

The Basin and the Towel

Michael Card

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.

Chorus:

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 Saviour Servant must show us how
Through the will of the water
And the tenderness of the towel.

Bridge:

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.