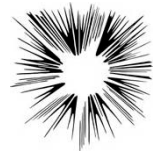




Grace Snap Shot

"Viewing life through the lens of God's grace!"



The Day I Met Freedom

Written by Art Henkel

I was the prince of dancers. When I danced, it's as if the entire room came to a full stop and all eyes were focused upon me. No one could touch me. Each routine that I performed brought people to their feet. Their thunderous applause would reach my ears and I'd smile and bow gracefully.

I didn't just dance, I was a student of dance. There wasn't a book on dance that I hadn't read and most of them I had put to memory. I was receiving my training from one of the greatest schools of dance known to man. To my gifted dance instructors I was their learned young protégé. They were taken back by my impeccable sense of rhythm and flaw-less technique. Yes, I was gifted but I also knew what it was to sweat it out and work harder than any of the other dance students and I had the calluses to prove it. I was driven and with great zeal I danced.

No one could debate the virtues of dance better than me. I valued the history and traditions of dance and worked hard to preserve them through my craft. I found myself often acting as the defender of the dance especially when it came to one particular crew known as 'His.' I hated them. One day out of the blue they started showing up at my school with their silly grins and in their undisciplined manner. They started talking about some new way of dancing, one that wasn't based on traditional techniques but on someone they called 'Freedom.' It seemed so bizarre to me. What made it worse was I knew some of these people. Many of them had grown up with the same training that I was receiving. But here they were, giving it all up for what?

In my mind these outsiders were only causing confusion and disruption and I wanted nothing to do with them. It didn't take long for me to notice that my fellow students were starting to be swayed by these lunatics. I was ferocious and wanted to put this farce to an end. I spoke to my instructors who also hated these frauds and I offered, with their permission to get rid of them. With my instructor's full blessing I went straight to work. First, I made sure that the members of 'His' were banned from the school once and for all. I had many of them locked up and put away. I even lamed some of them so that they could never do their so-called dance again. I could feel momentum was on my side but at the height of this conflict something happened that completely took me by surprise.

I was on my way to an area where some more of these lunatics had been spotted. My intention was to deal harshly with them. As I was travelling with some other true dancers, I was invaded by an indescribable, penetrating light. I lost my sense of balance and found myself flat on my back, lying in the middle of the road. It's as if I was frozen. I couldn't get up. Not only that, I couldn't see a thing. Whatever happened caused my eyes to go blind. It was in this state that I suddenly heard someone talking to me, "Student, why are you opposing me?" It was a voice that was unfamiliar to my ears. "Who are you?" I asked, "What do you want?" "I am 'Freedom,' the one you have been opposing. Get up! It's time for you to follow my instructions." In a state of bewilderment and still finding myself blinded I stood up and began to travel with my companions to a destination which 'Freedom' had directed me to. It was strange, here I was physically shaken to the core but in my spirit I felt this overwhelming calmness and a willingness to follow the directions of one who just moments earlier I would have claimed to have hated with a passion. What was happening?.....

I received my message from no human source, and no one taught me. Instead, I received it by direct revelation from Jesus Christ. Gal. 1:12 (New Living Translation)