

A reading from Dr. Seuss. This is called “The Foot Book.” Maybe you know it. It goes like this: “Left foot, Left foot, Right foot, Right. Feet in the morning, Feet at night. Left foot, Left foot, Left foot, Right. Wet foot, Dry foot. High foot, Low foot. Front feet, Back feet. Red feet, Black feet. Left foot, Right foot, feet, feet, feet. How many, many feet you meet. Slow feet, Quick feet. Trick feet, Sick feet. Up feet, Down feet. Here come clown feet.” (I, personally, am afraid of clown feet. Clowns are just scary.) “Small feet, Big feet. Here come pig feet. His feet, Her feet. Fuzzy fur feet. In the house, and on the street, how many, many feet you meet. Up in the air feet. Over a chair feet. More and more feet. Twenty-four feet. Here come more and more.... and more feet! Left foot. Right foot. Feet. Feet. Feet. Oh, how many feet you meet!”

Dr. Seuss says it all in these simple words. Feet. Feet. Feet. How many feet we meet on this journey of ours, this journey of faith – well, a lot of people with feet walking this journey of faith, anyway. As we put one foot in front of another on this walk with Christ in our lives, left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot, we also encounter quite a few different feet along the journey as well. Our feet aren't the only ones. There are quite a few feet, strange feet maybe – His feet, Her feet, how many, many feet we meet. Think of all the feet that are in this room this morning as we worship. (You don't have to take your shoes off to show off your feet, by the way. It may get a little smelly in here! Your neighbor might look at you a little bit funny.) Think of all the feet that we encounter along the journey of faith, along this walk of faith we journey together – family, friends, people we're getting to know.

With so many feet along this journey, we're bound to step on some toes from time to time. What happens when somebody steps on our toes along this journey of faith? Maybe we hop up and down, holding our throbbing foot. We find ourselves hurting sometimes after our toes get stepped on. Maybe we shake it off, and say “That's okay. No big deal.” But really, we still feel that pain of our toes getting stepped on. And it still hurts. Maybe we sometimes go lashing out, trying to stomp on that person's toes or another person's toes to let them know how it feels when our toes get stepped on. What to do when our toes get stepped on along this journey through life and faith. There are so many, many feet along this journey, we probably step on some toes and we may not even realize it sometimes.

Our reading from Acts offers a suggestion – instead of breaking each other's toes, let's break bread. This early church, the very first Christians that the book of Acts is all about, had to figure out a way to stop stepping on each other's toes all the time. So, “They broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts, praising God and enjoying the favor of all the people,” as our reading tells us from Acts this morning. They lived in harmony with each other. They lived in peace with one another. And if you read the book of Acts sometime, you'll know that there were quite a few toes being stepped on in this early church, these very first Christians. This harmony and peace wasn't easy to live out. But by putting one foot in front of another, focusing on each step along this journey of faith, one step at a time, something new was built. Something exceptionally good. The church was built on this – breaking bread. People taking one

step in front of another along the journey of faith, breaking bread each step of the way. Our reading tells us that this early church broke bread together everyday. Everyday was a day to share this joy of Christ with others.

Where do our feet lead us? Where are our feet going? What direction are we going in our lives? With our family? With our relationships in our lives? I'm probably the first person when my toes get stepped on, I want to go stomping right back. But in the end, what do we have at that point? Instead of one person with a sore toe, you have two people with sore toes. And if another person decides to use their feet to stomp on some toes, pretty soon you've got three or four or five people with throbbing toes. And then those people might decide to go stomping on someone else's toes and before you know it, everybody has really, really sore feet. That just doesn't do much good. Nobody's moving forward along the journey at that point.

One of my first memories I have of stepping on someone's toes was actually in church. And it had to do with breaking bread. My best friend in my younger years was a member of a church of another denomination than what I was. I was a Lutheran. He and I wanted to go worship together one Sunday morning. I went to his church and it came time to take Communion. It came time to break the bread. And I was told that I was not allowed to take any. I wasn't of the right belief to take any of the bread. Apparently my desire to have some of the bread was stepping on some people's toes. My friend looked at me with shock. Almost as if to apologize. Almost as if he knew this was wrong. His toes were being stepped on, too. He didn't see why I couldn't have any of the bread being broken. Toes were being stepped on left and right.

And that's certainly not meant to speak ill of other denominations whatsoever. There are reasons why I wasn't allowed to take some of that bread that day. Reasons that have some pretty good merit behind them. But when that bread is being broken, it's not really so much about stepping on people's toes, leaving them out of the loop. That bread is for all of us with sore feet – all the feet we meet along the journey. And, it's for those people who may go stepping on our toes too. That bread and that wine is for all of us. And I imagine, if we journey long enough, we're each going to find ourselves with some pretty sore feet along the way and we'll find ourselves doing our fair share of stepping on some toes. That broken bread is for you.

What if this journey of faith wasn't so much about exactly *what* we believed, as much as it was about *who* we believed in, this Prince of Peace? What if this journey of faith wasn't so much about what our own personal truths were as much as it was about the One who *is* Truth? What if this journey of faith wasn't so much about a fear of who was to be included in this breaking of bread party as much as it was about the One whose body *is* that bread, and whose blood *is* that wine?

It's not so much about our own personal feet anyway. It's about the feet we follow. It's about the Person we're following. And that Person's feet, Jesus' feet, he will intentionally step on our toes every now and then to get our attention. He's not malicious about it or anything. Don't get me wrong. But he will step on our toes from time to time to get us moving. He'll step on our toes to get us moving to follow him. To follow his feet. And there are a lot of feet following him. How many, many feet we meet along this journey of faith! Thanks be to God. Amen.