

## Lead Me To Your Door; 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Easter

*The long and winding road*

*That leads to your door*

*Will never disappear.*

*It always leads me here.*

*Lead me to your door.*

*The Beatles -From the Let it Be album, 1970*

I've always loved this song. I've often wondered what was the "door" that Paul McCartney was singing about. A long lost love? A passage to a deeper, more contented life? Whatever, that door may be, it is an entry into this week's gospel (John 10:1-10).

"I am the gate for the sheep...Whoever enters through me will be saved and will come and go and find pasture. A thief comes only to steal, slaughter and destroy. But I have come that they might have life and have it abundantly."

In the ancient world, when sheep returned to the fold at night after a day of grazing, the shepherd stood in the doorway of the pen and examined each one as it entered. If a sheep were scratched or wounded by thorns the shepherd anointed it with oil. If the sheep were thirsty, he gave them water to drink.

That's what Christ does with you, with me.

He doesn't probe you looking for your flaws, all the ways you fall short-he's already fully aware of those things-as you are. No, this shepherd looks for the places where you have been scratched and wounded by the thorns of life, the places where you thirst within.

And to those places he applies grace, mercy, forgiveness and unconditional love to where life has scratched you.

On the 'long and winding road" of life there are lots of thorns, plenty enough to cut and bruise your soul. But along the way we meet people who are a healing salve. We celebrate sacraments that water our thirsty spirits. We even discover sacred places that lift us up and get us back on our feet. The shepherd graces our twists and turns, even our meanderings.

At the end of the "long and winding road" that is the story of your life, you will find a door, a gate that is Christ himself. He always loved you. He loved you more than you could believe or imagine. And never for a minute did all those "scratches" make you less lovable.

For he was no stranger to thorns.

Lead me to your door.

O God, lead us to *that* door. *Amen.*