



Ozark Mission Project, Inc.

To transform lives through worship, fellowship, and hands-on mission

Mary's Song

Read John 11:1-35

I thought I was the smartest kid in my class when I was faced with an almost mind numbing challenge from my Vacation Bible School teachers to “memorize your favorite bible verse”. I triumphantly chose “Jesus Wept”. In fact, all of the males in the 1964 4th grade class at the First Baptist Church of Panhandle, Texas chose the same verse. Go figure.

It was many years later when I finally connected the verse to the story of Lazarus and Mary's pain and frustration with Jesus (my interpretation). It is still one of my favorite verses and now has so much more meaning for me than just being the shortest verse of the bible. One Sunday, our associate minister gave a sermon on the scripture and since he was male he also confessed that it was his “favorite” verse when he was ten years old also. He resurrected my deep feelings about “Jesus Wept” and inspired me further to contemplate the meaning.

There are so many unanswered questions to ponder about this verse. Why did Jesus weep? Was he crying for Lazarus, Mary or Martha? Was he frustrated with the lack of faith in everyone around him? What does it say about the humanness of Christ? How does it relate to me being a servant of God, my faith, and the work I do with OMP? I have chosen my own answers to these questions and many more. I take tremendous inspiration and comfort from these words. They bring me closer to Christ. I wrote this song shortly after my associate minister's sermon and I believe it captures how I feel.

Mary's Song John 11:1-35 “Jesus Wept”

November 1998

Where was He in my time of need?
The Teacher, the Healer, my Lord.
Why must I dare to plead,
For my selfish miracle.

Chorus
Jesus wept for all to see.
As gentle as a lullaby
Full of grace and love for me
As powerful as a prayer.

I cleansed His feet with my hair.

My one, my only, my Lord.
My life on earth... so unfair?
He must! My one miracle.

He can take this cup away.
His grace, His love, my Lord.
Eternal pain is here to stay,
Give me my miracle.

He knows what lies ahead.
My faith, my fears, my Lord.
My brother on his bed.
Please... my miracle!

How can I doubt him this day?
My light, my hope, my Lord.
He has shown us the way.
His love, our miracle.