

The Soft Spot

If a sheep seeks to rest on a soft spot of ground,
Then it is in danger of being "cast down."

As she settles into that rounded-out hollow,
A sudden flip to her back will follow.

And so she lies kicking her feet in the air.

In spite of her struggles, she is helpless...trapped there.

In this awful state, she will fall easy prey

To any predators coming that way.

Without food or drink, in the heat of the sun,

Her pitiful efforts to live are soon done.

Vultures now circle to darken her sky,

Sure that this victim will certainly die.

But that little sheep should never despair!

Her shepherd has seen those death-wings hovering there,

And his feet fairly fly over rough terrain

To get her back up on her feet once again!

The vultures are scattered, and the seekers of prey;

With the fling of his rod he drives them away.

With joy and concern he turns to his sheep,

His hands gently rubbing her numb legs and feet.

How softly he speaks words that comfort and chide,

And carefully turns the poor sheep on its side.

At last his strong hands set the sheep on her feet;

Then it's back to the flock, her rescue complete!

"Why art thou
cast down, O my
soul? and why
art thou disquited
in me? hope thou
in God: for I shall
yet praise Him
for the help of
His countenance."

Psalm 42:5

"He restoreth
my soul."

Psalm 23:3

As with the sheep,
So with God's own;
He never leaves us
Trapped and alone!

