

A script from



## **“Notorious to Glorious: The Woman Who Anoints Jesus”**

Their sin made them notorious. The Son made them glorious.

by

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**What** The Bible has some “notorious” characters who encounter the truth of Jesus and whose lives show his transforming love in all its glory.

**Themes:** Redeemed, Salvation, Sacrifice, God's Love, Forgiven

**Who** Woman

**When** Back in the (Biblical) Day

**Wear (Props)** Costume should be a modern representation of a Biblical time. The Woman could wear a floor length maxi skirt and modest solid colored shirt.

**Why** Luke 7:36-50

**How** Speaking to audience monologue. Simple. Pure. A small jar representing the alabaster oil could be set on stage. On a pedestal perhaps. She shouldn't hold it because it's already gone.

**Time** Approximately 5 minutes

**Woman** addresses audience.

**Woman:** I sat in my little house clinging to that precious alabaster jar of oil. I had heard Jesus was going to be dining nearby in a house here, in my town, and something told me to go... buy this jar, and take it to that house and honor him with it. I sat there in my tiny room hugging that jar tight. I was afraid I might drop it. It cost me a fortune but I knew, just knew that if I *saw* Jesus and *showed* him that I cared, that I believed in him, that I loved him, then I would have done my duty to the Son of God.

*(More somber as she remembers)* I had been to that neighborhood before. To *many* homes in that place. Always invited in through the *back* doors and under cloak of darkness. I was wanted at night...but not by day. But *that* day, I would break down the door in broad daylight if I needed to. I went there, clutching that expensive jar of perfume in my hands. As I walked the streets the judgmental eyes of that neighborhood greeted me with disdain. They wondered what I was doing there. I was unwanted, unloved, unworthy. A sinner.

*(Pause)* They were right. I didn't belong there. But I had come so far. And I *had* to see him and *show* him that the lowest of the low, the lost, the hurting, the lonely, the low-lives, the little ones, the unlucky and unloved, like me...we *loved* him. We loved him because he unabashedly loved *us*. I had heard he stayed with the poor, ate with tax collectors, touched lepers.

*(Then suddenly thinking)* Then I thought...would he turn me away? Surely he would know *who* I was, *what* I was. He would have every reason to turn me away. Or would he love me like he had loved all those other forgotten friends? That alabaster jar white-knuckled in my grasp, even if he turned me away, I wasn't turning back now. Let them stare. I was going to see the Lord face to face no matter what the cost.

I walked right through the front door. I found the room where they were eating and *(remembering that moment almost like she's reliving it)*...I *saw* him. I had never seen him before but I knew from the way all those men looked at me at the table...harshly, embarrassed, ashamed, judging me, *willing* me away...I knew *him* because the look in their eyes was so much different than the look in *his*.

It was compassionate. Welcoming. He smiled at me and I fell at his feet. Overwhelmed I began to cry. Falling on my knees I started weeping hot, heavy tears onto his feet. The years of anguish, of being shuffled through back doors, pushed into dark corners, kept on the wrong side of town until I was convenient for them, but not loved by them. All the

hurt was flowing out of me. I wept. Uncontrollably wept. I hadn't planned on crying. I don't remember the last time I had cried. I was so hardened by the life I had lived. But before his open compassion I cried and cried. And having nothing else clean to wipe his feet, I used my hair and kissed his feet over and over and over again.

And then remembering the jar I broke it and poured it all over his feet. I didn't even think of the cost anymore. It was nothing to me, but I heard the room gasp. No matter the cost. I had to thank him, honor him, love him for loving us...the unloveable.

*A change in tone as she remembers and relives that moment.*

Finally, all my tears cried, every drop of sweet smelling oil on his feet, my hair wet and tangled around my face. I'm sure I was a sight. (*Changing her tone*) And then I felt them...the eyes of all those indignant men staring me into oblivion. I had not thought before this moment how I would escape their wrath. They snickered and jeered. They spoke under their breath to one another calling me a "Harlot. Homewrecker. Sinner" They would know.

I turned to Jesus thinking his eyes may have turned from soft to stone but they were warm and water-filled. Then he smiled at me and turned to them and told a simple story.

*Remembering the story Jesus told and trying to recount it properly.*

He said two men owed money to a lender. One, a small amount, and another a *very large* amount and the lender forgave *both* their debts. Then he asked "who would love him more? The one with the little debt forgiven or the big debt?"

It was obvious. It was so obvious. That was *me*. The one with the greater debt. The enormous suffocating, life-stealing debt. I smiled back as he smiled at me. He said my faith had forgiven me and I was able to walk out of the room safely...and forgiven...and *loved*.

*Talking almost to herself.*

And ever since that day I think...those who *think* they are forgiven little....do they love little? Because those who *know* they are forgiven so much...we will love so much.

*Exit.*