

## **And He Washed Their Feet**

*written by Kirsten Evenden*

The meal has been shared and the time has come; He knows what he needs to do

Two worn hands are offered with a basin of water and a towel at his waist  
against twenty-four feet that have followed him so far.

Without his outer robe, he looked different; frailer, more tired, perhaps almost old  
and they heard how his knees creaked and cracked as he bent down towards  
each pair of feet, sore and smelly, calloused and hairy, cracked and dirty...

The feet of those he loved so dearly

He never looked up, as if these feet were all that mattered.

Methodically shuffling along from one pair of feet to the next

As if he could heal the whole world... starting with these twelve with just water and a towel

Each pair tells a story: fond memories, shared experiences, familiar and yet, somehow distant

Here are Peter's feet with the long scar down the ankle

He realizes he's never heard the story of how the scar came to be there

A deep sigh...Now, he will never know; the time has grown too short.

And now dear Andrew whose feet were so small, toes gnarled like little walnuts,  
and striking pale stripes where his sandals have been.

On and on he went, and didn't speak, and didn't teach, and didn't preach, and didn't promise  
anything but clean feet.

In his hands He nestled a foot with long bones,  
dirt in the creases of toes, a bad blister on the right heel..  
half of the skin torn away, blood raw.

"Why didn't he tell us?" he thought.

"We would have slowed down, found some wool, some comfort to pad his sandals with."  
Each step must have been agonizing.

So he took the towel in his hands once again,  
finding a clean spot ever so gently, he pressed the cloth against the open wound  
As a hiss of pain escaped lips, He prayed to his father for one more healing miracle.

As Judas experienced this, this healing moment, a single tear fell from his eyes.

Slowly sliding down his cheek, Judas watched as the tear landed.

With a delicate splash, the tear fell towards Jesus landing on the back of his hand,  
On these healing hands, landing right in the middle and it must have just been a trick of the  
light but Judas thought, perhaps it looked a bit like blood.

As he gently flexed his healed foot, Judas stared after his bent Saviour  
This man he loved who had already crept over to the next beloved disciple  
with nothing to offer but a basin and a towel and two worn hands and love...