

New Shoes

I need a new pair of shoes. I really do. 'Cause these don't fit me no more. You see, I've walked a mile or two, or three, on the path of my enemy. I've seen things that only he has witnessed. I stumbled in his footsteps. Kept the same appointments he kept. And in doing so, I've learned that we are not so different – he and I. Our steps may have different meter and stride, his a shuffle and mine a slide. But we have both arrived at this same place and time. And the man I once abhorred, I now respect and adore, and these shoes don't fit me no more.

I've worn the soles and leather down, walking all over town, chasing the whims of delight. I ventured down blind alleys I had *no business there* to tread, only to find sorrow and dread, and heartbreak that left me standing cold and alone in my ill-fitting shoes. I traipsed fields of vast expanse searching to harvest peace, and joy, and happenstance. But all I was left with were holes in the souls of these shoes that just don't fit me no more.

The laces that once provided familiar embraces – woven with strands of envy, and greed, and lust – fail to offer the comfort they once did. And now serve only as bonds tying me to a life I no longer desire.

The threads of ignorance that held together the fabric of my contempt and intolerance are now bursting at the seams, unable to restrain the growth I've experienced, and the new form I have taken.

The brand on the side bearing the symbol of a prestigious god of wealth and power I just HAD to have seems almost comical now. A ridiculous ruin of an ancient era. A repugnant eye-sore staining these shoes that most certainly don't fit me no more.

Looking back on the beach that was my life, I see the footprints in the sand and the tracks of two, and sometimes one, where you carried me Lord when I felt I could go no further. The missteps and mistakes I made were plentiful. But I have no regrets, because without them I wouldn't be the person I am today.

And as I push off from that shore to journey to a different destination – led by the shining star of my Savior Jesus Christ, and powered by the Holy Spirit that fills our sails – I leave behind the trappings of my old life. To sit there upon the sand, next to that worn out pair of shoes that don't fit me no more.



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