



The Basin And The Towel

In an upstairs room a parable is just about to come alive
And while they bicker about who's best with a painful glance He'll silently rise
Their Savior Servant must show them how through the will of the water
And the tenderness of the towel...

***And the call is to community the impoverished power
That sets the soul free in humility to take the vow
That day after day we must take up the basin and the towel...***

In any ordinary place on any ordinary day
The parable can live again when one will kneel and one will yield
Our Savior Servant must show us how by the will of the water
And the tenderness of the towel...

And the space between ourselves sometimes is more than the distance between the stars
By the fragile bridge of the servant's bow we take up the basin and the towel...

***And the call is to community the impoverished power
That sets the soul free in humility to take the vow
That day after day we must take up the basin and the towel...***