

It's Time To Find Your Red Shoes

Adapted from Girls Like Me "Red Shoe Events"

The Sanctuary Church in Santa Clarita, California

Promotion: Encourage women to wear red shoes to this event and be prepared to share the story behind their "Red Shoes". Set up a display with red shoes for promotional purposes and place it where women will easily be able to view details about the upcoming event as they enter the church building. Instructions & picture below for a sample display.

Red Shoes Large Advertisement Display

1. Start with a standard door which can be purchased in any home improvement store. Put brackets on the bottom so it can stand up on its own.
 2. Cover the door by stapling fabric to it.
 3. Print a design logo for "Red Shoes" or send it to a local printer to have it printed on foam board.
 4. Attach 4 plastic shelves with screws to the door for the purpose of displaying red shoes.
 5. Place one shoe from each of 4 pairs on each of the 4 shelves, and use the other half of the pair for decorating purposes at the event.
 6. Have the date printed from a local printer and attach double stick Velcro to the door and then to the back of the date so they can be changed out through the year if holding more than one event.
- Refer to picture for details.



Theme: Finding freedom in Christ. Let red shoes be a symbol/ physical indicator of finding freedom from fear.

Key Verse: 2 Cor. 3:17-18 "For the Lord is the Spirit, and wherever the spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom! So all of us who have had that veil removed can see and reflect the glory of the Lord. And the Lord - who is the Spirit - makes us more and more like him as we are changed into his glorious image."

Decorations: As women arrive serve chocolate dipped strawberries. Set tables using red table cloths. Wrap shoe boxes in black and white print paper (zebra print, etc.) and place the red shoe on top of boxes in the center of table. Drape black beads around shoe. Use black napkins (these could be on the food table). Have promotional sign on display, as well as several displays of pairs of red shoes on small round tables (decorator tables would work great for this) with black clothes. Go to the Thrift Store for red shoes or ask all your friends!



Program: Activities could include:

Welcome: Read "A Red Shoes Day" by Linda Crawford. Link for this devotional reading can be found at [http://](http://sunnysideupnotscrambled.wordpress.com/2011/05/12/its-a-red-shoes-day/)

sunnysideupnotscrambled.wordpress.com/2011/05/12/its-a-red-shoes-day/

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Did You know...? Read Red Shoes and Religion

Red shoes are not just for the runway anymore. Did you know the Pope wears red shoes? Pope Benedict XVI's bright red loafers have drawn plenty of attention the past few years, making a bold fashion statement next to his crisp white robe. But why does he wear them?

Turns out it has nothing to do with fashion and everything to do with faith. Red is a liturgical color symbolizing fire and blood-the presence of God and the shed

blood of Jesus and the martyrs. The tradition of popes wearing red shoes goes back centuries, with some historians tracing it back to the Roman emperors. So the red shoes of Pope Benedict XVI are nothing new. But they do make a statement-about faith, not fashion.

What statement do your shoes make? Black, brown and boring? Why not go red instead?

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Red Shoe Fashion Show: Choose the option that best suits your setting.

Have ladies “Walk the Black Carpet” runway modeling their red shoes. Each table can choose someone to write out a brief description or story about everyone’s shoes, and choose another person to commentate using what was written as the ladies model.

Another option is to arrange a fashion show of “Red Shoes” with a local shoe stores. This could be great promotion for their business.

Red Shoes Skits: Do one, two or all four skits throughout the evening. Skits are provided at end of the program.

Guest Speaker or Devotional: Invite a speaker to talk on the theme while incorporating the theme verse. They could talk on fear and how we as women allow fear to intimidate us from owning our red shoes. They could challenge the women to share their biggest fear. Or you could use the devotional below.

It’s time to find your Red Shoes

We have had a lot of fun this evening with our red shoes. For many of you, you had to dig deep into your closet or attic to find them perhaps because you retired them several years ago. Perhaps you went out and purchased a new or used pair because you never owned a pair of Red Shoes. Most of us are probably quite comfortable wearing those old worn reliable black or brown shoes that have taken us so many places. As some of us had to dig to find our “Red Shoes”

and as we think about that from a spiritual perspective I believe that sometimes we need to dig through our closet or hamper or boxes of pain, hurt, and fear to allow God to show us the “Red Shoes” he has for us.

I’m sure not too many of us really like to dig through and clean out, although it can be exciting when we find something we haven’t seen in a long time like an old diary, a photo album or “Red Shoes”! Just like a big pile of boxes or hamper of laundry got in the way of those “Red shoes”, have our joy and enthusiasm for the Lord gotten lost in boxes and hampers of hurts and fears. Has fear been keeping us in our comfort zone, like those comfortable black shoes? God wants to break us free from our fears, hurts and pain and wants to use us in amazing ways to serve Him.

You have no doubt noticed the delightful spirit of joy and the laughter that have captured us this evening simply by wearing “Red shoes”. Some of you haven’t felt this joyful and free in a long time. Was it difficult for you to wear “Red Shoes “ this evening? Perhaps its difficult for you to let go of fears and hurts, but God is longing to give you freedom from all that this evening. Will you put on His spiritual “Red Shoes” and experience His joy once again.

You will get noticed or at least your shoes if they are red! Your new found joy and enthusiasm will get noticed as well as you allow God to use you in areas that you probably never thought possible. God doesn't promise that there will be no pain but with Red shoes, and a newfound joy the load will be one step lighter. Let’s not be fearful to dawn our Red Shoes” or the love and joy of the Lord!

Prayer Time: Make cards, or bookmarks before the event with the theme verse. Invite ladies to take one with them. See attached card with theme verse.

Door Prizes: Give away red tape dispensers as door prizes.

Refreshments: Serve shoe shape sugar cookies and/or have a local bakery or baker make a cake in the shape of a shoe and decorate it in red. You could also purchase shoe shaped chocolate molds and make them using red candy melts.



ACT 1

SCENE 1

There is a bunk bed and a dresser on stage. On the upstage wall hangs a large bulletin board with a white ribbon down the center. Everything is drab.

Tomi is unpacking her clothes from a military duffel bag into the dresser. She is dressed normally, jeans and an old t-shirt. Barb enters with a set of matching, rolling luggage. She has perfect hair, makeup and clothes.

Barb: Hi. Are you (looks at paper) Tomma...? Tom-mai?

Tomi: Tomi. You must be Barbara.

Barb: Call me Barb. Nice to meet you.

Tomi: Nice to meet you too. (indicates dresser) I grabbed the bottom drawers and the left side. You can have the rest.

Barb: ok, thanks. Which bunk is mine?

Tomi: Which ever you want. I don't care.

Barb: Dibs on the top! (*Barb begins to unpack her clothes also*).

Barb: So what's your major?

Tomi: English. You?

Barb: Communication. I love to talk so it seemed fitting. (*Barb takes out a pair of red shoes and looks at them*).

Tomi: Wow.

Barb: I know. Aren't they fabulous? A friend gave them to me.

Tomi: What would you even wear with those?

Barb: I have no idea. Probably never will actually wear them. (*Barb hangs them on the bulletin board and continues unpacking*).

Tomi: I know I would never wear shoes like that, but you seem like the person who would. You could pull it off.

Barb: Naw...I am too much. Me, with all that is me, plus those shoes...People would think I'm over the top. Everyone's always telling me to pull back. You could work those shoes though.

Tomi: I don't think so. Your friends may tell you to pull back, but mine would have a conniption if I wore those.

They both look at the shoes for a minute.

Tomi: They probably don't even fit.

Barb: They're 8s. You look like an 8.

Barb: So...You can borrow them.

Tomi: (laughing) You won't even wear them yourself! Why push them on me? I'm not enough and you're too much! Who decides who gets to be roommates in these dorms anyway?

Barb: That would be the Admissions and Records Department.

They go back to unpacking. Barb pulls out a laptop and turns it on. She watches Tomi pull out some old books.

Barb: Those real antiques?

Tomi: The works of Mark Twain. My mom didn't want to store them.

Barb: Cool. Hey, I'm going to a concert on Saturday. Wanna come?

Tomi: Concerts are generally too loud for me. Besides, I'm going backpacking this weekend. Do you hike?

Barb: Nature doesn't...like me.

Tomi: We're going to be good for each other.

Barb: How can you tell?

Tomi: We're polar opposites. There's a ton we can learn from our differences.

Barb: Ok. I like the sound of that. Let's start with you putting on the shoes.

Tomi: You first. They belong to you.

Barb: My friend gave them to me. I never would have brought these myself.

Tomi: But you like them, don't you?

Barb: They are amazing, but...

Tomi: You're chicken.

Barb: So are you! I can tell that you like them also.

Tomi: I love them. I just couldn't be seen in public with them. My beloved friends would tar and feather me. Besides, they just aren't me. This... (*indicates her clothing*) Is me. Neutral colors.

Barb: If that were true, you wouldn't like these shoes at all.

Beat.

Tomi: I'll put one on if you'll put the other on.

Barb: That's ridiculous.

Tomi: No more rediculous than those shoes.

Brab: I guess no one will see us.

Tomi: I can keep my mouth shut. Can you?

Barb: We are gonna be good for each other.

They both sit on the bed and take off their shoes. Barb jumps up and grabs the red shoes, handing one to Tomi.

Tomi: It fits perfectly.

Barb: Told you.

They stand up and look at their feet.

Barb: feet are gross.

Tomi: If you cut off your big toe, you'll need to re-learn how to walk.

Barb: That's really gross.

Tomi: There are 26 separate bones in the foot.

Barb: These shoes have 26 separate point of awesome. They look great on you.

Tomi: They look better on you.

Barb: I dunno. I think they go with your skin tone better.

They both lift up one foot so they can imagine the shoes better. There is a knock at the door and the Resident Advisor enters, finding them standing like flamingos.

Norma: Uh...Orientation is tonight at 7. See ya there.

Norma exits, suppressing a smile. Barb falls on the bed totally embarrassed.

Tomi: So much for keeping a secret.

Barb pops back up, excited.

Barb: Did you see her shoes? They were red!

ACT 2

SCENE 1

Tomi is laying on the bed, reading a textbook. Barb enters with a handful of makeup that she's just applied. Barb is done up formally.

Tomi: Wooooowww...

Barb: is it too much?

Tomi: Where are you going?

Barb: Matt won't tell me. He just said to dress up.

Tomi: Secret date, huh?

Barb: Apparently our entire group knows where he's taking me...

Tomi: *(playing innocent)* And no one's telling you?

Barb: Wait. Don't tell me you know too?!

Tomi: Matt was too excited to keep it to himself.

Barb: So am I overdressed?

Tomi: Nope. But the fact that you're asking me is laughable.

Barb: I don't know what shoes to wear.

Tomi: I would wear the red ones.

Barb: The red ones. You SO would not wear them.

Tomi: Fine. Be boring in black.

Barb pulls out the red shoes and looks at them.

Tomi: Why are you so afraid of them?

Barb: Who said I was afraid?

Tomi: I did. I'm terrified to wear shoes like that but at least I know it.

Barb: I just don't trust myself.

Tomi: Trust?

Barb: Yeah. I think they might be ok, but they might not be. I mean, we're suppose to be modest and not vain and all of that, right? I thought I was ok last time and I got chewed out.

Tomi: Last time?

Barb: I don't want to talk about it.

Tomi: Ok.

Barb: I bought a red bathing suit with some birthday money. My dad was not happy with me.

Tomi: Bikini?

Barb: Not really...it was one of those cute, halfway not really one or the other types.

Tomi clearly has no idea what Barb means.

Barb: Dad said that I was out of line. I had thought I was fine, but I returned the suit. He made such a huge deal out of it, said I was being provocative. I bought the same exact suit in black and he liked it. I've tried to play it safe ever since. If I had doubt, I threw it out.

Tomi: Generally, that's a good philosophy. But what's the concern with these shoes?

Barb: That they're extravagant. Over the top. That they put all the attention on me.

Tomi: They're shoes.

Barb: I know. I just want to do what's right. I don't want to be vain. I want to honor God with everything I do, right down to my shoes. Maybe I shouldn't even be dressed up this nicely.

Tomi: Stop. God made you beautiful.

Barb: Yeah, but...

Tomi: No buts. Your heart is headed in the right direction, but you're so afraid because of your past that you doubt even the shoes you wear. You and I both know this isn't the only thing you're afraid of.

Barb: I'll just wear the black ones. Keep it simple, right?

Tomi: Maybe God wants you to wear the reds. Maybe it would be good for you.

Barb: I'd be sooo self conscious.

Tomi: Why?

Barb: They're RED SHOES! You know what kind of woman wears red shoes?

Tomi: A woman who knows who she is and who's okay with who she is.

Barb: I'm okay with who I am.

Tomi: Prove it.

Pause. Barb picks up the shoes again.

Barb: So what do I do if someone says something about them?

Tomi: Honestly, I don't think they will. As far as red shoes go, these are actually pretty mellow.

Barb: What if Matt says something?

Tomi: Like what?

Barb: What if he says they're ridiculous?

Tomi: I don't think that he's going to...

Barb: But I'm still afraid he will.

Beat. Tomi just waits.

Barb: I'm afraid because I really do want to wear the shoes. I don't understand what that means. I want to be okay with who God made me, someone who loves red shoes, but I just don't trust myself.

Tomi: Isn't that when we are supposed to trust God?

Barb: I don't trust myself to hear God correctly. I'm too muddled up with me.

Tomi: Barb...I...

Barb: Thanks for being a good friend. I appreciate your honesty.

Tomi: What are you going to do?

Barb: I'm going to bring both. I'll let Matt choose.

Tomi: That's kinda passing the buck, don't you think?

Barb: Yeah. But it's baby step in the right direction.

Tomi: You're right. Baby steps are still steps.

Barb stands, grabs her bag and both pairs of shoes.

Tomi: You're breathtaking.

Barb: Thanks.

Tomi: Have fun tonight, ok?

Barb: I will. Later.

Tomi: Bye.

Barb turns to exit. Tomi lays back on her bed. Right before Barb exits, she puts the black shoes back down, slips into the red ones and goes. Tomi grins and goes back to her reading.

Blackout.

Act 3

Scene 1

Tomi puts on red shoes with jeans and a nice shirt. Barb starts to come in, pauses and watches from the sides, hiding. Tomi stands, balances and takes a few shaky steps.

Tomi: These things are evil.

Barb snickers.

Tomi: Are you spying on me?

Barb: (entering) Absolutely. What on earth are you doing?

Tomi ambles back to the bed and sits down.

Tomi: I figured that you would talk me into wearing these dumb shoes one of these days so I might as well figure out how to not kill myself in them.

Barb: Wait until you try walking on grass in heels.

Tomi: The woman who invented heels should be shot.

Barb: You never know, it might have been a man.

Tomi: Then he should be shot, resurrected and shot again. My heels hurt.

Barb: You've only been wearing them for thirty seconds!

Tomi: So?

Barb: I know someone who wore heels all the time, she lost feeling in three of her toes for a week.

Tomi: See?! Heels aren't healthy!

Barb: Well, her heels were 6 inches or something and she never took them off. I think it was more her excess than the heels themselves.

Tomi: Ugh.

Tomi takes off the heels.

Barb: What would it take to get you to wear those?

Tomi: An act of God.

Barb: Why? Chicken?

Tomi: Look who's talking, miss "I scream at the sight of a bug"

Barb: Yeah, but I wore the heels. In Public!

Tomi: This has become a childish peer pressure game to you, hasn't it? Let me inform you now that you will fail.

Barb: Cuz you're scared of them.

Tomi: Am not!

Barb: Look who's childish now.

Tomi: Look, I've given this a lot of thought. You were scared of wearing those because you didn't know what people would say, right?

Barb: ...Yeah.

Tomi: You thought you would get shut down because it would make you over the top. That you would be labeled excessive.

Barb: Ok...

Tomi: And none of that happened.

Barb: Right. What's your point?

Tomi: I know that I'm not going to get that much crap from my friends about red heels. Ok, maybe a little, But so what? The point is that's not what I'm scared of.

Barb: So what are you scared of?

Tomi: I'm not scared! I just don't want to wear them. Is that a sin?

Barb: Why don't you?

Tomi: Because they hurt my feet, they don't match anything I own and I walk like a duck in them.

Barb: So it's your pride.

Tomi: No! Well...maybe.

Barb: And, for the record, they totally match what you're wearing right now.

Tomi: Red,white and blue? I look like a flag.

Barb: So? Besides, blue jeans are considered a neutral color for some reason. And heels and jeans are super hot.

Tomi: I don't want to be super hot! I just want to be me! And me does NOT include red heels.

Barb: Says who?

Tomi: Says me!

Barb: Why?

Tomi: UGH! Why can't you drop this?

Barb: I think that if you had a real reason, you would be able to just spit it out. The fact that you don't have real reason other than that your pride doesn't like them because they don't go with your image.

Tomi: Well...They don't. Why is that a problem?

Barb: Because if we were really based on God, what we wear shouldn't matter. You wouldn't have a problem with them if your foundation was fully on Him.

Tomi sighs and turns away.

Tomi: I know that.

Barb: Look. The shoes don't matter. We both know that. But I think they're kinda like a thermometer for us. For me, they showed me what a fearful person I am. For you...well. You're not scared of anything. You'd climb a mountain, wrestle a bear or jump out of a plane. But you are totally against wearing these shoes. Why? I think its pride. I mean look at you, you wanted to practice wearing them so you could do it right!

Tomi: Pride and fear are just two sides of the same coin.

Barb: If you don't want to wear the shoes, that's fine. But just think about it. How many other areas of your life do you think this kind of thinking affects? And you probably don't even realize it.

Tomi: I met a guy the other day.

Barb: That was random.

Tomi: He invited me to go with him to a coffee shop.

Barb: You don't like coffee.

Tomi: So I invited him to the park. He was allergic to grass.

Barb: I could NOT see you with a guy with major allergies.

Tomi: Neither could I. But what if we're actually perfect for each other? What if my pride about coffee shops being too trendy got in the way of something beautiful. What if I wear these shoes and trip and fall into the man of my dream's arms.

Barb: Pride does come before the fall...You know this whole pride and fear thing really comes down to a lack of trust.

Tomi: Trust in God?

Barb: Yeah. When I trust in myself, it's called pride and when I don't trust myself it's fear. Maybe if we just trust God to take care of us we'll be ok.

Tomi: That sounds great theoretically, but how does that play out in real life?

Barb: That when stuff like red shoes comes into our lives, we embrace it instead of running.

Tomi's phone rings. She looks at it.

Tomi: It's the allergy guy.

Barb: Well...pick it up.

Tomi: Hey Scott...Yeah, I'm still open. Sure...How about Starbucks?...I can be there in ten. Alright. Later.

Tomi picks up her bag and grabs a light jacket.

Barb: Don't you wanna change your shoes?

Tomi: Nope. Thanks.

Barb: Good luck!

ACT 4

SCENE 1

Barb is on her hands and knees looking in the dresser, throwing shoes over her shoulder. Tomi enters, sees her, then sneaks over and sits on top of the dresser. She knocks loudly. Barb screams in surprise and backs out quickly.

Barb: NOT cool!

Tomi: What'd ya lose?

Barb: The red shoes are gone.

Tomi: No they're not.

Barb: I'm telling you, I looked and they NOT in there.

Tomi holds the shoes out, pulling them from her bag.

Tomi: That's cuz I have them. Do you need'em

Barb: I told Jessica she could use them on Saturday.

Tomi: Oh-oh. No bueno...

Barb: Why?

Tomi: I told Grace she could use them on Saturday.

Barb: Oh. Yeah. No bueno.

Tomi: Well this is fun. What do we do?

Barb: We could just give each of them one shoe.

Tomi: I think they'll notice.

Barb: This is Jessica we're talking about here.

Tomi: That's true.

Barb sits besides Tomi and smirks

Tomi: What?

Barb: I was just remembering the look on your face the first time you saw these shoes. You didn't even want to touch them.

Tomi: And now I'm pushing them on someone else. Who'd a figured?

Barb: I know, right?

Tomi: In my biblical perspectives class today we were talking about evangelism. This is kinda the same thing.

Barb: Someone gave these to us, we were uncertain then came to embrace them, and now we're giving it to someone else?

Tomi: We should write a book: the Red Shoes Gospel.

Barb: I'm for it.

Tomi: Seriously though, we've learned a lot from a simple pair of shoes. And we want others to experience the same thing. That's evangelism 101.

Barb: Except that we only have one pair of shoes and two people who we want to loan them to.

Tomi: Minor details.

Barb: Did you tell your class about the shoes?

Tomi: uhh...No.

Barb: Why not?

Tomi: I guess I was subconsciously running with the witnessing metaphor, I chickened out. Isn't that what always happen?

Barb: It makes me ask why? Why don't we share Him? I mean these shoes have helped us grow up and mature and we talk about them to people. So why not God?

Tomi: Culturally inappropriate. But thank God the disciples were apparently social imbeciles. They didn't care.

Barb: Also, the disciples and the Holy Spirit. He told them what to do and they were completely reliant on Him. I'm not.

Tomi: Me neither. But I want to be. I mean, I believe but apparently not enough to share it. We both know all the logic of "what's the worst that could happen" type thinking, but it doesn't motivate us.

Barb: Well, what motivated us to loan the shoes out?

Tomi: We both enjoyed wearing them. We liked how they looked and made us feel.

Barb: We had a good experience. Anyone who's really a Christian can tell you about all of the wonderful things God's done for them. Even through the hard times.

Tomi: Then why is it still so hard to talk about God? Because we're still afraid? Proudful? Those are the same reasons we didn't want to wear the shoes to begin with.

Barb: But we did it.

Tomi: Maybe that's it. Just do it.

Barb: Running with the shoes theme here? These aren't Nike's.

Tomi: We took a step in faith that nothing horrible would happen if we wore the shoes. And nothing did. And sharing our faith is just that, a step of faith. You just have to do it.

Barb: However, something horrible might happen.

Tomi: In America, right now, the worst is that someone might get annoyed. Maybe you'd lose your job. Maybe. But seriously, people are getting burned alive for being Christians in Asia. I once heard that before the Soviet Union fell, Russian Christians used to pray that persecution would come to America because it would strengthen our faith.

Barb: Huh.

Pause, they both look at the shoes.

Barb: We still haven't figured out what we're going to do on Saturday.

Tomi: Nope. Maybe we can ask God to multiply them.

Barb: We could ask.

Tomi: Alright. I'm going to talk to Rachel about God.

Barb: Your cousin?

Tomi: Yeah. She's really annoyed with life right now. I've wanted to talk to her for months. I'm going to call her after class tonight.

Barb: I could talk with Jason.

Tomi: I thought your brother told you to drop the whole Church thing?

Barb: He did. But he's my brother. I love him.

Tomi: What time did Jessica need the shoes?

Barb: In the morning.

Tomi: Really? That's perfect! She can have them in the morning then Grace can have them after 7. Problem solved!

Barb: I was looking forward to praying for the shoes.

Tomi: We still can if you want.

Barb: Or we could just go out and buy more red shoes!



2 Cor. 3:17-18 "For the Lord is the Spirit, and wherever the spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom!"



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