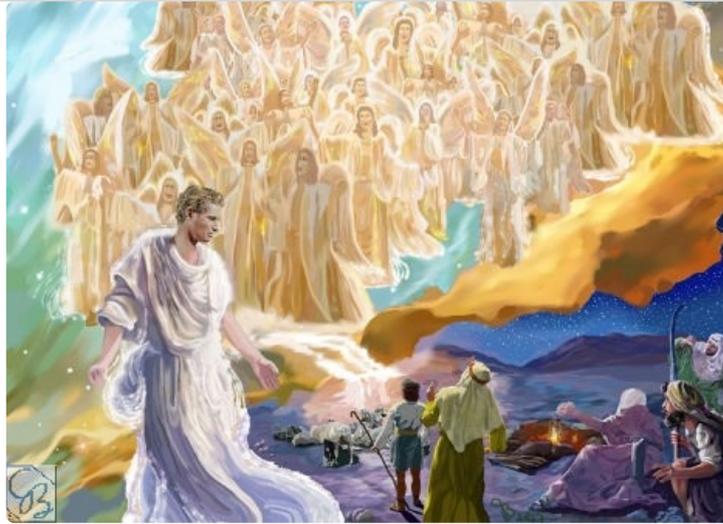


# Authors Community



A division of Common Sense Marketing Strategies, LLC



## Little Baby Feet

by [Gina Burgess](#)

Little, sweet baby feet. Mary covered them with her hand, warming them against the night chill. She treasured in her heart all the words spoken about her first born Son. Things like, "He will be great and called the Son of the Most High." And what the shepherds told, "The angel was so glorious, shouting out praises to God on High and the Good News! The Messiah is born! Our long awaited Savior, the Lord, is born!"

The star shining down on the child guided the shepherds to worship. And then they spread the word through the bright streets of Bethlehem.

The little toes stretched into the warmth of His mother's hand.

Eight-day-old feet with pink toes curled in pain as the centuries-old right of covenant was performed on the Messiah. Simon lifted his old eyes, tears spilling from their corners, to the Lord God Almighty, praising Him for this precious gift. Anna spoke to all who would listen about the Christ child, this most amazing gift from God, the promise fulfilled.

The feet grew large enough for little sandals as they toddled, one in front of the other. Tiny hands holding on to a big Daddy finger. His first steps, those little feet on their own, dust swirling around them, making the little nose sneeze. A delighted chuckle from Daddy, and a sweet grin from Mommy. Loving, watchful eyes guarded those little feet from the fire, the holes, the rocks.

One day a mighty procession filled the streets of Bethlehem. Camels dressed in finery, servants dashing from house to house questions in their expressions, the star's bright light settled over one house. Magi, wise men from the East got off their beasts and carefully searched the packs until the fine gifts were found: gold, frankincense and myrrh. Reverently they entered His presence. They bowed and worshiped Him kissing His little feet.

The days melded one into another, and His feet grew larger, tucked underneath Him as He sat in His Father's House. The voices of many echo around. He spoke with great

authority and the voices quieted. "Did you not know that I must be in My Father's House about My Father's business?"

Year by year His feet grew larger. The heat bore down, and the slap of leather against hard ground was muted by many voices. Dust billowed up and covered those following behind Him. Disciples they were called, the dust gatherers. Sitting at His feet were men and women thirsting for the living water that fell from His lips. They hungered for bread and He offered the Bread of Life.

The days go by and storms ceased, roiling billows calmed, the deaf heard, blind eyes saw, the sick were healed, the lame leapt, lepers were cleansed, demons routed, stories told. His feet got tired and His bones grew weary from the press of the oppressed. The feet carried Him through desert and over mountains, through streams and on top of the water. His own received Him not but those that did receive Him were given Life because He is the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Doorway to Heaven.

One afternoon the feet rested against cool tile. A woman entered the room, ignoring the many men apparently at supper. She settled at His feet. Her tears washed the dust from them. Her hair dried them. She kissed His feet in deep worship for she had been forgiven much. The Son's voice rumbled in her defense as she continued to wash and caress the feet the nobleman did not, her reverent worship and thankfulness anointing His feet.

One day, drenched in His blood, the feet stumbled down the street. The feet, in agony no longer could carry His body and the heavy cross. Someone lifted the weight and the procession trudged toward Golgotha. Nails hammered through those feet into the cross. Splinters pierced the calluses. Blood soaked the dust. The feet strained to hold Him up for one last breath, and then He gave up His spirit. It was finished.

Tenderly were washed the feet one last time, a hundred pounds of spices and clean cloths wrapped around the body and the Son was laid to rest in a freshly hewn tomb. The stone covered the entrance and darkness engulfed the One. Days passed. Suddenly, the earth quaked.

Those dear feet touched earth once more, transformed. The same, but different. Glorified and radiant feet and body. These dear feet walked down a road and the King spoke words from Genesis to Malachi, all the words that foretold His coming, His dying, His arising in victory over sin and death. On the mountain, the last sight of Him were the soles of those dear, sweet feet rising to Heaven.

Oh happy day, the day we will sit at those feet that are even now on the pavement of sapphire as clear as the heavens, those feet like burnished brass. And His voice is like the sound of many waters, refreshing waters, living water. Oh, happy day to kiss the feet in worship and adoration... To sit at them and learn from He who has all knowledge, and has all power, and has secured victory for us living life eternal with him.

Oh happy day, O glorious feat.

[Editor's note: The illustration above was created by Gina Burgess and is published in Carolyn Hampton's children's book [No Greater Love](#), available on Amazon.]



### **Merry Christmas to All!**

The staff of Authors Community believe Jesus is the reason for the season. We wish you the very merriest Christmas ever and a deeply happy new year.

No newsletter next week. Enjoy



### **Happy Happy Happy**

Best Wishes and may all your dreams



## **Recognizing Information Overload**

It isn't as easy as one might think to recognize information overload...or how to get rid of it. If you like this short video with Sarah and Tom, [then email us](#) and we'll send you Part 2 -- How to Reduce Information Overload with Sarah Tun and Tom Blubaugh.

If you've got a message that will help others in their writing/editing/marketing/illustrating, [and you are a member of Authors Community](#), **Email Gina**. She'll work with you to get your message (blog post, newsletter article, training video (3-15 min) or web-ed class (this you'd get paid for!) out to the community. Let's get started!

Information Overload



## **Forum News**

[In order to **view and participate** in the discussion forum [first go here.](#)]

**Check out the Member Introductions!** We've got so many authors from around the world! While you're there, introduce yourself if you haven't already. Tell us about your WIP, your pet peeves, the best advice you ever received, your pets, your grandchildren, your \_\_\_\_\_. Help us to get to know *you*.

### **I HATE marketing!**

*(I know this is a repeat, but so many folks clicked on this link, I think it hit a hot button.)*

How many times have you thought this? No matter if you are an editor, a writer, a publisher, or provide all kinds of book publishing services, it's your *business* so you have to market/promote it to stay *in business*. Here's an in depth planner that you can copy/past and make an action plan that spreads across the year. Best results start with a plan!

Forum Discussions

## **Blog Highlights**

### **3 Ways to Show Not Tell**

*by Jennifer Harris*

You've heard it a hundred times, if not a thousand: show, don't tell. But do you know what that really means? Almost every writer struggles with this concept at one point in their writing career. But once you learn the difference, and put it into practice, you'll be amazed at how quickly you can bring your readers into your writing.

### **Of Hawks, and Mice, and Writers' Friends**

*by Margaret Welwood*

So why do we—children included—like to be scared



(but not too scared)? “We have to know we’re in a safe environment,” explains sociologist Dr. Margee Kerr. “It’s all about triggering the amazing fight-or-flight response to experience the flood of adrenaline, endorphins, and dopamine, but in a completely safe space.”

[Blog](#)

Authors Community a division of  
Common Sense Marketing Strategies,  
LLC  
[EMAIL US](#)



This email was sent to {EMAIL}  
You received this email because you are registered with Common Sense Marketing Strategies, LLC or connected with Tom Blubaugh or Gina Burgess on LinkedIn.

[Unsubscribe here](#)

© 2017 Common Sense Marketing Strategies, LLC