

The Stray Sheep

Where am I? I kept questioning myself. I must be dreaming, am I not? I have never seen this place before. I heard the wind rumbling behind me. O! What a shame to be gone from your shelter. O! What a shame to be far from the beloved fragrance. I kept trembling. I have never been this cold before. I can hear my own heartbeat. Calm down! He's going to come, I ensured myself. But why am I quivering then? If I am assured that my beloved one is going to come; why do I keep on questioning it? I felt a strange something growling behind me. What a day for the predator behind that is going to be sate because of me. The idea of it startled me. This is not going to be the end; no I am not going to be eaten by a random vigorous lion. I searched for a place to at least find peace to lie down because of the soreness of my leg, but no there was none. I kept remembering my friends, what we used to play and how we were happy with him. I just kept thinking of him, longing for his presence, craving for his smell. O! That fragrance, I could tell if he was coming just by that, I could follow his pace all day long just by getting a whiff of that. He usually holds me tight as he was afraid I would be lost, well look at me now he does have a point. I will never be lost again. I will never play far from my shelter. I don't even acknowledge how I got here. Well, me and my everlasting curiousness. I regret every step that led me to this devastating place. After getting kicked by the crisp, I just want to return and be within his arms, close and safe seeing through his eyes as they are a blazing fire, touching his white hair, astonished by his robe with a golden sash and his voice, I bet you wouldn't be standing if you heard a bit of his voice, it is like a rushing waters. O my! O my! I kept longing for you, needing your presence, seeking your voice. May I please get a bit of your fragrance, so I would know you are near to me. My heart kept beating faster. "Calm down," I said breathing harder than ever, he is near or he will be near. He will come for me. He is longing for my presence as I am to his.

My knees began to disown me. My eyes were fighting tears. I kept on sniffing. Is it true or is this his presence. My eyes started watering. Whom am I kidding, he is coming. I began jumping as I have forgotten my knees were sore for a while. And who says crying was for the weak. I cried a river back then. My beloved one is coming how could I not cry? He is getting near. I have waited and longed for his presence. I sniffed. Yes, it is him. He found me in the dark. He found me as I was all alone. He found me as I was scared and agitated, he came for me. I kept on jumping. My beloved one has searched for me through the desert, where there is no place to find peace, where the predator was growling behind me. O, my beloved one has come. He has come for the wondering one. His fragrance gets closer and closer. A sudden warmth began to wrap me up. I totally forgot the cold that was shivering me up. "He is getting near," I said. Wait, he is getting near, what if he is furious? I just made him go after me to this place. I took one stride back. He is furious isn't he? He left all the others at the waste land and searched for me

all day long till he sees where I am. I must beg when I saw him or he will just depart from me. How could I handle being departed from him? "Depart from me I never knew you," I kept on trembling. Those thoughts kept on going and scaring me, I wish I could just shut them down. But he knows everything. He knows how great was my need I would have been glad to take the pig's food, and no one gave me anything. He knows how great the hunger and the cold were. He knows I was thinking about him through all my sufferings. I was pleading to see his face, hear his voice and be near to those arms. I was sniffing all day long hoping that he will come. I took one stride ahead towards the direction of where he was coming. No, I know him and he knows me. I will get up and go to him, and will say to him that I have done wrong. He is my beloved one after all; whom will I go to if not him? He has come all the way here for me. He will not leave me in the dark. I sniffed, he is getting nearer. I was filled with a rush of excitement but still was afraid.

I heard his footsteps. I have this huge smile on my face. I was afraid but the excitement took over. I returned back to the jumping. What is soreness of leg? I have never felt that thing before. I jumped high and even higher. And there he was standing in front of me not a single furiousness crossing his face. What was I babbling about? His love was much greater than finding me was like a prize for him. He was beaming wider than me. I have never seen him with this delightment. How could that even be possible? I was lost but now I am found, and there is my savior in front of me beaming more than ever. He picked me up, cuddled me near to his chest. I could hear his heartbeat. He was so afraid of losing me that he didn't take a break and searched all day long. He gave me kisses, lots of them. He saw me with his eyes, like a blazing fire, they were filled with pity and love. He looked straight into my eyes not fazing, he smiled and said, "you were gone away but you have come back." What a joy he has! I have never felt this loved before. It's so massive that it makes you think that you belong to be there cuddled by him. Not because of my doing, well all I did was be lost how could it be of my doing, but because of his love. O his love that is never tired of waiting. O his love that is kind and has no envy. It has no opinion of itself that he forgot all the way that he has come but he kept thinking of the way I longed. O his love that has no pride. It has a power of undergoing all things, having faith in all things, hoping all things. What is greater than love? As it is greatest of all. The sound of the growling predator behind me has gone. Well, how couldn't they. I turned around and glared at the dark, wishing I would never be back again. Take me, take me home my shepherd.

We have gotten home. I kept looking for my friends. Maybe they are at the stall because I couldn't find one out of the ninety nine. I looked at him he doesn't look bothered that they were out of sight, this means they are nearby. They should have been here though; they should have welcomed their lost friend. He went straight into the neighborhood, his face beaming with happiness. He sent to them saying, "be glad with me, for I had gotten back my sheep which had gone away." He told his servants, "be ready for let us have a feast and be glad." I looked again

through his eyes, mesmerized by the delightment they were filled in. I promised myself that I should always be happy just because of him.

We went to the stall but they weren't there. As we were passing by, we saw them at our grazing place. They were gathered, all filled with rage. They glared at me as they have never seen me before. All my happiness and smile went vague. I looked at him he is still holding me tight. He had a huge disappointment on his face. He called them but they ignored him and continued to babble like an empty can. "You were the salt and the light for the earth," he said. No answer was responded. He then spoke to them, "but if the taste goes from the salt it is then good for nothing. " They looked at each other and scoffed. How could they? Scoffing at our shepherd? I could beat them all, couldn't I? Well, I do take a walk and have a fresh grass daily. I got furious, forgetting that I doubted and departed from him at the same day just a while ago. "I called you but look where you're standing at, out of your stall because of your envy," he said. They all look the same. They were like ninety-nine but one, all filled with rage that it was hard to separate them. I kept questioning, they are possessed aren't they? They don't look like they will be back anytime soon. One from the ninety-nine fastens his step towards our shepherd. He stopped and he gave our master the biggest glare. I tried my best to control my feelings. My legs began dangling. I scoffed out loud making sure he will hear me. He gave me a look that was filled with jealousy. I was in wonder. What are they jealous about? If only they had known how safe it was to be at the stall near him this wouldn't happen. I was crying out loud calling his name all day. Were they looking ahead for me to be lost forever? Their representative, I suppose, began his speech "All these years we were faithfully at the stall, hearing your voice following you and everything, but you never gave us these much care and attention." So this is what all this drama is about. They couldn't handle the idea of me cuddling to our master. I wore my wry smile and laid my head on his chest, seeing at my corner of my eye as they squint their eyes and clench their teeth at me. "But when," their representative kept on going; he never knows when to stop, does he? , "but when your sheep has been lost, you left all of us at the wasteland and searched for him all day," he stated. My beloved one gave them a 'so what' look. This made them more furious. Therefore I sprinkled a little giggle, to make them burn in anger of course. "You risked your life for what? When we are here, always eager for your love. What has he done to gain all this attention? Did he follow you faithfully? Has he been at your service? Has he looked at you with love? No! Absolutely not! But we did all those things, all the following was done by us not him. He did one thing and that was being lost." He said glaring at me. The tension has risen now. Well, he got a point. I looked at him what a well-spoken sheep working hard to get me kicked out. My shepherd said to him, "My dear, you are with me all the times. But look at your brother, he was lost but now found, he was dead but now he is living again, he had gone away but he had come back." I began shedding some tears. He proceeded "but let it not be so with you. For who is greater, let him become like the younger: and who is chief be the servant." They looked at each other as I was bursting through tears. They were

wrapt with remorse. I stared at him. So this is love, so he is love. He left the 99 for the one, and that was me.