

Tuesday, September 27, 2016

Most of you have heard the very familiar poem called *Footprints in the sand*. It is a very comforting poem which speaks of the mercy and faithfulness of God, even when we are sometimes unable to carry our own weight. You've probably seen it in any number of gift shops. But recently I came across another version, similar in its symbolism, but very different in meaning. It goes like this:

One night I had a wondrous dream, One set of footprints there were seen,
The footprints of my precious Lord, But mine were not along the shore

But then a stranger print appeared, And I asked the Lord, "What have we here?"
The print is larger, round and neat, But Lord, they are too big for feet.

"My child," He said in somber tones, "for miles I carried you alone.
I challenged you to live by faith, Pick up your cross and walk in grace."

"You disobeyed, you would not grow, You would not stand against the flow,
Your neck was stiff, your ears were shut, So there I dropped you on your butt."

Because in this life, there comes a time, When one must fight, when one must climb,
When one must rise and take a stand, Or leave their butt prints in the sand!"

Okay, A tad bit irreverent, maybe, but I hope you understand the point.

Luke 9:23 And He was saying to them all, "If anyone wishes to come after Me, he must deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me.

Contrary to what some may have told you. The walk of a Christian is not an easy one. There are blessings beyond compare. But a life of ease is not part of the package. One must be prepared to work, carry his own cross, and trust in the grace of God for strength and wisdom to accomplish each assigned task. Remember: He who wants to make footprints in the sands of time can't do it sitting down.