

# THE TEARFUL TASK



# *The Tearful Task*

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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 scorers, 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.





