



September 21<sup>st</sup>, 2025

***“I AM the Good Shepherd”***

**John 10:11-21**

1. The sermon started with contrasting Psalm 23 and the Anti-Psalm 23 (included at the end of these questions). Read these and discuss how you are thankful for God’s shepherding in your life.
2. Why do you think God uses the metaphor of Shepherd and Sheep throughout scripture? What are some ways that people are like sheep?

*In what ways have you seen yourself “wander off” like Isaiah 53:6 describes? How have you seen the Good Shepherd bring you back when you stray?*

3. Why do you think Jesus compares His relationship with His sheep to His relationship with the Father? What does that show you of the intimate, relational nature of His relationship to us?
4. How should John 10:16 shape the way we view the Church today—locally and globally? And how does Jesus’ vision for one flock challenge attitudes of exclusivity or division among believers?
5. Discuss how the elders of the church are to follow Christ’s Shepherding example? (See Acts 20:28 and 1 Peter 5:1-5)
6. How do the images of the Lamb in John 1:29, Revelation 5:9-12, and Revelation 7:17 deepen your understanding of Jesus as Shepherd?

# What do we see about Jesus?

Jesus is the Good Shepherd – He protects, knows, unites, and sacrificially loves His Sheep

## Respond to the sermon:

- **Head:** What did you learn / what were you reminded about who Jesus is?
- **Heart:** What specific steps can you take to grow deeper in your relationship with Christ?
- **Hands:** What ways can you live differently because of these truths?

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### Antipsalm 23 – David Powlison

*I'm on my own. No one looks out for me or protects me.  
I experience a continual sense of need. Nothing's quite right.  
I'm always restless. I'm easily frustrated and often disappointed.  
It's a jungle—I feel overwhelmed. It's a desert—I'm thirsty.  
My soul feels broken, twisted, and stuck. I can't fix myself.  
I stumble down some dark paths.*

*Still, I insist: I want to do what I want, when I want, how I want.  
But life's confusing. Why don't things ever really work out?  
I'm haunted by emptiness and futility—shadows of death.  
I fear the big hurt and final loss.  
Death is waiting for me at the end of every road,  
but I'd rather not think about that.*

*I spend my life protecting myself. Bad things can happen.  
I find no lasting comfort. I'm alone... facing everything that could hurt me.  
Are my friends really friends? Other people use me for their own ends.  
I can't really trust anyone. No one has my back.  
No one is really for me—except me.  
And I'm so much all about ME, sometimes it's sickening.  
I belong to no one except myself.*

*My cup is never quite full enough. I'm left empty.  
Disappointment follows me all the days of my life.  
Will I just be obliterated into nothingness?  
Will I be alone forever, homeless, free-falling into void?  
Sartre said, "Hell is other people."  
I have to add, "Hell is also myself."  
It's a living death, and then I die.*