

Every Man is Right in His Own Eyes

Do you remember the days after the movie *Urban Cowboy* came out? Everybody had to have a cowboy hat. My mom couldn't stand to see us go without, or stand any more of our begging, so she took our grocery money and ran my little brother Heath and I down to the Southland Mall.

We each picked out one of those fancy straw hats with the pre-bent brim. They hung low over our eyes giving us that lonesome trail hand look. Mom got so caught up in the excitement she said, "Go pick you out one of those feathered hat bands too!" I grabbed one that looked like a peacock in full plume.

Before we left I noticed a rack of 'pleather' jackets left over from the winter selection, made out of some sort of plastic and rubber leather substitute. "Sweet," I declared, "Look Mama, these ain't but four dollars."

I think deep down she knew it was August, but she just couldn't help herself. There's never been a Sheffield from our side of the tree that could pass up a deal. So we each got one, agreeing that eating was way over rated anyhow.

When we got home I couldn't wait to run down the street and show my new duds to this older Jr. High girl I was sweet on. Momma insisted I take little Heath. I huffed, thumped his ear, and told him to grab his boyong jacket. (I have taken to calling them that because it's the sound they made if you dropped one. They were bad about bouncing right back up you.)

I reckon we looked mighty odd making that sweaty walk over to her house, but I remember feeling right proud. I had finally found my true identity. Somewhere inside that sticky rubber jacket was the real me. I'd be Bud, and she could be Sissy; just like in the movie.

For some reason Sissy didn't feel much like coming out that day though, at least that what she said from behind the deadbolt. She said we should be going before her neighbors came home. I didn't understand why that should matter, but I assured her we'd be back next week when we got our new boots to match. Then I thumped Heath's ear and we moseyed back down that lonesome trail home.

You're probably thinking, "That Guy sure is goofy." Well, I say, "Let him without regrets cast the first stone. If my jacket's rubber, yours is glue, whatever you say bounces off me and sticks to you. Boyong!"

Surely you've had periods of your life that you look back on and wonder, "What was I thinking?" A better question might be, "What am I doing now that I'll say that about later?"

Without God we all tend to be a little flakey. The Bible says in **Proverbs 21:2** that every man is right in his own eyes. Even I thought I was wrong once, but of course I was mistaken.

It doesn't take a brain scientist or a rocket surgeon to tell you that everyone couldn't be right all the time. I get the feeling somewhere out there somebody's blasting others when they're actually the ones who've bumped their head! Sobering thought when you consider it may be you. (I hope it's not me right now.)

This life can be quite a journey. Five years down the road our whole set of ideals could change. That's why we must keep the Bible as our foundation and final authority to the absolute truth. If we're seeking God and His Word, line upon line, precept upon precept, I believe it's possible to live out the rest of our days without straying off into too many more ditches.

In the process maybe we could cut each other a little slack. Surely we could over the non-essentials? I think God does. He knows we're all learning and growing day by day. He's not falling off the throne because I don't have it all together yet. Even a Pharisee would stop and pull his mule out of the ditch once in a while. (*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.* **Matthew 5:7** KJV)

Of course there are times when someone's goofiness crosses the line and moves over into the area of sin. Then a little correction may be in order. Then we would be wise to first consult **Galatians 6:1**. (*Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.* KJV)

But anyway, I never did get those fancy cowboy boots. We opted for more of a steady meal plan and a cheaper pair of rubber rain boots. I guess it was just as well. That girl never would return my calls after that. I didn't mind. Heath and I were having too much fun bouncing around town in our new rubber get-ups.

-Guy Sheffield 4-4-06