

## ***Lessons at Mary's Feet***

*Scent of lotion as I sooth dry skin  
Her heel cupped gently within my palm  
A meager offering in cancer's wake  
My love and fears mixed with the balm*

*Soul sisters linked through faith, if not birth  
Our journey together about to end.  
The scales of our lives were tipping  
How **does** one lose their best friend?*

*Twelve who would know, gathered in a room  
Hosannas repeating in their ears.  
Preparing to sup on bread and wine,  
Almost forgetting, His time was near*

*Christ knowing, as He removed His robes,  
Only actions could convey what words lacked.  
Removing sandals, He began to wash  
Soles of those He loved, calloused and cracked.*

*Lesson written not in sand, but water  
Script of affection, missive to serve.  
He had a Master's heart, but servant's hands.  
Grace, His to give, not earn nor deserve*

*Before them in submission, Christ knelt  
Ministry not needed, or even desired.  
Glimpse of heaven, divinely ordained,  
Last ritual, final portrait inspired*

*Did mere water cleanse twelve that night?  
Or did His tears blend in the bath  
Forgiveness washing betrayal's stain  
Final offering left beside death's path*

*My friend's cross not fashioned of wood  
Chemo the nails, radiation the thorn  
My last gift to her, I understood  
Her plight was to leave, mine was to mourn*

*Did Christ or I truly perceive grief's gain?  
His found in death, while mine found in life  
To leave or stay, such companionable pain  
Hope only born through His anguish and strife*

*Brenda Myers*

### ***Is It.....***

*Is it easier to feel the pain  
Than be the one left hurting  
To cause the tears of sorrow  
Or be left behind to cry  
To exhale that final breath  
Or be the one still breathing  
Better to know it is finished  
Than be the one left behind*

*Brenda Myers*