

# Towel People

You are the towel people,  
Soothers, cleansers, healers  
Of feet tired and sore and cut from the journey.

Veronica people,  
Wiping away the dirt and blood and spittle  
Of the world's hatred spewed onto the faces of the weak.

You are the towel people,  
This is your badge of service:  
On your knees before others,  
Like bootlacks,  
Cinderellas,  
Floor scrubbers;  
On your knees before others –  
And in homage to them,  
For Christ is there.

Except it won't be as romantic as that sounds,  
Because feet and dirt and blood and spittle  
Have no romance.

And though you are the towel people,  
Those with a mission,  
You won't go striding out into the world,  
Because only the arrogant stride –  
As if the poor deserved you  
And you were the solver of everything.  
What had Veronica solved  
As Christ continued on up the hill?

No, servants and children do not stride.  
Nor will you, who have a sense to be afraid  
Of what is all around you  
And even more of what's ahead.

(Anonymous)

