

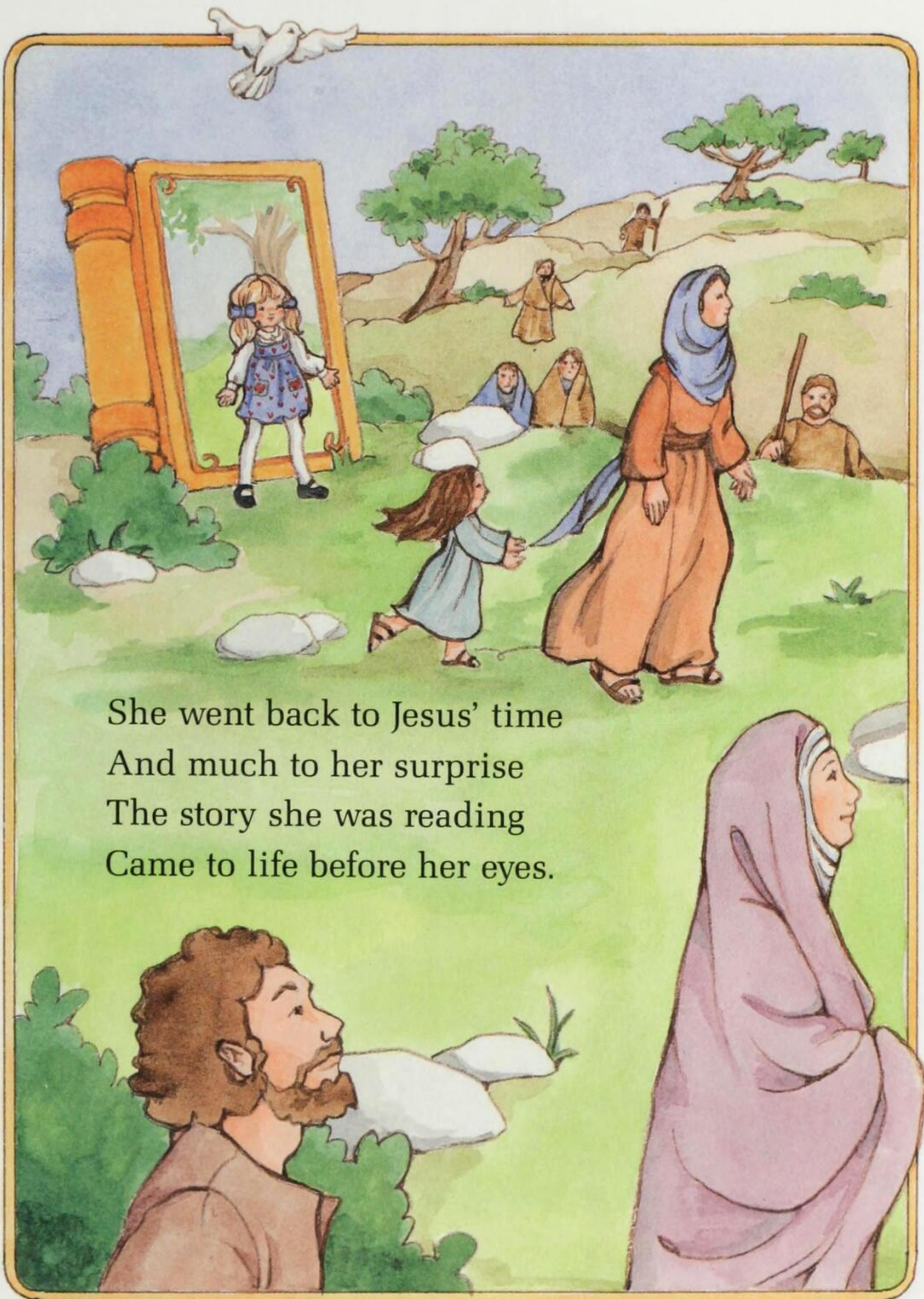
The STORY Of The LOST SHEEP

An
ALICE
IN
BIBLELAND®
Storybook



Written by Alice Joyce Davidson
Designed by Victoria Marshall

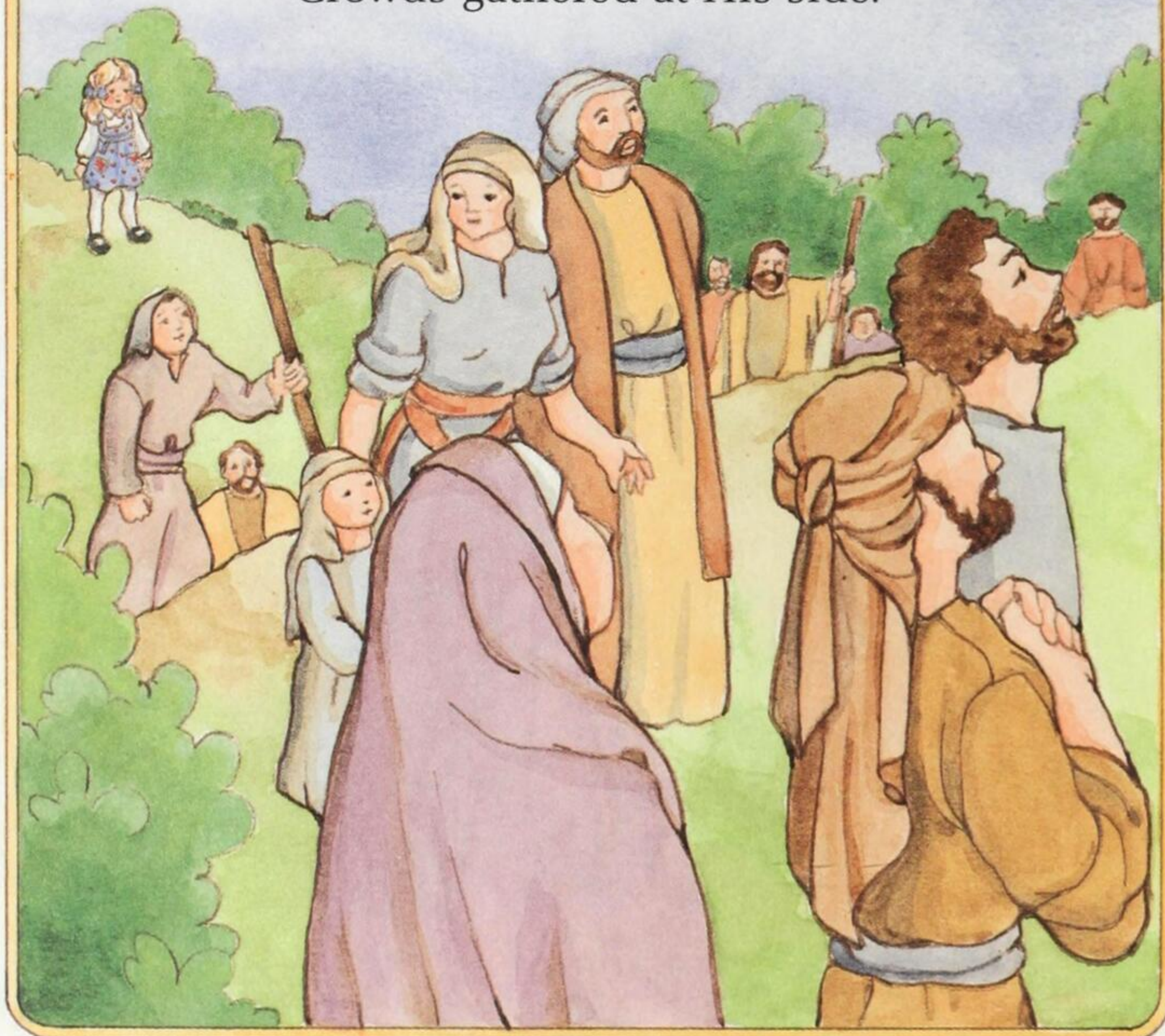


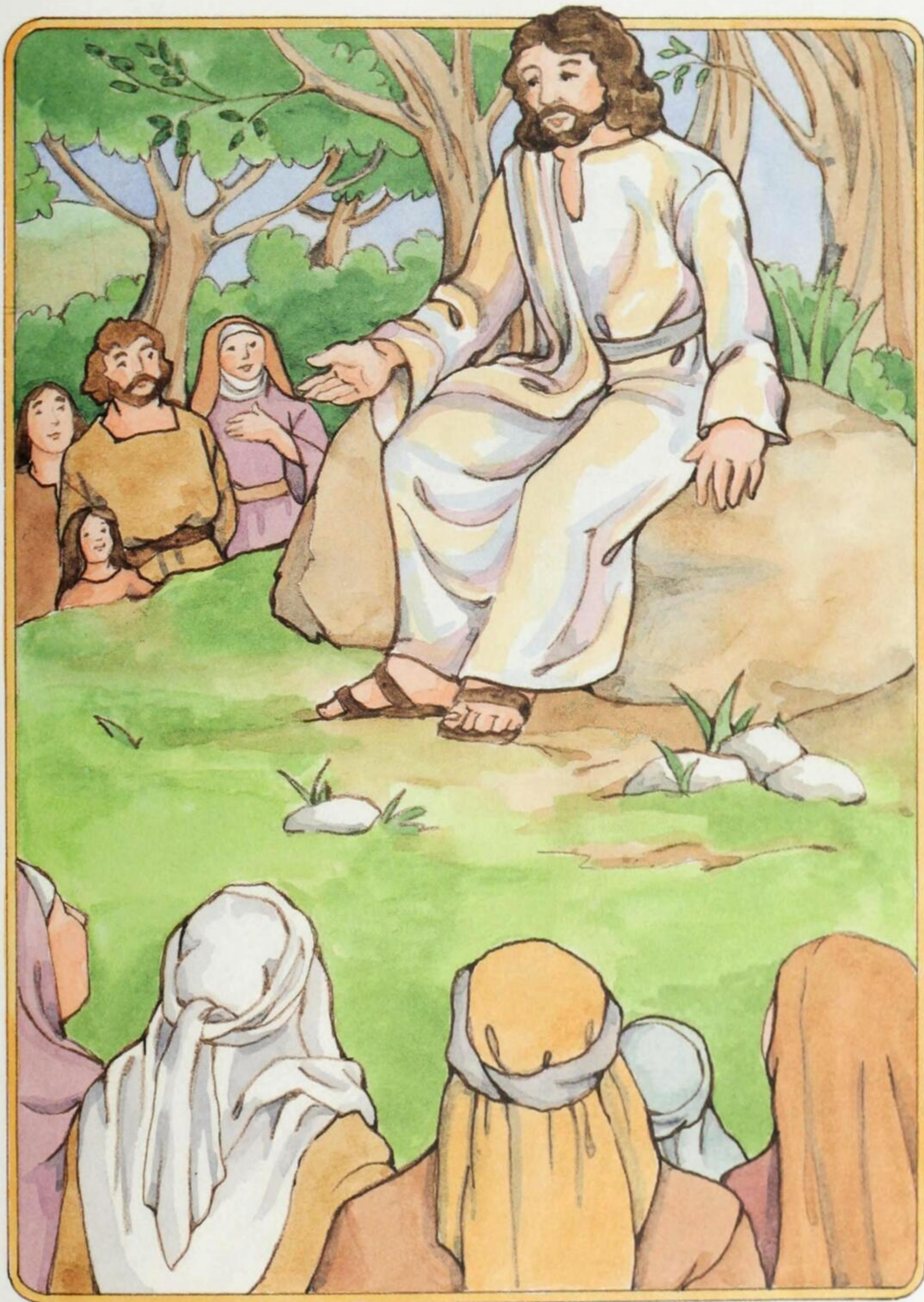


She went back to Jesus' time
And much to her surprise
The story she was reading
Came to life before her eyes.

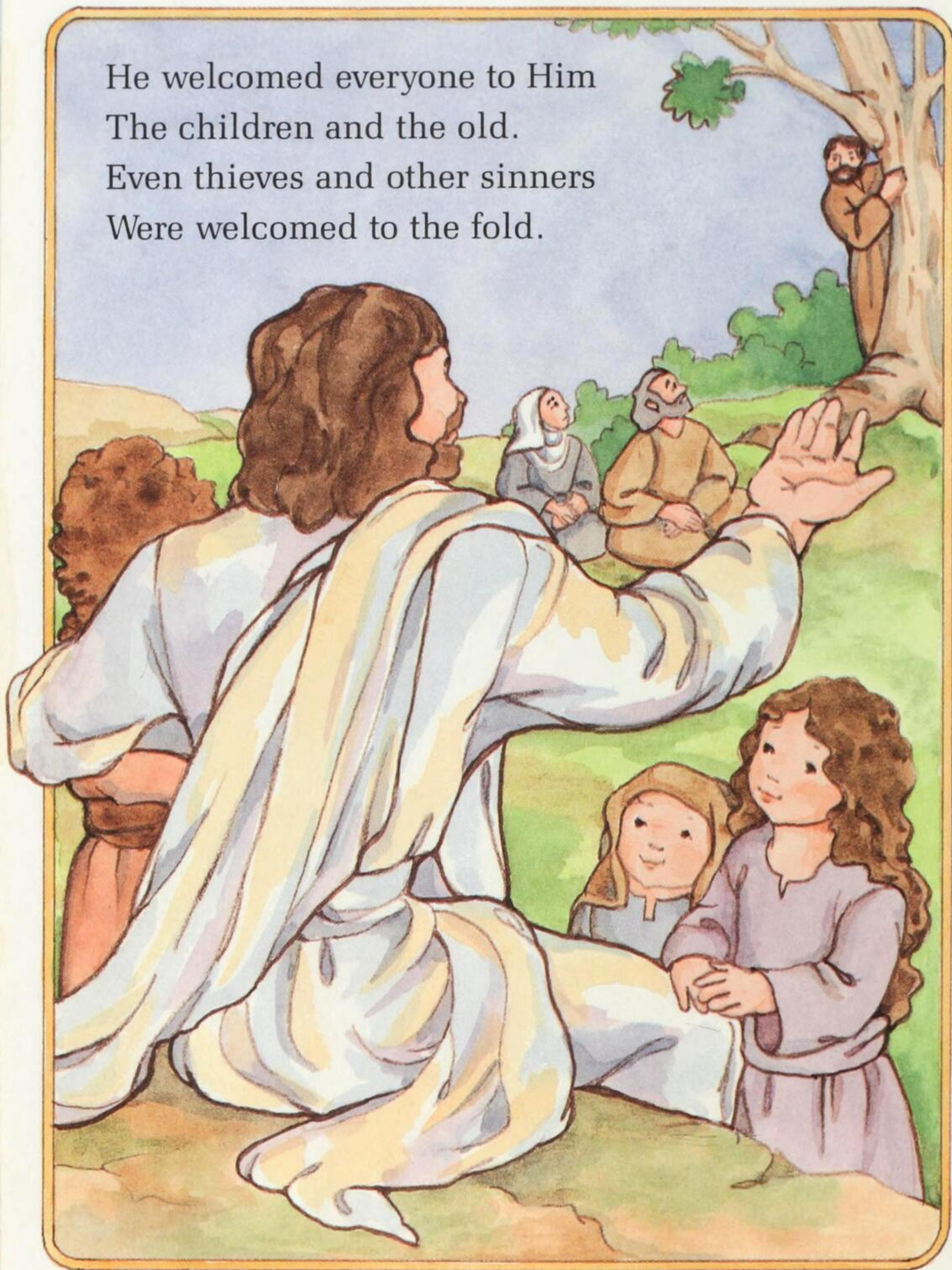
Alice saw that Jesus
Was sitting on a rock.
The crowd around Him quieted
So all could hear Him talk.

Jesus was a teacher,
He was well-known far and wide.
And everywhere He came to speak,
Crowds gathered at His side.

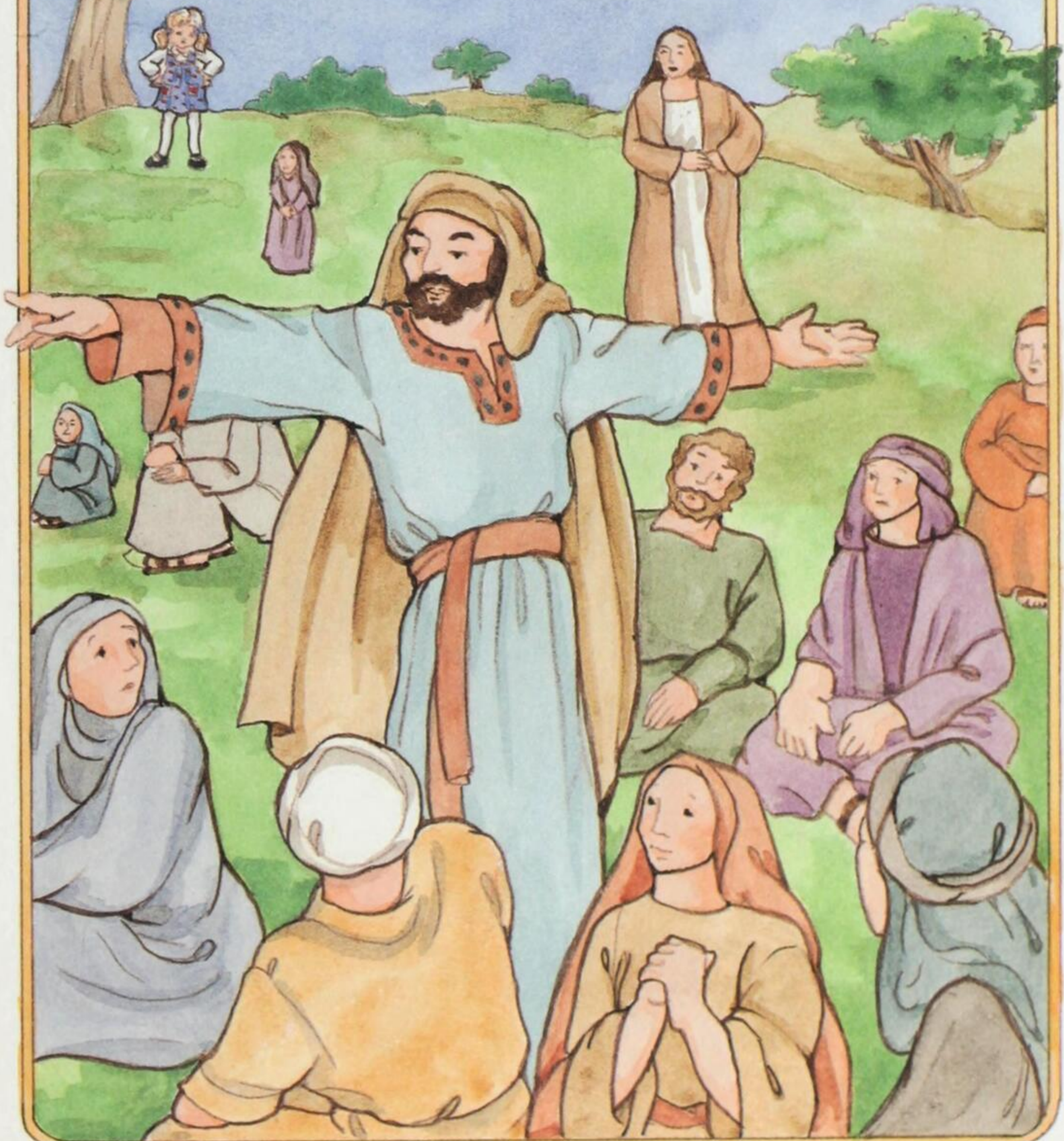




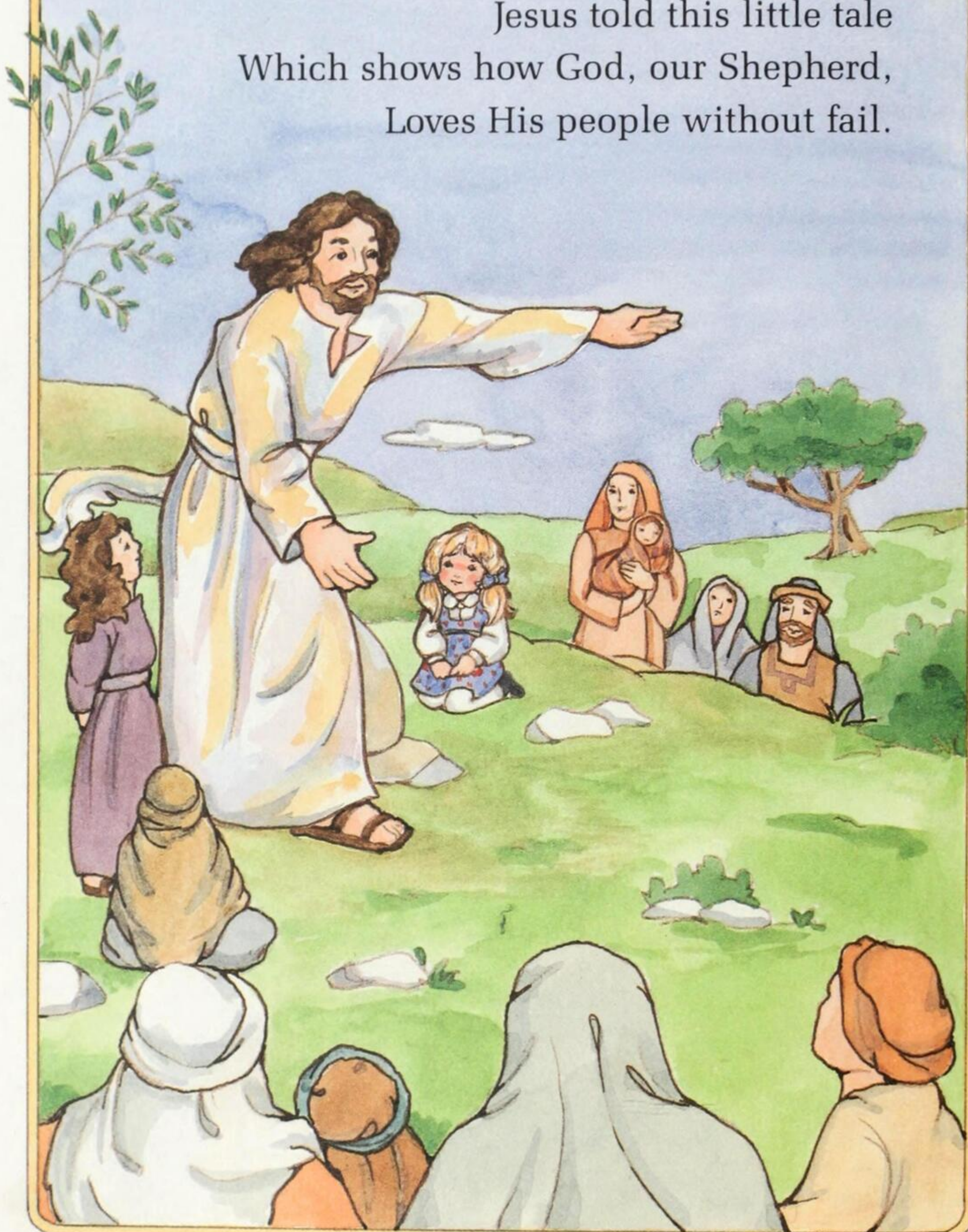
He welcomed everyone to Him
The children and the old.
Even thieves and other sinners
Were welcomed to the fold.



“Why listen to this teacher?”
Called someone in the crowd.
“He loves thieves and sinners,”
He shouted very loud.

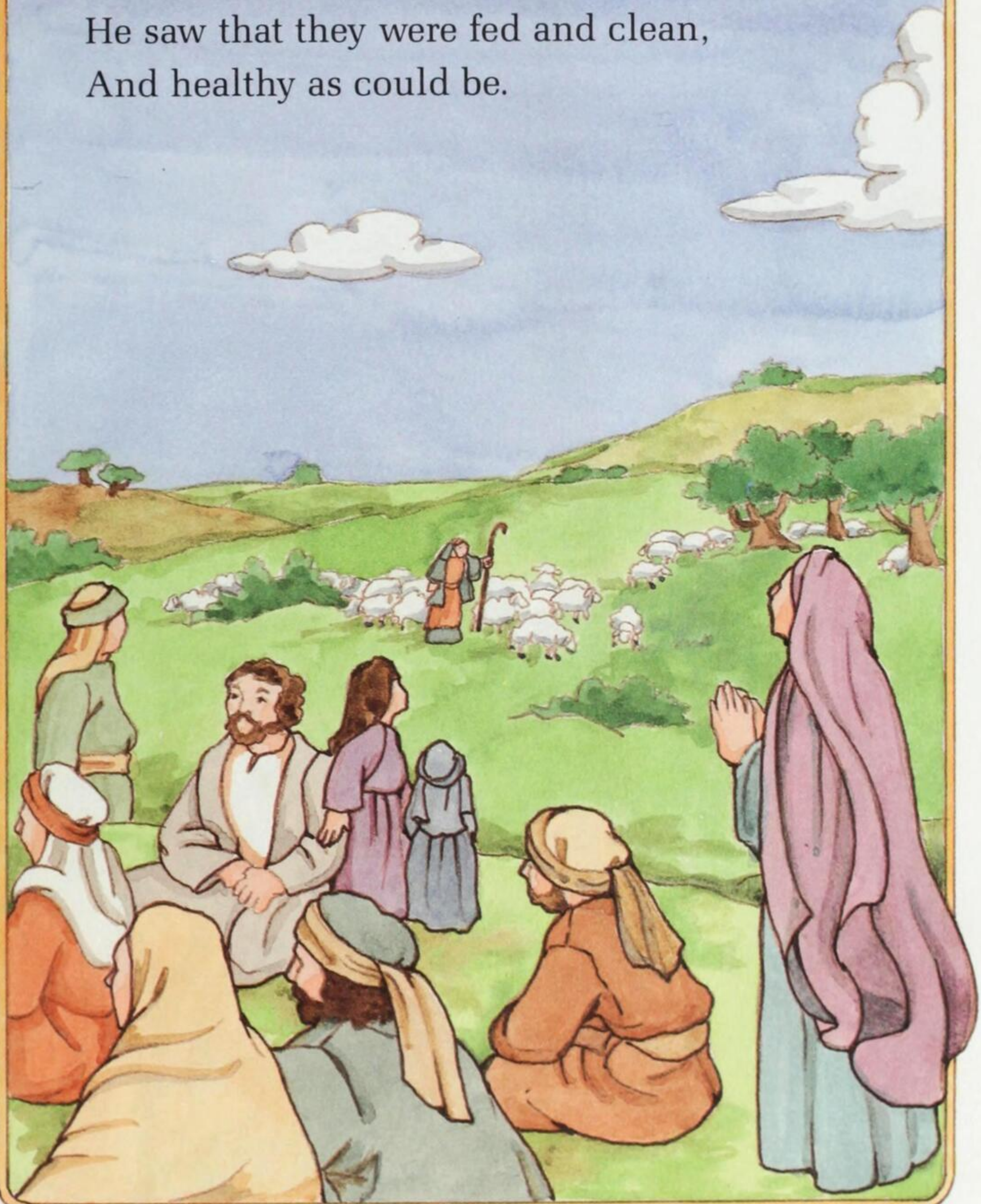


To answer this objection,
Jesus told this little tale
Which shows how God, our Shepherd,
Loves His people without fail.



A shepherd tended to his flock
Outside of Galilee.

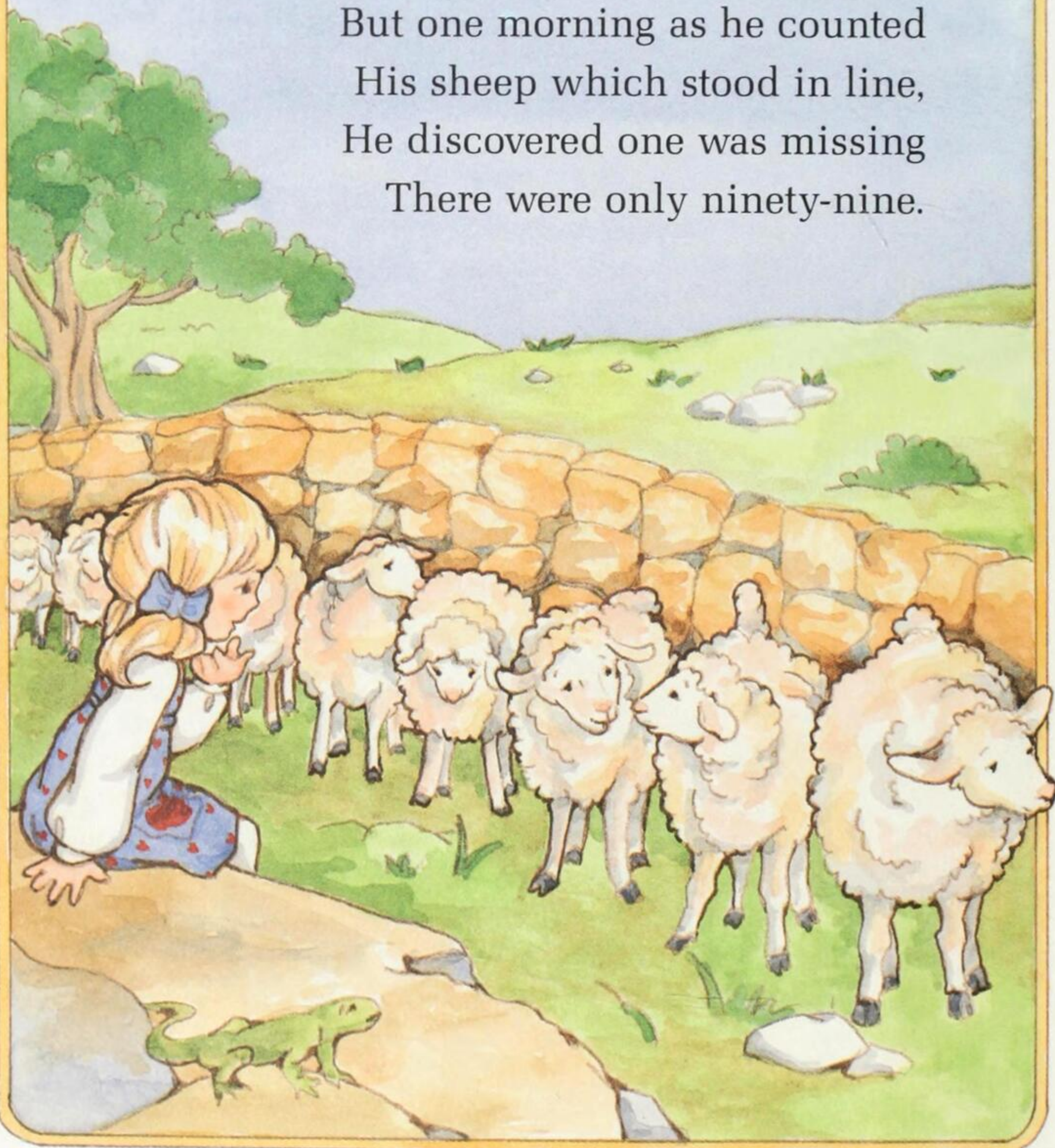
He saw that they were fed and clean,
And healthy as could be.



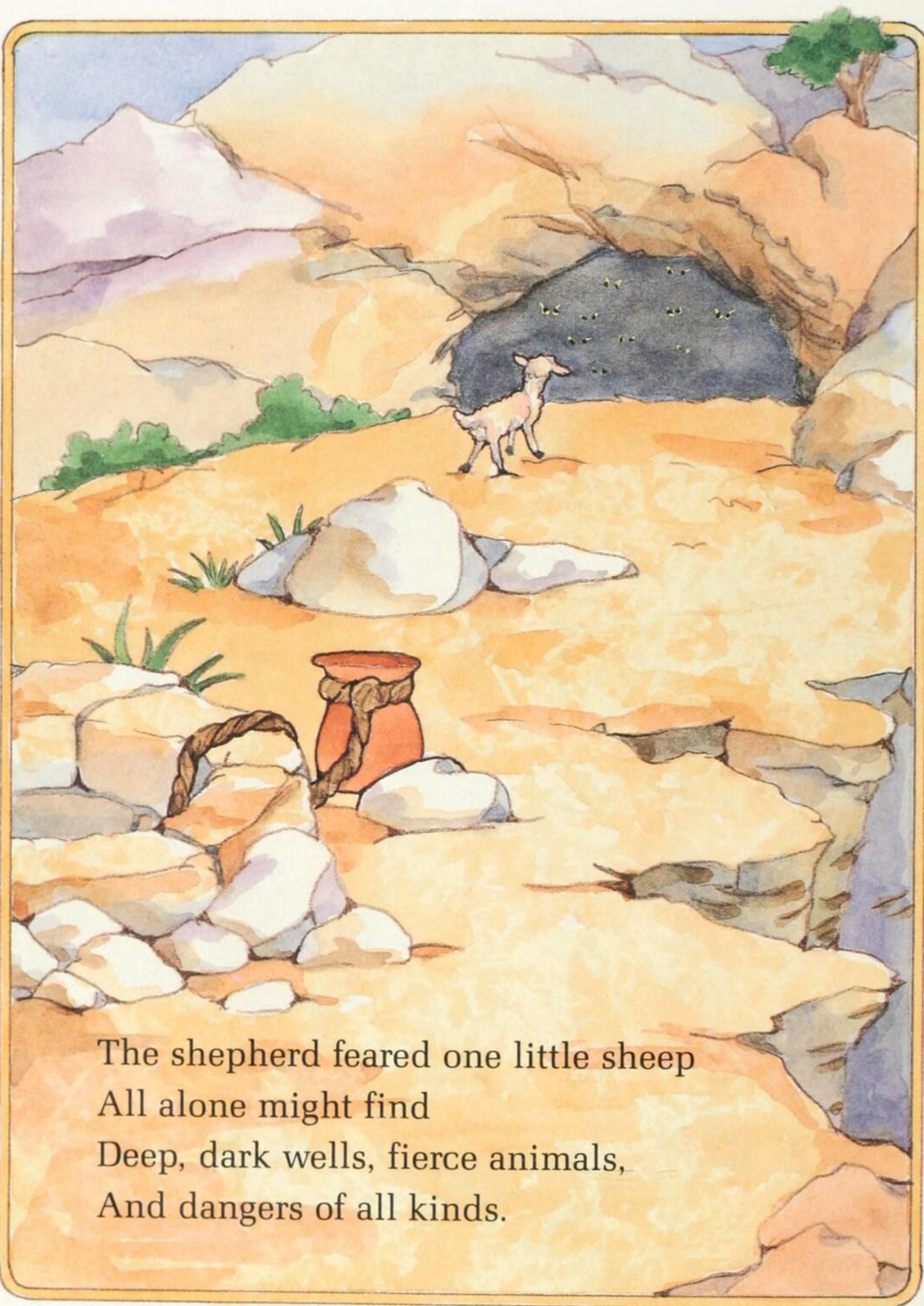


Every single morning,
And before he went to sleep,
He counted all one hundred
Of his very precious sheep.

But one morning as he counted
His sheep which stood in line,
He discovered one was missing
There were only ninety-nine.







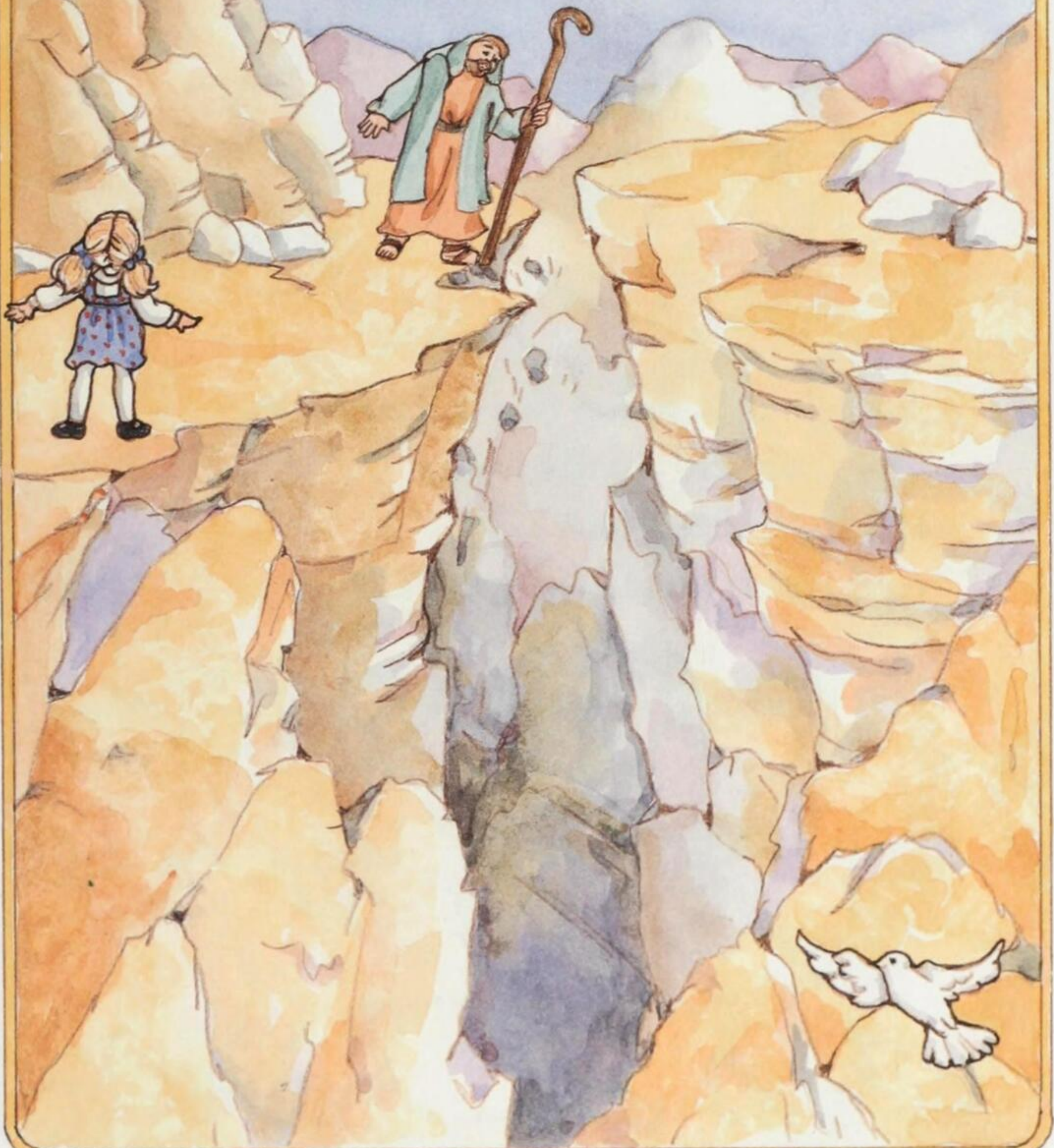
The shepherd feared one little sheep
All alone might find
Deep, dark wells, fierce animals,
And dangers of all kinds.

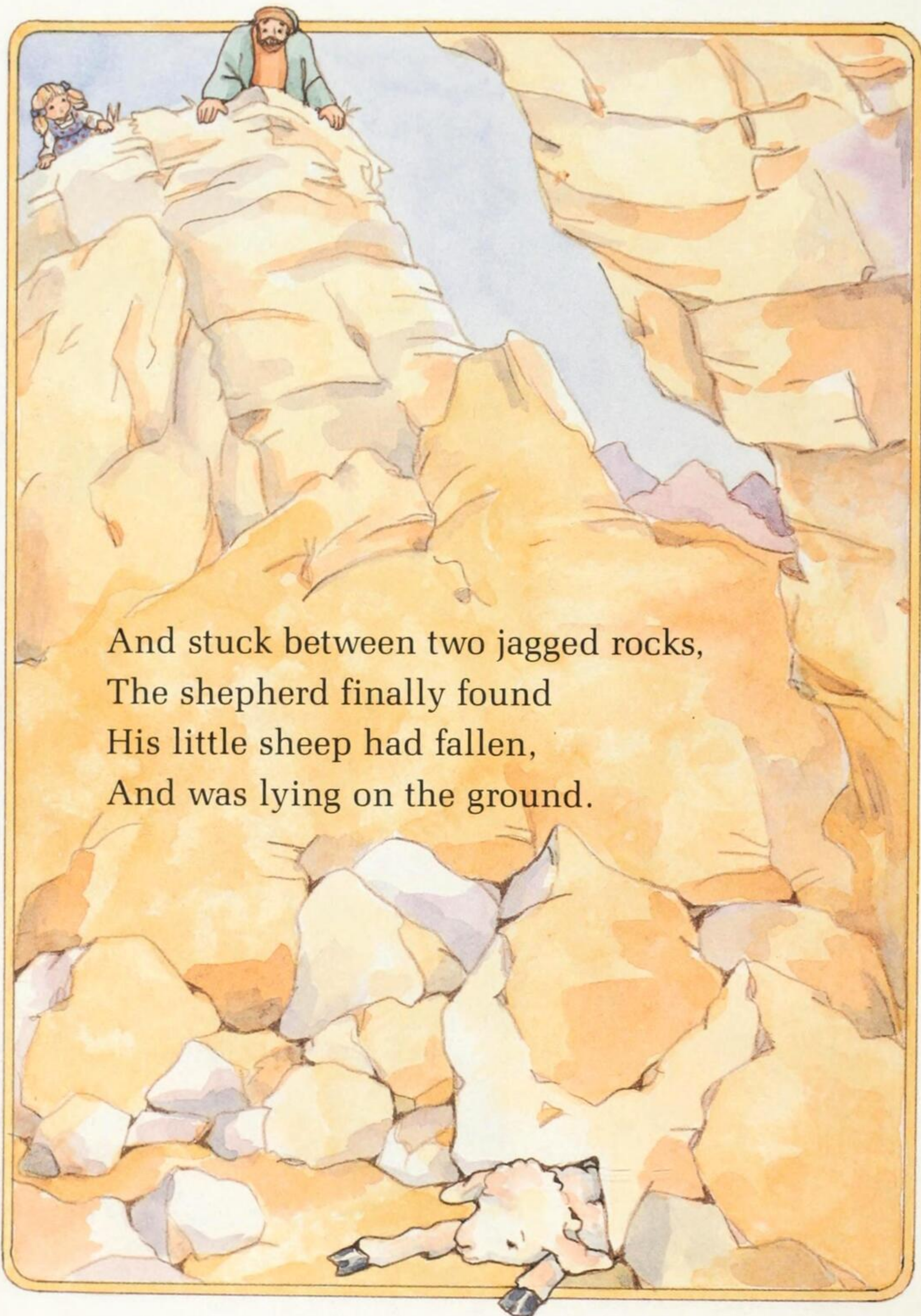


This
Book
Belongs
To

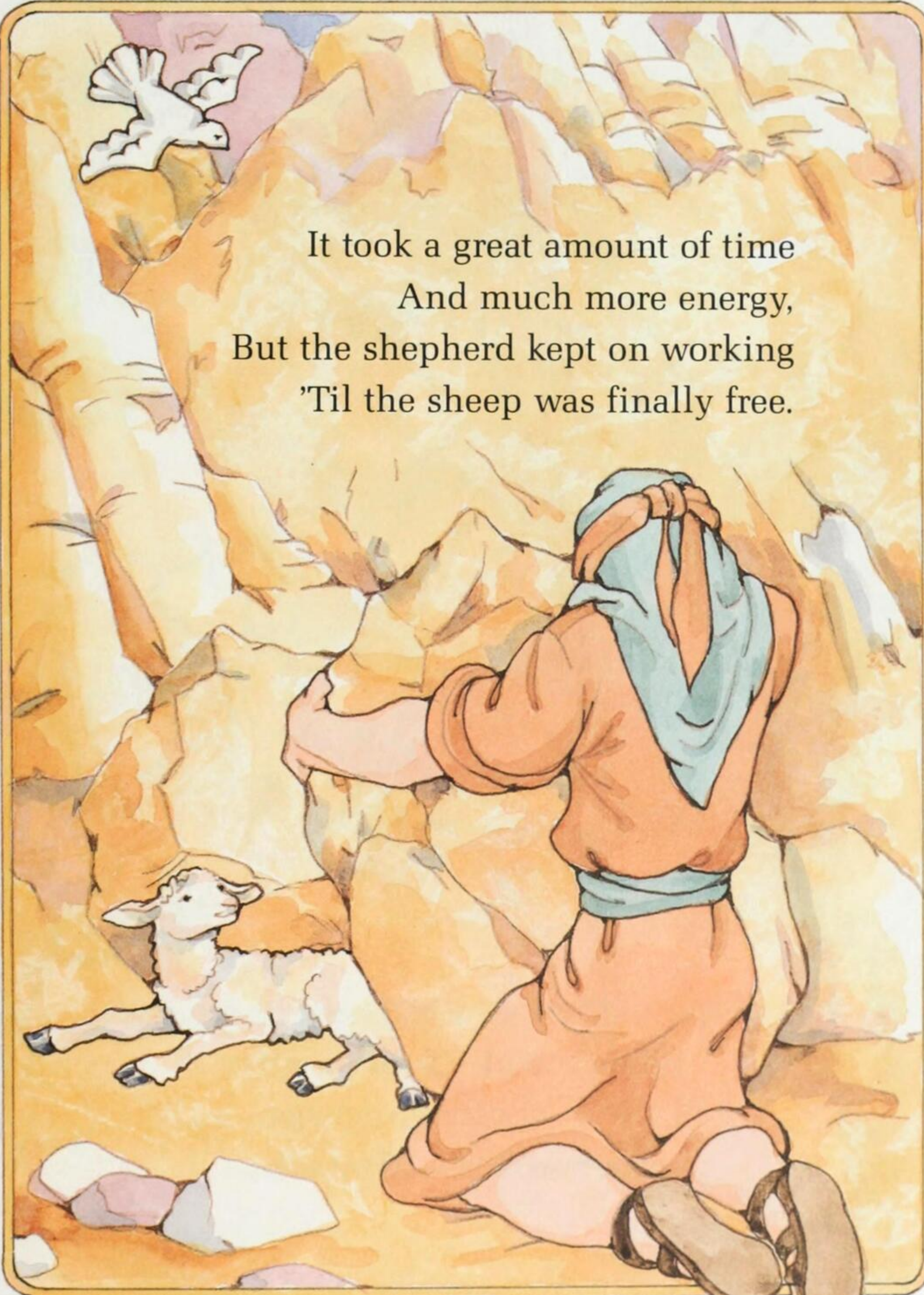
fat man

And so he set out right away
To find his little sheep.
He searched the rocky hillsides
Where the crevasses were deep.

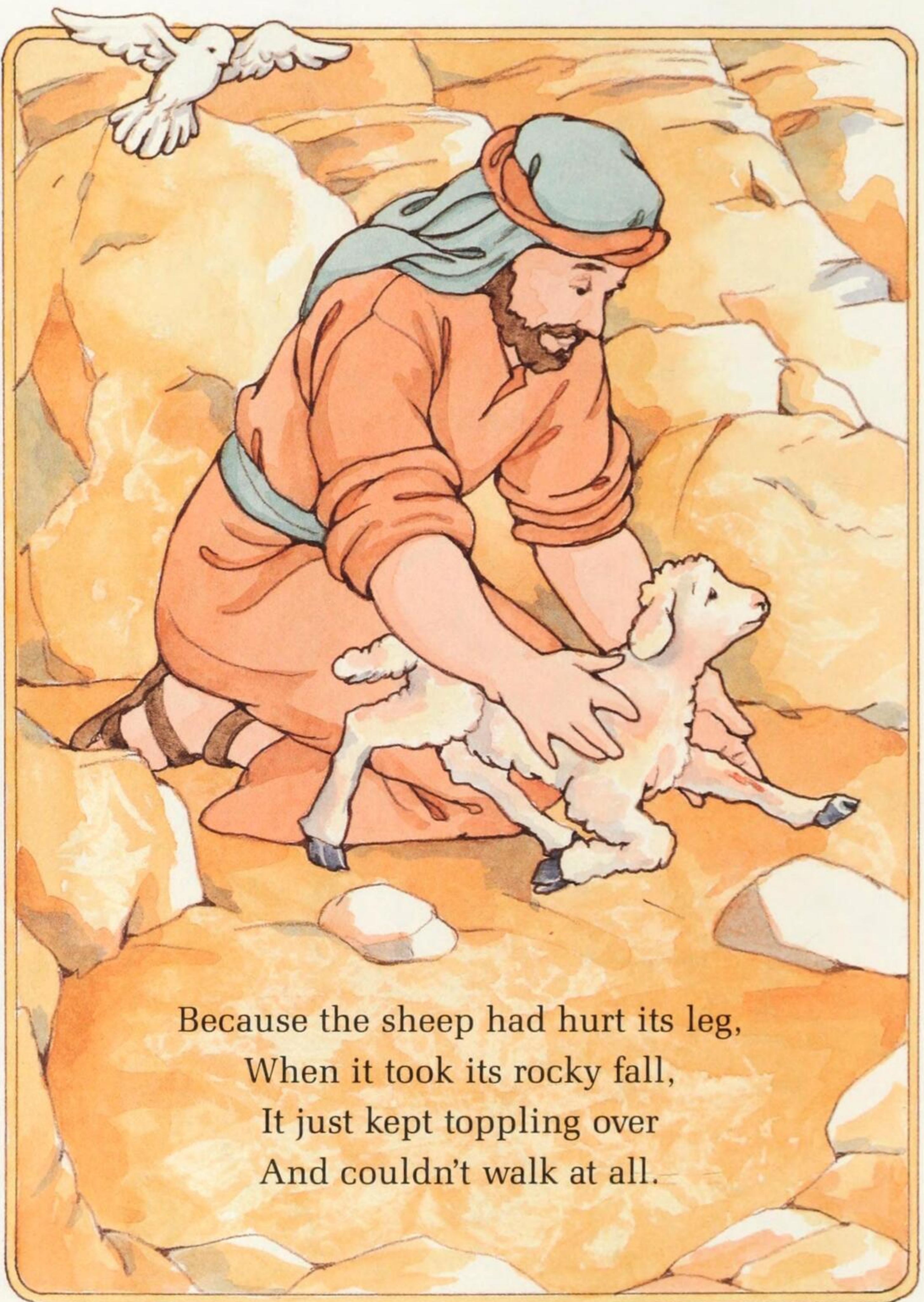




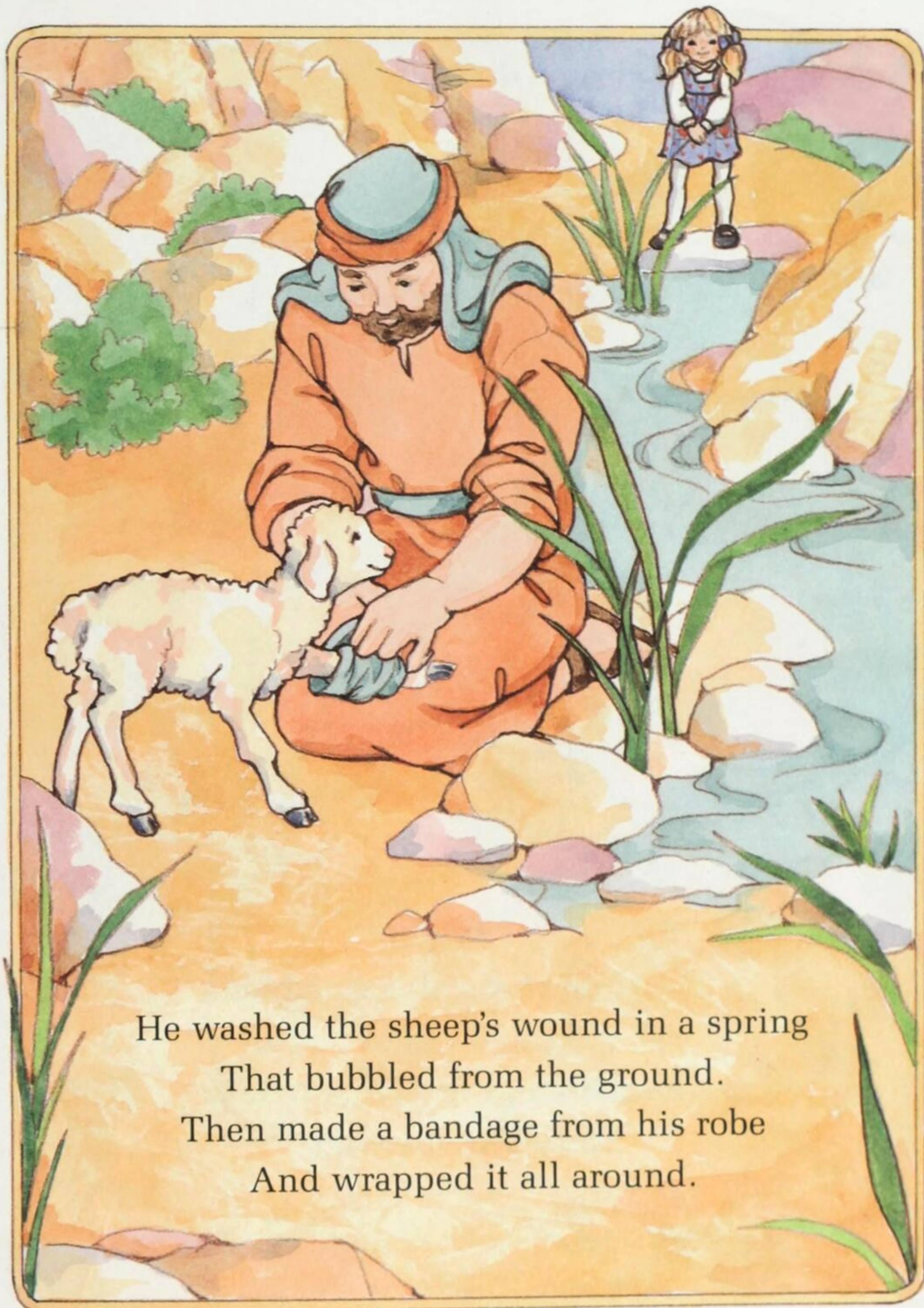
And stuck between two jagged rocks,
The shepherd finally found
His little sheep had fallen,
And was lying on the ground.



It took a great amount of time
And much more energy,
But the shepherd kept on working
'Til the sheep was finally free.



Because the sheep had hurt its leg,
When it took its rocky fall,
It just kept toppling over
And couldn't walk at all.



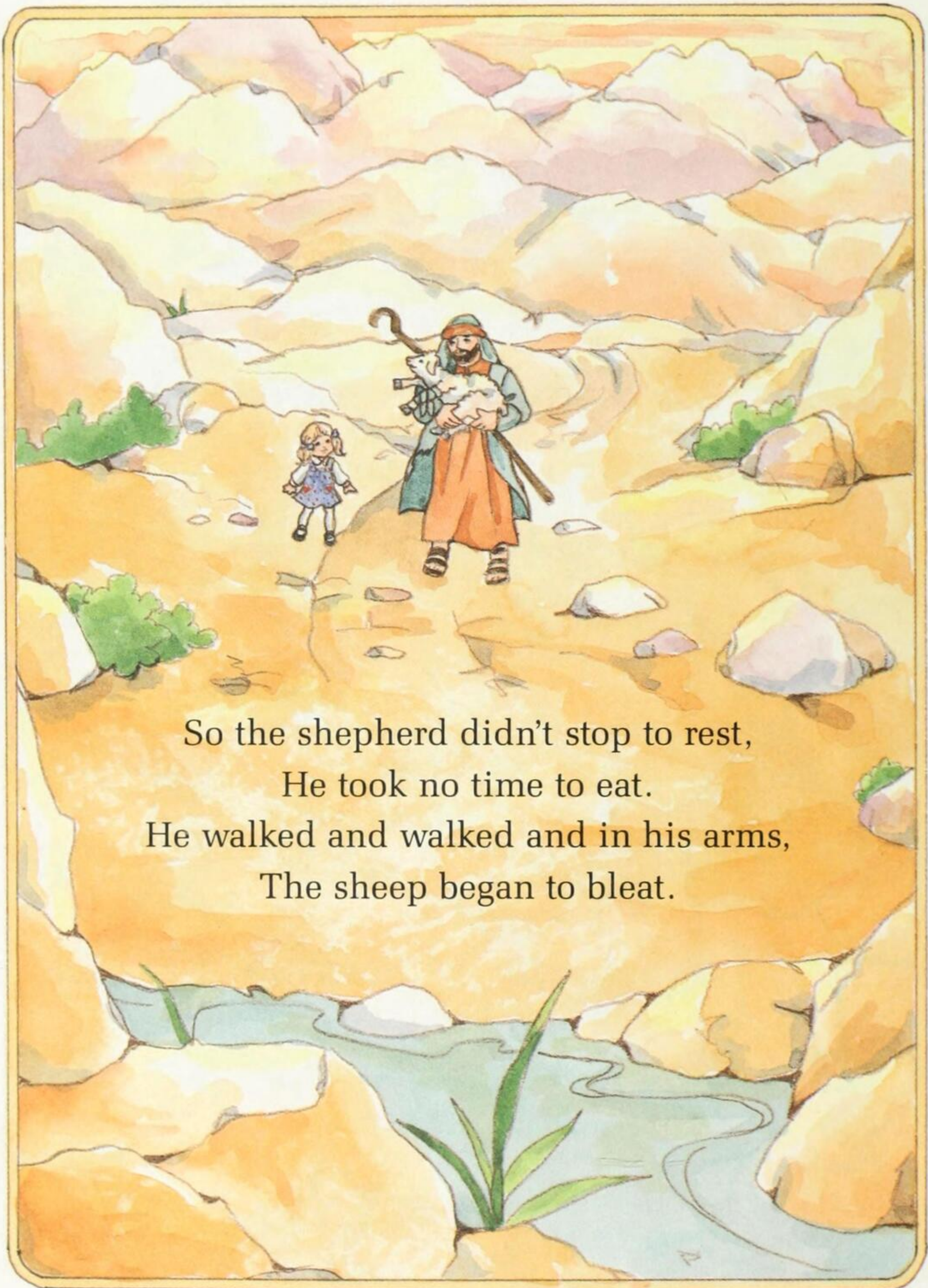
He washed the sheep's wound in a spring
That bubbled from the ground.
Then made a bandage from his robe
And wrapped it all around.



The little sheep still stumbled,
So to keep it out of harm,
The shepherd gently carried it
Nestled in his arms.

The shepherd knew that he had come
A very long, long way.
He wanted to return back home
Before the end of day.



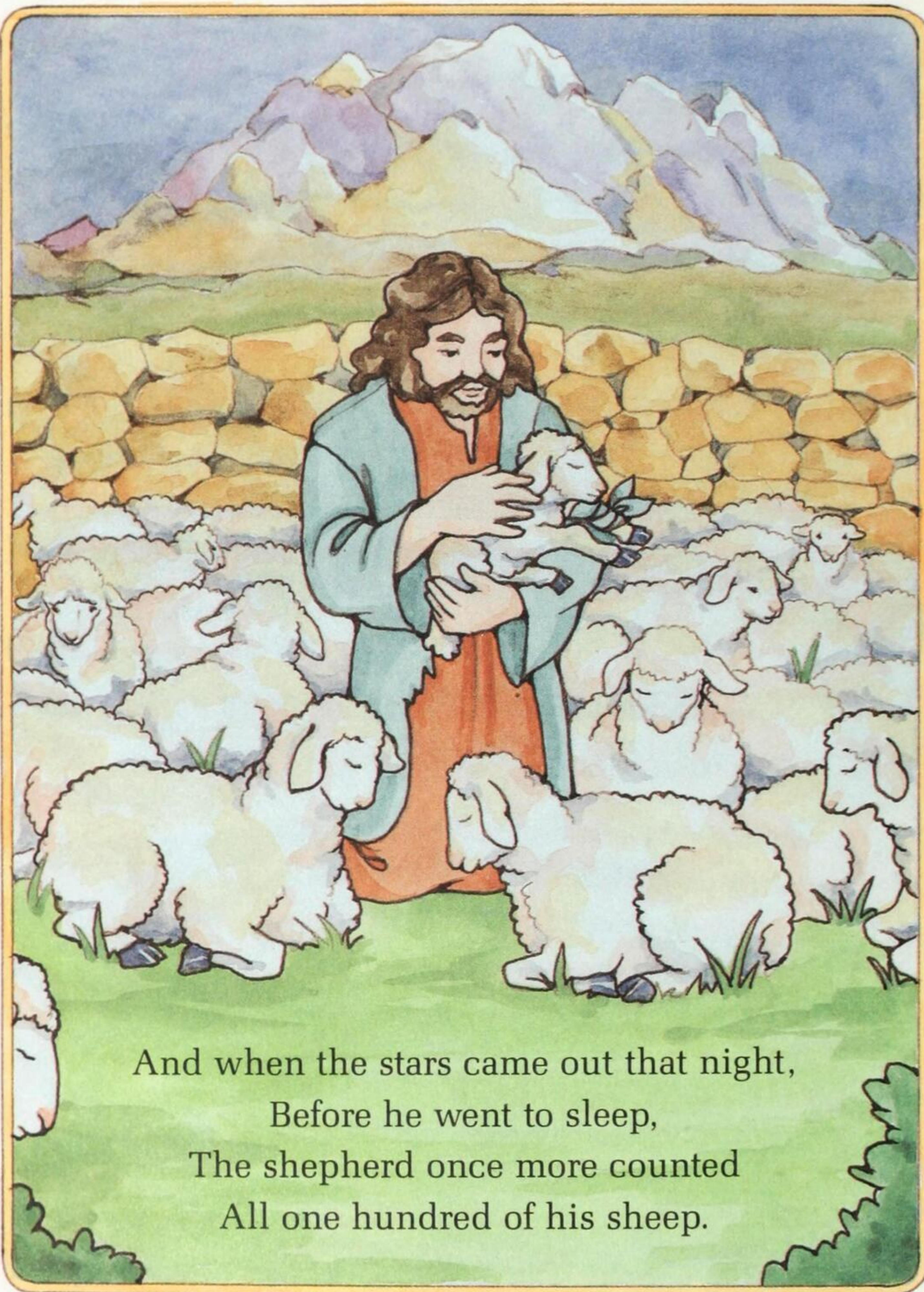


So the shepherd didn't stop to rest,
He took no time to eat.
He walked and walked and in his arms,
The sheep began to bleat.

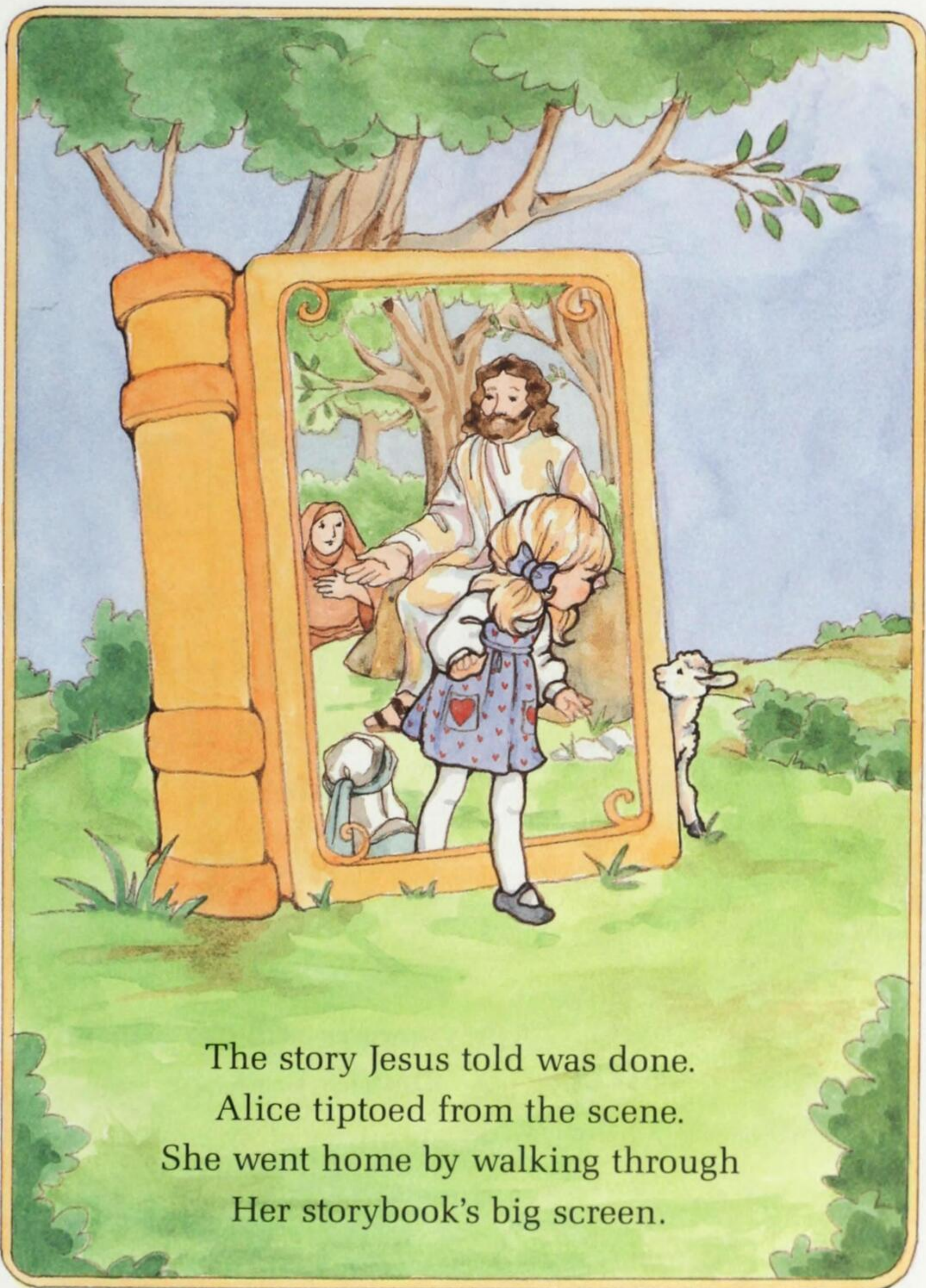


He didn't rest until the sheep
Was back with all the others,
Bleating his adventure
To his sisters and his brothers.

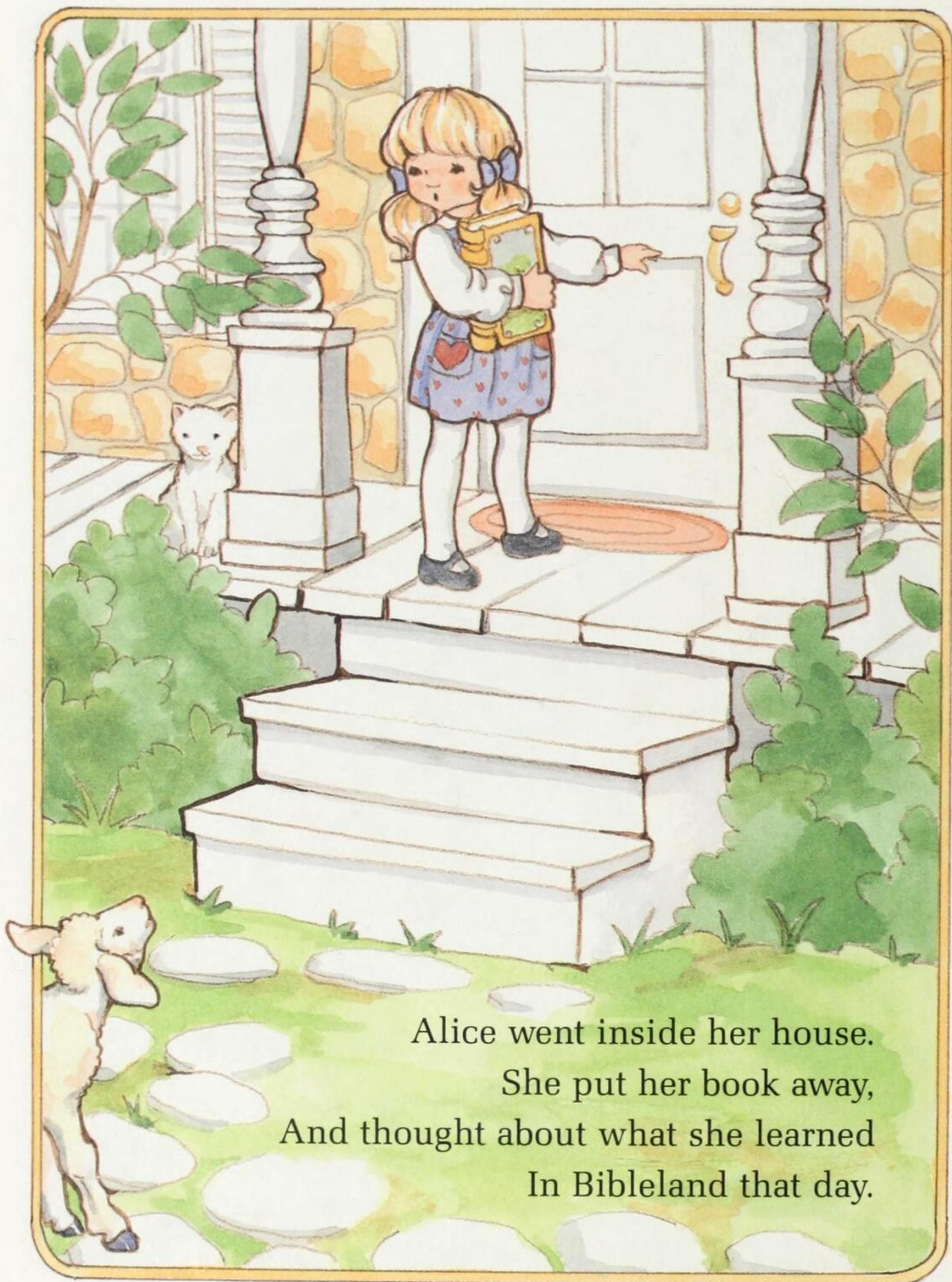




And when the stars came out that night,
Before he went to sleep,
The shepherd once more counted
All one hundred of his sheep.



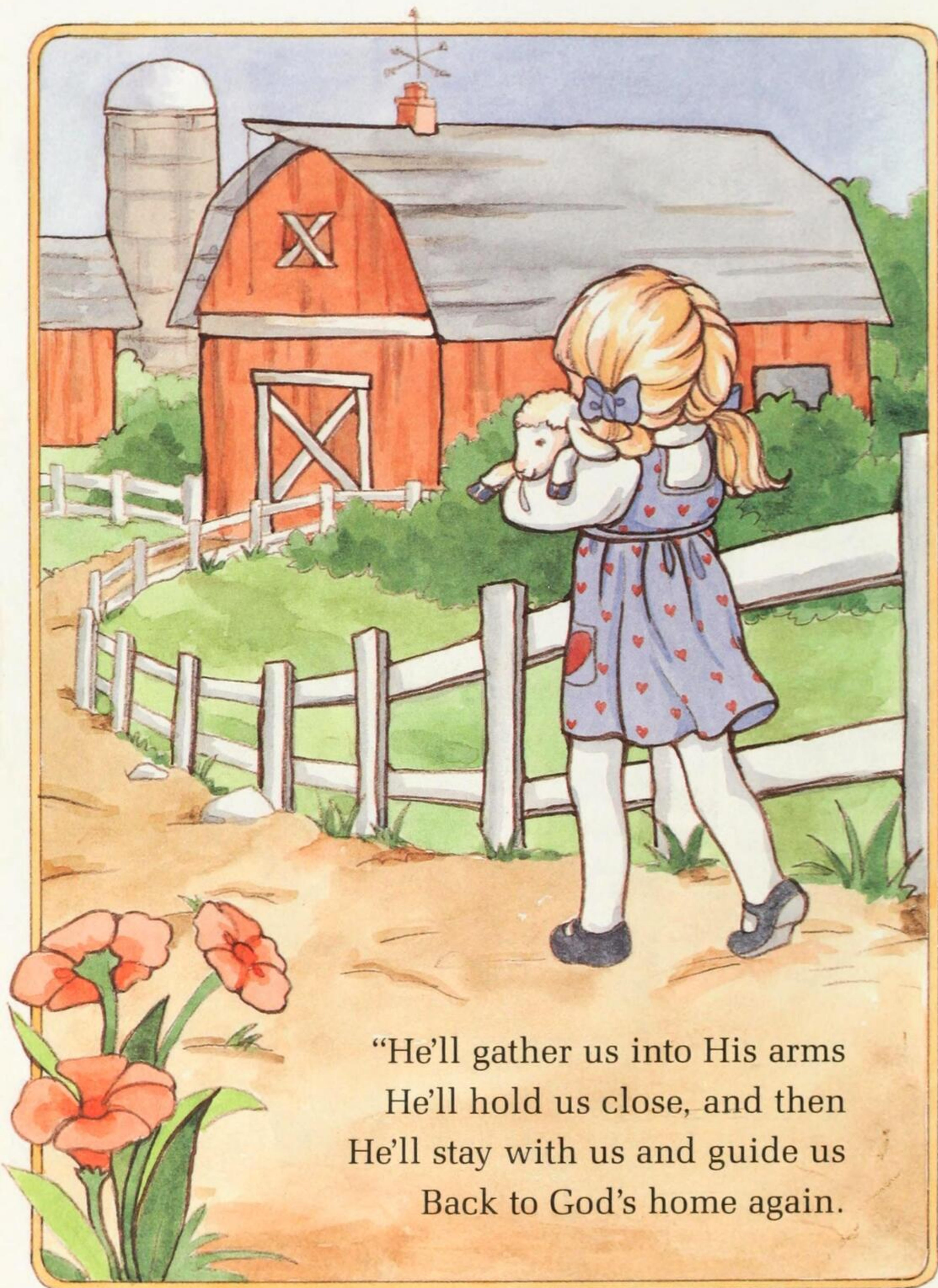
The story Jesus told was done.
Alice tiptoed from the scene.
She went home by walking through
Her storybook's big screen.



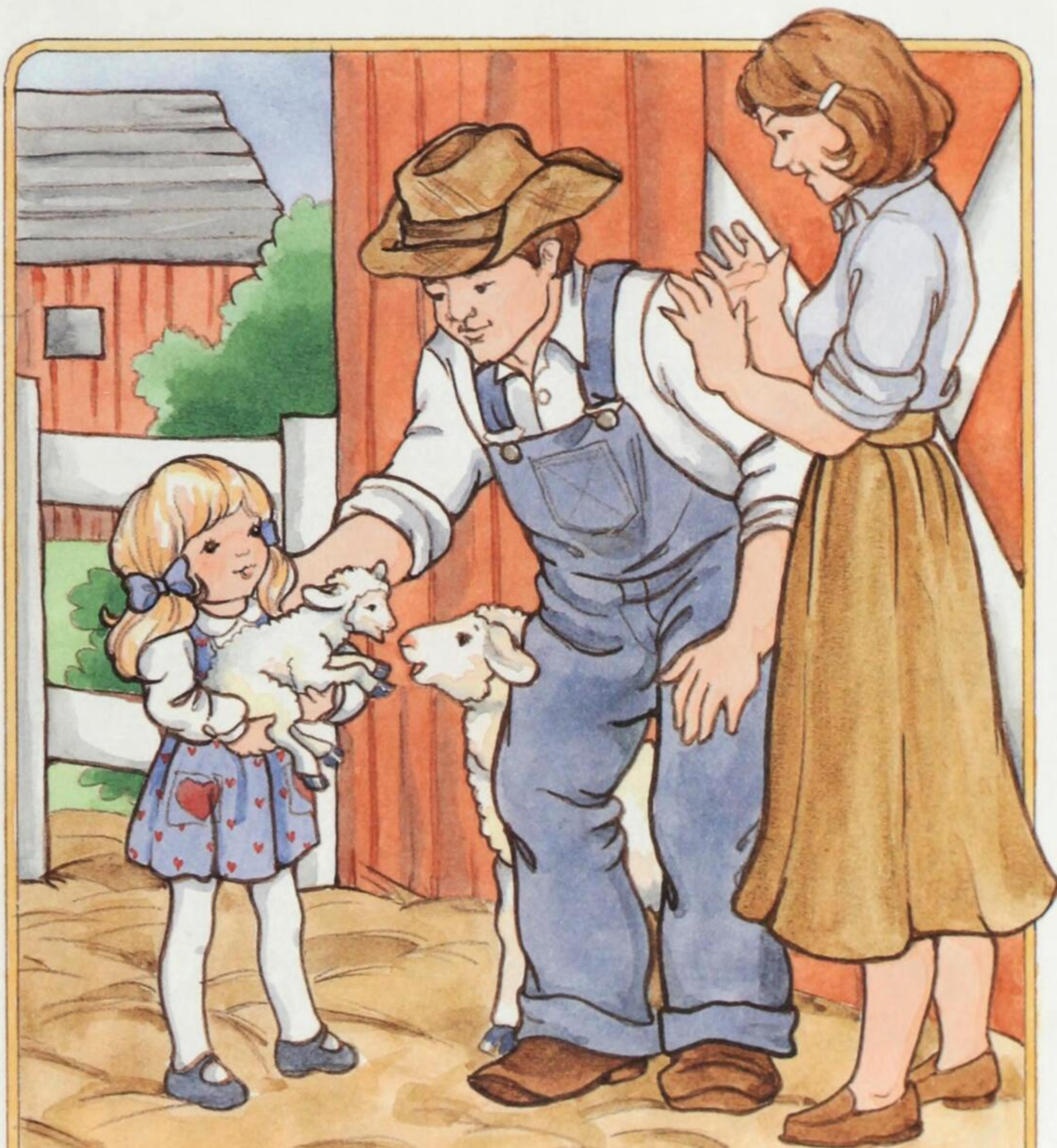
Alice went inside her house.
She put her book away,
And thought about what she learned
In Bibleland that day.



“Like the loving shepherd
Jesus counts us, one and all.
He’ll stop to pick us up
If we should trip or fall.”



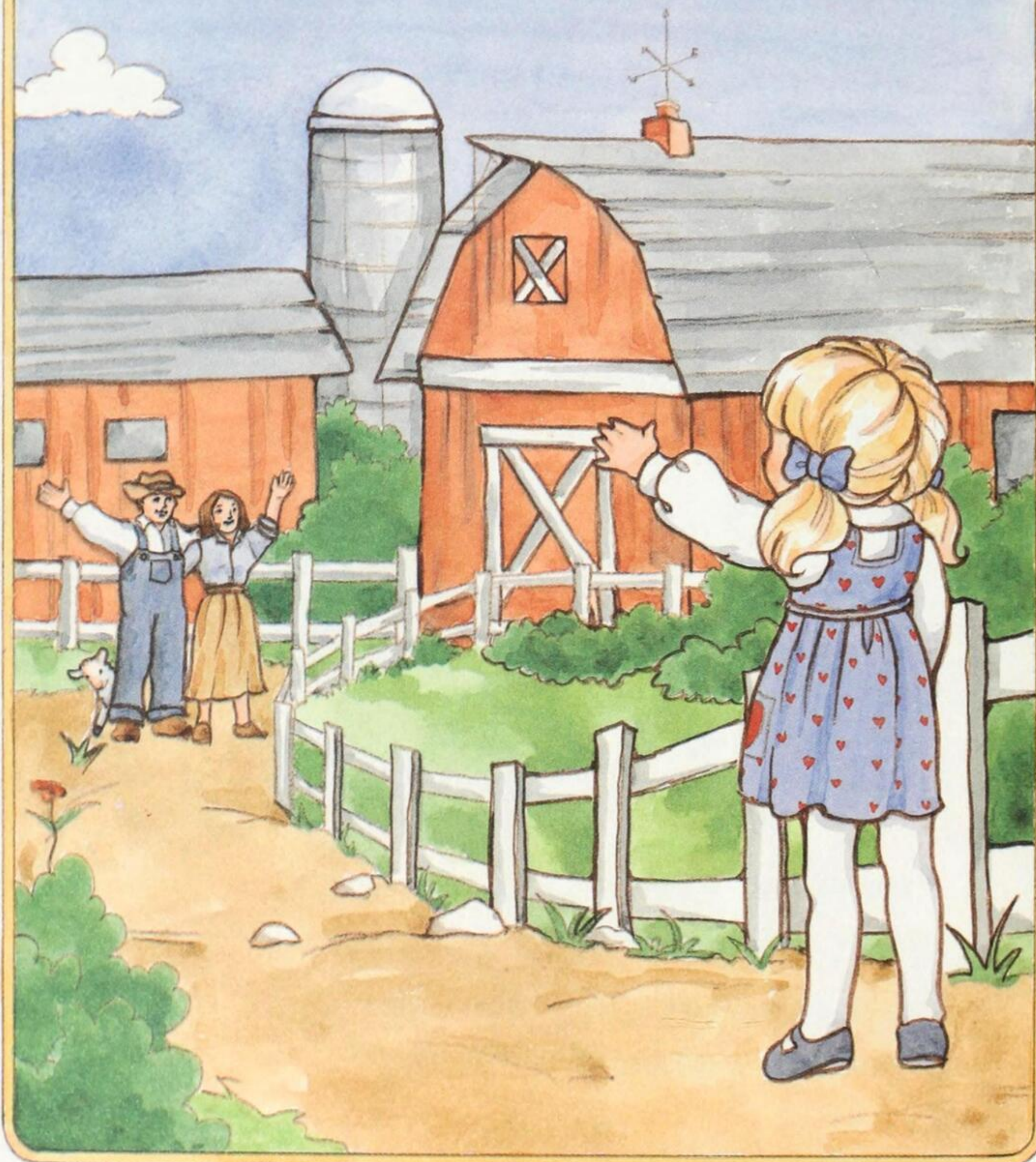
“He’ll gather us into His arms
He’ll hold us close, and then
He’ll stay with us and guide us
Back to God’s home again.



“People are like little sheep.
God won’t be happy ’til
Each and every one of us
Knows His way and will.”

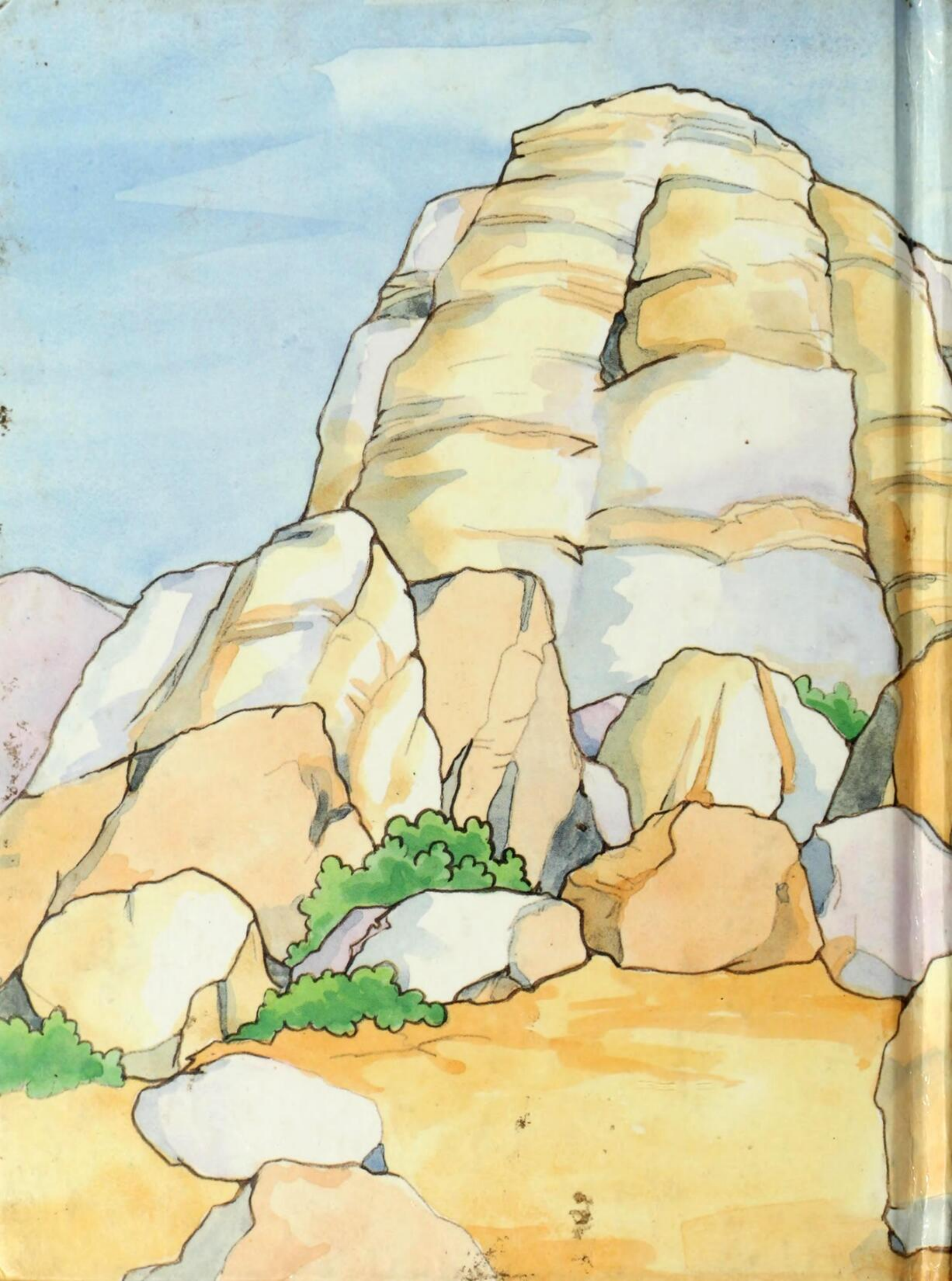


And Alice thought, "How glad I am
To be God's little lamb,
For the more I know His loving ways,
The happier I am."







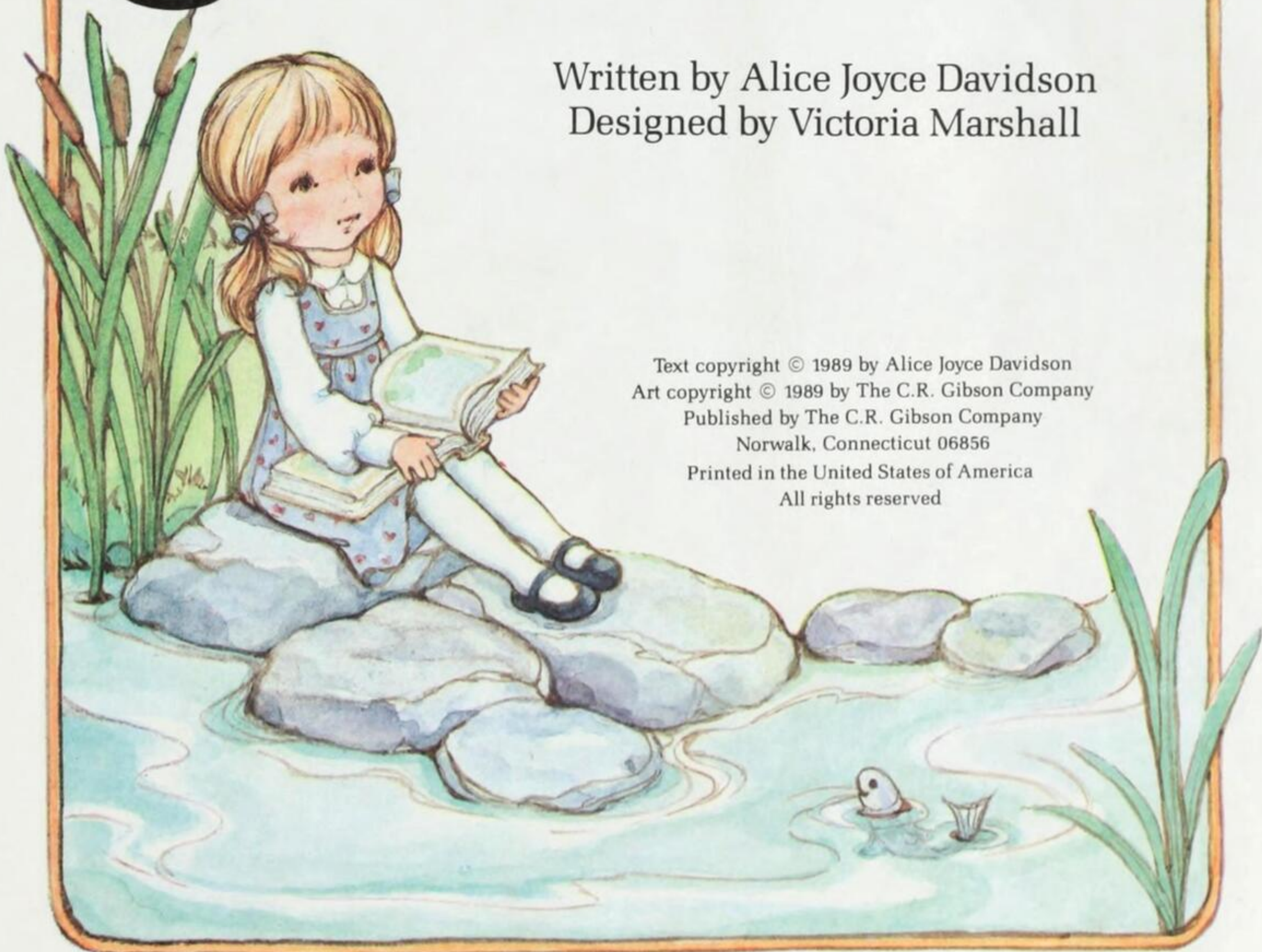


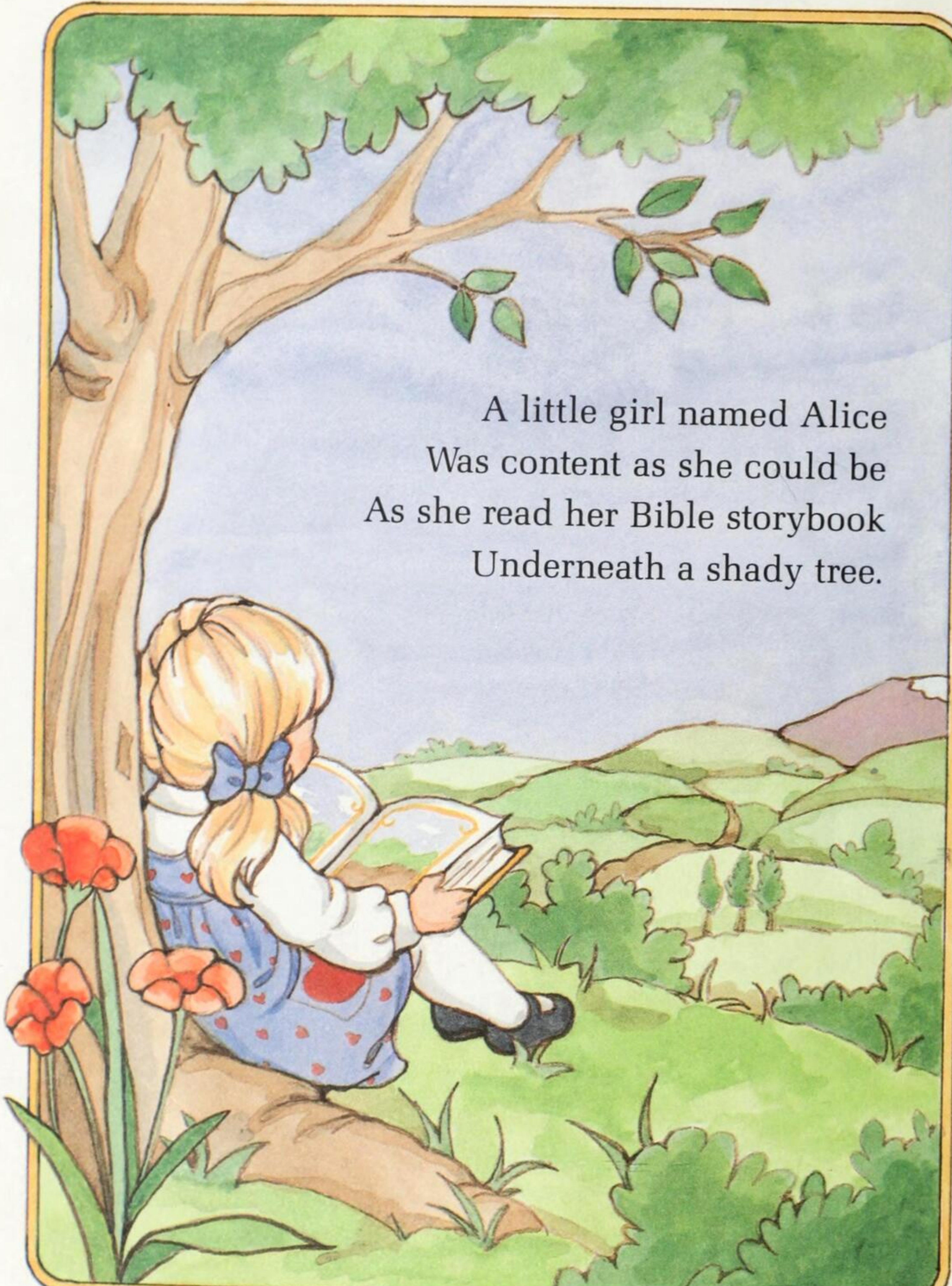
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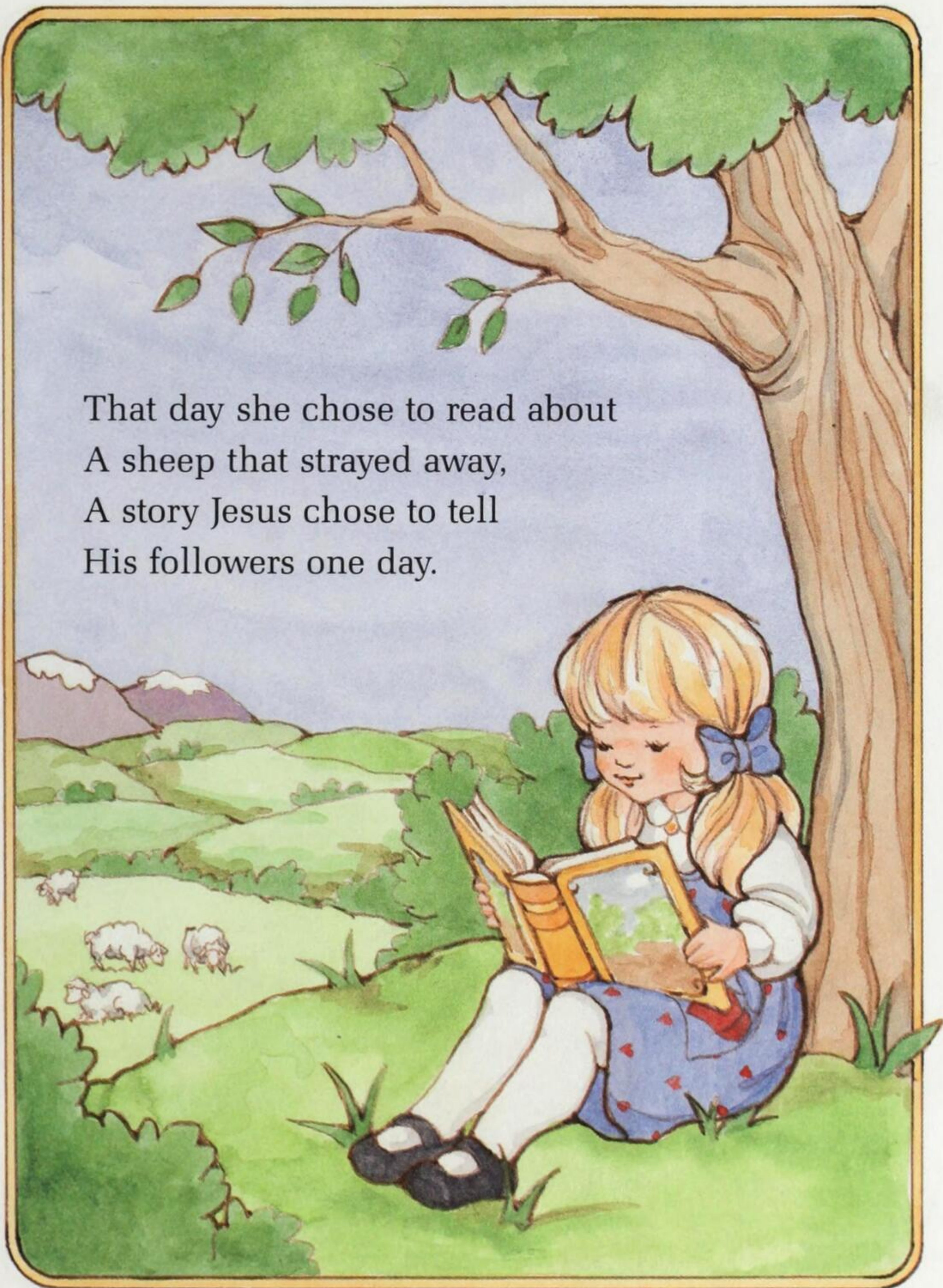
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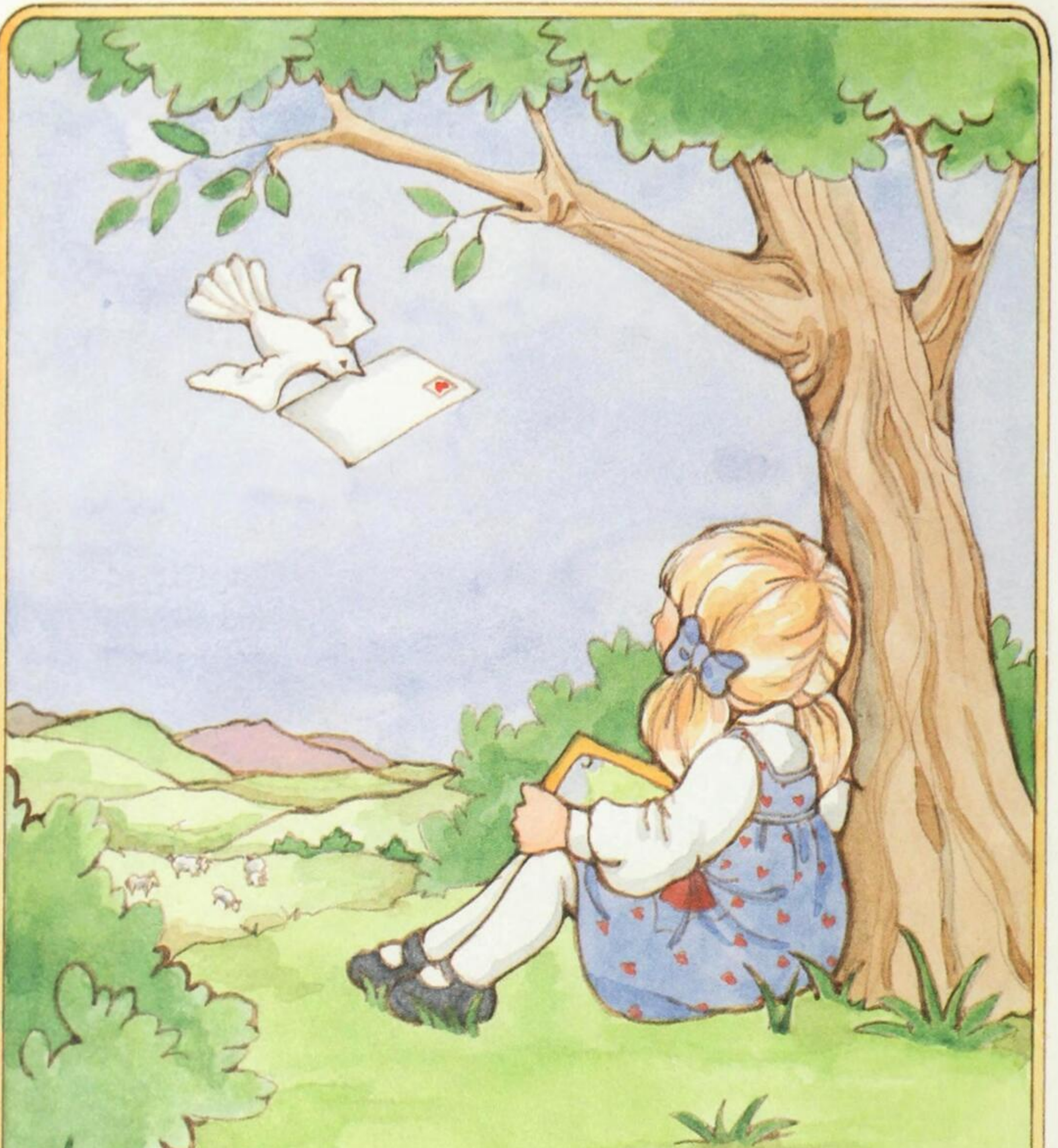




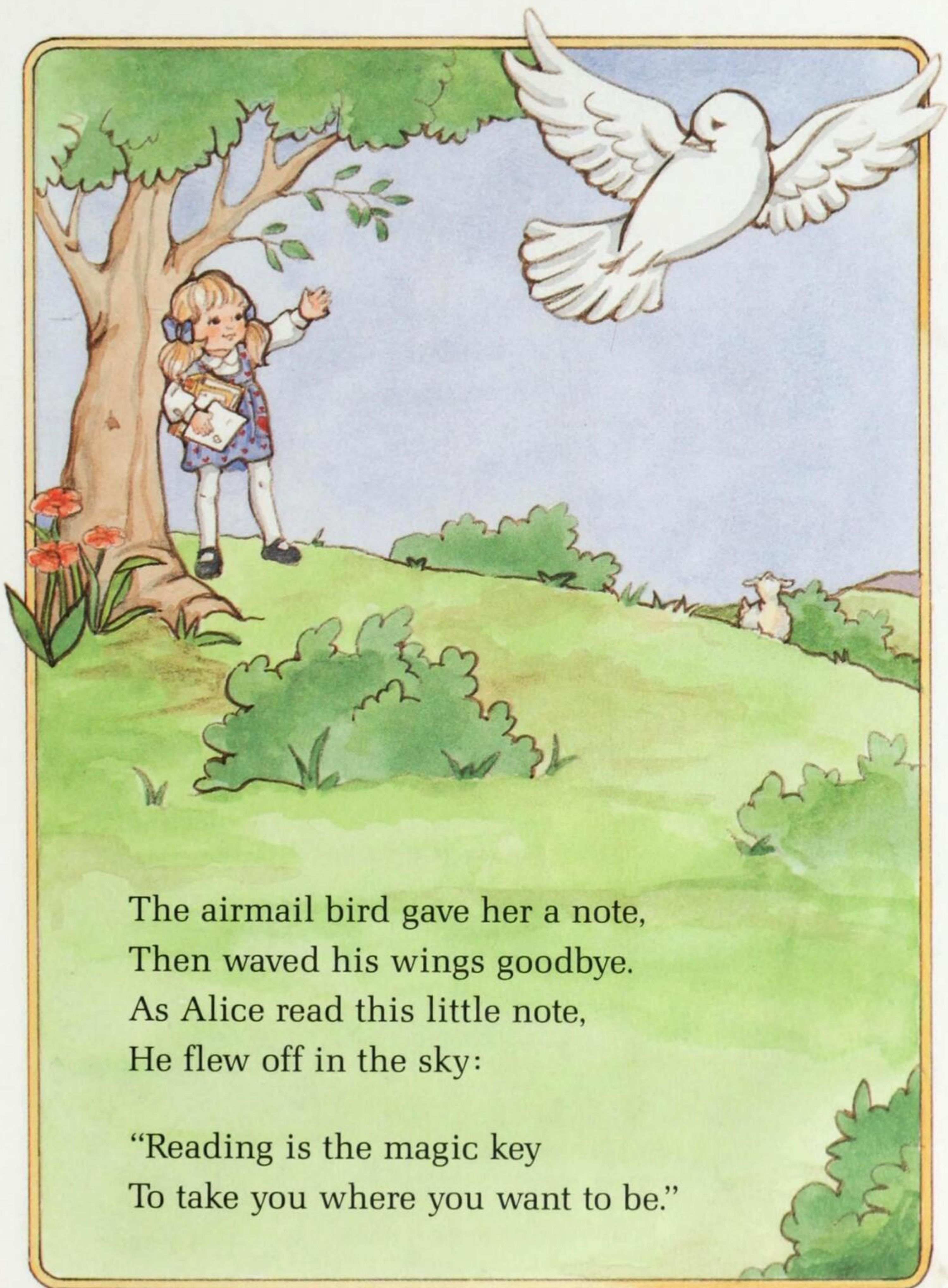
A little girl named Alice
Was content as she could be
As she read her Bible storybook
Underneath a shady tree.

That day she chose to read about
A sheep that strayed away,
A story Jesus chose to tell
His followers one day.



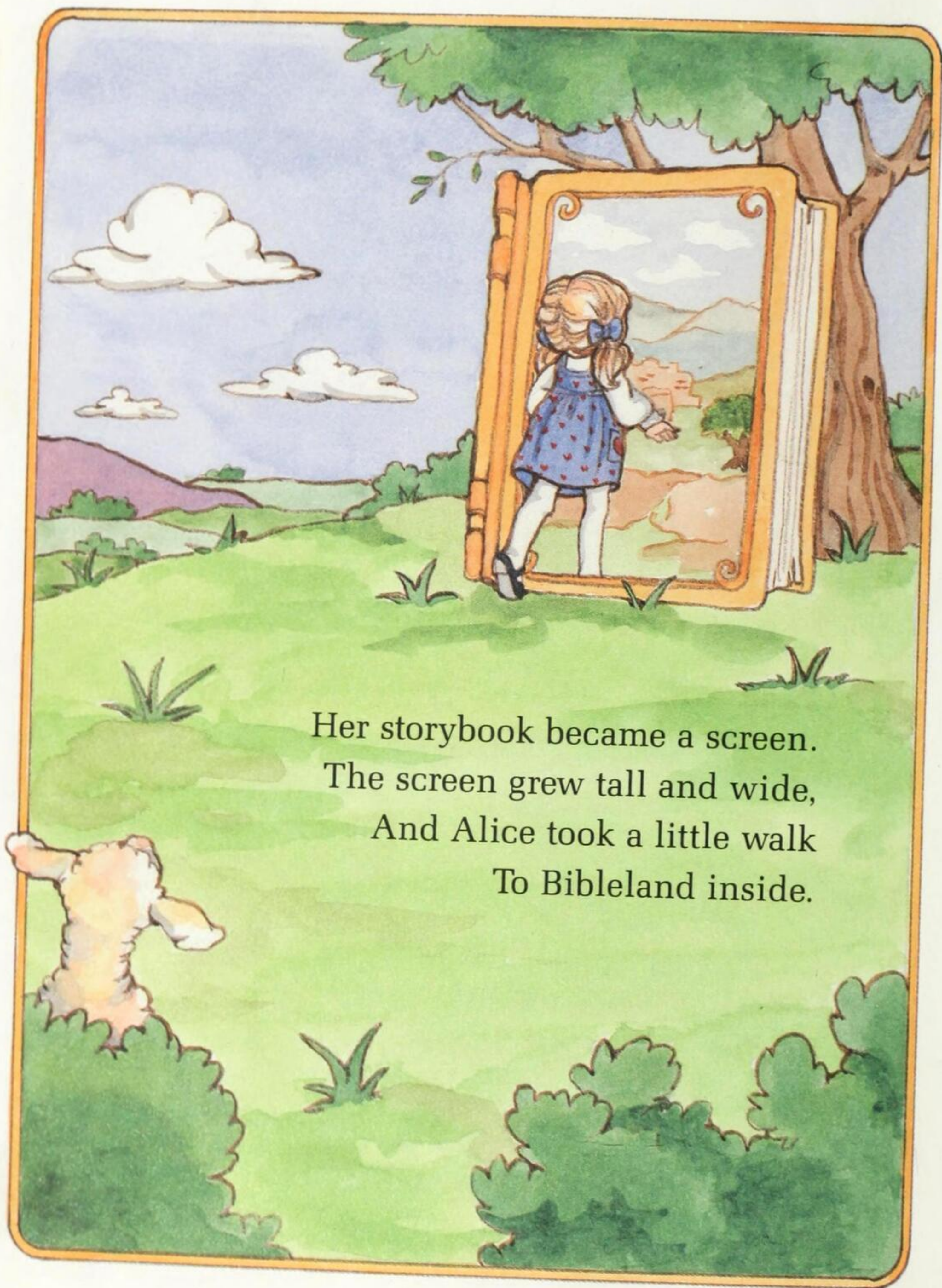


As she read her book and looked
At all the pictures in it,
Her friend the airmail bird stopped by,
He only stayed a minute.



The airmail bird gave her a note,
Then waved his wings goodbye.
As Alice read this little note,
He flew off in the sky:

“Reading is the magic key
To take you where you want to be.”



Her storybook became a screen.
The screen grew tall and wide,
And Alice took a little walk
To Bibleland inside.