

7-1-2011

I Believe in Feet

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Recommended Citation

Galaini, Alexis, "I Believe in Feet" (2011). *Bucknell Believes*. Paper 29.
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Class of 2015
This I Believe Essay

I Believe in Feet

Yes, you read my title correctly. Let's face it, without those feet of yours you wouldn't be getting very far. One's foot tells everything; where they have gone, where they stand now, and if you look closely enough, where they might be headed.

I believe in the feet of a newborn baby; soft, precious, pink, ready for whatever journey its owner will one day learn to walk.

I believe in the feet of the shoeless child in a third world country. Their feet, though roughened by streets of poverty, carry the country's hope for a better future. Grace dances on blistered feet such as these.

I believe in the sandaled feet of the man who carried 2x4 planks as well as the salvation of humanity on his strong shoulders. I believe in his humility to think his feet no better than those of his disciples. I believe he gladly washed the feet that followed his own, encouraging them to continue along the path.

I believe in the gnarled, bunyoned, crooked feet of the elderly woman who, as the sole breadwinner for her family, worked long and hard as a meat packager to send her two children to college. I believe in my grandmother's feet.

I believe in the feet shoved into black, closed-toed, pointy tipped stilettos carrying forth a woman dressed in smart business clothes. I believe in the American economic system, regardless of its boom and bust, because it affords chance for the pursuit of success for every man. And I believe even more in the women that fought for their space to climb the ladder to corporate success too. I believe in my mother's feet.

I believe in the fungus-ridden, rotten feet in steel-tipped boots of the middle-aged man that worked as a garbage truck loader, construction worker, welder, electrician, plumber, factory worker, and scrap yard owner until he finally owned his own piece of commercial real estate. I believe in the self-made American Man. I believe in my father's feet.

I even believe in the blistered, stubby-toed, wide, and slightly deformed feet of a young woman that doesn't want to dance to please, to gain fame, to win money, or even to express. These are feet that just want to dance for the fun of it. I don't know where my feet will lead me or how much longer they can physically withstand dancing, but I believe they won't fail me and will take me anywhere I ask them to go. I believe in my own two feet.