

Wednesday Holy week 2009

What happened next....?

'so, Simon the Leper...'

'Jesus, you know if anyone else called me 'Simon the Leper' I'd clock them one..'

'I do, Simon, and it's a risk that I'm willing to take - you know I'll only turn the other cheek'

'I do, Jesus, and that's why it's just not worth the effort...

But I'm not a Leper any more, I don't have leprosy, I don't beg, I'm not cast out of town. I live here in Bethany now, providing supper for you and all your company of men'

'Indeed, and I must sound ungrateful of your hospitality, Simon. Forgive me.'

'Forgive you - maybe it should be the other way round. You know that my home is your home. You know that this is my way of thanking you...'

'But Simon, you've already thanked me, many times - you were the only one who did...'

'I know, but...'

'enough. Let's eat shall we?

'Let's eat! Indeed - we're hungry even if you aren't'
the company of men raised their glasses in a toast, and food was served,
bread and olives,
chicken and vegetables and sauces of many types,
and wine, plenty of fine wine, dates and sweet cakes to follow...

With the wine and the food came conversation, memories, anecdotes, shared jokes and laughter, do you remember when...?
No-one spoke about the incident at the temple, and Simon only briefly mentioned that he wished he had seen the crowds waving and cheering.

But there were no Hosanna's tonight.

The atmosphere was light, but not falsely so, light but loud and
Mary crept in unnoticed,
Unnoticed until the scent of Spikenard slowly filled the room.
Gently at first, a light vapour in the air, a taste on the back of the
tongue, mixing with the wine,

But growing in strength and size as the talking slowly came to a
halt,

The perfume filling the air...

'Mary?'

'Jesus. Now?'

'Now' and Mary gazed into his eyes, as a lover might, and even
though her dark hair was uncovered and loose, there was no
sense of lust...only tears,

Mary poured the entire jar over Jesus' head, his eyes closing as he
tilted his head towards heaven, breathing in the pungent smell,
deep into his whole body so that he was anointed inside and out,

And when the jar was empty, Mary simply sat at his feet and wept,
silent tears, streaming from her face, falling onto his feet, so that
they too were anointed.

Jesus stretched out his hand to her, touching her lightly on the
shoulder, 'thank you',

The moment in time seemed to stand still....

'My Lord...'

'whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!, Mary, what are you doing? Cover your
head, move back from his feet, what will people think?' and Peter
tried to move her away, lifting her up

'Leave her be'

'But, but...

'Leave her be.'

But Judas was already down on the floor, glaring at her menacingly as he tried to scoop up the perfume and trickle it into the broken jar,

'A whole jar, a whole year's wages - you stupid, stupid girl, wasting your treasure on a dramatic gesture, seeking attention again, wanting to be 'the Lord's favourite' - flaunting your sexuality, you make me sick, who do you think you are?'

'Who do you think you are Judas?'

'we could have sold the perfume, we could have given it to the poor, not poured it on the floor'

'Who, do you think, you are, Judas?'

'I'm your treasurer, I am responsible for making sure that money is well spent'

'But we have always had the poor with us, we always will, and you can help them any time *you* want

'this, is my time, I have told you, but you won't listen. Look at you all, eating and drinking and it brings me joy to see you do so, but you are all hiding away from the truth...

The truth is, you will not always have me, my time is short,

Mary has grasped the truth, and has done a beautiful thing for me tonight,

All of you will be remembered throughout history, especially you Judas, and how do you want to be remembered?

Andrew, Peter, James and John do you want to be remembered as fishermen, or my most faithful friends? Matthew, do you want to be remembered as a tax-collector? No, I thought not. And you Simon - do you want to be remembered as a Zealot with a hot temper or a warrior of Peace?

Judas be careful how you care for silver...

Mary, you will be remembered as the one who did the most beautiful thing, pouring out your wealth and your love. You have recognised the truth, and not shied away from it,

thank you for preparing my body for what is to come...

Mary has done all that she could do for me, Mary has poured perfume on me beforehand, to prepare for my burial'.

Jesus reached out to her again, holding onto her hand, as Mary turned to face him,

'thank you', as he wiped away her tears.

'thank you'

.....

'preparing you for burial, or anointing you her king? A King will take his throne...'

And Judas stormed out...out to make his name
Out to do, what he would be remembered for.

Lynne Chitty prayer.