

*March 26, 2017*

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**TIME OF REFLECTION**

“We are gathered in cathedrals on a Sunday.  
We are shrouded in our pride and lust’s despair.  
We have heard that You said, ‘Go to where your hearts once were’  
Trusting we’d arrive to find You there.

We have known the empty senses of a funeral.  
We are haunted by the promises of death.  
We have asked to see Your face and noticed nothing  
But a well timed honest smile from a friend.

Oh, we of little faith  
Oh, You of stubborn grace  
We are the beggars, we are the beggars,  
We are the beggars at the foot of God’s door.

We have grown cold to the kisses of our lovers.  
We have rolled the windows up and driven through  
The forests of the autumn, the innocence of snow  
Metaphor of Jesus in the dew.

We have known the heated passion of the cold night.  
We have sold ourselves to everything we hate.  
We’re hypocrites and politicians running from a fight.  
We’ve cheated on a very jealous mate.

Oh, we of little faith  
Oh, You of stubborn grace  
We are the beggars, we are the beggars,  
We are the beggars at the foot of God’s door.

We’ve known the pain of loving in a dying world,  
And our lies have made us angry at the truth.  
But Cinderella’s slipper fits us perfectly,  
And somehow we’re made royalty with You.”

~“We are Beggars at the Foot of God’s Door” by The Normals

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## Worship through the Word

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**SERMON** – “Subterfuge and Sweet Perfume” – Kevin Schwartz

**SERMON PASSAGE** – Mark 14:1-11 (ESV)

<sup>1</sup> It was now two days before the Passover and the Feast of Unleavened Bread. And the chief priests and the scribes were seeking how to arrest him by stealth and kill him, <sup>2</sup> for they said, “Not during the feast, lest there be an uproar from the people.”

<sup>3</sup> And while he was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he was reclining at table, a woman came with an alabaster flask of ointment of pure nard, very costly, and she broke the flask and poured it over his head. <sup>4</sup> There were some who said to themselves indignantly, “Why was the ointment wasted like that? <sup>5</sup> For this ointment could have been sold for more than three hundred denarii and given to the poor.” And they scolded her. <sup>6</sup> But Jesus said, “Leave her alone. Why do you trouble her? She has done a beautiful thing to me. <sup>7</sup> For you always have the poor with you, and whenever you want, you can do good for them. But you will not always have me. <sup>8</sup> She has done what she could; she has anointed my body beforehand for burial. <sup>9</sup> And truly, I say to you, wherever the gospel is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in memory of her.”

<sup>10</sup> Then Judas Iscariot, who was one of the twelve, went to the chief priests in order to betray him to them. <sup>11</sup> And when they heard it, they were glad and promised to give him money. And he sought an opportunity to betray him.