



# **Jesus is Anointed**

**John 12:1-7**

**Gus left his horse, Duncan, to eat sweet grass as he sat down on the garden wall and rested his chin in his hands. "I can't find anything to give up for Lent," he complained aloud to himself. "I want to give God the best thing, so I can be his favorite servant! Perhaps I can give up Duncan; after all I have to lead him everywhere since he gave up carrying me for Lent. Oh, but if I give up Duncan who would take care of him? I could give up my sword fighting lessons. But, I keep dropping my sword, so I need all the practice I can get. Oh what should I do?" he groaned.**

**Gus was deep in thought when he was interrupted by a strange meowing sound coming from the window. Rufus the Dragon popped up.**

**"Hi, Rufus," Gus greeted. "Why are you saying meow?"**

**"Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow!" Rufus replied.**

**"You gave up barking for Lent? What a strange choice. I'm afraid I understand less pussycat than I do doggy! Do you have a message from the King?"**

**Rufus let out a long string of meows and catcalls.**

**"Treasure?" Gus asked. "We should give King Jesus our treasure! That's easy for you to meow, Rufus. You gave up the barking that you treasure. But I have no earthly treasures," Gus said sadly.**

**Rufus meowed again.**

**Gus shrugged. "I suppose you're right, Rufus. I shall think of something. Thank you." He waved to Rufus who meowed goodbye.**

**Gus thought about this message for a few moments before noticing the sound of approaching hooves. He turned to see Sir Praisealot reigning in his horse, Shadow. He ran to meet his teacher.**

**"Hail, Squire Goofus! Hold this carefully if you will." Sir Praisealot handed a box to Gus so that he could dismount from his horse.**

**Gus looked at the thin box with the carved wooden lid. "What is this?" he asked.**

**"This box contains my favorite treasure." Sir Praisealot took the box back from Gus and opened it. Inside was a gold medal with red and green jewels hung from a braided golden chain. "It is the Medal of Nobility! It was given to me by my teacher in the presence of the King Himself on the day I became a knight!"**

**Gus stared at the beautiful medal for a moment and then looked up at his teacher. "Sir Praisealot, if I were you, I would never let that medal out of my sight! It must be priceless!"**

**Sir Praisealot smiled. He removed a soft cloth from his pocket and wiped away a speck of dust from the medal. "Oh, it's worth more than that! Everyday, I spend an hour polishing it, shining it and reflecting on the day I earned this great honor. It is the one thing that fills me with pride! That is why I am giving it up."**

**Gus' mouth dropped open in surprise. "What? Are you crazy? I could never give up something so valuable."**

**"Silly Gus, it's easy to give up things that don't matter to us. Even Robespierre can do that. I am going to lay a treasure fit for a King at His window and trade it for His Word right now!" Sir Praisealot opened the stained glass window where the King's Word, the Bible, was kept. He placed his medal inside and removed the Bible. After closing the colorful glass door, the knight sat down on the closest marble bench. "Look here, Gus. In this report, Jesus has gone to a dinner with His friend Lazarus and his two sisters and other followers," he said as he opened the Bible to John 12.**

**Sir Praisealot read the story from the Bible. "Then Mary took about a pint of pure nard, an expensive perfume; she poured it on Jesus' feet and wiped His feet with her hair. And the house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume."**

**"Wait!" Gus interrupted. "She poured perfume on Jesus' toes and wiped them with her hair! That makes no sense to me."**

**"Of course, it wouldn't unless you knew its value. You see, this perfume called nard was worth about a year's worth of paychecks!" Sir Praisealot explained.**

**"Wow! A whole year of work for that and then she poured it out for Jesus!" Gus exclaimed.**

**"It was a treasure fit for a King!" Sir Praisealot agreed. "But there is something else I want you to see. Squire Gus, do you think a lady values her hair?"**

**"Oh yes! My mommy goes to the hair salon all the time. Mommy says, 'A lady's hair is her crowning glory.'" Gus thought for a moment then said, "So, giving up her perfume and her hair was like giving two treasures to the King!"**

**"Well said, Squire Gus! She gave all she had for her King!" Sir Praisealot said proudly.**

**Gus frowned and asked, "Do you think God wants me to shave my head bald for Lent?"**

**Sir Praisealot gave him a funny look. "I don't know that it would mean the same coming from you. You see, by giving all her treasures, Mary was giving Jesus all of her worship."**

**"How brave of her to do that in front of everyone...Sir Praisealot, sometimes I feel funny worshiping in front of others. I'm afraid they might judge me."**

**Sir Praisealot gave Gus an understanding nod. "We all feel that way sometimes and indeed someone did judge Mary. Judas said that Mary wasted the perfume on Jesus, instead of selling it and giving the money to the poor. But that didn't stop her from worshiping the King. He has the only opinion that matters. Jesus said, 'Leave her alone. It was intended that she should save this perfume for the day of My burial.'"**

**"So, Jesus knew He was going to die?" Gus asked.**

**"Oh yes, Jesus is the noblest of heroes, for He gave more than a treasure. He chose to give His own life to save us!"**

**"He gave everything for us? No wonder we want to give Him our treasures!" Gus exclaimed.**

**"Indeed," Sir Praisealot agreed. "Jesus is the one who deserves the Medal of Nobility. Remember, serving the King is the noblest thing!"**

**"Yes sir!" Gus saluted. "I want to serve and worship the King like Mary did!"**

**Sir Praisealot stood up and walked towards the Garden gate. He motioned for Gus to follow him. "I happen to know that Theophilus has some friends who meet at his house every week at this time to worship God together. If we hurry, we can worship with them."**

**"Great idea!" Gus said as he jumped up and followed his teacher out of the garden and down to home of Theophilus. Squire Gus was excited to give all of his worship to God.**