produced a New Zealand army coat found on the beach and covered him with it. Loaded on a stretcher, he was rowed

out to the ship and evacuated to Egypt. The lifesaving gift of a coat was priceless, the gift of a hero someone whose identity was known only to God.

The story of the talents as told by Jesus illustrates the challenge of risk taking. The owner of the property entrusted his employees with great responsibility whilst he was away. Giving them money to maintain and build on his assets.

The first two servants invested wisely with excellent results, and won high praise on his return. The third one was unable to meet the challenge of this opportunity and fearful of the owner’s judgment if he failed, he hid the money and had nothing to show the owner on his return. Not even putting the money in the bank at interest. The risks were too great.

The little girl was willing to invest all of her trinkets placing them in the hands of the shopkeeper, expectantly anticipating the price would be sufficient for the chocolate. Risking all because she loved her mum unconditionally.

Reflection:

Would we be so willing to risk even a corner of our home and space and share our most priceless possessions and any other trinkets to make room for even one refugee, stateless, and without viewing him or her with suspicion? Maybe, just maybe, our priceless and most valuable trinket, the investment of unconditional love would come back with interest? And the world would be a