

A Meditation on the 23rd Psalm
By
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The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

We rejoice this morning that you are our shepherd,
O Shepherd of Love Divine.

By your grace we do not wander aimlessly
in the uncertain wilderness of life ;
for you call to us and show us the way;
ever gentle, ever sure.

O holy Shepherd of Bethlehem,
you provide for our needs
far greater than we can want.

We celebrate this morning
that you have brought us together as your flock
to feast unceasing in the rich pasture of your Holy Church.

We do not want more, Tender Shepherd,
for there is nothing left to want
once held and filled by Thee.

*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures and leadeth me beside the still
waters.*

You invite us Shepherd Lord, to be still, to rest,
to move away from the crowd of the herd
to lie down and quiet be;
in the beauty of the world you have made for us.

We rest in the lushness of your love,
safe from the troubles of the world,
our hearts at peace,
our minds at rest in Thee.

You call us to yourself
ever urging us back
from the cliffs and crags
and dangers of the world ;
if we would but heed Thy loving call.

You pull us gently away
from harsh wave crashing
and wrestling tide pulling ;
to the calm waters of your grace
that we might be still
in the beauty of your Creation and
know that thou art God.

Your peace is not hard to find,
you have hidden it not;
if we would but follow thee and
if, in the chill of life we might only look
we would find none other than Thee
warm beside us.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yes Lord, you reach into the very core of us,
into the trueness of who we are,
as sheep of thine on fold
as lambs of thine own redeeming;
and you take our troubled and tormented souls
tarnished by the toxins of this world,
you hold them in your hands and
clutch them to your sacred heart
so that our souls,
might, by they tender care
be made whole again.

You take our souls to yourself
and wash them clean by your mercy and
bathe them lovingly with the
caress of your nail pierced hands
so, that as the paths of life stretch out before us
we might choose the one down which you lead us
O Shepherd of the World;

for on that path of righteousness
and that path only
dwells the hope you hold for us all,
O Shepherd of our Soul.

You give us eyes to see the right path
even when the world grows dark
and ears to hear you as you call
ever to each of us ;
“here my little one – here my beloved -this way –
follow me,
follow me”

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

O Mighty Shepherd strong to save,
though we see the dangers round about us
in a violent world in uncertain times;
yet by our faith in You, we do not live in fear.

We know,
because we care one for another
that to live is to face illness, and loss, tempest, storm,
terrorism, war and even death
our own and those who now dwell with you eternal
but we know, O Shepherd of lives and souls,
that we do not face these fears alone;
we face them together
as part of the fold
under your watchful and protecting eye.

We know, Strong Shepherd
that in each of those terrifying moments of life,
it is your hand that holds ours,
your tears that flow with ours,
your heart that breaks as ours break,
your hope that give us hope.

We live on despite the hard parts of life
because thou art with us ever
as you have promised.

*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou
anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

O Generous Shephly, you have blessed us so richly
we have no words.
In a thousand, thousand ways,
you have laid before us all that you have made
and given it to us freely
to enjoy and love and care for.

Everywhere we look
we are surrounded by your endless generosity
from the glory of the setting sun
to the gentle beauty of the rising moon.

From the birth and joy of children
to the bitter-sweet parting of our beloved to thy eternal care.

We eat and drink and are filled
day after day and year after year
for all the world to see how generous you are.

Help us to remember
O Shepherd of the Feast,
that the rich banquet table of this life and the next
have been set and filled to overflowing
by your sustaining hand.

You have, by our baptism and our life together as disciples,
set us aside as your own,
anointed us as your disciples in the world,
to tell your story,
to extend the hope of the conquered cross,
vanquished death, the tomb abandoned
and eternity assured.

Our cups over flow with your gracious goodness.

Our thirst seems endless
Yet drink though we might
we can never take in all that you give,
O great Shepherd of Abundance.

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will
dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

O Faithful Shepherd,
we rest in the comfort
that though the world may give up on us,
and though we might give up on ourselves
your faithfulness with never fade
nor will your hope and help.

We are surrounded by your eternal goodness
around us on every side.

Your mercy falls down upon us all
like a gentle summer rain
refreshing our troubled souls,
lifting our spirits
making glad our hearts.

We rejoice Shepherd of Heaven,
that for all of our days in this life and the next
we dwell with you and all who love you.
World without end
O Shepherd, Master, Lord and Friend. *Amen.*

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Eastertide !V
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