

## **A Meditation of the disciples: 'We were there to share a special meal . . .'**

### **John 13.1-14      Jesus washes the feet of the disciples**

We were there to share a special meal together, Jesus and his close followers, together in one of his friend's upstairs dining room. Our hearts were full, and our expectation was palpable.

Jesus had entered Jerusalem to cries of Hosanna to the Son of David, our greatest king who ruled over all Israel. And now we were celebrating the Passover, the recollection of God delivering his people of old, liberating them from captivity, opening the way to a new and different life.

Was this the moment we had been waiting for, the time when Jesus would turn the tables on our enemies and show us he was in control after all?

Only, whilst we were eating together, enjoying ourselves with good food and much banter, it all went quiet when Jesus stood up, took off his outer robe, tied a towel around himself, poured water into a basin and started washing our feet!

It was most peculiar, our leader demeaning himself like a slave! We didn't know quite what to make of it.

Peter protested, 'You're not going to wash my feet. It's not your job, such dirty work. We've come to call you Master and here you are being our servant! Why remove your dignity to go down on the ground like a slave? If you are on your knees, won't the world think you are feeble and weak? Why not rule from on high?'

Jesus interrupted him, and said 'Peter this is what I must do . . . to be Lord means to be the servant of others; to be willing to do the dirty work and to do it in love. Some Lord it over others; I must lay my life down for the world. For my power is in my weakness and you may not realise that today and you will not think it tomorrow, when I am raised on a cross, but this is the way the world will be transformed... by loving the unlovely, by dying for the weak, by forgiving those whose hearts are too stubborn to see; and by loving those who would reject, betray, deny a friend. Be still, and let your feet be washed. First let me do for you, what you must do for each other.'

Adapted from Nick Fawcett