

# Reflection

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*Offered by Sr. Fran Glowinski  
April 2, 2015*

## **Holy Thursday Reflection**

At Seders commemorating the Passover the youngest child present asks four questions that answer the central question: why does this night differ from any other night?

*In our penitential rite Diane asked us what do we see and hear; and because of that how do we respond?*

I want to ask us now and share some reflections around this question: who and what do we bring to this first night of the Triduum, the three liturgies that unpack and re-enact the three essential energies of the Paschal Mystery. We know these dynamics in our own individual and in our communal lives: living, dying, rising...these form the pattern for those who follow Jesus, the Christ...and these are repeated as often as necessary...living each day, and better yet, each moment in faith as best we can...dying to what keeps us from deepening....and rising to greater and clearer identification with the One who calls us here this night...who washed feet like the lowliest of servants.

*Who and what do we bring to this sacred space?*

Our whole selves, as best we can...we carry in all those we hold in our hearts...and we bring our world, so in need of hope, healing and peace.

And what do we find here waiting for us? Here we immerse in the communion of saints and sinners. We hear echoes of Nicodemus, Bartimeus and his parents, the Pharisees, the woman met at the well, Martha, Mary, Lazarus, Peter...you get the idea, hey?

And what it means to bring our whole selves. First, it means we bring the obvious:

--our bodies, old and young, each with its particular, maybe peculiar strengths and limits, its aches and pains, delights and wounds.

--each of us come with feet in need of refreshing (though our hands with "stand in" for our feet in our ritual washing tonight

--each of us with knees that have bent to wash the feet of our sisters and brothers because we take seriously that when Jesus said DO THIS IN MEMORY OF ME, he wasn't just talking about what to do with bread and wine.

--with each of us come minds and hearts...minds with memories and imagination and stories, we come with hearts that trust and worry, that break with joy and suffering, that

So, with my thanks to all who have made this time and place ready for us; with our thanks to all who have made us ready, I invite each of us and all of us as a worshipping Community, to bring as consciously as possible:

--the warm, refreshing water of our ready and fluid compassion

--to bring our soft and well-worn towels of willingness to dry tenderly hands, feet, tears

--let us bring our gentle eyes that can see through to what is important...and that choose to overlook what is not

--Let us bring the water and towels of kind words that invite and affirm and remind

--we bring our hands and hugs and smiles that welcome and comfort, that forgive again and again, as we ourselves need to be.

Because the grains of wheat have died...and Sr. Toby has been baking, the bread is ready.

Because the grapes have been crushed and fermented, the wine is, too.

And I trust that WE are ready, my brothers and sisters, for the living and the dying and the rising that we move into...now...together...through our ritual of washing and drying.

We will come to you. You need only offer your hands as we approach.