

## **Jesus Anointed at Bethany John 12 : 1-11**

**Six days before the Passover, Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus lived, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. Here a dinner was given in Jesus' honour. Martha served, while Lazarus was among those reclining at the table with him. Then Mary took about a pint of pure nard, an expensive perfume; she poured it on Jesus' feet and wiped his feet with her hair. And the house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume.**

**But one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, who was later to betray him, objected, “Why wasn’t this perfume sold and the money given to the poor? It was worth a year’s wages.” He did not say this because he cared about the poor but because he was a thief; as keeper of the money bag, he used to help himself to what was put into it.**

**“Leave her alone,” Jesus replied. “It was intended that she should save this perfume for the day of my burial. You will always have the poor among you, but you will not always have me.”**

**Meanwhile a large crowd of Jews found out that Jesus was there and came, not only because of him but also to see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. So the chief priests made plans to kill Lazarus as well, for on account of him many of the Jews were going over to Jesus and believing in him.**



## MARY

**Kneeling at His feet,  
listening to Him teach,  
now He's here again I feel  
excitement mixed with fear.**

**Martha busy preparing food;  
room so full of men,  
suntanned, ruddy, with tousled hair,  
fishermen strong, and muscular.  
Thin, pale, aloof, Judas,  
Does he really belong?**





**Noisy chatter fills the room,  
talk of the day's events.  
All too busy to notice me,  
Only a woman.**



**No one seems to understand.  
Do they care?  
Is this the last time He will eat with us?  
Will we see Him again?  
When will it come?  
Death, I mean.**

**This man, my Lord, my all,  
my teacher and my friend.  
What is life without him?  
Worthless.**

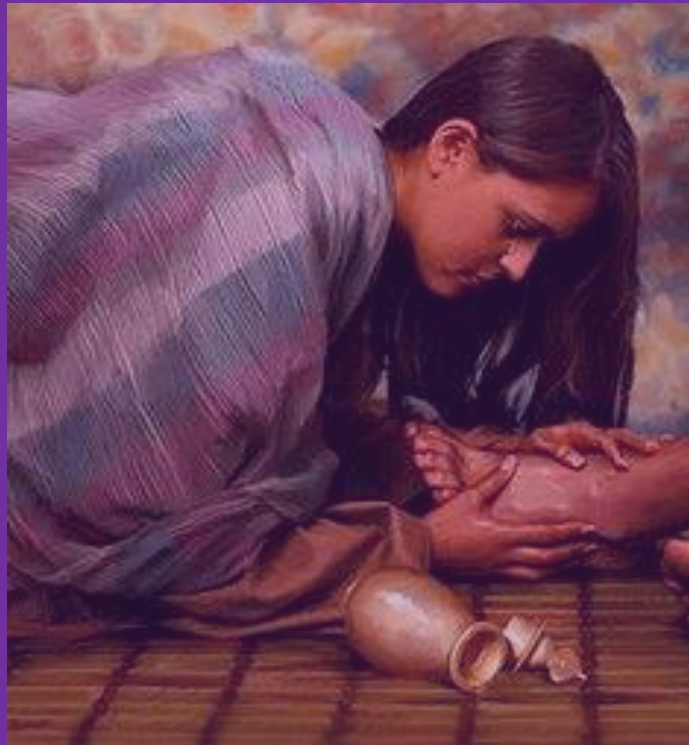




**My life's savings in this jar,  
but not enough to give Him,  
most precious one.  
I pour it over His feet,  
beautiful feet of love,  
that walked to bring me life.**



**The only towel – my hair,  
my crowning glory, so they say,  
long, soft, black, shiny,  
mine to give - I give my all.**



**Goodbye my Lord,  
my love,  
my life.**

