



Monday Matters

July 21, 2014

The Shepherd

As a kid growing up I remember the neighborhood was relatively new. There were a few houses on the street and over the next few years more were built. The streets behind our house were undeveloped and left a lot of room to roam and play. It was also a safe neighborhood with a park being laid out within walking distance. It was a kid's paradise.

During the summers I would be out from dawn to dusk, stopping in for a sandwich for lunch. In those days my friends and I didn't have cell phones to check what time it was. We didn't have watches to know when it was time to come in for dinner. We had parents who would call for us. When it was time for Gary to come in his mom would step out on the front porch and whistle. That whistle was so loud that no matter where Gary was he could hear it. When it was my time to come in my dad would simply step outside and yell my name. Our ears were tuned in such a way to hear that whistle, to hear that voice.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago farmers would hire a shepherd to take care of their sheep. The duty of shepherds was to keep their flock intact, protect it from predators and guide it to market areas in time for shearing. The shepherd would walk among the sheep and would talk to them. The sheep would recognize his voice and follow his leading. This video shows a shepherd in a dense fog where the sheep couldn't see him and vice versa. But when the sheep heard his voice, they came to him and he was able to lead them to where he wanted them to go.

The Bible portrays Jesus as our Shepherd. He is there to lead us, to guide us, to provide for us. He is there in the brightest of days. He is also there in the darkest of night. I would encourage

you to listen for His voice. In the midst of your troubles, listen for the Shepherd. When all seems lost, listen for the Shepherd. When there seems to be no way out, listen for the Shepherd. The familiar Psalm, the 23rd, puts it this way:

"I don't need a thing. You have bedded me down in lush meadows, you find me quiet pools to drink from. True to your word, you let me catch my breath and send me in the right direction.

Even when the way goes through Death Valley, I'm not afraid when you walk at my side. Your trusty shepherd's crook makes me feel secure.

You serve me a six-course dinner right in front of my enemies. You revive my drooping head; my cup brims with blessing. Your beauty and love chase after me every day of my life. I'm back home in the house of God for the rest of my life." (The Message)

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The Good Shepherd & His Sheep



Ron Nelson, CCA - Email - MondayMatters.us@gmail.com

Linda J. Nelson - Email - ArtByLJNelson@bellsouth.net

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