
Pro Rege

Volume 51
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue*

Article 5

December 2022

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Recommended Citation

Vander Ley, Zachary (2022) "The Washing of Feet," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 51: No. 2, 9.

Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol51/iss2/5

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The Washing of Feet

Zachary Vander Ley

“He poured water into
a basin,
and began to wash
His disciples’ feet.”

The sky turns from blue to orange,
and then purple, like the color of the curtain
that tore near Golgotha.

On top of a hill in Mexico,
the ministry team sits in a circle
as Pastor Salas finishes reading
and fills a basin with water.

He washes my
bug-bitten, sweaty, stinky, feet.

While he cleans,
my toes tremble in fear,
the Proverbs 1:7 fear:

“The fear of the Lord
is the beginning of knowledge.”

Crickets chirp as he dips his hands into
the basin of water;

the sky’s purple deepens with more red.

Arturo holds a lantern above
the washing of feet.

“Dios de le bendice,”
says the Pastor.

The mosquitos, flies, and stink beetles
watch from afar.

I embrace Pastor Salas
after he dries my feet and returns my sandals.

“Gracias Dios para su sacrificio,” he says.