# It’s Wednesday

It’s Wednesday. Jesus remains in Bethany among friends. He is cloistered, away from the opinions of the multitude. There is peace in Bethany.

(May we all have a Bethany.)

This day is silent, until a worshipper enters carrying a year’s salary in the form of a rare and exquisite ointment ornately encased. The assembly watches in disbelief. The vessel is broken and the aroma of worship fills the room. She has become weary of logic, caution, safety, investments and prudence. This is not the time for such things.

This is a time for

over-the-top,

reckless,

radical

unstoppable,

extreme,

extravagant

WORSHIP

Her only desire is Jesus. Her desire is fulfilled. This moment in history leads her to squander her riches on the head and feet of the soon-scarred Savior. Her hands drip with the oil of adoration. In one moment, one woman worships Him more than most will in a lifetime.

This is not a tithe, as the Pharisee would desire.

This is not a special missions offering, as the disciples

would desire.

This is not retribution, as the legalists would demand for her sin.

This is overwhelming.

This is abandon.

This is worship.

This is bliss.

This is EVERYTHING she had.

This is Wednesday.

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