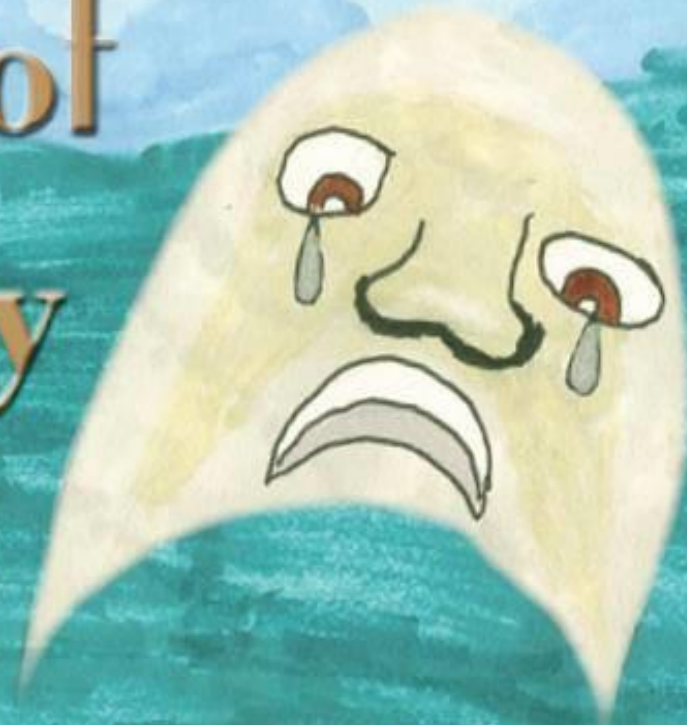




The Tale of a Runaway Toenail



by Leah Pauls Kirrane
illustrated by Michelle Earl

What can go wrong when we don't know our purpose? **A WHOLE LOT!**

Let me tell you the tale of a lonely toenail
And the body he left behind.
He thought he had no worth,
But everything on Earth
Conspired to change his mind.

The rhymes may be quirky, but they worky.

The Tale of a Runaway Toenail



By Leah Pauls Kirrane
Illustrated by Michelle Earl

This story is dedicated
to anyone who has ever felt insignificant.

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In a land far away, by the edge of the sea,
A man of great strength stubbed his toe
on a tree.

‘Twas a common event for the men of this land,
But this time was different, or so says the sand.
Yes, billions of little grains whispered to me
The tale of this man and his catastrophe.

He was a muscular man, as I mentioned before,
His muscles, they bulged through the
shirt that he wore.





And poor man, he could never find
britches his size,
For he had the most marvelous, muscular
thighs.

This body seemed perfect, in its stock
and store,
But something was wrong with
the man on the shore.

As he walked on the beach, he could
feel the sand ooze
Through his toes, which, for some
reason, carried no shoes.



Curiosity spurred the sand grains to unveil

An interesting fact of this, thought, “perfect” male.

Yes, the feet to the sand sang in rhythm and blues

Of a missing toenail and the life he did choose.

Meanwhile, not far from the talk taking place
Between sand grains and callouses on the foot-face,
A lonesome toenail who'd once had a home
Now stood in self-pity, afraid and alone.
He had no idea of what would take place
On the body whose size made him feel a disgrace.

The toenail cried, "I'm so lonely today!
From my place on the body, I've stolen away.
But my actions are justified, don't think they're not
For the proud have instructed and rich men have taught
That the smaller one is, in life's massive array,
The less one can do, and the less one should say.

And since I'm just a wrap on a blistered big toe,
I think that I'm worthless, so sulking I go."





Now the fruit of the grapevine had heard the nail mourn,
So, they said to themselves, “from a toe there is torn
A quite ignorant creature, with head hanging low;
His thoughts must be changed, he can’t be thinking so!”

While the leaves and the grapes discussed
what they should do
To aid the toenail in getting a clue,
The time for the strongman’s encounter with fate
Had arrived, and sand gives an in-depth update.
As the toes to the sand wailed, “oh we’re so blue!”
They neglected to spy an enormous bamboo.

CRUNCH! Impact echoed its scream o'er the waves,
As the bully bamboo crushed the toe with its stave.
The tree knew, for he heard the man's largest toe wail
That there is no protection where there is no nail.
So, the once perfect form of the brawny man, brave,
Now writhed in affliction and wished for his grave.

“My LORD!” cried the man, as his mind could still muse,
“I'd not be in this state had I just worn my shoes!
Which brings me to sit, and to think and to ponder...
I'd not be in this mess had my nail not gone yonder!
Now I risk amputation instead of mere bruise,
If infection sets in, my whole leg I could lose!”



A few inches away, on an old rotten stump,
Some infectious bacteria sat in a clump.
“Just look toward that tree of bamboo over there,
A sweet piece of flesh sits for us all to share!
HOORAY!” cried the germs, “let’s abandon this dump!”
And they whooped a loud war cry, and off they did jump.

As infection raced on to the blood-feast divine,
Sand gave news to a breeze, and the breeze to the vine.
When the vine had caught wind of the news of the man,
It shouted right back, “Yes, we’ll do what we can
To teach this toenail his purposed design
And get him to ward off infection in time!”



Now, the fruit of the vine racked their brains to contrive
A good way to help the toe's spirit survive;
To motivate him, and get him to go
Save the strongman's great life, by way of his toe.
They remembered just then, the most wise branch alive,
And how he had read Romans 12: 4 and 5.

“My friend,” said the grapes, “have you read the good word?”

The nail shook his head, for he hadn't yet heard.

“Well, it says that the body has numerous members,

And each quite unique in the job that it renders.

But comparing your size made you feel quite absurd,

And you saw not your mission to shield and to gird.



Hey,
you're
important
too!

“Now you, my good friend, have neglected your calling,
And, so, your good host has more followers falling.
But be of good faith, and back to your toe run!
You’ve no time to lose, there’s a race to be won!”
So off ran the toenail, he was no longer stalling,
For he had to prevent the infection from mauling.

The toenail knew he was in for a fight,
And the wind carried news of this terrible plight.
All nature now planned for this coming disaster
As infection ran fast and toenail ran faster.
At long last the finish line came into sight
And the toenail sprinted with all of his might!



Into the stretch the foe raced in dead heat!

But the toenail knew that the germs it must beat.

A few inches from end, a short prayer to God

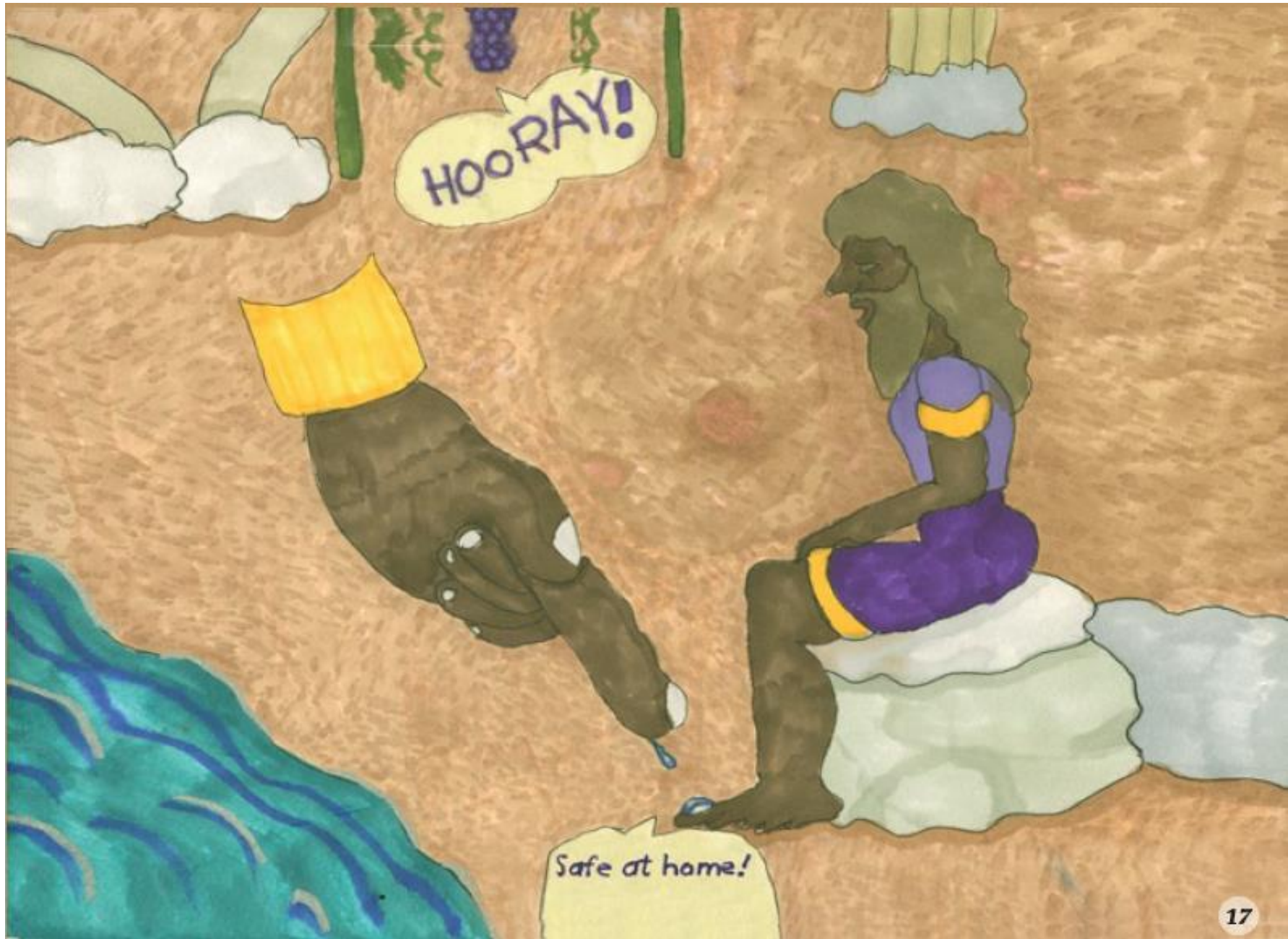
Was thrown out by the toenail, and down a foot trod!

All the poisons who thought their power could defeat

Were now smashed to a pulp underneath the LORD's feet.



Then God healed the toe that the bamboo had sliced
And shared the good message of how we are spliced.
From a toenail to bicep, we're all made unique,
To work for the good of the total physique.
So, we, being many, are one body in Christ;
Members one of another, most precious priced.





Author
Leah Kirrane

Leah is a home-schooling mom, writer/musician, and co-founder, with her husband Cameron, of [The Omni Foundation](#).

Born and raised in California, she has also lived in rural Edmonton Alberta, Canada, and now lives in Mpumalanga, South Africa, where she and Cameron, are building their dream and sharing their message together. It is a message of Peace, Community, Self-sustainability, and the Oneness of Creation.

Leah wrote this story when she was 19, after hearing a sermon on the body of Christ. Her pastor, Mitch Ribera, said, “Sometimes we feel like an old, useless toenail on the body, but even a toenail has a purpose.” She then waited to meet the perfect artist/illustrator to come along. It took 25-years for her to find Michelle Earl, at a café in Edmonton, where she recited the epic poem at an open mic. Or was it Michelle that found Leah?

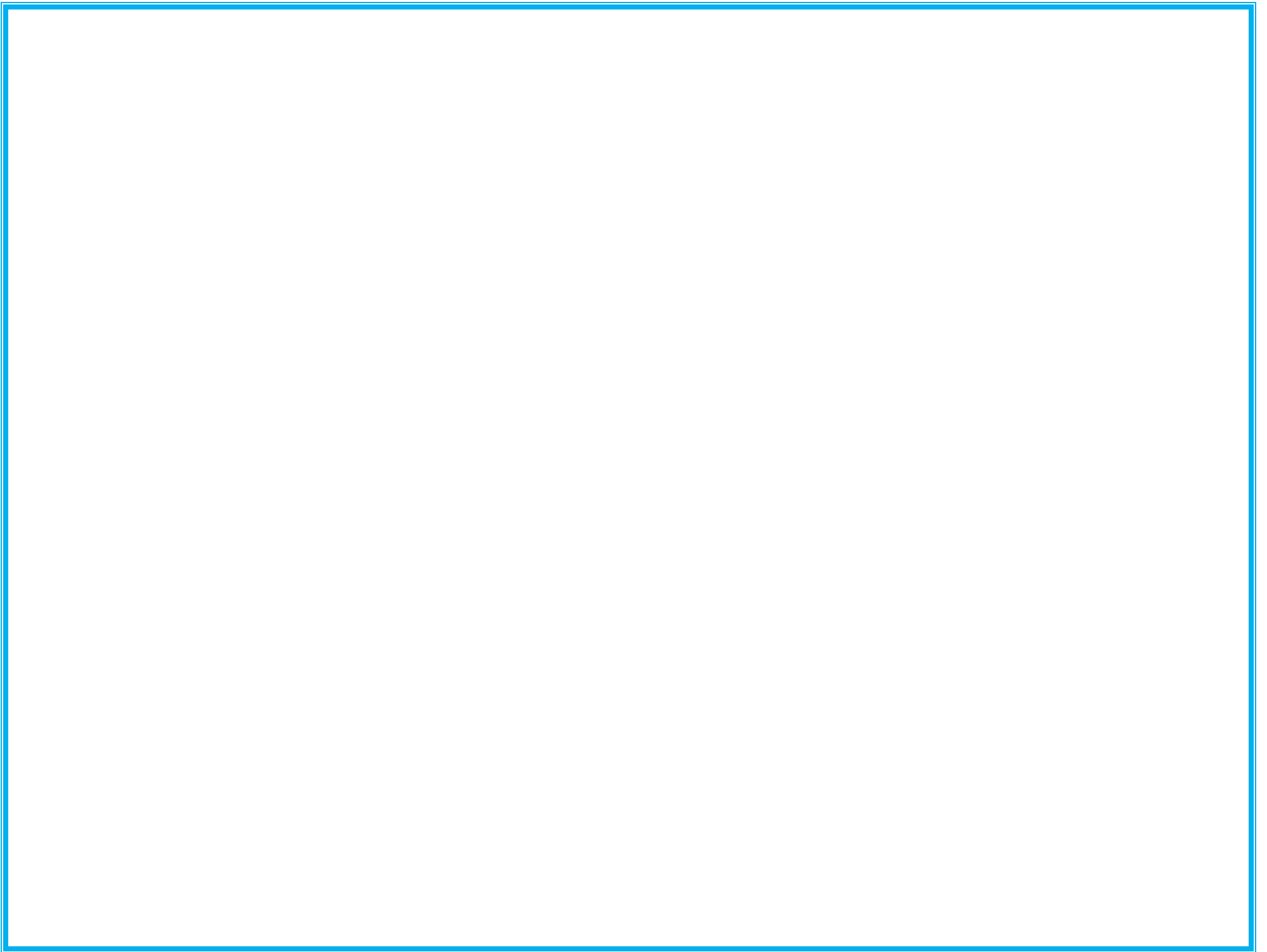
You can find reach Leah on Facebook ([Leah Kirrane Music, Books and Poetry](#)), on her website: www.leahkiranno.com, and on [YouTube](#)



Illustrator
Michelle Earl

Michelle, is a legally blind digital and mixed media artist who lives in Edmonton Alberta Canada with her husband George. She has been an artist and writing for most of her art for most of her life. Her favorite genres are fantasy and Sacred Art. She shows her art at festivals like Heart of the City as well as local art sales.

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“Sometimes we feel like an old, useless toenail on the body; but even a toenail has a purpose.”
~Pastor Mitch Ribera

“The Tail of a Runaway Toenail is a wonderful short story that illustrates the amazing purpose of everything in life, and that size is relative in the greater scheme of the Universe. Life always conspires to remind us of our awesome place in Life if we care to listen.

Although written for children, the timeless lesson is for everyone.”

~Anna-Mari Pieterse -Founder: Reclaim and Live uBuntu