

## When words run down

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So you came to see a festival. A festival was a party. An interval between the fest and the heart. Sometimes I looked at the words and I tore them apart and I read their intent. And then I cried unto the Lord and the Lord spoke and gave me a word. A provinture. I believed it was the Lord because He seemed to indicate a new title for me. A man of Spiritual Authority. An office. A title. So I tried it on and I failed to see that I wore a new pair of shoes. Its ironic that this morning when I woke up I heard a word stating "Your going to be trying on a new pair of shoes..." I didn't know what it meant. I figured in my simplicity that I would be trying on shoes because I'd been thinking of getting another pair of New Balance Tennis shoes. I've been wearing the same pair almost day and night for two years and they were getting awfully dirty. True they were still in good shape but they were those kind of shoes you don't want to part with. Size 13s and that wasn't easy to find.

So when I took on this new office I took on a new pair of shoes. And when I did Sin was there to cast me down into tears. And I wept because it seems as when you get a new gift that makes you stand out from the crowd there is always one or more ready to cast you back into the fire of simplicity. Simplicity is like simple city. Simple City is where we all live. We strive to escape but there are guardians at the gate. They laugh at us and mock us and strive with us. And if we put on something new especially something given as a gift by God that new gift becomes the source of their amusement.

For Joseph it was his coat of many colors. I don't know what it looked like but it was a gift from his father. And he wore it with joy. But it became a pronouncement of suffering that lead to his being carried into slavery. For his brothers it became a hole of guilt they could not dig out of. They were thrown into it when they pulled their brother out of it. And if there is one thing that is hard to bear it is the guilt of blood.

We as children long for the new and the unusual in our lives. I do have one memory that stands out from most others. It was a good memory but it last but moments for me. Mom and dad had purchased me a pair of moccasin tennis shoes. They had leather

strings and they were made to look just like a moccasin and were tan in color. I loved them. Our neighbor boy happened to be over when I got them and as I ran to the door in them he commented "Show off."

I've thought about it over the years and maybe, just maybe there is something in me that wanted him to see. But if so it was so tiny a part it never entered my mind. No, I wanted to run like the wind and sing like the flying bird and try out these wonderful new shoes. Shoes so powerful to me that I felt like I could not be stopped. They were my joy and my hope and a gift that came very rarely because we were a poor family. And poor meant gifts were very rare indeed. Yet those two words "Show off" became a curse. And in just those two words the song fell from my sole and the lightness from my tread and the heart from the gift. I don't remember stepping outdoors into freedom. I don't remember opening the door. I don't remember anything about those shoes except those few seconds of joy. And then they were gone in the curse upon them.

Sometimes shoes are like the key to our sole. Every sole is padded with skin and skin is that part of us that we see. We cover it up with clothing because we want to keep warm and we want to be modest. We wear clothing as a reminder of things and like words they can comfort or chafe. If I wear something twice or three times or four times in a row its not because I wish to be sloppy or wish to look ragged. Sometimes its all I have. And in all you have there are those who look and say "Isn't that what you wore yesterday?" And you have to admit it is. And in the admitting you feel shame because it becomes a sore spot to you. Yet if I wear the flag of my country or wear the best pair of tennis shoes every day who is it to complement or curse us? Who are there among the words that cut or heal?

For words bring us down into the depths of sorrow and they bring us up to the heats of heaven. And they carry us to sublime approval and they bring us down to a curse. And if we see that curse and we wonder about it then we have to see a way out. But how? For we if are cursed by Sin and cursed by lies and cursed by those who mock us then who can we mock back? For we live in a world so filled with political correctness that we fail in some area of our lives. Yet those on the PC Battlewagon have to live by a new religion that they help create. Are you black or white? No. Are you Caucasian or African American then well maybe. Are you disabled or handicapped? In my case maybe but

to a PC specialist willing to tell me I am being incorrect I am challenged. Well of course I'm challenged. Every day I'm challenged but so is everyone. And so it goes. They mock me with words that hurt. They handicap me with thoughts that burn and they crush me with ideas that are foolish.

And so I am mocked but I still refuse to stop walking forward. I refuse to stop thinking. I refuse to stop praying. And God help me to have someone to mock even if I mock a Sin. For just as Elijah mocked the prophets of Baal so God carried that mock to a place where their blood was spilled that day. I was a child when Sin first mocked me. I wore that pair of shoes as a gift from my parents but it was a word from the Lord. A beginning pair of shoes. A beginning ministry which I did not see until this morning when the Lord spoke and said "Your going to be trying on a new pair of shoes." I thought he meant weeks or months from now. But God wasn't speaking of that length of time. He was speaking of today. And I was reminded that I was mocked so many years ago because I was filled with joy and youth in my pair of Moccasins. Now today I am given a new pair of shoes called Provintures. It is an office given to me by God that I wear on my feet. It is a pair of shoes made for me specifically by God. These Provintures are an office and that office is called Spiritual Authority. Sin didn't hesitate in mocking me to tears. But I ask God to help me put aside those tears and I ask Him to help me get out and run and walk and not be weary. For with these shoes I will Mock Sin and with these shoes I will mock his power. And with these shoes I shall have that curse on my clothing removed and my life as well. Even if I have to wear these shoes to bed.

