

The Anointing

By D.C.W.(2009)

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment (John 12:3).

Thus sitteth Mary once again at His feet,
This time pouring forth ointment so sweet.
Costly and precious, her esteem of Him,
Costly and precious she thus gives to Him.

“How worthy is He at whose feet I have heard,
The very voice of God, the Eternal Word,
Never Man spake like this Man before,
He, from whose lips grace boundlessly pours.
His voice cries not out, nor causeth He strife;
The words He speaketh are Spirit and life.

I’ll tell of His love, compassion and care,
When in the trial of my deepest despair;
Death and the grave, they held their dread sway,
Over my dear brother, dead for four days.

Then cometh Jesus, my Master and Lord,
The One whom my soul doth love and adore.
Behold His face and His weeping tears,
Entering into my sorrows, my hurt and my fears,
He riseth and saith, ‘Where is he laid?’
Then went we together to the bleak grave.

*‘Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.’*

Then standeth He before the tomb of stone,
The One whose soon death would for sins atone,
‘Take away the stone,’ saith He before all,
And then crieth He with a loud, mighty call,
‘Lazarus, come forth!’

Then cometh he who was dead and bound,
Alive with no trace of death on him found.
Truly I say to you today who would hear,
The very Son of God has come down and come near.
The Resurrection and the Life,
what power and grace—
God in the flesh, who for sins would death taste.”

And so in Bethany she anointed her Lord,
Is it any wonder she gave all she could afford?
Yet up riseth Judas and others in haste,
Scolding her sore for her great “waste.”

Then riseth Jesus who knew her great deed,
Yet also knoweth Judas, his avarice and greed.
“Why trouble ye her? Let her alone,
For My death and burial she has thus shown.”

They deemed it waste to thus lavish on Him,
But He saw the good work from which love did stem,
And so I would ask, if any would hear,
Is He not worthy, and to be greatly revered?

Is He but a prophet, a great moral teacher,
A good man, a kind man, a wonderful preacher?
Or is He the Christ, the very Son of God,
Dying at Calvary, bearing judgment’s rod?
Becoming a curse, though sinless was He,
He in whom dwells God’s fullness bodily.
Look ye and live, believe in God’s Son,
Then have life, your salvation is won!

And if ye be saved, be not content
To neglect to spend time with Him who thus went
Down through the waters of darkness and died,
To save and draw you to His own precious side.

Believer, I exhort you to spend time at His feet,
And there hear His word, and there with Him meet;
Learn of Him, dwell on Him, His glory behold,
And know for a truth “the half hath not been told.”

Lean on Him when the fierce storm cometh nigh,
And know His compassion, His pow’r and His might,
Ever liveth He for you to intercede,
To help you and aid you in your hour of need.

And then if you’ve known Him and seen Him aright,
Having walked with Him and having Him as your delight,
And if His glory hath your heart overflowed,
The Spirit of God having made Him thus known,
You too may fall at the Lord’s blessed feet,
And with the thousands in heaven sincerely repeat:

*“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power,
and riches, and wisdom, and strength,
and honour, and glory, and blessing.”*
Amen.



Spikenard plant