## THE TEARFUL TASK



## The Tearful Task

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Illustrations by Jeremy and
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Simon the leper's household was bustling. The ladies were cooking, the men servants hustling To get the house sparkling as they'd done before For Jesus was coming to Bethany once more.

To think of His Presence among them was thrilling Each job found a servant who was more than just willing To labor with JOY - no thought for himself His hunger nor thirst nor the state of his health.



The house was made ready for a wonderful feast And the guests were arriving from greatest to least Lazarus, whom Jesus had called from the grave Was present to show forth the life Jesus gave.

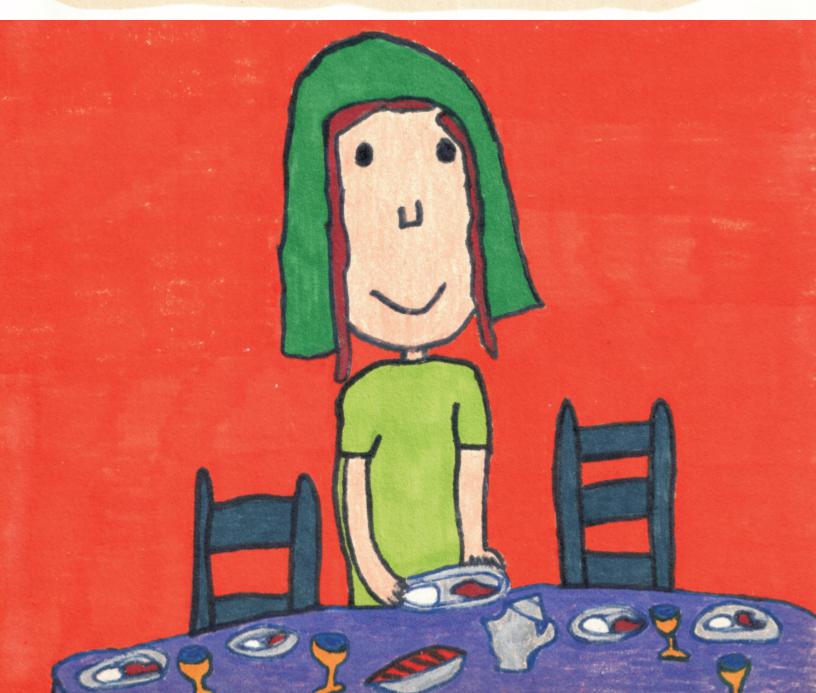


He sat at the Master's table that night And with Mary and Martha, rejoiced in the sight Of their Savior and Friend, the Blessed One Whom they knew truly to be God's Son.



Martha had offered to help serve the meal As she scurried about with her usual zeal. She recalled the words that Jesus had spoken And her bondage to work had forever been broken.

He had said to her then, she often remembered That on worship not work our lives should be centered. With this lesson in mind, she continued her task "But with a worshipful heart," should anyone ask.



And as soon as the supper was served all around She scurried as quickly to her spot on the ground At the feet of the Master she and Mary adored They found themselves needing the Words of the Lord.



With Passover now only six days away
A certain excitement pervaded that day
Would Christ come in to His Kingdom on earth
As the scriptures foretold long before Jesus' birth?
The Master tried gently to get them to see
That He needed to die for our sins on the tree
To draw all men unto Him even those not yet born
But refusing to hear Him, their faces forlorn.
They continued to dream of the time drawing near
When Christ would set up His Kingdom here
"We want it now!" their hearts were insisting
So loudly their ears were prevented from listening.





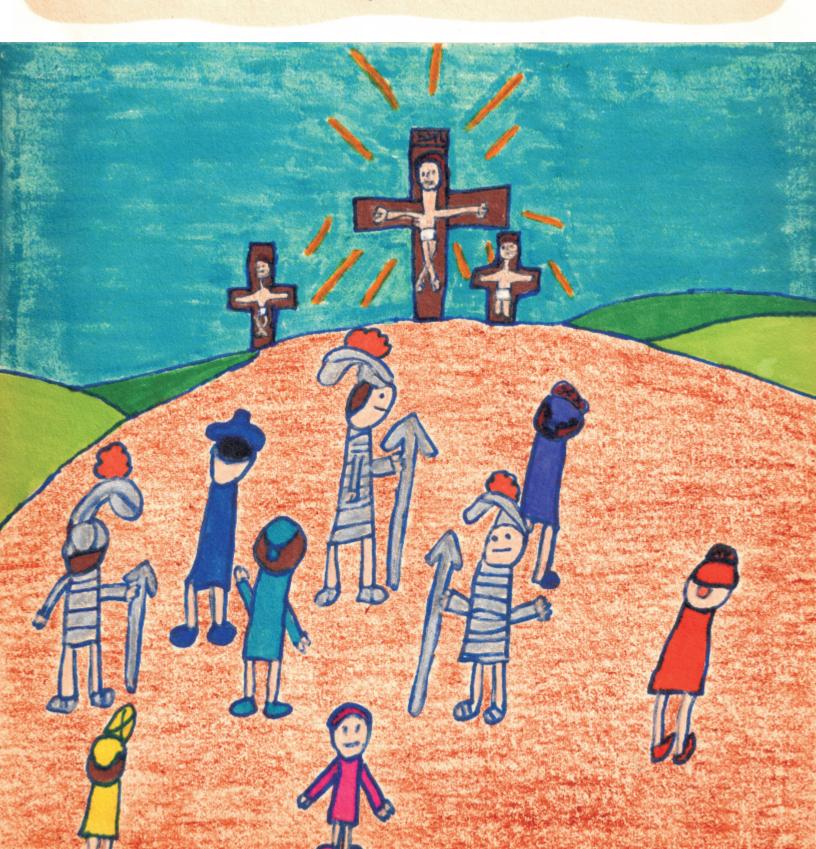
As the Lord quietly talked with His friends
Mary reached into her pocket and then
With love in her heart and with worshipful awe
Approached Jesus gently, not knowing who saw.

As she poured costly ointment with reverent love Upon the feet of Him Who had come from Above She wept as she dried them off with her hair Surely in her eyes no one else was there.

The moment was broken by Judas' greed As he pointed his finger at her precious deed "That money could have been used for the poor!" But his thieving heart was behind the uproar.

With a glance Jesus hushed the now murmuring crowd And with a voice that was firm, but surely not loud Rebuked the scorners, and commended the maid Who had upon Him every hope of life laid.

"The poor you have with you always," He said
"But she has prepared me for the place of the dead.
This gesture the woman has done in My Name
Will be told with the gospel — it will be her fame."



The scent of perfume filled the whole house that eve To remind all those present that Jesus must leave To gain us the battle that Death wants to win But Jesus the Victor was to pay for our sin.

Life wasted on Jesus is worthwhile we know Though the world cannot see it, still it is so The fragrance of losing our life we have found Ascends unto heaven, to higher ground.



