***Shiloh United Methodist Church***

Mathew 13:33 Rev. Tyler Amundson September 20, 2020

***The One With the Woman and the Yeast***

Notes only:

Yeast was most likely more equivalent to sour dough.

I have a colleague and friend in ministry who serves a church in Denver. Part of their ministry is going to Civic Center park each day and serving lunches, clothing, supplies, and communion to the homeless of Denver. My friends name is Jerry Herships and his church is called After Hours Denver.

Jerry tells this story:

One day they were serving lunches in the park. Jerry was standing at the communion table and sharing it with people as they came by. It was a busy day and the lunches and supplies they had went very quickly. Others serving were cleaning up to leave and handed him one final sandwich which he placed on the table, right next to the communion elements.

If you have never been to Civic Center park in Denver it is big. It has old trees covering a large section of land, and all of it is surrounded by the city’s noise and towering architecture.

As Jerry finished serving communion to one person, he looked up. On the other side of the park he could make out a young man running toward him. He could tell the young man was headed toward him, so he held out the sandwich sitting on the table. As the young man got closer, and arrived out of breath, Jerry said, “Sorry man, we are out of water and lunches, all I have is this sandwich.”

The young man looked at the sandwich and waved it off saying, “No, I already ate lunch.”

Taking another deep breath, he asked, “Can I still take communion?”

Sue Monk Kidd writes of a time when she popped into a drugstore where her fourteen-year-old daughter worked after school. The mother paused for a moment when she spied her daughter kneeling in the aisle stocking a bottom shelf with toothpaste. As she watched, two middle-aged men walked up the aisle and paused behind the daughter. One smirked to the other, “Now that’s how I like to see a woman—on her knees.” The other man just chuckled as the daughter, hearing it all, dropped her head in humiliation.

As Kidd describes it, something in her was pierced to the core. She watched her daughter, crouched and disgraced, and saw in her every woman shamed into submission before condescending men. She knew, if she walked away in silence, her daughter’s spirit could dim, condemning her to the interior posture of always being down on her knees. Kidd was not going to let that happen.

She walked up to the two men and said, “I have something to say to you and I want you to hear it.” The men stopped laughing. “This is my daughter. You may like to see her and other women on their knees, but we don’t belong there. *We don’t belong there!*”

The two men were dumbstruck. Then one of them said snidely, “Women,” and the two walked away.

The daughter rose and smiled at her mother. Her mother smiled back. Then they parted, one back to work, the other back home. That night, the daughter came to her mother’s bedroom. “Mama,” the daughter said, “about this afternoon in the drugstore.”

“Yeah?”

“I just wanted to say, thanks.”[[1]](#footnote-1)

1. “That’s How I Like to See a Woman” by Sue Monk Kidd—excerpted from *The Dance of the Dissident Daughter* (New York, NY: HarperCollins, 1996), 7-10. Reprinted in Laura Slattery et. Al. (eds.) *Engage: Exploring Nonviolent Living* (Oakland, CA: Pace e Bene Press, 2005) 20-21. (Thanks to Frank Rogers Jr. who has this in his book and permitted me to borrow the content.) [↑](#footnote-ref-1)