



Theme artwork by  
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Lent at Lakeside:  
My Heart as Sanctuary  
My Life as Prayer  
Devotion for  
Monday of Holy Week,  
March 26, 2018

**Where I'm From**  
By LaCount Anderson

I am the low country of Savannah, Ga,  
from houses that my parents rented to provide  
the best they could on a railroad wage.

I love the azaleas in the spring, and the great St. Patrick's Day "parade";  
the marsh at sunset brings peace to my soul.

I am from a strong home base when I went into the Navy.  
Family and church family supported me during my time on the ocean.  
Grandmother's brownies would arrive at mail call.  
Letters from friends reminded me that I am loved.

I am from art and music;  
loving grandparents who created memories:  
Grandmother's egg nog and cakes still bring a smile.  
Granddaddy's quiet way inspired me.  
Forsyth Park,  
River Street  
historic churches  
Krystal hamburgers

I am from Sunday morning church,  
Sunday evening church,  
and yes, Wednesday evening church ,  
that inspired me to be a missionary.

From a new life with Anna, my bride of almost 38 years.  
We have traveled on a journey across NC, south Africa,  
And the fields of Conetoe, living life and loving one another.

## **John 12:1-11**

Six days before the Passover Jesus came to Bethany, the home of Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. There they gave a dinner for him. Martha served, and Lazarus was one of those at the table with him. Mary took a pound of costly perfume made of pure nard, anointed Jesus' feet, and wiped them with her hair. The house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume. But Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples (the one who was about to betray him), said, "Why was this perfume not sold for three hundred denarii and the money given to the poor?" (He said this not because he cared about the poor, but because he was a thief; he kept the common purse and used to steal what was put into it.) Jesus said, "Leave her alone. She bought it so that she might keep it for the day of my burial. You always have the poor with you, but you do not always have me."

When the great crowd of the Jews learned that he was there, they came not only because of Jesus but also to see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. So the chief priests planned to put Lazarus to death as well, since it was on account of him that many of the Jews were deserting and were believing in Jesus.

## **Prayer**

Holy God, I give you thanks, for you are good, and your mercy is endless.

Here I stand, at the start of this holy week,

This week in which your Church remembers Jesus' passion and death,

And I am distracted by many things.

Turn my eyes now to the One who comes in your name, the one who opens the gates of righteousness, the one who answers when we call.

I bless you, Lord, for shining your light upon me,

And for sending your son to us, in human frailty, to walk the road we walk.

Open my eyes that I may see him coming, and may praise him with a pure heart,

And may walk in the way of his suffering, and share also in his resurrection.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever. Amen.

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