

## Creative Submission: Poetry



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### The Shepherd's Daughter<sup>1</sup>

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My Father is in the pulpit  
he claims the Good Shepherd will lay down  
His life for me

He says that He restores my soul  
and here

In this old building  
there is a pool  
I guess  
of refreshing water  
and I can lay down  
He says  
in some grass

But the Good Shepherd looks a lot like my  
Father  
and I'm not sure he would  
let me lay down  
by a pool  
and rest

there is a photo on the wall  
He holds a sheep  
lost  
crippled  
weak

A wandered sheep safe in His arms

But  
I'm not sure my Father,

the one in the pulpit  
would come and get me if I wandered

Like a lamb  
that chose  
to stray

from the

rules  
regulations  
expectations  
and  
congregations

And I want that.

To be held  
and carried in the arms of a Shepherd

But I'm not sure I can leave this old building  
to lie down in green pastures  
and rest  
by some quiet water

So, I sit, just right  
in this pew  
and try very hard  
to believe  
my father in the pulpit<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Author is a Vanguard College alumnus that wrestles with accepting the ways that things have always been done and seeking to live life in a way that challenges cultural norms. They do this by living cross culturally here in Canada and sharing the ways and life of Jesus with youth from various religious and cultural backgrounds. They have chosen to remain anonymous to protect those youth and this ministry.

