

THE SERVANT'S TOWEL *by Gary*

A towel does not a servant make,
Nor water alone, the soil take;
Just passing a neighbor in the street,
In no way, can wash his feet.

You certainly must, his name speak,
Find a quiet place, with demeanor meek;
To wash one's feet, you must get close,
The soil there could be quite gross.

Then comfort him, his burden share,
To wash a foot, it must be bare;
Then to your knees, you must bow down,
You did not come, to be a clown.

You must reach out, those helping hands,
While he sits, or on one foot stands;
Now you're involved, with where he has been,
With water and soap, the mire will thin.

Then rinse that foot, and with a towel dry,
With fresh understanding, the other try;
And that foot too, will soon be clean,
You've spared a life, a soul to glean.

Your being there, fulfilled a need,
Those helping hands, involved indeed;
The washing, kept you on your knees,
The towel just a soft caress to please.

Inspired by a Sermon of John Pucher, Belvoir Assembly of God 5/6/94