

Day One

Journey with Jesus by Susan Narjala

John 12:1-8

“Six days before the Passover, Jesus therefore came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. ² So they gave a dinner for him there. Martha served, and Lazarus was one of those reclining with him at table. ³ Mary therefore took a pound of expensive ointment made from pure nard, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair. The house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume. ⁴ But Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples (he who was about to betray him), said, ⁵ “Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred denarii² and given to the poor?” ⁶ He said this, not because he cared about the poor, but because he was a thief, and having charge of the moneybag he used to help himself to what was put into it. ⁷ Jesus said, “Leave her alone, so that she may keep it³ for the day of my burial. ⁸ For the poor you always have with you, but you do not always have me” (John 12:1–8).

We start the Passion Week devotional with someone who truly got it. Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, actually understood. In fact, she understood more than the indignant disciples who tried to stop her from “wasting” the perfume on Jesus. She, perhaps, understood that Jesus wouldn’t be with them much longer.

Her response to Jesus’ imminent death is beautiful. She worshipped him. Not a casual, what’s-next-on-the-agenda worship. But an extravagant worship where she didn’t count the cost. It was a reverential worship, an extraordinary worship, perhaps even an irrational worship. She didn’t look at the clock or her wallet or at people around her who were wagging their fingers in judgement. Instead, she looked at Jesus. She allowed him to fill her vision and eclipse everything else around her. She worshipped like no one was watching.

Bringing It Home

What is my response to Jesus’ death on the Cross? Am I offering Him a sacrifice of worship and praise? Or is my sacrifice this season of Lent geared more for my own benefit?

Lean In

Heavenly Father, Help me to worship in a way that truly takes all of me. Help me love you with not just my words but with all my soul, my mind, my strength and my heart. Let me never be content with lukewarm worship, but let me burn with the flame of faith set aglow by a deep reverence for you. Amen.