Perspective of a Lost Sheep   100524

I was cold and wet and dark, and my fur smelled bad. Through my own foolishness I had wandered far away and was totally lost. As I struggled to find shelter, I had time to think about what I had done wrong – not just this time, but over most of my shaggy little life.

I didn't like to be told where to lie down[1], and I felt the shepherd was leading us places that fit his own agenda. I wasn't sure that I wanted to follow him forever. I became part of another flock, but the shepherds let the sheep knock each other around[2] and were not really concerned for their welfare. I finally left this group and went out on my own.

I decided I would like to check out the rushing waters. They were not nearly as refreshing as I thought they would be, and I felt out of sorts in the new environment. I began to think about all of the advantages that I had lost. I was never in need of anything; there was always plenty to eat and I felt secure. My shepherd was always there to protect me, and comfort me whenever I felt bad.

My thoughts made me realize how wrong I had been. I knew I was not worth coming after, and that I would never see the Good Shepherd again. While thinking about this during in the night, I heard noises and was terrified. Someone was coming, but as they got closer I began to recognize the voice of the shepherd! I was immediately relieved and crept out of my meager hiding place to greet him.

It was hard to believe. He had left all of the others[3] temporarily because I was precious in His eyes! And I rejoiced that when I was lost[4] he came and found me!

1. Psalm 23; here and following
2. Ezekiel 34
3. Luke 15:1-7
4. Matthew 25:31ff