



## **Psalm 56:8**

**You have taken account of my wanderings;  
Put my tears in Your bottle. Are they not  
recorded in Your book?**

**Father God, what are my wanderings? Well, sheep wander and stray and the Shepherd seeks them. Sheep wander for a little blade of green grass they see, even while standing in a grassy field. Wanderings bring sheep into briars and thistles and thorns and often into pathways where their prey awaits them; they move into a lost direction never finding the way home; they climb to high places and a fall takes place. When the sheep realizes he is lost from home, lost from his fold, hurting from injuries received in attacks, painful pricks and pokes from thorny weeds, he loudly bleats, and the Shepherd of love runs and rescues.**

**People cry. Father, I have cried from my wanderings. You have your book, and I know my record. I am old now, Good Shepherd of love, and even my heart is tired. Put my tears in your bottle, and walk with me. Amen.**

