

Hello Brothers and Sisters,

So, today I will tell you my side of the story – a story you read and heard over 100 times, maybe I need to explain myself and a lot to you, what I had in mind. Mark really tried his best, by writing his view, but you know a coin has two sides.

But first let me introduce myself to you. You know me as the crazy woman, the woman out of her mind pouring expensive oil over Jesus his head...

My Mother named me Moriah (seen by God) I never really know why she gave me that name until that day. I never told people what my name was, if people asked me, I was silent. I was ok with people calling me names and knowing it better. But I think this is not the reason why you are here today. I can't tell you what came into my mind on that day years ago, what I can say is, I would do it again and again.

In the Town where I lived, I heard people talking that Jesus would go to Simon's house with his friends. Simon was my neighbor, but we never spoke a word with each other. No one really spoke a word with me, - welcome to my neighborhood.

I was at home and preparing myself, for I can't really remember what I was doing...

I had a feeling - a moment – I felt like God knocked at my door, saw me and gave me the spirit to do something unbelievable and unforgettable as I can now see. I looked around my house and found the little alabaster jar full of precious oil. Something told me to give it to Jesus. That I would pour it over his head was not the plan in the beginning. For Jesus was the only one holy and worthy, for there was no one else I could have imagine doing this to.

Wasn't a bad idea at all doing this, you people still talking and reading about me after so long.

But let's get back to my story...

While I was on my way to Simons house I started panicking, wanted to turn around, I couldn't, something was holding me back. The only thing I could do was to sing. So, I started singing a song my mother used to sing all the time:

Take me home with you my Lord

When my life is through

Take me home with peace my Lord

*Let me rest with you
When I've fought the fight
And I've kept the faith
And my race on earth is won
All I ask is that you say well done
Lord please let me hear you say well done*

That was all I was asking for in that moment – that the good Lord would one day say to me
“My Child – well done”

I did not knock at the door – ok, it was open, so I took it as an invite to enter in without knocking. As I entered Simons house, everyone in the house looked at me. Some of them started whispering, some of them said “what is she doing here”, “get out of the house crazy woman”. I didn’t care to be frank – it was something I was used to. No one liked me – they always wanted me gone. Sometimes I think, they wished I wasn’t a person in their hometown. But I was and there I was, Moriah with the alabaster jar.

I looked through the room and saw Jesus on the other side of the room, sitting at the table with his friends. Without hesitating I went straight to Jesus. I felt power and motivation – I wasn’t afraid even though everyone was looking at me. I wasn’t 100 percent sure about what I was going to do, I thought I would walk to him and give him the jar and turn around.

I was holding my alabaster jar tight, no one could take it from me. One of the men in the house tried to hold me back, but I pushed him away and walked step by step – stood in front of Jesus....and opened my alabaster jar and poured it over his head.

Can you imagine my face after I saw what I was doing? You can’t imagine, I was happy!!

Now the men in the house shouted, “what a waste”, “why are you wasting this pure and expensive perfume?” “Couldn’t you sell it and give the money to the poor?” “You are indeed crazy for doing this”.

The house was filled with anger, until Jesus told them to be quiet, for I had anointed him. That I was the only one who did something very good before he would be gone. There would be many chances to do good for the poor but for him, there won't.

At first, I smiled, I was proud what I had done – but then my eyes filled with tears. I looked at him and he gave me a smile, and, in that moment, I understood that he was trying to tell us, that he was going to die, he would be gone. How could he have known? I didn't want him to be killed, I didn't want to anoint him for death, but I did, and it was right and good.

So, was I really wasting this expensive oil for bad? I didn't. Some of them didn't understand what Jesus was trying to say. I still looked at Jesus and my heart were heavy, was he sad that they didn't see him as precious like this perfume? That I was the only one who acted and showed him how precious he was?

That was the moment I understood my name – I was seen by God and the people of God and God wanted me to do this for his son. For he was worthy an expensive anointment. I was seen by God in the right time and right place. For I had been silent for too long.

Ha-ha was I really wasting this perfume? I was not, I mean who if not for Jesus would I spend and use it for. They never really thought about what they were saying. I always ask myself if Jesus was offended in his heart? He told them to let me do what I was doing.

I had done the undoable, I turned around and walked straight to the door. Before going out of the house I told them "I am not crazy, my name is Moriah it means *seen by God*" what I did was crazy but right and God saw what I did, and it was good.

They stared at me with open mouths, and I left.

On my way home – I started running. Never had I run this fast in my life. I was full of joy and happiness, even though I was heavy hearted because Jesus would die.

This perfume was expensive yes, and I did not have much money – but what I did, felt worth 1000 denarii. I mean, look, you are listening to my story and I hope we can agree – I did a great job.

I ran into my house closed the door and danced, smiled and then cried. A voice in my head said, "Well done!" and I wiped my tears.

I packed my things – took as much as I could, and I decided I would leave town and never come back. The townspeople hadn't heard of the story yet – but I knew they would, and I didn't want to be asked so many questions.... So, I left.

That is why you never heard of me again. Little did I do – but it was unforgettable.

I know God spoke to me that day, and one day he will hold me in his arms and tell me “well done” again.

I know you have a lot of questions, but I think I said enough – let me find my way. For I told you, what no one ever heard of me. The story of the crazy and unnamed woman Moriah who worked for God and was seen by God.

Bye.