



# The Unnamed Ladies

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## To Those Ladies Unappreciated On Earth

Just when they lived, and for how long, we simply cannot tell  
No names were left on record, for man's exalting swell.  
They lived, they died, no family tree, seen only for a day  
They did their work, they served the Lord, and gently passed away.

It matters not, of that they had, if it was sparse or much  
They simply lived and served the Lord, and giving to Him such  
Deep pleasure, that was all for Him, an intimacy sweet,  
To pour the oil upon His head or on His blessed feet.

She only touched the garment hem, she wept for her dead lad  
She put two mites in temple funds, t'was truly all she had.  
They taught me how to persevere, in prayer when silence reigns  
They taught me how to give to God, out from their meager means.

No monuments are found for them, no days of special fame  
No earthly accolades bestowed, no one e'ne knows their name.  
That is no one on earth below, but God in heaven above  
Delights to trace, and yet again, their many acts of love.

For never will He ere forget, those deeds of kindness done  
Not for their glory from mankind, but glory for God's Son.  
For in the record kept in Heaven, of deeds once done on earth  
A full reward be given them, and joy beyond earth's mirth.

So worry not my sister dear, if toiling on each day  
That no one seems to notice, as you go on your way.  
Look up, look on, and see beyond, the drudgery and work  
For God alone, He knows your heart, and knows your precious worth.

And in that day, it won't be long, when you before His seat  
Will hear your name called clearly out, and come before His feet.  
It may be Gayle or Mary, it may be Jean or Joy  
But deep will be your happiness and bliss without alloy.

And then it will be all worthwhile, each burden you have borne  
Each sorrow that has crossed your path, and loneliness forlorn  
Will then be fully recompensed, by God Himself in love  
For all of life's true values, are weighed by God above.