



THE COST OF MY OIL

*A Devotional Reflection on Mary and the
Alabaster Box*



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A Letter to the Reader

Dear Reader,

You didn't pick this book up by mistake.

Maybe you're reading in the middle of the night because your thoughts won't stop. Maybe your heart feels heavy, and you don't know why. Maybe something deep in your soul is searching for rest.

Wherever you are—welcome. Whatever you've been through—this space is for you.

This book is not about a perfect woman. It's about a woman who came with everything she had—and poured it at Jesus' feet.

You may know her as “the woman with the alabaster jar.” But I believe she had a name. I believe she had a voice. And I believe her worship moved heaven before it shocked the room.

This isn't just her story. It's a mirror. A reflection of anyone who has ever been pushed aside, misunderstood, or told they don't belong.

I don't know the details of your story. But I know the feeling of silence when the world doesn't understand you. I know the ache of giving your best and still feeling unseen. I know the tears that come when you've carried the same shame for too long.

This book was born from those places.

Inside these pages, you won't find judgment. You'll find a journey.

From brokenness to surrender. From silence to worship.
From shame to healing.

It's not perfect. It's not polished. It's real.

So, to the woman reading this with a heart that still remembers what it's been through: You are not forgotten. You are not disqualified. You are not too much for Jesus.

He sees you. He hears you. And He still receives everything you bring to Him.

Even if it's broken. Even if it's late. Even if you don't think it's enough.

He's not waiting for you to fix it. He's just waiting for you to pour it.

“A woman came to Him having an alabaster flask of very costly fragrant oil, and she poured it on His head...” —Matthew 26:7 (NKJV)

That's how it started. And look what He gave her in return.

Love,

The One Who Was Forgiven Much

Introduction: The Alabaster Cost

Some stories are told in rooms. Some are told in whispers.

This one was told in silence—on the floor, at His feet.

The Cost of My Oil is not just a devotional. It is a journey. It begins with a woman, a jar, and a room that didn't want her. But it ends with a Savior who welcomed everything she poured out.

This story is about pain—but not just pain. It is about shame—but not only shame. It is about healing. Wholeness. And freedom that only comes when we stop hiding and start surrendering.

In this book, I didn't try to explain theology or teach you how to be "better." I didn't come with rules or steps. I came with oil.

And maybe, like me, you've had moments where life broke you open. Maybe you've felt the sting of judgment. Maybe you've sat in silence wondering if God still wants you near.

This book was written from that place. Each chapter was poured out like oil—drop by drop—from my own story, my

prayers, my tears. Not as a perfect woman, but as one who's been forgiven much.

Mary's story is in the Bible. But her story didn't end in that room, and neither does yours.

She entered that house carrying the weight of her past, but she left with peace in her steps. She came in silent but walked out heard. She came in stained but walked out seen.

You might not carry an alabaster jar, but you carry something. Grief. Regret. Trauma. Hope.

You might not have knelt in front of a crowd, but maybe you've knelt in the dark. In your car. In your bathroom. In the middle of the night, when nobody was watching.

This book isn't about polished church worship. It's about real, raw moments with Jesus. It's about letting Him hold your pain without flinching.

When I wrote this book, I wrote it in the tone of healing. Not in theory. But in practice. I wrote it as a woman who finally believed Jesus wasn't ashamed of her. And that changes everything.

I pray that as you open these pages, you will feel seen. Not because I know your story. But because I believe Jesus does.

And when He looks at you, He does not look away.

If you've ever felt too dirty, too late, too broken—come closer. He's not afraid of your oil. He's waiting to receive it.

Chapter 1: The Room That Would Not Welcome Me

The house was filled with voices, some laughing, some whispering, and some quiet but watching. I stood at the door for a moment, just long enough to feel the weight of their stares. My palms were damp. My heart was loud in my chest. I knew what they were thinking before anyone said a word. I knew some of those eyes didn't want me there. Still, I stepped inside.

I didn't come for them. I didn't care if they shifted in their seats or turned their faces when I walked past. I wasn't there to explain myself. I wasn't there to be liked or welcomed. I came for Him. I came for the One who sees without shaming, who touches without wounding. I didn't need a chair or a greeting. I needed Jesus.

Their looks followed me like shadows. Some tried to act like I wasn't there, and some made sure I knew I was unwelcome. I kept walking. My feet felt heavy but steady. Every step forward felt like a small fight. Still, I moved. Still, I walked.

Inside, the room was warm but not friendly. The stone walls were quiet, but not kind. The floor was clean, the air thick

with the smell of food and oil, but the hearts inside were harder than stone. They talked among themselves, but their eyes kept returning to me. Some whispered under their breath. I didn't hear the words, but I knew the tone. It was sharp, careful, judging. Still, I said nothing. I didn't come to speak to them. I came to pour out what I could no longer carry.

I passed Simon. His eyes locked on me like he'd seen a ghost. I remembered his voice from another day, not filled with kindness, but with control. My skin remembered too. Still, I didn't stop. I didn't look at him long. Just enough to remind myself, I was not the same woman I was then.

I could feel the memories trying to rise in me. Old pain. Old shame. "You don't belong here," they whispered inside me. "You know what they think." But I kept going. My past had already taken too much from me. It would not lead me today. My feet, not my fear, would decide where I stood. My heart kept saying His name, quietly, inside me, like a song only I could hear. I was not walking alone.

I clutched the alabaster jar tight in my hands. The perfume inside was strong. Priceless. It smelled like everything I had left. I had kept it hidden for a long time, maybe for something important. Maybe for someone who saw me as

more than a story people tell. And now, I was sure—I brought it for Jesus.

I took another step and saw Him. He sat at the table, calm, unmoved by the noise or the company. His eyes didn't carry the same weight as theirs. His eyes held peace. He looked at me, and it was like the noise in the room paused. Not because He silenced it, but because it didn't matter anymore. He saw me.

Shame tried again, like a hand tugging my sleeve, trying to pull me back. It said, "You're dirty. You're known. You're not enough." But I kept my eyes on Jesus. That voice didn't get to lead me. Not anymore.

“A woman came to Him having an alabaster flask of very costly fragrant oil, and she poured it on His head as He sat at the table.” —Matthew 26:7 (NKJV)

I didn't owe the room anything. Not my words. Not my story. Not my defense. I owed Jesus my worship, and I came to give it. I came with everything I had and everything I couldn't fix. My broken places. My regrets. My deep wounds.

I didn't dress them up or hide them behind a smile. I didn't bring a mask. I brought myself.

As I knelt down near Him, I could hear someone clear their throat behind me. Someone else shifted uncomfortably. Let them. I wasn't here for them. I wasn't kneeling to be polite. I was kneeling to be whole.

I looked at His feet. Dusty. Worn. Real. I was close now. My breath caught. Tears threatened, but I held them back. Not yet. First, I had to release this oil. First, I had to show Him that I knew who He was. That I knew He was worthy. Not because the others said so—but because I had seen enough pain to know He was the only One who could hold it without breaking me further.

This wasn't about where I sat or what I looked like or who liked me. This was not about place. It was about presence. His. And I was in it.

I closed my eyes for a moment and spoke softly inside myself.

“God... I’m here. I don’t have pretty words. I don’t have strength. I just have this jar, and what’s left of me. Please don’t turn me away.”

I opened my eyes. I was still kneeling. Still shaking. Still surrounded by people who didn't want me there. But I wasn't afraid.

Because Jesus hadn't looked away.

And that was enough.

Chapter 2: Tears That Spoke Before I Could

My knees pressed against the cold stone. I was still at His feet. I couldn't move. My hands trembled as they held the alabaster jar, now open. The scent filled the room, but the sound was gone. It was quiet now, and my chest began to shake. I could not find one word to say. My lips stayed shut, but something deep inside broke open.

The tears came first. Slow, then all at once. They didn't ask permission. They didn't wait for the right time. They came without warning and soaked His feet. Every drop felt like something leaving me—something I had carried too long. I did not speak, but my tears did. They said things I had hidden, even from myself. They told the truth when my voice could not.

I leaned lower. My head bowed until I could barely see anything but Him. I didn't want space between me and His mercy. I didn't want to hold back even one piece of myself. Let them whisper. Let them stare. I wasn't thinking about them. I was giving Him all I had.

His feet were rough from walking. His skin had dust and dirt from the road. I had no water, no cloth. Only my tears and my hair. I unwrapped my hair slowly. It was all I had left. I had come empty, and I stayed empty. This was not a moment I planned. I didn't think I'd be able to cry like this, not in front of so many people. But here I was, broken open and unafraid.

I looked at His feet through the blur in my eyes. I began to wipe the tears away with my hair. It was strange to be this close to Him, this close to something holy. I had never felt peace like this before. Not even a little. I felt seen. Not the kind of being seen that made me feel small, but the kind that made me feel real.

I closed my eyes and whispered inside myself.

“Lord... You know what I've done. You know where I've been. You know everything. I'm not trying to hide. I want to be clean. I don't want to carry this anymore.”

The weight that had lived in my chest for years began to move. Not all at once, but enough for me to notice. I told Him everything in silence. The hidden sins. The secrets. The times I lied. The moments I blamed others to protect myself. I didn't ask for a reward. I didn't ask to be praised. I just

wanted to be forgiven. I wanted to be near Him without shame standing between us.

“Therefore I say to you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.” —

Luke 7:47 (NKJV)

I thought about every step that led me to this moment. Every wrong choice. Every night I cried alone. Every time I tried to fix myself and failed. I thought about how I had learned to smile in front of people while breaking on the inside. I thought about how long I had worn a mask so no one could see how lost I was. And now, for the first time, I had taken it off. And still—He looked at me with love.

I didn’t try to explain why I had done the things I had done. I didn’t make excuses. I didn’t say “if” or “but.” I didn’t try to make it pretty. I gave Him my truth, and I gave it raw.

As my tears slowed, I felt something change inside me. My shoulders dropped. My breath felt deeper. The tightness in my chest softened. I was still at His feet, but I was no longer hiding. The more I stayed near Him, the less my pain held me. It had no power in His presence. It was as if the closer I leaned, the more healing came.

I could still hear quiet voices in the room, but they didn't move me anymore. I didn't come for them, and I wasn't leaving because of them. The more I worshiped, the smaller the world around me felt. Everything I had feared started to fade. I was with Jesus. That's what mattered.

Worship wasn't a song or a show. It wasn't about loud prayers or perfect words. It was what I did on the floor, weeping at His feet. Worship was giving Him the parts of me I didn't want anyone else to see. Worship was letting go of pride, control, fear, and pretending. Worship was this—me, with nothing left to prove, letting Him love me as I was.

I wiped His feet again, slower this time. My hair stuck to my face, wet with tears. My hands felt weak, but my soul felt lighter. I stayed in that place, close to Him, until I knew I was not the same anymore.

And I whispered to myself, *"This is what healing feels like."*

My eyes opened wider as I breathed in the moment. I felt no need to rush, no pressure to move. There were no words spoken around me that could undo what had just happened inside me. In that quiet space, between my tears and His silence, I found the beginning of peace.

Chapter 3: Breaking the Jar, Finding My Voice

I held the jar in both hands now. It was smooth but heavy. The room still felt thick with silence, but something inside me was rising. My tears had spoken what words could not. Now it was time to give what I brought. My heart pounded, not with fear, but with the weight of what I knew this moment meant. The jar wasn't just perfume. It carried pieces of my life. Secrets. Memories. The best and worst of who I had been.

I looked down at it. I whispered inside, *"If I don't break this now, I'll stay the same. I don't want to stay the same."* My fingers shook, but I did not stop. I pressed the edge of the jar until it cracked. The sound was soft, but I felt it in my chest. I opened it fully, breaking the top, so nothing would be saved for later. I didn't want to hold back anything from Him.

The smell moved quickly. It rose like smoke, filling the room, reaching every corner. People turned their heads. I saw them glance, cover their faces, shift uncomfortably. But I stayed where I was. Let them smell it. Let them see what surrender

looks like. I had poured out my tears. Now I poured out my oil.

I tilted the jar and let the oil fall gently on His head. It ran slowly, soft against His skin. I watched it move, and I thought of everything I had kept hidden for so long. Every scar. Every mistake. Every wrong turn. I was giving it all to Him now. I poured without holding back. Not a single drop stayed behind.

Some people whispered louder now. I didn't listen, but I could feel their words pushing against the back of my neck. One man looked angry. Another looked confused. But I had no space for their opinions. I was not wasting the oil. I was using it for the only purpose that mattered—honoring the One who had loved me when no one else did.

They may have counted the cost in coins. That's how they saw the jar. A waste of money. A foolish act. But I counted the cost in sleepless nights. In years I spent chasing approval. In shame that had wrapped itself around me like chains. They didn't know what this oil meant to me. They didn't know the price of my healing.

“You gave Me no water for My feet... but she has washed My feet with her tears and wiped

them with the hair of her head.” —Luke 7:44

(NKJV)

When Jesus spoke, His voice didn't raise, but it silenced the room. He wasn't embarrassed. He wasn't annoyed. He wasn't confused. He defended me with peace. His words covered me like a blanket. In that moment, I didn't feel like the girl with a past. I felt like a woman with a purpose.

Still kneeling, I looked at Him, and for the first time, I didn't look away. He was not shocked by my worship. He was not surprised by my offering. What they called waste, He received like a treasure. That moment gave me back my voice. Not the loud kind. The true kind.

I stayed close. I breathed in the scent of the oil mixed with the dust from His feet. I didn't rush to clean it. I let it stay there. I wanted the smell to linger. I wanted it to remind everyone in the room that I had chosen to give Him everything.

This gift wasn't fancy or practiced. It wasn't meant to impress. It was my heart in a jar, broken open. I poured it until there was nothing left inside. I didn't save any for myself. I didn't pause to think if it was too much. He deserved it all. He always had.

As the last drop touched His skin, something shifted in me. I felt free. Not because the jar was empty, but because I was. I had no more secrets. No more stories to hide. I had given Him all of it, and in return, I felt whole.

I didn't ask Him for anything. Not even forgiveness. Still, I knew I had been changed. What I lost in that jar, I gained in hope. What they thought I gave away, God turned into freedom. I could breathe again. I could stand again.

I stood slowly, not rushed, not afraid. I looked around the room, but I didn't see the same way anymore. I wasn't smaller than them. I wasn't dirty. I was seen. I was valued. I was loved.

What I gave may have looked like a loss, but to Jesus, it was a gift. And in His hands, that gift became new life.

Chapter 4: Forgiven, I Choose a New Road

He looked at me, not with shock, not with shame, but with love that didn't flinch. The room around us faded again as His voice came clear. It didn't shout. It didn't shake the walls. But it reached deep inside me.

"Your sins are forgiven."

That was it. Those words held more power than anything I had ever known. Something inside me felt steady for the first time in years. He didn't ask for a promise or a list of things I'd do better. He just gave me peace. And I believed Him.

I stayed there for a moment longer, not to beg, not to explain, but to breathe in the newness of being clean. The shame that once sat heavy on my chest was gone. The fear that followed me everywhere, whispering that I was too far gone, was quiet now. Peace took its place.

Slowly, I stood. My legs were sore, but my heart was light. I didn't feel the same weight I had carried in. I looked down at the broken jar, at the place where I had cried, where I had let go. I didn't need to gather anything I left there. What stayed

at His feet would stay there. I walked out without picking it back up.

I didn't rush. I stepped carefully, like someone learning how to walk all over again. Every step felt like a choice. I didn't hear the whispers anymore. I didn't feel eyes watching. It was just me and what He had said.

***“Your faith has saved you. Go in peace.” —
Luke 7:50 (NKJV)***

That phrase echoed in my mind for days, then weeks. It became the rhythm of my life. “Go in peace.” I did. I walked away from the pain that held me. I walked away from the need to prove myself. I walked into days that were still hard, but no longer hopeless.

I stopped sitting in rooms that reminded me of who I used to be. I stopped letting old voices speak into my heart. I listened more closely now. Not to rumors or reminders of my past, but to the quiet voice of God. I guarded that voice. I protected my peace.

At night, I prayed before sleep. In the morning, I prayed before stepping outside. I didn't always have big words, but I had honest ones. I started small, choosing kindness over

bitterness, silence over gossip, love over shame. These things took time. Some days were hard, but I kept walking.

I found others walking too. Some broken, some healing, some strong. We didn't have perfect stories. But we had faith. We held hands when the road felt heavy. We reminded each other of His love. We shared our oil in different ways. Some sang. Some served. Some just sat beside each other in silence. And all of it was worship.

Sometimes, shame still tried to come back. It knocked on the doors of my thoughts and whispered the old names I used to wear. But I knew better now. I answered with His words, not mine. I said, "I am forgiven." I said, "I am loved." I said, "He knows my name." I didn't fight with the past. I just reminded it who I belong to.

When I remembered the jar, I didn't cry like I used to. I didn't see it as loss. I saw it as the beginning of my healing. I remembered the cost of my oil—not to carry guilt again, but to stay thankful. It keeps me humble. It keeps me soft. It keeps my eyes on Him.

Worship looks different now. It's not always on my knees with tears. Sometimes it's in how I forgive others. Sometimes

it's in how I choose joy. Sometimes it's in quiet moments
when I say thank You just because I remember what He did.

I'm not perfect. I still grow. I still learn. But I know who I am
now. I'm the woman Jesus forgave. I'm the woman He didn't
send away. I'm the one who broke her jar and found her
voice.

And every day, I walk the road of peace, not alone, but with
the One who made it possible.

Chapter 5: Walking in Freedom

The air felt different now. The same sky stretched above me, the same dirt path waited beneath my feet, but something inside me had changed forever. I stepped out of that house not as a visitor, not as a woman trying to survive, but as someone born again in peace. The oil was gone, the jar was broken, the room behind me was quiet—but I carried something new with me: freedom.

The weight I used to drag behind me was no longer there. I didn't have to walk with my head down or my heart locked up. My past had been loud, but my peace was louder now. I didn't need to prove anything to anyone anymore. Not to the men who once whispered my name in secret. Not to the women who crossed the street when they saw me. Not even to myself.

I paused at the edge of the road. My hands were open. My shoulders, relaxed. I turned my face to the wind and whispered, *"I'm not her anymore."*

The shadows of my past tried to follow me, but they had lost their grip. Betrayal, heartbreak, rejection—I remembered them, but they didn't rule me. Their voices were like echoes

in a hallway I no longer lived in. I had walked out, and the door had shut behind me.

What once bound my thoughts, twisted my emotions, and weighed on my spirit was gone. Not because I had fought harder, but because He had lifted it. I didn't earn it. I received it. The chains that once pulled me down were broken by grace, not willpower.

I kept walking. The street was dusty, lined with olive trees. A boy ran past me with a cloth tied around his waist and a basket in his hands. His laughter reminded me of something I hadn't felt in years—lightness. I smiled. A real smile. The kind that came from peace, not pretending.

Inside my heart, a quiet joy started to bloom. The oil I poured that day had been costly. It had cost me nights of silence, cries in the dark, shaking hands, and secret prayers. It had cost me tears that never seemed to end and hope that tried to leave me. But now, that same oil became something sweet. Not heavy. Not bitter. Sweet. It carried wisdom I didn't have before. Strength I didn't know I held. And joy—not the kind that fades, but the kind that stays.

I didn't hide my scars. I didn't need to. They were not ugly. They were not proof of failure. They were marks of a fight I

had survived. I had come out of it with more than wounds. I had come out with victory. That was the difference. My scars were not signs of pain anymore. They were signs that I had been healed.

When I passed by the well near the edge of the village, two women were drawing water. They looked up and paused. One of them leaned toward the other and said something too quiet to hear. I didn't flinch. I didn't turn back. I walked right past them. Unbothered. Because I knew the truth. I knew that no matter what they remembered, it couldn't rewrite who I had become.

I didn't need to explain myself to the world anymore. I didn't need to hold on to old labels. The truth had already been spoken over me by Jesus Himself. I believed Him more than I believed them.

I wasn't the woman who knelt at His feet in desperation anymore. That woman had found peace. That woman had found purpose. Now I was the woman who stood tall—not in pride, but in grace. I moved forward not with fear, but with light.

I danced when I was alone, not for anyone to see, but because joy lived inside me. I worshiped with every step I

took. My life was no longer shaped by what I had lost. It was shaped by what I had gained.

I started new habits. Small ones. I whispered prayers before rising from bed. I thanked Him while grinding grain, while sweeping the floor, while walking under the trees. I kept my heart soft. I guarded my peace. If someone tried to bring noise into my spirit, I stepped away. Not in anger—but in wisdom.

The circle around me changed too. I stopped standing near those who only remembered my past. I walked with women who knew Jesus like I did. We didn't compete. We didn't pretend. We lifted one another when the road felt steep. We reminded each other of truth. We shared stories. We prayed over each other's pain. We rejoiced in small victories. We spoke life.

When shame tried to knock again—and yes, sometimes it still did—I answered it with His words. I said out loud, *"I am forgiven. I am free. I am His."* Shame didn't stay long after that. It had no room to rest where truth was planted.

Some mornings, I would return to the edge of that house where everything changed. I didn't go inside. I didn't need to. I stood quietly and looked up at the sky. I whispered a thank

you. Not with sadness. Not with regret. But with deep, steady thanks.

I remembered the cost of my oil. Not to weep again. But to stay grounded in gratitude. To never forget what He brought me through. What He brought me out of. The story wasn't just about what I gave up. It was about what I found.

I had gained more than I ever expected—faith that didn't shake, a heart that didn't fear, a peace that didn't leave when storms came. That was the cost of my oil. And it was worth it.

I looked ahead. The road stretched wide and open. The sun rested low above the trees, casting soft gold across the path. I walked forward, not hurried, not unsure. My steps were steady. My spirit was full.

And I remembered these words, now written across my heart:

“So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.” —John 8:36 (NKJV)

That was my truth. That was my banner. That was my song.

I walked in freedom. And I would never walk any other way again.

