

THAT THURSDAY



It was after sunset
that they all met in that upper room.
We women, of course,
had been there for some time
preparing the Passover meal.
Then we sat back
and watched
and listened.
Puzzling conversation,
about servanthood
(well, we knew about that already,
being women)
and being one with him
and with the Father.
Then,
amazingly,
he took a towel and a bowl
and washed the disciples' feet.
Unheard of!

The actions of a slave!
But that was him all over -
always ready to give of himself.
In fact when he broke the bread
and distributed the wine
he said "This is my body and blood!"
as if we could somehow eat,
drink,
absorb him.
How much more can a man give?
We were about to find out
in the following dreadful days,
when our skies turned black with grief.
But for the time being
our prepared meal
had become a dreadful banquet
full of love and betrayal.

I vowed that
such a meal I would never eat again.
and yet....
and yet....
with each subsequent breaking of bread,
each taking of the cup,
the memory is relived
with dreadful,
poignant
clarity,

a counterpoint
to the cross
and the tomb
and the rising.

None of these would make sense
except for that meal.

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