

MAUNDY THURSDAY
AGAIN & AGAIN, WE ARE HELD TOGETHER

UNTIL THAT DAY *(Written in December, 2020)*

We cannot shake hands right now.
We cannot hug or kiss cheeks.
We cannot lean in to tell stories
Or draw close to pray.
We cannot pass the peace
Or even pass the time in each other's homes.
We cannot eat together,
Because the world is sick.

So instead of holding each other,
We hold distance.
We hold masks.
We hold statistics on the tips of our tongues.
We hold fear,
We hold space,
We hold tense conversations.

Maybe by the time you're reading this,
The day will have come
For all God's people to be gathered at Table.
Maybe by the time you're reading this,
We will be eating together.
Maybe we'll be hugging.
Hopefully there will be dancing
And laughing and kissing
And leaning in to tell stories,
And throwing our heads back to laugh.

But until that day,
I will wiggle my toes,
And think of footwashing.
I will eat sweet bread,
Ravenously,
And remember Communion.
I will close my eyes,
And picture your face.
I will clasp my hands
And know—
As sure as one palm knows the other—
That we are being held.
We are being held together.

