

Holy Thursday



God in an Apron!

Karen Erueti

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As we reflect on Holy Thursday, the night Jesus had the last supper with his disciples, we are invited to view Jesus through a different lens – in an apron!

Karen Erueti, who works for the Sisters of Saint Joseph of the Sacred Heart in Aotearoa New Zealand, prepares liturgies and reflections for a Sister she works with and through her work she discovered Sister Macrina Wiederkehr OSB. Sister Macrina is one of the Sister's favourite authors and now one of Karen's too, along with New Zealand author Joy Cowley.

Karen tried to find something 'Kiwiana' and was inspired by this apron. For Karen, this represents ordinariness, a homely down-to-earth God in an Apron and she can visualise Jesus wearing it and appreciating its images of Kiwi and Māori culture of Tiki, Koru, Fern and Pohutukawa.



On the next page, Karen shares Sister Macrina's reflection and poem titled *God in an Apron!*

God in an Apron!

Supper was special that night. There was both a heaviness and a holiness hanging in the air. We couldn't explain the mood. It was sacred, yet sorrowful. Gathered around that table eating that solemn, holy meal seemed to us the most important meal we had ever sat down to eat. We were dwelling in the heart of MYSTERY. Though dark the night, Hope felt right — as if something evil was about to be conquered.

And then suddenly the One-Who-Loved startled us all.

He got up from the table and put on an apron.

Can you imagine how we felt?



*Tenderness encircled us
as He bowed before us.
He knelt and said,
“I choose to wash your feet
because I love you.”*

*God in an apron, kneeling.
I couldn't believe my eyes.
I was embarrassed
until His eyes met mine.
I sensed my value then.
He touched my feet.
He held them in His strong, brown hands.
He washed them.
I can still feel the water.
I can still feel the touch of His hands.
I can still see the look in His eyes.*

*Then He handed me the towel
and said,
“As I have done,
so you must do.”
Learn to bow.*

*Learn to kneel.
Let your tenderness encircle
everyone you meet.
Wash their feet –
not because you have to –
but because you want to.*

*It seems I've stood two thousand years
holding that towel in my hands.
“As I have done, so must you do,”
keeps echoing in my heart.*

*“There are so many feet to wash,”
I keep saying.
“No.”
I hear God's voice
resounding through the years.
“There are only My feet.
What you do for them,
you do for Me.”*

Sr Macrina Wiederkehr OSB

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