

FOOT WASHING IN HEAVEN

There once was quite a preacher who taught “God’s truth alone,”
Convinced that all his insights were those God wanted known.
He fought against “false doctrine” that did not match his creed
And knew his understanding was what all Christians need.

At death he left behind him a string of faithful few
Who fed upon his teachings and formed “The Church That’s True.”
But when He got to Heaven, and stood before the King,
The words that he was hearing had this unpleasant ring:

“So *you* have been My spokesman? It’s *you* who showed My way?
My Bride that I have gathered is solely what *you* say?
My Flock that is one Body has shrunk to fit *your* frame?
You think I bless such ‘wisdom’ you’ve sanctioned in My Name?

“My blessing’s on the Chosen, who chose Me as their own.
Already, those who’ve entered, now rest before My throne.
If you would care to join them, then humbly take a seat,
For you have no part with them, unless they wash your feet.”

Despairingly disgruntled, the teacher sadly sat,
And those he deemed in error, which every age begat,
Came one by one to wash him, as eons slowly passed,
And Christ stood by observing, until the very last.

“I’m happy you have joined them, and they are one with you.
But there remains a duty that you must follow through.
It’s your turn now,” said Jesus. “Oh no!” the teacher whined.
“Please, wash the feet,” He pointed, “of those your words maligned.”

— *David L. Hatton, 6/5/2011*