

The Sandals

Writer: Dottie Rambo

Narration

This is a story that could have happened about a soldier who gambled and won the sandals of Christ.

Chorus

THEY WERE DUSTY AND WORN
FROM THE ROCKS ON THE MOUNTAINS
THEY WERE SANDY FROM WALKING
THE SHORES OF THE SEA
BUT THE BLOOD ON THE SANDALS
BETTER TOLD THE STORY
OF HIS JOURNEY TO CALVARY

Narration

On the hill of the skull a crowd had gathered. Some came to laugh and others to cry. There were three wooden crosses standing in the distance, laced across a purple sky. We gambled for the garments of the third man on the tree, and I smiled in satisfaction when his sandals fell to me.

The mountain was rocky, and the stones burned with heat. So I stopped to rest, and placed his shoes on my feet. Then a new world unfolded. My feet seemed to soar. I traveled new paths I'd never known before. I found myself walking by the shores of the sea, and hundreds of children were following me into the homes of the sick and the weak, finding compassion for the beggar on the street.

My friends became few, and I soon walked alone — The sky for a blanket, my pillow a stone. I lost count of the days, weeks without number. Then my appetite left, and my eyes ceased to slumber. But soon I would face my darkest destiny in the Garden Of Gethsemane 'neath the old olive tree. There were sounds in the distance as I knelt to pray — the footsteps of soldiers coming to take me away. The king heard my story and he marked me insane, cast me in prison and bound me with chains. Beaten and stripped of the garments I bore, save for the most priceless possession — the sandals I wore.

“All hail the Christian,” they mocked and they cried. “You were weak enough to follow Him, now are you man enough to die? Denounce Him, deny Him, we’ll let you go free!” But the love chains that bound me were freedom to me. Now they’ve fed me my last supper, and they’ve come to take me away. And they asked me if I have any last words to say. So I reached down and kissed the sandals I wore, and breathed the man’s name who had worn them before. “Jesus, Jesus,” I whispered as they granted my last plea. Take my life — I give it... but please bury his sandals with me.

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