

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

ISAIAH 40:11, JOHN 10:1-14

Growing up, "Candid Camera" was one of my favorite television shows. Some of you remember the punch line... "*Smile, you're on Candid Camera.*"

The show's crew orchestrated pranks which caught people off guard, while filming their reactions.

It was a humorous half-hour of television.

One episode featured a prank staged on a college campus. The Candid Camera crew posed as career consultants. They took the brightest students and gave them a battery of tests and interviews. The students were told that the testing would determine the career positions for which their personalities were best suited.

The students chosen for the review were all *articulate, adept, and ambitious*. Each assumed the counselor would tell them they were cut out for *Bank President... Corporate Executive... Research Scientist*.

But with each student, the consultant reported, "*After a careful evaluation by our panel of experts it's been decided that the best job for you is... shepherd.*"

Shepherd? The facial expressions of the students were hilarious. They were stunned, shocked, floored.

These ambitious 20-somethings didn't know whether to laugh or cry. *Who in their right mind would want to be a shepherd? And what did it say about them for an expert to think they had what it took to be a shepherd?*

It was such a relief to the students when their advisor told them, "Smile, you're on Candid Camera."

But think about it, who in the world would want to live his whole life with *smelly, stubborn, stupid* sheep?

The life of a shepherd, especially in the Middle East during the first century, was an extremely rigorous responsibility. The shepherd lived twenty-four hours, seven-days-a-week with his sheep. The sheep were in constant peril and the shepherd was always on duty.

It's interesting, dogs are known for their *loyalty* - oxen for their *strength* - cheetahs for their *speed* - rabbits for *their ability to multiply* - *but sheep...*

Sheep are known for their sheer stupidity!

If one sheep walks off a cliff, the rest of the flock are so dense they're liable to follow him to their deaths.

This is what makes the shepherd's job so grueling.

And sheep are not just stupid, they're also selfish. They'll devastate a pasture. They gorge themselves until the ground is bare and they leave nothing for later.

Sheep are notorious for damaging the land.

They're also edgy and excitable - they scare at the drop of a hat. A lone jack rabbit can set off a stampede.

The work of a shepherd was *dangerous, demanding, difficult, draining*. As Candid Camera knew, who in their right mind would want a career caring for dumb sheep?

Yet in Isaiah 40, *and then later in the NT, John 10*, none other than the Lord of Glory signs up for this tough job. Jesus is the **shepherd** of God's sheep!

Here's another **portrait of Jesus in the prophecy of Isaiah**. In Isaiah 40:11, Jesus is in mind when the Prophet writes these words, **"He will feed His flock like a shepherd; He will gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those who are with young."** Jesus is the shepherd of God's flock.

And here Isaiah tells us how Jesus tends the sheep. He **"feeds"**, and **"gathers,"** and **"carries,"** and **"leads."**

This is also what Jesus said of Himself in the NT. In John 10, He uses this same metaphor for His ministry.

Because shepherding was such a strenuous job it created some tough and roughnecked shepherds.

Hard work makes for hard men. And in the first century, shepherds had gained a notorious reputation.

The shepherd spent so much time *in the fields, with the sheep, fighting off predators, catering to stubborn sheep* - some shepherds forgot how to act civilized.

Shepherds developed some uncouth habits. When they finally returned to civilization, they stirred up trouble. Shepherds were rough, and wild, and rowdy.

In contrast, in John 10, twice Jesus calls Himself, “**the good shepherd.**” He’s as rugged and rigorous as any other shepherd. He likes the *hard work*, but He keeps a *soft heart*. Most shepherds let the *stupidity, and selfishness, and shakiness* of the sheep create in them a callousness toward the flock. *But Not Jesus!*

The Good Shepherd is kind and patient. He “**gently leads**” the flock. Jesus cares for each of His sheep...

This morning I want to examine the outline Isaiah provides us... Then we’ll color between the lines with Jesus’ words about His shepherding in John 10.

Notice first, Isaiah 40:11 says of Jesus, *“He will feed His flock like a shepherd...”* Jesus **feeds** His flock...

He nourishes us with spiritual strength, and courage, and virtue. Then He hydrates our soul with satisfaction.

In John 10:7 God puts it this way, “Then Jesus said to them again, “Most assuredly, I say to you, I am the door of the sheep. All who ever came before Me are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them.

I am the door. If anyone enters by Me, he will be saved, and will go in and out and find pasture.

The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.”

A familiar sight at the time of Jesus was the sheepfold. Every green hill had a holding yard for sheep. They dotted the countryside all over Palestine.

The shepherd would bring his flock in at night to shelter them from the elements and the predators.

The sheepfold could be a **cave**... or an enclosure made of **mud** or **thorn bushes**... Most often the tall walls around the sheep were **piles of stone**... The only way in or out of the sheepfold was through a narrow opening. The sheepfold had no actual doors or gates.

The shepherd was its door. His body became the barricade. Once the sheep were tucked in at night, the shepherd would lay over the threshold, and stay between the sheep and the dangers that stalked them.

And this is the kind of relationship Jesus has with His sheep. There's only one entrance into His Kingdom, *and that's through Him* - but when you come He takes personal responsibility for you - He protects and feeds.

Notice what Jesus says in John 10:9, *"I am the door. If anyone enters by Me, he will be saved, and will go in and out and find pasture."* He promises *salvation and pasture*. Jesus doesn't just save us, *He satisfies us*.

Pastures in Palestine aren't the huge, flat grazing lands like you find in Texas. Most of Israel - especially near Jerusalem - is rocky and mountainous. Tiny pockets of pasture lied in between the steep slopes.

Ample supplies of lush grass were often difficult to access. It took a skilled, and caring, and experienced, and determined shepherd to find pasture for His flock.

And likewise, we live in a rocky, barren world...

Spiritual pasture is hard to come by, but our **Good Shepherd** knows our need and where the pasture can be found. He always keeps His flock full and satisfied.

I love the expression Jesus uses, *“If anyone enters by Me, he... will go in and out and find pasture.”*

I hate to admit this, but when I read those words I think of *“In N Out Burger”* - a California dietary staple!

Last week I was in California, and the moment I exited the plane I found pasture at *“In N Out.”*

It's usually in the form of a juicy, succulent, satisfying **double double** - two pieces of cheese and two beef patties. *Oh man! It's in and out, in and out...* You pull in, graze a bit - then you go out and run awhile until you're hungry again - then it's back in... it's *in and out*.

And this is the Christian life. There are moments when the Good Shepherd feeds us - He stuffs us with love, strength, and wisdom - but then He exercises us.

Jesus doesn't want *fat sheep*, but *healthy sheep*.

In ancient times, sheep were raised for their wool and milk. The only time they were slaughtered was for sacrifice. Thus, the shepherd didn't want plump, chubby sheep. He tried to grow them lean and healthy.

And the same is true of Jesus! He feeds us with spiritual truth, then He leads us in the application of that truth. We go *in to rest*, and then *out to serve*.

At times the **Good Shepherd leads us in** - to feed us and protect us. But then He **leads us out** - beyond our normal boundaries to stretch our faith and work up a stronger appetite. He leads us *in and out, in and out*.

The Christian life is a blend of feeding and leading... satisfying and stretching... security and serving...

Always remember, Satan's goal for you is *disaster*, but Jesus leads us into *pasture*. Verse 10 tells us, **“The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy.”** Never forget this is Satan’s desire for you.

Whenever he tempts you to wander from *God’s will* or *God’s flock* this is the destination you’re headed. His ways end in death. He wants to rip off your blessings.

Usually, when wild dogs attack a flock of sheep, it’s not for food. They simply tear and mutilated the bodies.

The dogs have a *perverse desire* to do nothing but destroy the sheep. This is Satan’s desire for your life.

On the other hand, Jesus promises, **“I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.”** Literally, the word is **“superabundance.”**

Too many Christians settle for less than God’s best.

It's like a [Chicken broth](#) or [Chunky Chicken Noodle](#) - *which would you want?*
Give me *the Chunky Chicken!*

And this is the Lord's desire for you and me - a rich, and full, and fruitful, and chunky life. Our only limits on the blessings of Jesus is the littleness of our faith.

Once, an old man told of his first drive over the Rocky Mountains. He was in a 1946 Ford. The steep grade took its toll on the motor. It overheated, forcing him to stop several times. The trip was stressful.

He eventually made it over the mountains, but he didn't enjoy the ride - didn't see much of the scenery.

Recently though, this same fellow made another trip over the Rockies, this time in a brand, new Ford truck.

This time his motor purred like a kitten, as he climbed the inclines and hugged the curves. This trip had no apprehension. His journey was fun. Several times he stopped to admire the panoramic views.

And *without Jesus*, life is like this man's first trip. But *with Jesus*, it's like his second. He makes a difference!

With or without Jesus, life's terrain doesn't change.

Everyone's life is full of steep stretches and sharp curves, but with the power of Jesus under my hood I run better - I don't overheat. The challenges remain, but I can enjoy the journey and savor the scenery.

But Jesus doesn't just **feed** His flock, He also **gathers** the sheep. Isaiah writes, **"He will gather the lambs in His arm..."** He knows us by name and draws us together. If we stray, He's quick to bring us home.

Remember Luke 15, Jesus told a parable about the one lost sheep! The shepherd loved the one enough to leave the ninety-nine, to rescue and bring him back.

In John 10:1, Jesus tells us, **"Most assuredly, I say to you, he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door, but climbs up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he who enters by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the doorkeeper opens, and the sheep hear his voice; and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out."** In ancient Israel often multiple flocks and shepherds used the same sheepfold. They stayed together at night, as one of the shepherds laid his body over the entrance to the fold.

Only a thief would try to scale the wall or breach the fold some other way. A shepherd would go to the door.

He was recognized and loved by his sheep.

A shepherd had a relationship with each of his sheep. They spent their days together. They were with each other year after year. A shepherd knew his sheep personally. To the shepherd his sheep were like pets. He treated them the way you treat your dog or cat.

A stranger might approach the flock, look out over the sea of sheep, and conclude they all look the same.

But the shepherd would be quick to disagree and would start pointing out all the subtle distinctions...

"Watch that one walk and notice how its back hoofs turn inward... Look at the patch of wool missing off that sheep's back... Over there, look at that sheep's bent ear... See that sheep, note the discolored spot just above its left eye..." The shepherd knows each sheep.

This is why Jesus says in John 10:14, "I am the good shepherd; and I know My sheep..." In verse 3 He says, "he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out."

Jesus *knows us*, yet He still *loves us*.

At the end of John 2 it was said of Jesus, “He knew what was in man...” Jesus can read people. He has an uncanny ability to anticipate our thinking, measure our character, and take the temperature of our hearts.

Psalm 103:14 reads, “He knows our frame; He remembers that we are dust.” When you come to Jesus its not like a job interview where you’re putting your best foot forward. He already knows your faults.

There’s *no sense* paving over with *pretense*.

Jesus knows His sheep, but He loves them for what they are - warts and all - blemishes or not...

Jesus knows that sheep are prone to wander - that sheep have a stubborn streak - that sheep struggle...

That one in the back can get prideful... The one to the left battles with lust... That one can get angry...

The Good Shepherd knows each of His sheep - *their strengths and weaknesses* - yet loves them anyway.

He uses His knowledge of the sheep in *how He leads them and where He feeds them*. In fact, Jesus loves His sheep so much He calls them by name.

A good shepherd gives each sheep a name...

“That one who wants to be an actress, her name is **Meryl Sheep**... The female sheep that thinks she can sing, that’s **Miranda Lambert**.... That funny one always cracking the jokes he’s **Wooly Allen**... That wild and crazy rock and roll sheep, that’s **Kid Rock**...

The fat one always bleating on the radio, he's **Rush Lambaugh**... The musicians who can really play, they’re called **Ewe2**... And the guy with the uzi and the bandana that's **Lambo**... Sorry, for the *baaad* jokes.

My point is that a good shepherd knows each of his sheep by name - *and Jesus is that kind of shepherd.*

This past week I taught a block class at the CC Bible College in Murrieta, and I had a young girl from Korea in my class. Her name was “**Hey-Jung**.” It took an ole Southern boy like me several tries to pronounce her name correctly, but I got it... And every day, several times a day, I made a point of calling her by name.

On Thursday I solicited the students for feedback, and here’s what *Hey-Jung* wrote, “**Thank you for remembering my name and calling me every class... I feel these classmates are really family in Christ.**” It meant something to her that I learned her name.

Jim Payne operated the Texaco Station next to our old location in Stone Mountain. On Sundays, Jim would visit a nursing home and minister to the old folks.

He told me when he first started, he had very little success. He would walk the hallways, greeting the patients, "Hello, Mrs. Jordan, how are you today?" "Mr. Morgan, it's a fine day today isn't it?" They would respond with blank stares - maybe he'd get a nod.

One day, Jim asked his predecessor what he was doing wrong. The fellow asked him if he called the patients by their **first name**? Jim said no. He felt it was inappropriate to call his elders by their first name.

The man told him, "Jim, next Sunday use their first names, and see what kind of reaction you get."

So Jim tried it... He walked down the hall, "Hello, Wilma, how you feeling today?" A big grin rolled across her face. Wilma asked him to sit down and visit awhile.

"Charlie, are you enjoying this beautiful day?" Old Charlie lit up. He started sharing what was on his mind.

Jim discovered the power of using a person's name.

Next to the word “Jesus,” the sweetest sound you'll ever hear is that of your own name. This is the personal love and concern Jesus shows us, when He says in verse 3, *“He calls His own sheep by name.”*

After Jesus had risen, even His faithful follower, Mary, failed to recognize Him. She mistook Jesus for the gardener... Of course, she thought He was dead.

Three days earlier, she had witnessed the brutal crucifixion, and even begun His burial. Perhaps it was the shock and surprise... Or as we've discussed, maybe it was the terrible facial scarring Jesus still bore.

Whatever caused her not to recognize Him, it ended when Jesus spoke her name. The moment He said, “Mary,” she replied, “Rabboni” - or “My Teacher.”

Her father use to scold her “Mary!”

The other girls would whisper, “Hear about Mary.”

The men in her life use to say, “Mar-ry Ba-by.”

Her parole officer just shook her head in frustration, and sighed, “Mary, Mary.”
But the way Jesus called her name it spoke hope, and forgiveness, and respect.

She'd always delighted in Jesus speaking her name. We're told in verse 4, *“The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice.”* We gather to the sound of His voice.

Friday night I got home and had to call an automated service to pay a bill. They kept wanting my personal identification code. I'd already given them *my name*, and *address*, and *account number*, and *phone number*.

But they wanted my *personal identification number!*

I was mad. I started screaming into the phone. Wailing at the machine. It wasn't exactly my finest hour.

I'm just glad, I'm not a number to Jesus! He doesn't ask for my PIN - He **gathers** me *by calling my name*.

And thirdly, Isaiah says the Good Shepherd **carries** us. When we grow weak, or fall, or get injured, Jesus promises to pick us up and **“carry us in His bosom...”** He cradles us in His arms, close to His heart.

John 10:11 tells us, **“I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd gives His life for the sheep.**

But a hireling, he who is not the shepherd, one who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and flees; and the wolf catches the sheep and scatters them. The hireling flees because he is a hireling and does not care about the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and I know My sheep, and am known by My own.” Only the Good Shepherd loves the sheep enough to carry them through the dangers.

Sheep face all types of potentially lethal enemies - *wild animals, treacherous terrain, desperate thieves.*

A good shepherd counts the cost, He’s aware of the hazards. He’s willing to lay down his life for the flock.

Once, a tourist was visiting a Syrian shepherd. He noticed how the man was the gate for the sheepfold. After gathering in his sheep, he laid over the opening.

The shepherd told him, "I am the door. No one gets out or gets in unless they go over me." You've heard the phrase, "over my dead body," this was quite literal for the shepherd. On a nightly basis, a shepherd was willing to lay down his very life to protect his sheep.

And this is what Jesus means when He says in verse 7, "I am the door of the sheep." He alone is all that lies between us and danger... *The world* is full of peril. *Sheep* are prone to wander. *This is a bad combination.*

Satan is a thief looking for an easy mark... He’s a wolf licking his chops... We’re safe only because Jesus stays in the doorway between us and the enemy.

Jesus isn't a *"hireling"* or a *"hired hand."* The hireling cares very little for the sheep, he works for a paycheck.

He doesn't love the sheep. They belong to someone else. They're not *his* sheep. *He's in it for the money...*

You could say, he could care less about the ewes. All that matters to the hireling are the *bucks - literally.*

Jesus spilt His blood to purchase the flock, *don't you think He'll do all that's necessary to protect His investment?* Jesus won't drop us at the sight of danger. He carries His sheep and sacrifices for the flock.

I'm sure you've read the poem, *"Footprints In The Sand."* A man's journey through life is compared to a walk on the beach. In his wake are seen two pair of footprints. He and Jesus were walking side-by-side.

But there's a stretch where only one set of prints are visible. The man asks the Lord, *"Where did You go? That was the time when I needed You the most?"*

Jesus replied, *"That's when I was carrying you."*

We don't have to see Jesus to know He's carrying us. *Think of being carried by the shepherd from the sheep's vantage point.* From the shepherd's bosom, *nestled to his chest, buried in his arms,* I doubt if the sheep can see his face, yet he still knows he's there.

And the same is true for us. We don't have to see Jesus to know He's carrying us. The footprints are His.

The story is told of a Medieval knight who went to the Middle East on one of the crusades. He was captured in battle and brought to the Muslim sultan, Saladin.

The knight pleaded for his life. He told Saladin of his wife and children, and how they needed him at home.

Saladin was unmoved, "Aw, they'll get over your death, and learn to live without you." The knight begged, "No they want, my wife will never recover."

Finally Saladin proposed a test, "I'll save your life on one condition. If your wife sends me her right hand, then I'll know she truly loves you." To the Sultan's surprise, the woman cut off her hand and shipped it to him. Today, there's a church in England with a statue of a woman who gave her hand for the man she loved.

Yet Jesus sacrificed far more to save us. Not just *His right hand*, but *His life* was cut off for our sake. On the cross, the Shepherd laid down His life for His sheep.

Under the OT's sacrificial system it was the sheep who died for its shepherd, but under the New Covenant it's the shepherd who gives His life for His sheep.

Jesus carried us to the cross, to die in our place. The Good Shepherd was sheared, so we could be saved.

Jesus **feeds, gathers, and carries** His sheep, but the Good Shepherd also **“leads”** His flock. Isaiah 40 tells us, He’ll **“gently lead those who are with young.”** Jesus treats His people like pregnant lambs.

This past fall I spoke at a CC Leadership Conference in New York. Our host, Pastor Scott, had met a real-life Irish shepherd. He interviewed him at the conference.

And it was fascinating, to hear a genuine, modern-day shepherd describe his love and care for his sheep.

What I recall most about his talk was his concern for the pregnant sheep. They’re especially vulnerable.

They don’t even have to be touched. Often they’re so skittish they die of fright. If they’re not kept calm they shiver so much the umbilical cords disconnect and they lose their lambs... *And Jesus leads us like a shepherd cares for his pregnant lambs - softly and tenderly.*

A shepherd is gentle. Inside a believing heart *the seed of God's Word and the life of God's Spirit* grows.

Rather than risk a miscarriage, He handles His sheep with *kid gloves!* The Good Shepherd knows that if protected and given time that believer will bear fruit.

But it doesn't happen overnight. It takes time. The Shepherd understands the process. He has patience.

Notice John 10:4, “And when he brings out his own sheep, he goes before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. Yet they will by no means follow a stranger, but will flee from him, for they do not know the voice of strangers.” In the morning, the shepherd, *not some stranger*, leads his sheep from the fold. His sheep are familiar with His voice - *and follow*.

As I mentioned earlier, often several flocks were housed in the same sheepfold. At night the sheep intermingled. But in the morning the shepherds would shout their calls, or play their flute - and instinctively the sheep unscrambled and followed their shepherd.

The story is told from World War I, about a battalion of Turkish soldiers who tried to steal a flock of sheep from a pasture just outside Jerusalem. The shepherd had dozed off and didn't realize what was happening.

When he awoke, he ran to the edge of the cliff and saw his flock being led away. There was no way he could fight the soldiers singlehandedly, so he cupped

his hands around his mouth, and shouted out his peculiar call. The sheep stopped and listened, then turned around and rushed back to their shepherd.

The soldiers were powerless to retaliate. The sheep knew their shepherd's voice and were trained to follow.

It reminds me of the Adams' flock. When my four kids were young, and it was dinnertime, everyone could be scattered all over the neighborhood. Yet I had a special call that alerted them to come home.

I walked out on the back deck and shouted our signal, "Hooty hoo, hooty hoo." It didn't take long before all four kids came lumbering up the driveway.

My little sheep knew my voice. They were familiar with *its tone, pitch, cadence, accent, volume, depth.*

It wasn't just the words I shouted, it was their familiarity with my voice... You could've shouted, "hooty hoo" until you were blue in the face, but my kids would turn a deaf ear. They'd probably look at you, and wonder what in the world got caught in your throat. It meant something only coming with the right voice.

And likewise Jesus' sheep should refuse to respond to any other voice than that of their shepherd.

The relationship between the shepherd and sheep is based on familiarity. They live together and learn each other's *voice... ways... tendencies... mannerisms...*

Sheep follow a shepherd because they know Him.

And this is what frustrates me with a lot of Christians.

They expect the Lord to lead them, but they've done nothing to familiarize themselves with their Shepherd.

For all practical purposes He is a stranger to them.

Jesus calls, or whispers, or even shouts His "hooty hoos," but His sheep are dense and slumbering. They aren't paying attention, and fail to recognize His voice.

Here's what happens, we get into trouble, or reach a sudden crossroads, and cry out to God for direction...

Yet we've never opened our Bibles to hear how God speaks, or spend a season in prayer to hear His heart, or examined His ways by meditating on His works... *and thus, we fail to receive the vision we need.*

Divine guidance is no secret. It's not some spiritual hocus-pocus. God doesn't communicate through a series of mystic vibrations or supernatural sound-waves that only the ultra-spiritual person can pick up.

The sheep know the shepherd, and the shepherd knows the sheep. Guidance comes out of an intimacy and familiarity. When you read the Bible you eavesdrop

in on God's thoughts. You learn His inclinations... *Then when you need to hear from Him, it isn't that hard.*

One characteristic you learn quickly about the Good Shepherd is He never drives His sheep. You've heard of a *cattle drive*, but you've never heard of a *sheep drive*. You can *drive cattle*, but you have to *lead sheep*.

Jesus says in verse 4, *“He brings out His own sheep, He goes before them; and the sheep follow Him.”*

You'll never find the shepherd in the rear of the flock cracking the whip, and beating the sheep, and forcing the flock to head down a path they refuse to travel.

He doesn't **drive the sheep**. He **leads the sheep**.

Jesus uses the familiarity that exists between you and Him to introduce an idea. At first it could be subtle, you're not even sure whether its from Him or you.

But soon you warm up to its implications and start to see its possibilities. Before long it becomes the desire of your heart, and something you can't wait to do.

This is how the **Good Shepherd** leads His flock.

Once, an Israeli tour guide had just explained to a group of tourists that a shepherd never drives his sheep. That's when their bus zoomed past a shepherd *driving his sheep*. The tour guide lost some credibility.

The next time he passed through that area the guide saw the fellow. He asked him, "*why would a shepherd be driving his sheep?*" The man replied, "Everyone knows a shepherd leads. He doesn't drive his sheep."

The tour guide said, "*Exactly, that's what I thought, but the other day our tour bus saw you beside the road driving a herd of sheep?*" That's when the man told him, "Yes, but I'm not a shepherd. I'm a **butcher**."

Satan is a butcher. He doesn't care for the sheep so he drives them to destruction. If you're a driven soul, and there's *no peace in your life - no rest in your spirit* - you're not being lead by **the Good Shepherd**.

If all you dwell on in your life are the goals you've yet to obtain - or money you've yet to make - and you care little for the relationships that are going uncultivated... know for certain the thief is herding you to market.

Satan's goal is the destruction of your sanity and integrity, the break-up of your marriage, the collapse of your family. Whereas, **the Good Shepherd** loves you!

Jesus doesn't drive His sheep. He leads them into good pasture... He **feeds, gathers, carries, and leads**.

What more could a flock of a dumb sheep want?

Is *your shepherd* the *Good shepherd*?

In July 2005 several real-life shepherds met at a cafe in Istanbul to eat breakfast. While they were inside they watched 1500 of their sheep jump off the same cliff.

A newspaper wrote, “In the end, 450 dead animals lay on top of one another in a billowy white pile.” The tragedy cost the sheep-owners \$100,000... One the sheep had walked off the cliff, and the others followed.

Sheep are dumb. They can't survive without a good shepherd. *And neither will you!* Don't follow the other sheep, follow the Shepherd. If you don't know Jesus as your *Good Shepherd*, submit your life to Him today!

And if you have decided to trust Jesus, I hope you're breeding some familiarity with Him. *The sheep knows the shepherd and the Shepherd loves His sheep.*