

Lost Puppy



Sherri Moore

I am a puppy, and this is my story. I hope that you will read it and take heed. Let me start my story back when I was very young. I had a good master who cared for me and loved me. When my master and I would go out for a walk to the end of the street, I could see him walking proudly with me. The leash was in his hand; he had complete control of where I walked.

I wished that just once he would let me loose so I could explore a little. I would like to go over to the pretty lights—they are so drawing! Yet, every time I would try to go in that direction, he would yank on the leash. Why? It choked me and that hurt. I just wanted to explore a little.

So, one day while thinking those thoughts, the front door was left open and I took my chance and fled. I fled to try out my freedom without a leash. Wow! I could go anywhere and not have to experience the pain of him choking me. So, off I ran, as fast as I could. Of course I heard him calling me, "Here, puppy, puppy!" but I ignored him and ran further away.

Then I came upon the woods. There were so many branches to jump over. I got burrs and scratches all over me. There went the grooming job he had just given me. I was getting dirtier the farther away I ran. His voice was getting fainter and fainter, and now I could roam all I wanted, because his voice could not be heard to make me feel ashamed.

Well, before I knew it, I was at a crossroad. I stood there thinking, "Should I turn around and go home where I am so loved? No, I'm not going home! I'll never get a chance at this again. Anyway, I won't go too far. I do still love my master. I just want to see what is out there!" and off I ran.

Soon I came to a city. It was very busy, and there were lots of noises. I went running down the sidewalk, noticing lots of friendly people along the way. I got a pat here and a pat there. Everyone seemed very friendly. I thought, "I'd like to stay here."

As I went to the curb to cross the street, a big truck came speeding my way. It almost hit me! Running to protect myself, I dashed underneath a parked car. It was cold and scary all by myself. "What should I do?" I thought to myself. "I'm afraid that I'll get hit, so I'll just rest under here for a while."

That's when I heard it.

"Here, puppy, puppy!"

I looked and saw a trustworthy face, smiling in my direction. I jumped up into his arms. All at once, he grabbed me by the nap of the neck and shouted, "Now I've gottcha!"

He threw me into his van, and I was on my way to the dog pound.

When I got there, he put me in a little cage. I was fed and watered, but the cage was so small that I felt trapped. Couldn't someone open that door and let me loose? Oh, if I could just be free to go back to my master. I'm sorry I took so much for granted. The scratches stung and the burrs in my coat poked me, but there was no one to brush them out.

Then someone came down the corridor. I hoped he would release me. When he came into sight, I knew him! It was my master! Would he recognize me? My fur was so dirty, and I'd been through so much. I was a bit thinner now because of the miles I had run. I hoped he would take a closer look at me. Could he tell it was me? Would he take me out of that awful cage? It was so narrow, and it had such a bad smell. My freedom had turned into bondage. I was all locked up and could not get free.

I barked and barked to get his attention. "I want to come home," I said. "Please don't leave me here! Don't you love me anymore? I know I hurt you, but all you have to do is release me! Just open this door, and we can go back home. Everything will be the same. Please?"

No, young person, everything will not be the same if the devil can talk you out of staying on the leash your parents have on you. This puppy became lost because of *his* choice, not his owner's. A Christian parent walks proudly down the road of life with a young person who serves God. That leash may hurt sometimes when a parent has to yank on it, but it is for your protection. Sin hurts much worse than any yank on a leash. God can remove any burrs, scratches, or dirt you may receive in sin, but there are scars that may never go away.

Young Person, do not look at the world as freedom, it is bondage. The devil is trying to trick you. Do not listen when he says that you may never have a chance like this again, or that you do not have to go far. Sin takes

you farther than you want to go and costs you more than you want to pay. Out there the puppy found people here and there to pet him, and so will you. People, who are like the dogcatcher, look so friendly and trustworthy, but when he got hold of that puppy, he threw him in a small, dirty, smelly cage. This is what the devil will do to you. He will lock you up and get you dirty and scared to the point that others cannot recognize you.

Young Person, take a closer look at the cage. Do you want to live like this lost puppy, all locked up? Take heed to the warning! You will end up in a cage of sin if you do not allow your parents to keep hold of your leash.

Maybe you are in a cage now and do not realize it. Try to turn around. Do you have freedom from sin? If not, God can help you. Are there people around you who are trying to free you? Are you just biting them whenever they reach into the cage to try to free you? They see your soul crying out for help. It wants to be released from sin. You are holding yourself in bondage by not allowing those around you to help you to come to Christ.

Please do not be like the lost puppy and ignore God. Are you at the crossroads of life? Do you feel the draw of the world? Do you want to be lost like the puppy?

Please listen to God.



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