

## THE FRAGRANCE OF WORSHIP

by Robyn Berdino

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** Drama contrasting the heart attitudes of Mary and Judas.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** There needs to be a stark contrast between Mary, who is overflowing with genuine sincerity and praise, and Judas. Dramatic pauses, arm motions and expressions make this sketch really come alive.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 2

**TOPIC:** Worship, Easter, Biblical Times

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 12:1-11

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Worship Service

**CHARACTERS:**

MARY—female, 20 -40 years old

JUDAS—male, 20 -40 years old

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Modern or Biblical dress

**SOUND:** Two wireless microphones

**LIGHTING:** Two spots or general

**SETTING:** General Stage

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*Lights up.*

**MARY:** It was a day that came some time after an extraordinary miracle. You see, Jesus raised my brother from the dead. Oh, I knew he could perform miracles. Water to wine ... make food from nothing ... healing the blind and the sick ... curing disease. He's incredible! But this was different. He was dead. My beloved Lazarus had taken his last breath. The coldness of his skin. The empty shell for his body. I saw him that way, and touched him ... with my own hands.

And in my mourning and despair, and even in my anger, my Lord showed up, to show me first-hand, what a miracle worker can do. He turned death to life.

And I saw my brother walk again, and jump and sing. Lazarus was alive! What could I do other than fall at his feet and worship?

Which brings us to today ... six days before the Passover. We invited Jesus to dinner, and he was coming! My Lord was coming! Lazarus was seated at the table, Martha was serving, and I ran to the feet of Jesus with my most valuable possession ... an alabaster jar filled with spikenard oil. I...

**MARY & JUDAS:** ...fell at his feet and started pouring out the oil. (*JUDAS questions and MARY speaks matter-of-factly.*)

**JUDAS:** I was a disciple. A follower of Jesus. A chosen one. I was even appointed to be the treasurer. I was invited to dinner that night also. And when I saw such foolishness, I could hardly believe my eyes. Mary had spikenard oil. The finest from India. Close to a year's wages of a hard-working man. And she just ...

**MARY & JUDAS:** (*JUDAS in disgust and MARY in awe*)... poured it out on Jesus' feet.

**JUDAS:** Wasted it! Every drop. What was she thinking? How could she be so...(*Stumbling for words in frustration*) stupid, to just throw away something of such value? She could have sold it. She could have done many things with it, and just look at all of the good it could have done.

But pour it out on his feet? She just let it run on the floor, and ...

**MARY & JUDAS:** ... then it was gone.

*Light on JUDAS fades out, as he turns angrily and leaves.*

**MARY:** The oil was gone ... but the fragrance. The fragrance of worship to my Lord ... my Jesus. I took my hair and wiped it, taking that fragrance of him along with me. Tangible evidence of being so close to him. The fragrance lingered, not only in my hair, but in the room, as did my worship and admiration.