

More Than Feet
By Mark S. Hobbs

It was a sunny day not too long ago. The air was crisp and cool. My body was tired from emotional and physical stress. I felt a soak in the bath tub would be a great way to relax. Normally I get "cleaned" by means of a shower. It was during my bath experience that I made a discovery.

Down at the far end of the tub just underneath the faucet with it's knobs, I saw two feet poking out from the reaches of the sudsy water. Suddenly it dawned on me---those were two good looking feet. All my life (to be more exact, when I was a youngster) people told me I had my Daddy's feet. Relaxing in my tub I felt a smile break out on my face. "I do have feet like my Dad, and I am very proud to have feet like his and to be his son." I wondered how it was that my feet were so much like my Dads. I decided the genes for my good looking feet were passed down to me from my Dad.

Refreshed , relaxed and ready to start again, I stepped from the gurgling tub. As the drain gulped the last few drops of bath water, I finished drying my feet. "Gee. What good looking feet I have," I thought. Suddenly a sobering thought ripped through my mind. My Dad had given to me much more than feet---he had shown me faith and love in God. It was because of my Dad's love and the way he lived his life that I had come to know and experience the love of God.

My Dad had given me feet for walking physically, but more importantly he had given me a home where walking in faith with God was a daily experience.

As I put on my shoes I prayed, "Lord, enable me to live such a life that my family will know you as Lord and Master. Help me to give my children more than feet."