

Liminal Lamb

Description



To follow a shepherd makes sense to a sheep
To be led by a lamb...what a leap

When the lamb here grazed

Most eyes glazed
By them he went unappraised

He was one of many black sheep
Consigned to any trash heap
His track, considered too steep

Baaing, he neared—they peered, then feared
Clawing, they sneered and jeered

Not spared, he was speared,
then disappeared
while they smeared his blood
Then history flashed like a flood

He went from odd lamb to God-Man
Today, you may be a fan

But would you have followed him then?

Remember, he was a liminal lamb,
not a lauded leader
Considered a criminal sham,
an impeder of what God did

Would you have followed him then?

Those who didn't follow him
worked for bread,
buried their dead,
pillowed their head,
made farewells said,
being bred or wed put family first,
not fully immersed,
at rebuke reversed,
clutched their ism,
sought syncretism,
let freeze their heart
for ease on their part,
and at the end wouldn't reason

Those who did follow him
carried their cross,
counted the cost,
hungered for light,
strove for right,
learned to love correction,
followed divine direction,

rejected vain gain,
let self be slain,
walked the one way,
didn't delay,
were teachable in all,
as a child small

If today, you find the way of a black sheep just too steep—
if being led by a lamb seems like such a leap,
your eyes are glazing
and you need to start rephrasing
the story in your mind
Make yourself inclined
to follow behind
whatever is true
Only then will reason reign
and the lamb that was slain
be kept in view

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