

# **Held In The Master's Hands**

**A Poem In Honor of Sam Gore On His 79<sup>th</sup> Birthday**

**By W. Wayne VanHorn**

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**On MC's quad, standing fair  
A statue of three men, for all to share.  
One man is seated with his feet all bare  
One man stands with a pondering stare.**

**But what of the third man should I say?  
For He's part of the statue I saw today.  
He is kneeling, with a towel in hand,  
To wash the feet of the seated man.**

**As he washes those feet, he casts an upward glance  
To see if the one standing has taken the chance  
To ponder the meaning of service so grand,  
As He holds the seated man's foot in His precious hand.**

**The man standing is Peter, looking confused,  
This type of service, he quickly refused.  
The man seated is unknown, except that he  
Represents other people we happen to see.**

**The man kneeling is of all the most grand  
The one holding the seated man's foot in His hand.  
This man is Jesus, the Son of God,  
Who as a servant this world He trod.**

**He gave His life that we might live  
And lived His life that we might give.  
Should we stand in mild protest,  
Or sit while others serve us as best?**

**Or do we have something enriching to learn  
By kneeling and washing...such action spurned.  
We must give our lives in service so grand,  
Since we too are held in the Master's hand.**