Jesus washes Judas’ feet.

That moment, when you knelt before him,

took off his sandals, readied the water,

did you look up? Search his eyes?

Find in them some love, some trace

of all that had passed between you?

As you washed his feet, holding them in your hand,

watching the cool water soak away the dirt,

feeling bones through hard skin,

you knew he would leave the lit room,

and slip out into the dark night.

And yet, with these small daily things –

with washing, with breaking and sharing bread,

you reached out your hand, touched, fed.

Look, the kingdom is like this:

as small as a mustard seed, as yeast,

a box of treasure hidden away beneath the dirt.

See how such things become charged,

mighty, when so full of love. This is the way.

In that moment, when silence ebbed between you,

and you wrapped a towel around your waist;

when you knew, and he knew, what would be,

you knelt before him, even so, and took off

his sandals, and gently washed his feet.