

## **“Easter Upside Down: Mary of Bethany”**

by  
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<b>What</b>	The woman who poured her expensive perfume on Jesus’ feet, washing them with her hair and tears, shares the story of Jesus that she witnessed. Remembering how he invited women, along with the men, to hear His teachings about God’s Kingdom, she rejoices in the fact that He is the Messiah and was worthy of being anointed.
	<b>Themes:</b> Palm Sunday, Easter, Messiah, Worship, Offering
<b>Who</b>	Mary
<b>When</b>	Bible times
<b>Wear (Props)</b>	Clothes appropriate for the time An empty perfume bottle Optional- wooden chair or stool
<b>Why</b>	Matthew 26:6-13; John 12:1-11
<b>How</b>	Keep your tone energetic and be careful not to let the dialogue drag. Mary is sharing a memory that isn’t a “heavy” but rather one filled with amazement.
<b>Time</b>	Approximately 3 minutes

*Mary regards an empty perfume bottle, the focus of her attention. This is not a "heavy memory" but rather one filled with amazement.*

**Mary:** This gift came with specific instructions... "Use it wisely," my grandmother told me. "It is only for the most special occasion." It had been a gift from her mother, who had told her the same thing: "Only for a special occasion." It was heavy with perfume. I asked, "Was there no special occasion?" She laughed and said, "Only my wedding to your grandfather. And that was not special enough."

*She studies the empty bottle for a moment.*

"Only for the most special occasion." I held it for years, the perfume, not knowing... what could be special enough for this?

Over the years, I suppose I became more and more like my grandmother, not finding any occasion special enough. Until...

*She gets up from her chair and, in the telling, begins to relive the moment, pointing out where Jesus sat, where his followers sat, and mimics her movements as she retells them.*

It was six days before Passover. He was reclined, his feet toward me. Around him, his followers. I, too, was a follower. First, at a distance. But he invited us... the women... women! ...everyone, really, to come near, to hear his stories of God's curious Kingdom and to share in his joy, in his presence.

That night I gathered my perfume from its safe hiding place. The room crowded with men. No one noticed me. Without hesitation, I knelt by him and broke the lid off the bottle. The perfume drenched his feet. With a slight smile he looked at me. And then... I did something I had not planned. I covered his feet with my hair, washing them with my tears. I had no choice. This was Messiah! Worthy of anointing!

*She sits back down in her chair.*

This was the celebration of everything we'd hoped for... of who we'd hoped for.

*Looking at the bottle, she grins.*

I kept the bottle. And the memory. The perfume was not wasted.

*(beat)* He was the Most Special Occasion. *(Lights fade)*