

Thoughts for Sunday, May 3, 2020

Psalm 23

¹The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

²He makes me lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside still waters;

³he restores my soul. He leads me in right paths for his name's sake.

⁴Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I fear no evil; for you are with me; your rod and your staff— they comfort me.

⁵You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

⁶Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord my whole life long.

Cowboys “drive” cattle. But shepherds “lead” sheep. It’s hardly a subtle distinction.

The Good Shepherd does not stampede us towards salvation.

He calls his flock. We know his voice.

The Good Shepherd has earned our trust. He went to the cross for us. And in the glory of Easter, in the rebirth of spring, he’s back among us. The gentle Jesus is risen triumphant over sin and death. Look around you through the eyes of faith.

He is in our midst... comforting, encouraging, protecting... leading us home.

And what is our answer to Christ’s love call?

“Sorry I’m busy.” “I gave at the office.” “I’d like to help, but not right now.” There’s an encyclopedia of excuses. I’ve heard them all. And I’ve used a lot of them. Chances are you have too.

But the Good Shepherd does not give up on us. He is relentless.

Listen for him. Follow him.

That may not mean a mission to the third-world. It may mean just more quiet time with Jesus... or reaching out to a neighbor who’s struggling... overlooking a slight... forgiving a hurt.

But what better way to spend the Easter season than listening for the voice of the risen Savior?

What better way than answering the Good Shepherd’s call?

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