

Excuse Me, What's Your Name?

I am terrible with names. I am name challenged. There is one woman I constantly call Barbara who is Joyce, a man I call John who is Bob, a Donna I call Wanda, and many others who answer quite nicely to honey. I have always had a problem. For years, I depended on my husband to remember names but now that is impossible, I am on my own in this area. To be honest I am not too good with faces either. One time, I was at a meat counter and a gentleman struck up a conversation with me. He was becoming a little too friendly and I backed away. He said, "You don't remember me, do you?" I told him I didn't, praying silently that he wasn't somebody's relative that I had met at Christmas five years ago. He told me that I had taken his blood last week. Now I worked for the Red Cross for 20 years and saw about 40 people a day. I might recognize their arm but not their face. I thought his expectation was a little much. But what bothers me is people who obviously know me, I know them, but for the life of me I can't remember their names. Then there are the relatives of relatives that you see very seldom, a complete lost cause for me. I gave my husband a photo album to look at that contained pictures from when he was a child. He would ask me, "Who's this?" Since I didn't have a clue, I would just say "It's your Aunt Edna." That seemed to solve the dilemma until it turned out to be a man on a horse and he said, "That's not my Aunt Edna." I have tried the method of attaching the name to a clue but then I forget the clue. I might remember complete details about someone but stumble over their name. People need to be recognized, and I feel badly when I fail at this. But there is one who calls us by name, who knew us before we were in the womb, who has loved us always. How blessed we are to have a Lord who knows us, loves us and calls us by name.

In the song by Tommy Walker, "He Knows My Name" the first verse lyrics are: "He knows my name, He knows my every thought, He sees each tear that falls, and He hears me when I call." What a beautiful description of the love of God for his children.

Jeremiah 1:5 Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born, I set you apart.

Lord, we are humbled that you know us and love us imperfect as we are. We strive to be your children and to reflect your image, but we fail daily and yet you love us. May we seek to be more caring and thoughtful about the people around us. May we love others as you love us. Be with our church and our church family bless us as we seek to be the hands and feet of Christ in your world. Amen.

Grace Epperson