

The Shepherd's Trek

Jesus the Shepherd treks for miles
Climbing steep rocky terrain
Thorn and thistle covered hillsides
Wading through swirling rivers;
For His lambs He always looks;
For many waters cannot quench love!
Suddenly, He comes across a meadow
Lambs are packed in like sardines
Some are running to and fro
He pauses to watch.
Many of the lamb's eyes are closed
They doze their days away
'Wake up!' the Shepherd calls out.
'I could take you to My home, today.'
They fail to see Him; their ears don't hear.
Some lamb's eyes are partly open
'Come unto Me,' Jesus beckons
But their gaze turns in other directions
'See what the Shepherd wants later,' they mutter
Then to His joy, He sees some lambs,
With wide-opened eyes,
Staring straight at Him
His heart leaps – by these He's been seen!
'Stand still My loves, My fair ones!'
Jesus shouts.
'A big wind will blow over this field'
'But those who eyes are on Me,
Won't be swept into a dark eternity.'

*Bronwyn Batty,
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