THE WEEK LEADING TO MY FIRST SERMON

I wasn’t aware until a few days later but the Sunday I announced my call to preach the people of the church took up money to buy me a suit of clothes. One day that week, I’m not sure which day, Brother Haskel and his wife took Kathie and me to Bremen Georgia to a suit factory and bought me a three piece suit. I had never owned a real suit, some mix and match pants and sport coats, but not a real suit. Wow! I felt like a hundred dollars wearing that suit. There was a little money left so he bought me a shirt and tie and told me there was still money for some shoes if I wanted them. So we got some wing tipped shoes.

 This may not sound good to tell but I had ingrown toe nails on my big toes. The doctor had been treating them for some time. Well, the week before I was to preach for the first time he decided they needed to come out. So I met with him and he pulled them out. I was in somewhat of a mess. He told me to wear old house shoes with the toes cut out of them. I responded that I could not do that because I was to preach the following Sunday morning. He told me to preach barefoot. I had no intention of following doctor’s orders.

The big day arrived and I put on my three piece suit with my new shirt and tie. I waited until the last to put on my new socks and wing tipped shoes that had never been worn. I looked at my feet with those big white gauze bandages on each big toe and said “here we go.” First, I pulled a sock on the left foot then the sock was properly installed on the right foot. Then, with a beautiful brown wing tip shoe I insert left foot and then into the other I insert the right foot. I stand up and it’s not too bad. I proceed to take a step and as I bent my foot the new shoe decided to make its new bend right on my big toe. My knees grew weak and agonizing pain shot up my left leg.

 I had two choices, either forget the shoes and wear those old house shoes with no toes or walk without bending my feet. I chose the latter. So I went to church walking like Frankenstein. The Lord helped me to preach that first time as he has helped me each time since then. I praise him for helping me in spite of my vanity. I came home that day and the first thing I did was remove those shoes and socks. I will not elaborate but it was a mess. For some reason I never thought too highly of those wing tipped shoes after that.

 What a blessing to have a church like New Prospect that cared enough for Kathie and me to buy those clothes for me and to have a pastor like Brother Haskel who would drive me all the way to Bremen Georgia to purchase those clothes for me. To God be the glory! Great things he hath done.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram