

Friday Morning Shift

Linda Hoffman Kimball

I walk into the baptistry
In our modest, midwestern temple
Eager to fold fluffy towels
Into their honorable offerings.

Someone is already there
Creating the holy folds.
The temple president
In white (including his name tag)—
Stands at the counter
Smelling as clean as the dawn of creation.

Of all the many services
Particular to his calling,
This act nearly brings
Me to my knees in gratitude.
This—THIS!—
Is the restoration of all things.
This is the foot washing
Of the 21st century.

For this leavening witness
I would wave again my handkerchief
Shouting “Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!”