

Playing the Hand You're Dealt

Back in school they used to call me Flickty. I don't know where in the world they got that name, but it just seemed to fit. The Sheffield Unabridged would define it as: (Flickty-Someone coordinationally challenged. Someone un-swooft.) I think it's mostly these big feet of mine; size fourteen. They cause me to run like a punch-drunk Ronald McDonald with a bad rash!

My football coaches never knew what to do with me. I weighed a buck fifty and couldn't keep up with the lineman. So, as most flickty folks do, I eventually drifted towards slow pitch softball. There, the coaches always pretended to be nice to me. Though it's awfully suspicious how I always mistakenly end up with last year's schedule and the wrong color jersey.

Naturally I was a little wary when a team called me to come fill in recently. Had they forgotten how many triple plays I had hit into?

"Ah who cares?" I thought. It was time old Flickty came out of retirement. I'd been wedged in behind that desk too long. Besides, I'd have a whole week to get back in shape.

Game day came and along about the third inning I finally swaggered up to the batter's box. I cleaned my cleats, spit, scratched real good, and did everything else cool I could think of just short of calling my shot. With a show like that, nobody could've guessed the truth; my only chance of not getting thrown out at first was to hit it out of the park.

This was forefront in my mind as the pitcher wafted that first big grapefruit down the pike. I took a cut that would've made the Might Casey blush. The wind shear alone blew off the pitcher's hat! Unfortunately, I'd swung several seconds early and I fear I may have not actually hit the ball until my backswing. The pitcher charged the little dribbler, gathered up his hat, fixed his hair, and was ready to toss the ball to first before I could stumble across home plate.

In the back of my mind I knew both people in the stands were probably watching me, so I decided to be a good sport and run it on out. At least I could show them I never quit. In fact they used to tell me, "Flickty, you never know when to quit!"

Unfortunately, there seemed to be some sort of mix up in my central nervous system that day. My brain was sending out running instructions, but my legs and arms seemed to be receiving fighting signals. I commenced whooping the air like a one man gang. I'm telling you I was almost back peddling. I nearly cleated a guy over by the dugout while simultaneously tripping over the pitcher's mound!

When the dust finally cleared, I stood there on the bag, huffing for air, looking to the umpire for the call. He wasn't paying me no mind; he had his eye on the next batter who was already working a full count.

I'll admit; the temptation has been to look into some sort of foot reduction surgery. Or maybe join a Flickties Anyomous. I'm sure there's one out there. But the more I thought about it the more I realized that it's just time I put my foot down, and without shame. You see, it's God who made me like this, and He likes me just the way I am. (*To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.* **Ephesians 1:6** KJV)

God doesn't want me to be like everybody else. My fingerprints and DNA are proof of it. You know what? I'm an original, sculpted by the Master Himself. I think I'll just start celebrating my un-swooftness!

We've all been dealt a different foot... I mean hand. We all have our strengths to play to, and our weaknesses to overcome. The best thing we can do is to just be a good sport and run it on out. After all, we're just people. There's only one perfect One, the Lord Jesus, and He wants us to find our fulfillment in Him.

But anyway- I may be Flickty, but these are the feet the Lord has made, and I will rejoice and be glad in them.

-Guy Sheffield 6-27-06