



*I need a family*

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*I NEED A FAMILY*



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*This book is dedicated to the rejected and persecuted for the sake of righteousness. May their cry for LOVE reach God's ears.*

*“Can a woman forget her nursing child, or show no compassion for the child of her womb? Even these may forget, yet I will not forget you. See, I have inscribed you on the palms of my hands; your walls are continually before me.” (Isa. 49: 15-16)*

## Introduction

This book is an allegory whose focus is on the emotional release of people whose heart was wounded by the rejection from the family, from society or from the church. It aims to heal and free the brothers whose self-image and self-esteem were deformed by attitudes, feelings, words and even thoughts of people used by the devil for the simple fact of being different from others around them. The human prejudice is a serious disease that invades the heart, entering without permission into families, segregating members placed there by the Lord with a higher purpose, but can not develop themselves when hatred and violence become overt and directed against their soul and their spirit. These attitudes force them to move away from normal relationship in many ways, aggravating the rejection on the part of those who, beyond pride and arrogance, know nothing of the things of God and begin to dispute the spiritual authority over those who are under their power, doing everything to crush the main victim of the whole situation. That's why many do not understand why they go through such hard trials, paying a high price for things that they did not, by which they are not responsible and of which they can not get rid for years, despite all their efforts and all their faith. Unfortunately, nowadays there are very few hearts willing to love; few have the boldness and the spirit of a warrior to stop the violence and the overt hatred of the devil, as well as to resist against the cowardly attitudes, neglectful and uncommitted to the second greatest commandment given by Jesus, which is, *"Love one another just as I have loved you."* What we need most today is the manifestation of the powerful strength of God's love in our lives. Therefore, keep believing in His promises. None of them will be missing; all of them will be fulfilled.

"I need a family" is a book that talks about victory, teaches us who God's family is, the mutual acceptance, the love of friend and how to regain self-worth and understand our fellow man; how to restore honor, find personal fulfillment and how to have in God the emotional supply we need. Jesus came to fill our need for a family. Our main character is a boy called David Obed, who leaves his family of origin and meets other companions that also feel rejected. Throughout their journey they find the solution for their problem, for they start to see themselves from God's perspective.

May you receive the peace, the Lord's blessing and the love you have never had, finding a place where you feel really helpful and loved. Receive your healing in the name of Jesus.

Tânia Cristina

- The bible version used here is the New Revised Standard Version, NRSV-1989 (1995)

1

*Decision*



David Obed was determined. The time had come to take a serious attitude about what was bothering him. The voice he heard had been very clear, *“Go from your country and your kindred and your father’s house to the land that I will show you. I will make of you a great nation. Blessed are those who bless you, and cursed are those who curse you.”* Where would he go now? He did not know. He just picked up his little suitcase and walked aimlessly down the road, because there was nobody else to ask for help. The only thing he nourished in his heart was to know someday freedom and respect. He was tired, so tired that he was not willing to think too much. He received many promises of protection, rescue, victory, but none of them had been fulfilled up to now. He felt cheated and frustrated. He no longer had ability to bear such a great burden of those who hated him for being different. David Obed should feel very happy because he had big dreams that could bless many people, but nobody believed in him until now or had been a real support. Everyone always gave the same excuse: “What can we do? Only God can!” This kind of talk did him embittered with so great hypocrisy, cowardice and lack of attitude of people; it seems they had surrendered to evil and thought better to continue like this, so as not to pull up a fight with anybody. The story of mankind was full of examples of scapegoats for the cowardice of men. Sometimes he laughed with himself when he remembered the stories he had read in that crumpled old book which he had in his suitcase. He no longer knew why he kept it. He had already felt an impulse to throw it away, because in the worst moments of his life, it seemed not to serve for anything else but to provoke him through people who had never knew a hundredth of what he knew and lived because of those words written there. Afterwards they puffed up with the pride of saying that they knew it very well and he was too young; he would have to live long to be a warrior and teach his brothers the life experiences he had. The story repeated itself; a transfer of responsibilities: “The guilty was of the woman you gave me.” “It’s not my guilt! The fault was of this serpent that made me eat this fruit.” What would come next? “The fault was of the tree; after all, it had so nice and inviting smell and seduced me too.” The guilt of everything would always be of someone.

David Obed walked a little further and looked at the blue sky. At least up there, there was a semblance of peace. He saw the eagles flying, as well as other birds and felt in his heart the desire to experience such a feeling of freedom. The pardon that he has released to those who hurt him was not enough to relieve his heart. They didn’t want to receive him, because, after all, they were right and he was the great ‘villain’ who had started all the trouble with his innovative and revolutionary ideas. In fact, they always found him a bit weird. He was the youngest of many brothers and did not seem to be very interested in diplomas, money or social rules, at least the way they cared; he had no great desire to fight against his opponents. On the contrary, he looked like a coward, trying to explain his reasons and make peace with those who were not good people. This behavior bothered them. Moreover, there he came with those ideas of reflecting on their attitudes and they did not have much time for this. After all, they needed to make money and continue with their lives. The rest was nonsense! From time to time they offered burnt offerings to any god, just not to say that they didn’t cared about religion. Thus, they appeared to be an exemplary family and nobody would blame them for anything. Unfortunately, the youngest son is that had brought certain discord and they were very ashamed of him. They wondered whom in the family he was looked like. There was nobody in the family like him, neither from one side nor another; he seemed an adopted child. If he hadn’t been born of the same mother, anyone would think that he had been found amid the grove.

Our hero could no longer stand this negative charge on him. He stopped to rest and sat down under a tree, in the shade. He opened his little suitcase and saw a snack that he had prepared many hours ago. It was still good; then, he ate it. Suddenly, he looked at the bushes in front of him and heard a strange noise coming from behind them. He walked up there and watched; it seemed to be someone who was talking to himself, crying and comforting himself.



“You were cute when you were born. You didn’t seem so different, but now there’s no way to change things. Don’t cry; you are not guilty of anything. In fact, you made the right decision. Leave them alone where they are. If they think you are ridiculous for wanting to fly higher, don’t mind. Someday, we will try; the idea was interesting indeed. You cheered up when you saw all those birds flying near the sun, didn’t you? Did you notice that their wings seem as big as ours? It costs nothing to try, huh! The day will come when we’ll have the courage to do so. Oops! Who’s there?”

“Do not be scared. My name is David Obed, and yours?”

“They call me ‘Big Beak Chicken’ since I was born.”

“What are you holding?”



“Oh! This photo? It’s I, when I was little. It looked like a chick, didn’t I? This was the only thing I could pick up when I ran away from there.”

“Where?”

“From that henhouse where I think I was born. I’ve never seen such a small and petty people. The ladies spend all day sitting on the eggs, gossiping; and the fighting cocks are only interested in fighting to see who rules over the harem. It’s disgusting!”

“Hmm! I know how it is!”

“And you, David, what are you doing here?”

“I don’t know yet! I fled from that rabble to see if I can find my way in life.”

“Were they your relatives?”

“They were, you said well; they were, but they can not be anymore. They have no affinity with me. By the way, how do I call you; ‘Big Beak Chicken’? Do you like this?”

“How would you like to call me?”

“I don’t know! What about Flying Free?”

“Wow! Cool! It cheered my heart.”

“Well, then, Flying Free; let’s move on.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know, let’s just walk. Maybe talking about our pain we are relieved! It seems that we’re a little hurt, isn’t it?”

“Yeah! Why do you call David Obed?”

“Ah! It was an idea of my great-aunt who read this book here and liked the name. The old woman dreamed of great things, you know? She saw me as a king and a warrior. She also said that one day I would be a teacher who would teach people the right way, and that I was born with blue blood, do you understand me? I was born different from the whole family. The aunt had an eye for these things, but this only brought envy upon me. *David* means ‘*the beloved of God*’, and *Obed*, ‘*servant of God*’, ‘*worshiper*’, and ‘*He restored*’.”

“Is this your dream indeed?”

“I’ll show you something.”



“It’s a warrior. Where did you find?”

“I got from my aunt; she tore it from a book she liked very much. Before dying, she gave me the picture. Cool! Don’t you think?”

“It takes great courage and a high target.”

“I don’t know if I have. I feel really weird, in fact, because I do not see myself killing people, but talking to them and teaching them. But image of the warrior gives me strength. And you, what’s your dream?”

“I’ll tell you what happened for me to leave home. I was sitting on the fence of the farm at the end of the day to escape this gossipy people, and then, I looked at the sky. I saw some chickens like me, with a more curved beak and larger wings, and they seemed very comfortable up there, flying. I felt so bad! Honestly, I felt like a coward. They were doing everything that I would like to do, but the last time I tried to do the same thing I didn’t even perform the act. The chief rooster came up to me and scolded me. He said that chicken didn’t do that kind of thing, it was risky; moreover, who did I think I was to have those delusions of grandeur? I was making it up, and he would ask others to help him to pluck up this madness out of my head. Then I cringed and came back to the roost into the poultry farm. I never tried again, but it makes me very frustrated.”

“You know what, Flying Free? If I were you, I’d try.”

“What if I fail? They will say, ‘Didn’t I say it wouldn’t work?’”

“They don’t care about you, let alone with your success; why then you will worry about them?”

“Do you give me support? After all, you’re a warrior!”

“Maybe, but now I feel rejected. My dreams of grandeur also didn’t take me anywhere because I do not have ‘IQ’.”

“What is ‘IQ’?”

“Actually, I’m talking about ‘*I’m not Qualified*’, do you understand me? No matter our intelligence quotient, many times, but our contacts in order to climb up.”

“Yeah! You also seem like me, a bit down! Have you ever heard of something called faith?”

“I’ve heard, but in my case I don’t think that it solves. I tried so many times and all came to naught.”

“Umm! Things are not going well. Hey! What is that thing at the banks of the lake?”

“It seems a duckling, crying.”

“Another one crying?”

“At least we are not the only ones who were rejected, after all! Let’s go there.”



“Hello, little sister! Who are you?”

“Go away! Leave me alone.”

“We will not go. What is your name?”

“They call me ‘Hidden duckling.’”

“Why? They, who?”

“The group I belonged to. They called me this way because I had a bad temper and they said that nobody was able to stand it. I’m a bit shy, beyond what I was born with a beak different from them and my neck seems longer. I am ashamed of this and cringe myself.”

“Let me tell you something. I was called ‘Big Beak Chicken’, but my friend David changed my name to Flying Free. Why don’t you ask him how you should be called?”

“She will be Lyudmila, the beloved of the people.”

“Didn’t I tell you? He thinks big.”

“I don’t know. I’m ugly and nobody likes me. Where I go I cause troubles; even if I am right, the others end up very well and I play the part of fool and liar.”

“I’ve seen this story before.”

“Hush, Flying Free! The girl needs help.”

“Okay! I’m sorry, little sister Lyudmila! Soon you will get used to your new name, believe me.”

“Where are you going?”

“David and I go somewhere, but we still don’t know for sure. Do you want to come with us, even so?”

“I don’t have a family! I’ll go along, but I prefer to stay quiet with myself, all right?”

“Right! Speak only when you wish.”

“Before being silent once and for all, please, satisfy my curiosity.”

“What is it, Flying Free?”

“What is your dream?”

“To be a mother of a large family. Probably, I won’t find out who wants me, but maybe I can be accepted somewhere! At least, if I had more white feathers and did not have a so long neck! I’ve already been called snobbish because other ducks thought me arrogant when I stretched my neck. They said I wanted to see too far. I’ve got some innovative ideas, do you know? Even so tiny, I think differently. I think women are valuable and they can also speak what they have in mind. Unfortunately, nobody believes what I say. I do not conform to injustice or with petty things like gossip, but I only hear this amid the ducks. They walk with that arrogant air, slowly, one leg turning around in front of the other and shaking their hips just to say that they are meek and wise. Sometimes I even have the will to kill so much hypocrisy. Just sit together and they start to ‘quack, quack, quack.’ Disgusting! Oh! I think I’ve said too much.”

“How beautiful! I liked it. You are one of my favorites.”

“Yeah! It seems that Flying Free is your ally indeed. Come on, friends. As I was saying ... I can not remember anymore.”

“You were talking about having ‘IQ’ and about our contacts to be successful people.

“I don’t think it will be a good subject. How about we stop a little in order to sleep? It’s dark.”

“Lyudmila, how do ducklings sleep?”

“Don’t worry about me, Flying Free. I’ll sleep right here on the ground near David. You can sleep on that low bough there; it will remind you a bit of the henhouse.”

“I’m not so sure that I want that, but it is okay! Good night, folks!”

“Good night, brother.”

2

*Others also decide to change*



Dawn came and the sun awoke them; its heat warmed them and gave them the will to resume their journey. Each of them sought food as he could nearby, making use of what nature offered them.

“Fellows, I wonder what will happen today! Until now this road is not leading us into any city. What do you think?”

“David, let’s continue for it. In the woods it may be more risky; we can be hurt and I can not fly low through the trees.”

“I think that Flying Free is right; moreover, there is always a chance of having a lake where I can refresh myself.”

“So let’s go. Hey, hey! Are you not hearing a strange noise?”

“I don’t know, but let’s inspect.”

“It seems to come from the trees, up there.”



“Any problem, brother?”

“I’m trying to get down from here, do you help me?”

“What a cat is doing alone up there?”

“Psst! David! Don’t you think he is too big for a cat? Besides, the ears are different and this meowing is—”

“Ridiculous!”

“—It’s not ridiculous, it’s scary!”

“What is your name?”

“Everyone knows me as ‘A good-for-nothing.’”

“This one broke the record! What a horrible name!”

“Be quiet. Don’t embarrass the poor thing, more than he should be.”

“Of course! How did you say? I didn’t hear very well.”

“‘A good-for-nothing.’ Yes, that’s what you heard. Please help me to get down.”

“We are very small, smaller than you. Make an effort, jump from there.”

“I’m afraid, but I’ll try. Get out under the tree ... Ouch! Got it! Who are you?”

“I’m David, this one here is Flying Free, and this beautiful duckling is Lyudmila, the beloved of the people.”

“I feel ridiculous. I am a very clumsy cat. I’m big and clumsy, besides that I can not meow like others. When I try to do it, a strange roar comes out of my mouth.”

“I know! David, what’s the more appropriate name for him?”

“Let me see! What is your biggest dream ‘A good-for-nothing’?”

“To rule a people wisely and be respected.”

“Ops! For this one I give the name!”

“What is it, Flying Free?”

“‘Authority’. How about it?”

“I liked it, it’s impressive, majestic, is not it, David? Furthermore, he seems to protect us.”

“All right, Lyudmila. So, my dear! Your name will be Authority.”

“And what I do with this ridiculous meowing?”

“Never mind; things of adolescence; the voice goes changing later. We like you anyway. Let’s go!”

“Where are you going, may I know?”

“We don’t know yet. So far, everything we know is that we are a bunch of rejected seeking a family. It seems that we are born in the wrong place: a petty people who don’t want to grow at all and just humiliate us and gives us trouble.”

“My case is like that. They found me lost in the woods and adopted me. When I was a baby, everything was all right; they treated me like any other of the brood. But when I went growing up, it seems that a few more hairs appeared on my face and I started talking louder. Then things got worse, because I saw many things wrong and I had to say. Then, they began to humiliate me and call me ‘A good-for-nothing’ because I didn’t have their agility, nor wanted to go out at night like them to stay meowing on the roofs; my tendency was to act during the day. I went feeling more ridiculous, more rejected, since they no longer invited me to parties, and my friends laughed at my rude way of being. They said that no kitty would be interested in me and I only spoke nonsense; in fact, I didn’t frighten anyone.”

“Oh no! How much nonsense we have to listen in life! Then we feel lost, not knowing who we are, looking like vagabonds, aimless, without work... Nothing that we do is good for anyone, and what we think that is good comes to naught.”

“Please, Flying Free, do not discourage us even more!”

“Look over there. This is all we needed!”

“What?”



“Apparently, another rejected.”

“What’s your name, little sheep?”

“‘The black sheep of the family’. Well! There’s always one everywhere, don’t you agree?”

“Maybe someone spilled a paint bucket on her, huh!”

“Don’t make jokes, Authority! This case is serious. Tell us your problem, little sister!”

“I’m different, you know! I have some ideas a bit weird for the rest of the flock and then the unexpected happened.”

“I didn’t understand anything!”

“Listen, darling, my name is Flying Free and I really understand these revolutionary ideas. May I give a guess? You were kicked out of the flock, weren’t you?”

“Yeah! They think they are so perfect and clean because they are of white wool, at most with a brown speck, but I was born with black wool and then I distinguished myself from the rest. They accused me of sin and didn’t let me follow the Shepherd. Then I said that they were a bunch of Pharisees disguised as good sheep and the Shepherd is no respecter of persons.”

“Ouch! I know! You don’t need to complete the rest. David, let’s change her name? Quick! Quick!”

“What are you talking about?”

“We’re a bunch of rejected and accursed; therefore, we already have our self-esteem in the dust. So we decided to change names to see if life gets better. Yours can be—”

“I know! ‘Separated’.”

“—What name is that?”

“Let’s think! What is your dream? Or what do you hate in the flock?”

“I feel dirty with so many things that I see wrong. It seems that staying away from them I can think better and I don’t feel so defiled. Then the Shepherd speaks to me in particular.”

“You see? The name is right, ‘Separated for the Shepherd’. Don’t you think?”

“Yeah! I think that’s it.”

“Are you speaking seriously? Do you talk to Him?”

“I do, but it’s been a long time that I don’t see Him. When I get angry, He does not come. Sometimes I think He doesn’t love me and prefers the others.”

“Bah! It is nonsense! You’re great.”

“How many are we now?”

“We are five: David Obed, Flying Free, Lyudmila, Authority and Separated for the Shepherd.”

“We could give a name to this group, couldn’t we, David?”

“Yes! ‘Achievement.’”

3

*The mirror of truth*





Our friends continued walking. Sometimes they stopped; sometimes they talked and read the old book of David Obed. In one these readings, almost bedtime, he had the idea of giving it to each one to open at any page and read the message to them.

“Since the book is yours, read first, David!”

“I took you from the pasture, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people Israel; and I have been with you wherever you went, and have cut off all your enemies before you; and I will make for you a name, like the name of the great ones of the earth. I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, so that they may live in their own place, and be disturbed no more; and evildoers shall wear them down no more, as they did formerly, from the time that I appointed judges over my people Israel; and I will subdue all your enemies. Moreover I declare to you that the Lord will build you a house.”

“Hey! It is I who is sheep; you’re human. I think this word has nothing to do with you.”

“Separated! It’s figurative language; it’s not always what it seems. I am not a sheep, but I took care of sheep, do you know?”

“Really?”

“Yeah, and I even fought with bears because of them. And I won. So I think I’m a warrior. I also taught them, talked to them, as one talks to people.”

“Wow! But this promise has not yet been fulfilled; you have not yet ascended to power.”

“Doesn’t matter. That’s what the book says.”

“Now it’s my turn. I found it! It says: ‘... but those who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.’ Ah! I am a ‘Big Beak Chicken’; I will never fly like an eagle. Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

“Gosh! This made him cry. Don’t cry, Flying Free; you will do it someday. We promise to help you.”

“And I? I also want one. This one: ‘For I will leave in the midst of you, Separated [May I put my name?], a people humble and lowly. They shall seek refuge in the name of the Lord.’ I hope so! Otherwise, I will not have someone to listen to me, and the Shepherd will no longer be able to talk to me as He spoke before.”

“May I read too?”

“Sure, Lyudmila! Take the book.”

“‘He raises the poor from the dust, and lifts the needy from the ash heap, to make them sit with princes, with the princes of his people. He gives the barren woman a home, making her the joyous mother of children. Praise the Lord!’ I think I’ll cry too. When will I be able to have my family?”

“We are your family, do you remember? Maybe we have a different look, but have you realized that our goal is the same? And that we were rejected because we think ‘big’?”

“I am glad you are my family, but I still would like to have my chicks.”

“The only one that’s missing is me, let’s see: ‘See, I have given you authority to tread on snakes and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing will hurt you.’”

“Did you see, Authority? It’s directly for you!”

“Before we go to bed, let’s read one message for all of us: ‘If my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.’”

They went to sleep thoughtful. Everything seemed contrary to what was happening. Anyway, tomorrow was another day!

Many days passed and our friends got to know one another, doing a great friendship, and the individual goals seemed to become clearer. It was interesting how a simple chat seemed to heal their souls! Suddenly, everyone felt similar in a certain way, and the problems they faced in the past had, practically, the same origin: they were born for a different purpose that very few understood; so, the loneliness. However, now they were in five and could meet many others besides them, who also liked to dream.

“What glow is that over there? The sun reflects on that object and it looks like gold. Let’s go there.”

“David! What is this?”

“It’s a mirror. Who had left it here?”

“Do you know what, folks? The Shepherd’s voice came, now, to my mind. It said: ‘for as he thinks within himself, so he is.’ Why did He say this?”

“I know.”

“David! Why is your face strange?”

“This is the mirror of truth. I see myself as a warrior and a king. I’m also teaching a lot of people. Look!”



“I see nothing. I just see you as you are now.”

“Let me explain.”

“What is it then, Flying Free?”

“It works only for our own soul, until the promises are fulfilled and everyone can see us just as we see ourselves in the mirror. At the moment, it’s we who must have the correct view of ourselves, do you understand?”

“I want to see too.”

“Me too.”

“Take it easy, otherwise it’ll break, folks! Then nobody will see anything.”

“While you look, I’ll go swim a little.”

“Go, Lyudmila; then come back so we can continue the journey.”

“This is me. I knew it! It was not mirage. I am an eagle, I’m not a chicken. That’s why my wings are bigger, and my beak is to destroy the prey and devour it.”



“Oh, no! Look to the other side with this face of butcher.”

“Don’t be afraid, Separated, this vision is for the future and I will devour my enemies; we two are good friends, do you remember?”

“Oh, good! What a shock! Let me look at my image on it a little. Folks! How beautiful! I’m not the only one who is a ‘black sheep’; there is a flock of them waiting for me. I don’t feel alone anymore. It seems that there will be someone who understands me and will hear the Shepherd’s voice through me, after all.



“Ouch! What a horrendous meowing! It scares me.”

“It’s me. I have just made a great discovery. I’m not a cat, I’m a lion. I knew that I had a vocation for leader. Did I not say? Who knew! I, ‘the lion, the king’ reigning with wisdom among my subjects!”

“Umm! You are proud. Beware so that the power does not go to your head!”

“Calm down! I was only joking. I’m still afraid to be a lion; I think safer to be a cat.”



“Where is Lyudmila?”

“She is in the lake, but it seems that she no longer needs the mirror. Look at her face! The lake also showed her the truth.”

“I’m dying of curiosity. Lyudy! What did you see?”

“It seems that she lost her breath. Let’s take her out of there before she drowns.”

“Folks! I found out an incredible thing. Now I know why my neck is long. I am a swan! Have you ever seen such elegance? I feel like a princess.”

“Beware of vanity! Be careful not to go to your head too!”



“What’s up, Flying Free? Who is feeling himself the best for seeing everything from above?”

“Let’ stop with this! We are still a bunch of the rejected, folks. We’ll still have a little work until we learn how to manage the vision. What ‘model family’ is this we

intend to be if we already begin to be jealous of each other? Have you ever thought that our qualities may be for complementing one another?"

"The 'voice of wisdom' spoke."

"The spirit of the Lord speaks through me, his word is upon my tongue."

"Where did you get that, David?"

"From the book, where else?"

"I think we better stop talking nonsense. David is right. After all, he is the leader."

"David! What will we do with the mirror?"

"I'll put it in my suitcase, it may be useful later."

They fell silent, and each one led his attention into himself to reflect on what they had seen; they would have to think differently now, but it seemed so impossible! How to get there?

4

*Training*



They woke up practically with a single idea: they would have to learn to behave like the image they saw of themselves in the mirror. In other words, they would have to train to assume the position within the family that they would like to find, for as it seemed at first, they would be an important factor within it. Flying Free took the lead:

“To be really an eagle I need to think big, to have control of my flight, see clearly what interests to me and be quick and accurate. I’ll climb to the top of the cliff and try to fly from up there. If I fail, please, collect my bones and bury them with great dignity; write on my tombstone: ‘This one was not born to fly low like a big beak chicken, but to tear the skies like an eagle.’”

“Applause, folks! The scene was well played, was not it? Go ahead, bold friend.”

“And he went indeed. Look there! He is flying; somewhat clumsy, but he is flying.”

“Soon he gets the hang of it.”



“Who dares now?”

“I think, if I’ll be the mother of a large family, I have to move with elegance and grace in the midst of emotional instabilities, to have flexibility and learn to see in the distance. After all, I don’t want to see my chicks snapped up by any predator. I need to know other mothers too.”

“There she goes. God bless you, Lyudmila.”



“Is she not graceful to swim? She is beautiful with the neck stretched. Very impressive!”

“I will exercise my authority defending the weak and protecting them from killer wolves. Look at the hunt!”

“There he goes. The Lord is with you, be strong and courageous; show the bandits who is the boss.”



“You know, David! I think my biggest training is not to let myself be influenced by what is around me and not feel humiliated or rejected, isn't it so? I have suffered so much with this; it seems that I have no more strength to face these sheep. I feel ashamed and it seems that I will be accused all the time. Could it be that I managed to release forgiveness, truly, for what they did with me?”



“Don't worry, Separated for the Shepherd! They will respect you. Don't have fear of bad tongues anymore. They will see something new in you. Don't be afraid of losing control; remember the promise of the book: 'For I will leave in the midst of you, a people humble and lowly. They shall seek refuge in the name of the Lord.'”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes! Go.”

David Obed was left alone; he would also need to train his sword to be a warrior, a king and a teacher. He just needed to believe again in those words and see their power over all that seemed stronger than them. It seems that he had discouraged. He didn't have the faith that one day he had. Of course! After so much rejection and fight! He needed to believe again; he did not know how; however, it was essential. This was the most difficult sword to handle. Even though no one believed in what came out of his mouth, he still would try one more time; a warrior would never give up. Who would accept him as king if he was indecisive and weak? How could he teach something he didn't believe in? *“Come on, David, react; ask for forgiveness again and He will*



*understand you and strengthen you; your life will not be an eternal war, after all! The praise will come back again to your lips.”*

He started again, for he wanted to see by his side the valiant men, those who were born of the Spirit, not of the flesh. Each one of his companions also had to face his ‘giants’, his fears and insecurities, especially the common enemy: the rejection from others. While they trained, he read everything again. He opened the book and read:

“Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple. Whoever does not carry the cross and follow me cannot be my disciple... So therefore, none of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions” (Lk. 14: 26-27; 33).



This was just the beginning. He proceeded:

- “Therefore all who devour you shall be devoured, and all your foes, everyone of them, shall go into captivity; those who plunder you shall be plundered, and all who prey on you I will make a prey. For I will restore health to you, and your wounds I will heal, says the Lord, because they have called you an outcast: ‘It is Zion; no one cares for her!’ Thus says the Lord: I am going to restore the fortunes of the tents of Jacob, and have compassion on his dwellings; the city shall be rebuilt upon its mound, and the citadel set on its rightful site.” (Jer. 30: 16-18)

- “Thus says the Lord: Keep your voice from weeping, and your eyes from tears; for there is a reward for your work, says the Lord: they shall come back from the land of the enemy; there is hope for your future, says the Lord: your children shall come back to their own country.” (Jer. 31: 16-17)

- “The Lord is good, a stronghold in a day of trouble; he protects those who take refuge in him... And now I will break off his yoke from you and snap the bonds that bind you.” (Nah. 1: 7; 13)

- “Now I know that you shall surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in your hand.” (1 Sam 24: 20)

- “Then Saul said to David, ‘Blessed be you, my son David! You will do many things and will succeed in them’. So David went his way, and Saul returned to his place.” (1 Sam. 26: 25)

- “Then I replied to them, ‘The God of heaven is the one who will give us success, and we his servants are going to start building; but you have no share or claim or historic right in Jerusalem.’” (Neh. 2: 20)

He read, believed, prophesied and slept.

5

*Accomplishment*



Time passed. They felt different now, after a so long training time, but it was worthwhile. They realized that the road had finished. It had ended in a village and they could see its gates open through where citizens came in and went out. Suddenly, the small group drew near to each other. Who were those who came running towards them with so much oil in their hands? The citizens looked at David Obed and said, “See, we are your bone and flesh. The Lord your God said to you: ‘It is you who shall be shepherd of my people, you who shall be ruler over my people.’”

They poured out oil on the head of David Obed and anointed him king. His friends rejoiced at his victory, because they were beside him in his fight. He was being honored as a warrior, as king and as a teacher over his people, to teach them the truths of the book. He could feel the freedom that he yearned so much and would be respected by this family as a leader.



The citizens came close to Flying Free and spoke, “The Lord says to you: ‘Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you; I appointed you a prophet to the nations. You shall go to all to whom I send you, and you shall speak whatever I command you. See, today I appoint you over nations and over kingdoms, to pluck up and to pull down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant.’”



He had received the anointing of prophet, because he saw things from a higher level, the word in his mouth was free and he could think big, with faith, surpassing all limits.

Now it was Lyudmila's turn, the beloved of the people.

“Woman, you now receive the ransom that you seek. May your house be fertile and blessed through the offspring that will come from you. May the Lord reward you for your deeds, and may you have a full reward from the Lord, under whose wings you have come for refuge! Be your happiness like that of Ruth, mother of the seed of David.”

Lyudmila, the white swan that wanted so much to have children, was being blessed today with the blessing of the offspring. She would be respected and honored. She felt accomplished.



It was Authority's turn. They put on him a robe and a ring on his finger and said, “For you'll be the next in rank to the king, powerful among your countrymen, and popular with your many kindred; you'll seek the good of your people and will intercede for the welfare of all your descendants.”

Authority now had the post of chancellor alongside David Obed and he could do whatever his heart dreamed: to exercise authority with wisdom and justice and protect the weakest.



Who else was missing? Sure! Separated for the Shepherd. Who could forget her? They told her, "Follow us."

She was taken to the sheepfold where the Good Shepherd received her at the door. He took her to the inside and loved her more than all other sheep, and she won His favor and devotion; He set the royal crown on her head and made the most important of that flock. She would also have the authority to govern the sheep that had been entrusted to her and they would be her family from now on. They would think lofty things, would plan great things for the kingdom, and they would hear her as the Shepherd's spokesman. She could hear His voice in a deeper way, and thus, her new family would grow and be prosperous. She felt at home, for they were all of the same color. No more the rejection would hurt her and she would no longer be accused of sin, because the color of her soul was what mattered to Him, not the outside. The creature looked on the outward appearance, but the Shepherd looked on the heart of His sheep. He loved her and she was being honored. When she met David Obed and his friends, she had said, "I feel dirty with so many things that I see wrong. It seems that staying away from them I can think better and I don't feel so defiled. Then the Shepherd speaks to me in particular" Now, she was cleared of all charges on her life and nothing else would move her away from Him. There, she would be the leader, for her heart was turned unconditionally to His voice and she would obey it. When they went out to graze, she would walk ahead of her sisters, teaching them who they should truly follow.



“The palace is a place for kings, for princes and nobles; finally, for those who know how to reign. But the training is done out in the arena, in forests, in the battlefields and in the teachings among the subjects. Very little is learned at parties among the futile and snobbish people who attend the court. My Son came to earth to be King of kings and to be today at my right hand in glory and majesty. But His training was in the manger, in the humble work as a carpenter, in the deprivation of the desert, in the living with the weak and oppressed and in the exercise of self-surrender, which ended with the cross. Very little He had to learn from the snob and arrogant ones dressed in silk. So, He can today be seated in glory and majesty in the most beautiful clothes and enjoying the highest authority. Perhaps you ask me what you are being trained for. You are being trained to be king, so that, by your word of authority, lives can rise and evil can be overthrown and destroyed. It’s I that speaks through you. The best king is he who knew to be a slave. Only he knows, truly, the price of freedom. You were bought at a price; do not become slave of men again. For freedom you were set free, do not submit again to a yoke of slavery.”

### *Biblical references*

<i>Rut. 2: 12</i>	<i>Ps. 27: 10</i>
<i>Rut. 4: 12</i>	<i>Ps. 113: 7-9</i>
<i>1 Sam. 16: 7</i>	<i>Prov. 23: 7</i>
<i>1 Sam. 24: 20</i>	<i>Isa. 40: 31</i>
<i>1 Sam. 26: 25</i>	<i>Jer. 1: 4-10</i>
<i>2 Sam. 23: 2</i>	<i>Jer. 30: 16-18</i>
<i>1 Chron. 11: 1-3</i>	<i>Jer. 31: 16-17</i>
<i>1 Chron. 17: 7-10</i>	<i>Nah. 1: 7; 13</i>
<i>Neh. 2: 20</i>	<i>Zeph. 3: 12</i>
<i>Est. 2: 17</i>	<i>Lk. 10: 19</i>
<i>Est. 10: 3</i>	<i>Lk. 14: 26-27; 33</i>