



Vision and Commitment 2018  
A year to focus on discipleship

Every day, in  
everything  
&  
everywhere

CAST

Peter

Acting Out

## Monologue (John 13:1-17) - Peter by Dan Elson

What do you think of when you hear the word 'Passover?' Up until that day all I thought of was feasting, fellowship and wine. When everyone came together we ate, drank and enjoyed the company of friends, many of whom we hadn't seen for some time.

But this year was different. Instead of gathering with close family and distant relatives, we joined with Jesus and the other followers. As we came to the upper room, where we were to have our meal, and started to get comfortable, Jesus stopped us. He got up, took a servant's apron, filled a bowl of water and knelt on the floor. He indicated for the first of us to go over to be washed.

Everyone chuckled. You could see they were uneasy. This wasn't a job for the Master. It wasn't even a job for the youngest in the family - this was for servants!

'This can't be right,' I thought. But one by one the others started to move forward. Quietly Jesus went about his business, removing their sandals and washing their feet. One or two of the others started chatting, no doubt trying to hide their embarrassment. I thought we should have protested, but Jesus was so involved in the task he hardly seemed to notice us.

He took care and attention in his work. He found every speck of dirt and rinsed it away. He carefully dried each foot with his apron, making sure to be gentle and thorough. All the time his eyes were fixed on his task, and we sheepishly did as we felt we ought to.

When it was my turn I couldn't hold back. 'What are you doing, Master?' I asked. 'Why should *you* wash *my* feet?' Of all of us, he should be the first to be served. He should be seated at the head of the table. He should be explaining the Passover to us and leading us in the Psalms.

Instead, here he was, kneeling at *my* feet. '*You're* not going to wash *my* feet - not ever!' I told him. But he stopped me, just with his gaze.





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‘If I don’t wash you, you can’t be part of what I’m doing,’ he responded.

It seemed a bit cryptic, but I knew I wanted to be a part. I said, ‘Well, don’t just wash my feet then - wash my hands - my head! Make me a part of your plan, Jesus. Take me with you, I will follow.’

He looked up from the work he was doing: ‘If you’ve had a bath in the morning, you only need your feet washed now and you’re clean from head to toe. My concern, you understand, is holiness, not hygiene.’ Then, as he finished, ‘So now you’re clean.’

I went and sat at the table. Everyone was there now, and most sat quietly, awkwardly, waiting. When Jesus looked up he could see that we were confused.

He said: ‘You address me as ‘Teacher’ and ‘Master’, and rightly so. Therefore if I, the Master and Teacher, washed your feet, you must now wash each other’s feet. I’ve laid down a pattern for you. What I’ve done, you do. If you understand what I’m telling you, act like it - and live a blessed life.’

Well, we all carried on and had our feast. Andrew and John quickly got back into the swing of things - eating and drinking and laughing. Others took longer to get back into the party mood. I must admit it took me a while. Others, like Judas, didn’t seem to cheer up at all. Either way, that moment affected us all. Only a few hours before, we had been arguing with each other over who was most important, and when we least expected it the Master showed us that really we are no more important than anyone else. If he could play servant to us, then surely we could have no delusions of grandeur. As he had told us, ‘Now you must wash each other’s feet.’

