



I Did That On Purpose

“And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee’s house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.” Luke 7:37-38

By Scott A Asselin

I Did That On Purpose

Intentional Praise at the Feet of Jesus

All Scripture taken from the King James Bible

“And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.” Luke 7:38

For the soul that refuses to stay silent—
the one who knows what He’s done and
comes to worship anyway.

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Introduction

On Purpose, With Love

Some people love Jesus quietly. Some love Him boldly. But all true worship has one thing in common, it's never an accident. Real praise is intentional. It's a decision, not a default. And nowhere is that more beautifully displayed than in the story of the woman with the alabaster box.

She didn't drift into that room in Luke 7. She didn't find herself near Jesus by chance. She went there because she heard He was there, and she brought her worship with her. Her past was heavy, her reputation was known, and the stares of the self-righteous likely burned her back as she entered. But still, she came. And when she arrived, she didn't hold anything back.

She brought the best she had, broke it open, and anointed His feet with her offering. Her tears were her confession, her hair was her surrender, and her kisses were her praise. Every movement whispered, *"I did this on purpose."*

This 7-day devotional invites you to revisit that room. To walk alongside that woman. To reflect on the meaning of intentional worship, praise that presses past shame, past people, past pride, and finds its place at the feet of Jesus. These devotions are not for the casual admirer, but for the soul who longs to love Christ more deeply, more truly, and more deliberately.

He's still worthy. Let's praise Him on purpose.

I Did That On Purpose

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Day 1

When Praise Finds a Way

Some things in life you stumble into by accident, a breathtaking sunset, an unexpected friendship, or even a favorite hymn overheard on a passing radio. But real worship? That's never accidental. It doesn't just happen; it's something that must be done on purpose, even when the door seems closed.

“And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee’s house, brought an alabaster box of ointment...”

Luke 7:37

The house was not hers. The invitation was not hers. But the opportunity, ah, that *was* hers. She heard that Jesus was near, and her heart could not be content to sit idly by. There was no waiting for a formal summons or the nod of approval from religious elites. When praise stirred in her soul, she got up and *found a way*.

Years ago, a janitor in a Midwestern church came in one Monday morning and discovered the altar rail glistening. Not with oil or dust, but with tears. A woman had quietly slipped into the empty sanctuary the night before. No music played. No sermon echoed. But she knelt down, wept freely, and whispered praises to the One who had rescued her from a dark and tangled past. No one saw her, but heaven did. And like that alabaster box long ago, something fragrant was broken open in the presence of the Lord.

Intentional praise doesn't wait for a service to begin or the right mood to strike. It presses past obstacles, enters unwelcome spaces, and finds Jesus. This woman's

reputation would have slammed the door shut in most circles. Yet her longing for Christ flung it wide open. There's something remarkable about a heart that refuses to stay silent, something deeply moving about a soul that's determined to honor Christ, regardless of who's watching or where it happens.

Perhaps the Pharisee's house is symbolic of all the places we think Jesus isn't accessible: the office, the hospital room, the grocery aisle, or even the pew when you feel spiritually numb. But when praise becomes your purpose, you'll find Him. Because worship always knows the way to His feet.

In your own life, maybe it's time to stop waiting for the "right time" and instead *make* time. Choose a moment, a place, and give Him honor. Whisper thanks while folding laundry. Speak love while sitting in traffic. Pour out praise in a crowded place, or a quiet one. But don't wait for perfect conditions. Go to Him on purpose.

Praise that finds a way will always find Him waiting.

Day 2

With a Reputation Like Mine

Some folks walk into a room and bring admiration with them, dignity, recognition, maybe even applause. Others walk in and feel every eye. Not in admiration, but in judgment. But what if the weight of who you were didn't stop you from coming to Jesus? What if it actually became the reason you came?

“And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner...” Luke 7:37a

She didn't have a title. No one introduced her as “Sister So-and-So” or honored her with a seat up front. Instead, she carried the label of every whispered rumor, every sideways glance, every raised brow. She was, by all accounts, a sinner, and not the kind folks excused at dinner tables. Yet she came, not because she thought she was worthy, but because she *knew* she wasn't.

There's an old story of a man who wandered into a church late one night, long after the crowds had gone. The janitor almost turned him away, but something in the man's eyes said, *Let him stay*. He sat quietly in the back pew, head bowed, shoulders low. The pastor had preached that morning about grace, and the man had stood outside, listening through a cracked window. “I didn't think someone like me could come in,” he said softly, “but I figured I'd try, just in case He was still here.”

This woman in Luke did more than try, she stepped through every barrier. The cultural barrier that kept women in the background. The religious barrier that labeled her unclean. The personal barrier of shame that must have shouted, *You*

don't belong here. But she silenced them all with the sound of her footsteps toward Jesus.

The truth is, no one comes to Christ with clean hands. We all bring a past. For some, it's the obvious kind. For others, it hides behind polished smiles and tidy reputations. But God sees the heart. And when a heart is broken open before Him, truly, deeply, humbly, He does not turn it away.

Maybe you've hesitated to praise Him because of where you've been. Maybe shame has tightened its grip and told you you're too far gone. But Jesus doesn't flinch at your past. He welcomes the soul that comes honestly, openly, and on purpose.

Bring Him your reputation, good, bad, or broken, and lay it at His feet. Praise Him not because you're perfect, but because He is. Let your worship speak louder than your past.

He already knows. And still, He waits.

Day 3

The Alabaster Box Moment

Some gifts come wrapped in convenience, simple, safe, and unimposing. But the most meaningful offerings? They often come with cost. They require decision, sacrifice, and something that cannot be returned once poured out. That's what this woman brought, a moment of worship she could never take back.

“...brought an alabaster box of ointment.” Luke 7:37b

She didn't come to spectate. She didn't come to borrow someone else's worship or blend quietly into the background. She came carrying something, something fragrant, costly, and fragile. That alabaster box wasn't a spare item in her cabinet; it was likely her most precious possession. Yet in a single moment, with trembling hands, she broke it open, not by mistake, but on purpose.

Years ago, a missionary told of a young girl in a remote village who received her first Bible. It had taken her family months to save for it. Rather than set it on a shelf or tuck it away safely, the girl brought it to the village prayer meeting each week. She would sing the Scriptures aloud, her voice thin but fervent, until tears streamed down her cheeks. When asked why she read it so boldly, she smiled and said, “If it cost so much to get it, then I want God to know how much it's worth to me.”

That's what the alabaster box moment is all about. Not showing off, but showing *value*. True praise is always measured by cost. Not just in dollars or possessions, but in attention, vulnerability, and intention. Worship that doesn't inconvenience us rarely moves us, and rarely moves heaven.

The woman in Luke could've kept her perfume sealed. She could've waited for a better time, a safer place, or a more receptive crowd. But love has a way of making the moment *now*. She didn't pour the ointment drop by drop. She broke the container. No return. No regrets. Just complete surrender.

Today, you may feel like withholding part of your praise, your time, your tears, your testimony. But maybe this is your alabaster box moment. That prayer you keep putting off. That offering you've held back. That song you've stifled. What if today is the day you break it open?

Let your worship cost you something. Give when it's hard. Sing when it's quiet. Testify when it's uncomfortable. Love when it's risky. Let it be intentional.

When you pour it all out for Jesus, you'll never leave empty.

Day 4

Tears That Speak Praise

Some praise is sung with full voice and lifted hands. Some is danced out with joy too big to sit still. But then there is praise that falls in silence, slow, unpolished, and salt-streaked. Tears may not rhyme or rise in chorus, but when they fall at the feet of Jesus, they speak volumes.

“...and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears...” Luke 7:38a

She didn’t come with a sermon. She didn’t bring a song. Her worship didn’t come in neat phrases or rehearsed lines. It came streaming down her cheeks. She wept, not a polite tear, but a flood that gathered enough to wash His feet. Her tears weren’t weakness; they were *worship*.

A hospital chaplain once shared the story of a man he visited during his final weeks. The man was once a strong, self-made contractor, gravel-voiced and rough-handed. But now, lying weak, all he could offer was a whisper and a gaze. One day, the chaplain read a portion of Psalm 103 aloud. The man turned his head and began to cry. “I got nothin’ to give God,” he said hoarsely, “but these tears.” The chaplain gently took his hand and said, “Then give them. He’ll receive them like gold.”

That woman’s tears said what her lips could not: *“I remember who I was. I know what I’ve done. But I also see who You are.”* Her tears were the overflow of a heart too full to stay dry. And rather than wipe them away in shame, she let them fall, right where they’d mean the most.

Tears can be praise, friend. They are the language of the heart when words fail. They say, *I trust You with my pain.*

They say, *You're still worthy even in the middle of my mess.*
They say, *Thank You... I remember... I surrender.* Not all
praise comes with a smile. Some of it comes wet-faced and
broken, but beautiful.

If you've been holding back your tears, afraid they're too
messy, too vulnerable, too raw, bring them to Jesus. Let
them fall at His feet. He doesn't despise brokenness; He
dwells near to it.

Maybe today's offering isn't loud or polished. Maybe it's
tear-soaked and trembling. That's okay. Give it anyway. Sit
with Him in the quiet. Let your tears say what your soul
longs to express.

Even your weeping, when given to Christ, becomes
worship. And He understands every drop.

Day 5

A Crown Laid Down

Most people don't notice hair. But in ancient days, a woman's hair was her glory, her identity, her beauty, even her dignity. And yet, this woman stooped low, not only in posture but in pride, and laid that glory where it belonged, at the feet of Jesus.

“...and did wipe them with the hairs of her head...”

Luke 7:38b

There's a holy hush in this moment. No grandeur. No spotlight. Just a woman, her tears, and her hair, falling not in vanity but in reverence. She took what was meant to lift her and used it to lower herself. In that act, praise became something deeper. Something costly. Something humble.

A teacher once told of a little boy in her class who always wore a faded red cap, never taking it off, not even indoors. Eventually, after weeks of asking, he whispered, “It's because my hair's patchy from the treatments.” Then one morning during a school assembly, the boy walked onto the stage to recite a poem. But just before he began, he took off his hat. Later, someone asked him why. His answer? “Because my mama said you show respect by taking off your cap in front of important people. I figured today, my words were for someone important.”

That is what this woman did. She removed the symbol of her pride. Not with shame, but with purpose. Her hair was her glory, but even that wasn't too good for Jesus. She stooped low so He could be lifted high.

We live in a world that teaches us to promote ourselves, to protect our image, and to cling tightly to our crowns. But

worship invites us to do the opposite. To lay down what makes us proud. To surrender what earns us applause. To humble ourselves, not because we are worthless, but because He is worthy.

Maybe for you, your “glory” is something different, your accomplishments, your influence, your talents, your reputation. These things are not wrong, but they were never meant to sit on the throne of your heart. Like the woman in Luke, there comes a time to bring your best and bow low. To say with your actions, *“I’m not the center. You are.”*

So ask yourself, what glory are you holding on to? What crown needs to be laid down today?

When your praise becomes humility, it reaches heaven with a fragrance no pride ever could. The lower you bow, the higher He is lifted. And that, dear friend, is worship in its purest form.

Day 6

Kisses for His Feet

Some gestures need no explanation. A smile, a sigh, a tear, and yes, even a kiss. Especially this kind of kiss: not one of custom, nor one offered from across the room, but one pressed gently and reverently upon feet dusty from the road. She didn't kiss His hands. She didn't kiss His cheek. She kissed His *feet*. Again and again.

“...and kissed his feet...” Luke 7:38b

In a world where pride demands attention and dignity avoids the floor, she chose the lowest place. She gave the highest affection to the lowest part of Christ. That wasn't a slip of emotion, it was an act of worship. Every kiss said what the crowd would not: *“You are worthy. You are holy. You are everything to me.”*

A quiet pastor once recalled a moment from his boyhood. His grandfather had passed away, a man deeply respected in their community. At the funeral, the pastor's father, a strong and stoic man, leaned over the open casket and gently kissed his father's calloused hands. No words. Just a kiss. “I watched,” the pastor said, “and understood for the first time what honor looked like.”

This woman's kiss was that and more. She wasn't honoring a man in memory, she was adoring a Savior in the flesh. She didn't come to impress. She came to pour out love. In front of critics, under the sneers of the self-righteous, she gave Him the affection her soul had long reserved for this moment.

It's one thing to acknowledge Jesus. It's another thing to worship Him with abandon. She didn't hold back. Her love

wasn't measured by propriety. It wasn't bound by tradition or distracted by others. It was personal. Intimate. Undeniable.

And it leaves us with a question: *When was the last time your love for Jesus broke through your reserve?*

Maybe you've said you love Him. Maybe you've sung the songs and whispered the prayers. But have you knelt low lately? Have you loved Him with a heart that doesn't care who's watching?

Today, consider what it means to kiss His feet in your own life. Maybe it's a whispered prayer when no one hears. Maybe it's obedience when no one sees. Maybe it's a bold thank-you in public when your heart wants to hide.

Loving Jesus on purpose means letting adoration outweigh reputation. It means choosing intimacy over image.

Kisses given to the feet of Christ never go unnoticed. In a world desperate for recognition, He still cherishes those simple, surrendered acts of love.

Day 7

I Did That On Purpose

Some acts are instinctive, a gasp, a reflex, a flinch. But not this. This kind of praise isn't accidental or emotional overflow. It's intentional. Chosen. Deliberate. When the woman with the alabaster box entered that room, she didn't stumble into worship. She walked in with a purpose.

“...and anointed them with the ointment.” Luke 7:38b

She didn't just *bring* the alabaster box, she *used* it. She didn't wait to be prompted. She didn't need a song to swell or a crowd to agree. She anointed His feet because she came *to do that very thing*. Her whole body, her posture, her hands, her tears, her hair, her kisses, said, *“This is for You. I did this on purpose.”*

Years ago, a small church nestled in a dusty corner of the South held a foot washing service on a quiet Sunday evening. An elderly woman stood slowly from her pew, walked across the sanctuary, and knelt before a woman who had once hurt her deeply, words sharp enough to divide a congregation. With trembling hands, the older woman removed her sister's shoes and began to wash her feet, tears streaming freely. “The Lord told me to do this,” she whispered, “and I didn't come tonight to leave it undone.”

That's what intentional worship looks like. It has a target. A reason. A plan. It's not for show or for applause, it's to honor Jesus. And it changes the atmosphere when it's released.

The woman in Luke 7 had likely rehearsed this moment in her mind. Every step, every detail, every wordless

expression of love. She came with one thought: *“I will honor Him. I will love Him, no matter what it costs.”*

What if our worship was just as intentional? What if we stopped waiting for the right mood or the perfect place and simply began to love Him on purpose?

Today, choose your moment. Don’t drift through the day hoping for inspiration. Make space for worship. Choose to praise Him out loud. Choose to thank Him when no one else does. Choose to kneel, to give, to serve, not because it feels convenient but because He is worthy.

Don’t let your alabaster box remain sealed.

Live your love for Christ deliberately. Let heaven see the evidence. And when the watching world wonders why you worship the way you do, you can smile and say, *“I did that on purpose.”*

Because when praise is intentional, it becomes unforgettable. To you, and to Him.

Epilogue

Worship That Stays With Him

There's something beautiful about a moment that wasn't meant to be noticed, and yet, heaven notices it. That's what happened in Luke 7. A woman, unnamed by man but unforgettable to God, slipped into a room where she wasn't welcome and gave Jesus something no one else in the house thought to offer: *intentional, wholehearted worship*. And Jesus said it would never be forgotten.

“Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.” (Mark 14:9)

She never said a word in the record of Scripture. She didn't ask for anything. She didn't defend herself or try to explain her past. Instead, she worshipped. Purposefully. Extravagantly. Humbly. And Jesus received every tear, every kiss, every drop of ointment. He saw her love in action, and He remembered.

Her offering wasn't loud or orderly. It was raw, messy, and deeply personal. But it was *real*. It came from a heart that knew exactly what it was doing. That's what makes it unforgettable. It wasn't spontaneous emotion, it was deliberate devotion. She didn't stumble into worship. She came to pour it out.

We often think our praise needs a platform to matter. We imagine it must be public or poetic to make a difference. But Jesus doesn't measure worship by how many people see it, He measures it by how much of your heart is in it.

A whispered thank-you in a hospital room. A tear shed over Scripture in the early morning hours. A meal made for

someone who won't return the favor. A tithe given when money is tight. A testimony shared when fear tries to silence you. These are alabaster-box moments. Moments when we choose, on purpose, to honor Him.

And here's the wonder of it: when we worship like that, it doesn't fade. It may pass quickly in our sight, but it lingers before Him. Our intentional praise becomes a memorial, not to us, but to His goodness, His mercy, and our love in response.

So let your praise be purposeful. Let your love be seen and heard and felt in the way you live. And never forget: the world may overlook your worship, but Jesus never will.

Praise done on purpose stays with Him forever.

I Did That on Purpose is a seven-day devotional based on the message preached by Rev. Darryl Meadows Tuesday evening June 24th, 2025, during the camp meeting at Savannah Holy Church of God in Savannah Ga.

“The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.”
Psalm 111:2

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