

Toenails

I spent the last 35 minutes greeting high school students as they entered the asphalt laden parking lot. It was Friday morning and a tropical storm was fast approaching our area. The sunrise was gorgeous. The pumpkin yellow rays of light filled the sky until darkness was swallowed up by light. The breeze was pregnant with dampness. Directing traffic into the student parking lot may not be the highest paying job in the world but it's not without rewards. I say, "Hello" to each young learner entering the lot. I wave at them too. I think a hearty, "Morning" coupled with a friendly smile has to beat a McDonald's coffee any morning. As the bell for first period rang, I turned and started my fast paced walk to the building where my class is located. My students would be waiting inside my classroom. As my pace quickened I thought, "I clipped my toenails this morning."

For many people that would not be such an exciting thought. Clipping one's toenails is not a topic too many people talk about, much less think about. But, I did think about it. I clipped my nails and the pressure caused by my shiny shoes was nullified. No pain, no strain, I could walk with no pain. That's the exact point in time at which I stopped. I stopped walking. I started thanking. I thanked God in heaven. I had no pain when I walked. That's a big praise. I was walking, that is another praise. It all started with the toenails. I clipped them. They had grown longer. This meant I was alive. Thank God for that. I recognized the fact they needed trimming. Which meant my mind was functioning. That too, deserved a, "Thanks be to God". I could see my lengthening nails. What a blessing! I remembered my grandfather and his daughter. That would be my Mamma.

My grandfather had gotten old and feeble. He needed help. My Mamma would clip his toenails after she had bathed him. He was blessed to have such a caring daughter, as am I to have such a loving mamma. Her heart is care filled, drenched in love. I thanked God for my mamma. I thanked Him for my toenails too. I could bend and stretch and see. My fingers functioned and the clippers clipped. All these things happened because God has smiled upon me.

As I reflect upon my moments in the parking lot I thank God. I thank Him for that beautiful morning, the young faces I saw and the memories of my old long departed grandfather. In the early morning glow of the newly risen sun I knew I was glad to be alive. I was glad to be able to give thanks to God Almighty. I was glad I could trim my toenails and continue my walk with God.

Pastor Hobbs