

Sermon

The Extreme Sheep - Pull the wool over my eyes

Luke 15:1-10

15 Now the tax collectors and sinners were all gathering around to hear Jesus. ² But the Pharisees and the teachers of the law muttered, "This man welcomes sinners and eats with them."

³ Then Jesus told them this parable: ⁴ "Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them. Doesn't he leave the ninety-nine in the open country and go after the lost sheep until he finds it? ⁵ And when he finds it, he joyfully puts it on his shoulders ⁶ and goes home. Then he calls his friends and neighbours together and says, 'Rejoice with me; I have found my lost sheep.' ⁷ I tell you that in the same way there will be more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who do not need to repent.

Have you ever seen a happy sheep? What about a sad sheep?

I know what you're thinking, we all look the same.

Believe it or not you're looking at a joyful sheep.

I suppose I don't really feel that joyful, but the important thing is that I believe I'm joyful. And I believe I'm joyful because my Shepherd convinces me – it's a tough job for him but somehow, he convinces me – even on my worst days I have joy inside.

My name is Shorn. Let me tell you about my mob and the Shepherds camp.

You should see my camp – My Shepherd and his mates – they're all dags – they're always happy and full of joy.

There always celebrating and they say it's because of "me".

Every time my Shepherd get's me out of trouble they celebrate and have a meal together.

Seems like they're always celebrating about something.

There're a weird mob – what do you think?

Somehow, I always seem to get lost and sure enough my Shepherd always finds me. It's almost a routine – day in day out.

I find it annoying in a way because I'm an extreme sheep. I like life on edge. I like it out there with the dingoes and dogs – a bit of adventure. I'm not sheepish. I like doing my own thing.

But He always finds me and drags me back to camp – back to celebrate.

Sometimes I wish he would just leave me alone – what do you think?

You should see us fight.

I struggle and kick – I even bit him once – but he just holds on tight.

So I try and pull the wool over his eyes.

Once I hid in the dark perfectly still like a lost coin.

But he looked and looked until he found me.

Yes! Dragged me home – another meal another celebration.

I just can't stop him; I think he likes me – What do you think?

Once I got sick of him and his bleating heart so I hid myself real good.

It was in a dangerous place. I was going to let my wool down and have bit of fun.

There were wild dogs every where – miles from home. I wanted to test him.

I Thought I'll see how "good" this Shepherd is. It was sheer delight.

Sure enough I saw him looking for me – I reckon he saw me – I could swear he saw me. But he went away. I tell you I was stuck out there for days. I couldn't move – darn dogs every where. I was starving. I was starting to get really scared. I thought I was a gonna.

I thought that's typical – just when I need him to find me he's turned his back on me. I prayed – I mean I really prayed – and he still didn't come. No kidding after a couple of weeks I was at the end of my Tether.

I'd had enough – I took back all the good things I had said about him. I cursed him - I called him a "hobby farmer". I said – that's it – it's all over – we're finished.

Just then he came. He came when I was cursing him. But I didn't care what I'd said – I ran flat out to see him. You wouldn't believe it after being left out like that I was glad to see him.

You know how it goes – back to the camp – another celebration – more joy.

I promised him that I would never go off like that again – that's a good promise what do you think?

The very next day I wandered off - I know I said I wouldn't – but I acted like a sheep and followed the others.

We went to a place where sheep just aren't supposed to go.

I can't tell you where it is – I am ashamed. I want to keep it to myself.

Believe me it's not a good place – but he still came and found me.

The thing is, when he found me, I knew deep down I shouldn't have been there.

I was embarrassed that he saw where I was. He saw me at my worst. He was disappointed.

I thought he was going to belt me or kick me for sure. But he said nothing and led me back – I wasn't game to struggle this time – in fact I wanted to go back. I wanted to say sorry to him.

I waited until the meal and he listened to me – it seemed as though we were one - and then everyone celebrated. I thought to myself why are they celebrating, don't they realise what I did today.

That meal tasted real good.

Sometimes I just want to be near him and hear his voice. What do you think?

That mob in the camp they're always rejoicing – rejoicing, rejoicing. I'm not one of those hoof waving types. It gets a bit much – I wish they would knock it off - they say they do it all for me – it's embarrassing.

When I'm copping all this stuff I think of my mates. Why me? – there're 99 others in my mob.

You know I said to him once; “why don't you go and get one them for a change and leave me alone?” He said, He can't get them??

He said that the others reckon they have “no need” to come back??

That raised a few doubts with me. Took me a while to get over that.

I can't help thinking “why am I so privileged?”

I'm really worried about the 99 - what do you think?

Why does he do all this for me – I'm no goody four shoes.

I worked it out – it's just the way he is. It's his nature – he can't do anything else.

In fact, if he was to do anything else but love me he wouldn't be who he is.

He's different – every time he drags me back he shows everyone who he is and what he's like.

I think he would die for me – it's his nature – what do you think?

You know there is this other “shepherd”.

We don't like him at all - he wears Ugg Boots – I think he's a fake.

This other so-called shepherd caught a whole mob of us on the wrong side of the fence – he could see all the trouble we had caused. He had us trapped. He rounded us up and shoved us on the truck.

We hate the truck- we've seen it before - it takes sheep away and they never come back.

We're really scared of the truck. We were shoved on, no choice at all – it was the end as far as I was concerned.

But you'll never believe it, just as the truck was about to go, the door opened, we were shoved off the truck. I ran like mad – jumping over things that weren't even there. When I was far enough away I looked back to see what had happened.

You'll never believe it. I saw my shepherd, the good shepherd, on the back of the truck – he was there - right where I was a moment before. He was looking at me between the rails – he was silent.

I thought why him? Why him? He's a good shepherd. Then the truck took him away and I never saw him again.

Something happened on that truck – I think he saved my life – what do you think?

It's true I never saw him again but that doesn't matter.

I know he's still around I can hear his voice. I hear him calling me back - Back to the camp – Back to the meal and back to the celebration.

Yeah we talk lot about him - but better still we hear his voice.

One thing he tells me especially that is to go and tell the 99 about what happened on the truck.

You know he still finds me – I still feel his love - we still eat together.

I'm still one with him – that's my Joy – what do you think?