

## 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!”