

# THE *Good Shepherd's Heart*

LIVING PARABLES

The Voice of My Beloved Ministry Publication



## **Welcome back to the The Good Shepherd's Heart: Living Parables!**

These parables are an account of my real-life encounters with the Good Shepherd, which are by His divine design, and contain the heavenly jewels of revelation, wisdom and priceless lessons in leadership and stewardship that He has graciously taught me. These encounters began soon after arriving in Ireland in late September 2015. They take place on the countless prayer walks we have done, walking the beautiful farmland and coastal shores in County Kerry. They are what I call Living Parables where the Master Teacher has me walk something out in the natural, then makes me very aware He is there to teach me a spiritual lesson, wanting me to see another facet of His beautiful Good Shepherd's heart.

Life is often not what it seems. And, if we are in a hurry we can often miss His redemptive plans for us. In this encounter, I experienced the faithful, steadfast love of the Good Shepherd to resuscitate what appeared to be dead, back to life.

It is my humblest honor to share the Good Shepherd's heart with you. I pray this accounting will bless you, strengthen you and encourage you as you run to finish the race that is set before you. May you hear the Good Shepherd's voice calling you closer to His bosom – calling you out of despair, discouragement and defeat into resurrection life!

In His loving Mercy,

Tracy Hogan



## Living Parable: Resurrection Life!



It was a cold, wet, windy, winter day. Yet, despite the elements, I refused to let them be a deterrent from walking the land with the only One Who can save, heal and restore us back to our rightful identity that can only be found in Him – the Lover of our soul! With that thought in mind, I wrapped myself up and headed out the door.

The roads were quieter than usual, as I walked and prayed on one of our familiar routes. As we made our way over and down many hills, with farm fields around us, and the mountains in the near distance, one thing was surely obvious. With all the recent rains over the past weeks, the land was saturated not able to absorb much more. Therefore, it was overflowing, with many new springs bursting forth in places that would normally be dry.

As I came onto the main road – about halfway in our walk, I was pleasantly surprised that I was not completely drenched. Even my shoes, for the most part, were still dry, for which I was thankful to not have cold, wet feet. That is not a pleasant feeling and one I like to avoid, if possible! Thank you, Lord, for every way You have me covered.

With a heart of praise and thanksgiving, I soon approached the part of the road that curves around. Giving you the choice to either keep going into town or to turn onto the coast road, that brings you into the quiet, nearby townland of Ardea. As I approached the curve, I saw a small pick-up truck parked on the side of the road, near a gate that belongs to a field of sheep.

I was wondering what was going on? Not only because it is an awkward part of the road to stop on, but in all our walks I had not ever seen anyone stopped near this gate. And, in general, I had rarely seen the owners with their sheep. Which that in itself troubled my heart on many occasions, as I had observed so many hurt, wounded, limping, lame, sometimes bleeding sheep and lambs. Always causing me to ask the same questions, “*Lord, where are the shepherds? Why are they not taking care of these little ones that need help? Why don’t we ever see them – where are they?*” So, this vehicle surely got my attention.

As I got nearer to the gate, I was surprised to see a man, on his knees, covered in mud trying to free a ewe from the feeding trough where she had gotten entangled.

I stood and watched, and as I did my heart quickly sank. It appeared the ewe was dead, for she was lying lifeless in the mud and muck, all around her. On closer observation, I could see she had gotten her horns caught in the metal openings at the bottom of the trough. I thought the farmer was trying to remove her body. For that I was thankful – that her nearest and dearest would not have to suffer emotionally, by seeing one of their own lying dead, any longer than they had to.

My heart was sad, yet at the same time, thankful that this man arrived when he did. I was thinking how in all these months of walking the land, being so close with the sheep, we had never seen a farmer helping his sheep in trouble. And we have seen many in trouble, day after day, with no one coming to help them. Even though it appeared to be too little too late in this case, at least he was here amongst the sheep.

---

*My heart was sad, yet at the same time, thankful that this man arrived when he did.*

---

As I watched, it was not an easy task to get this ewe free. He worked fervently trying to do so. At one point, I thought I saw her body move. I started to get hopeful. “*Is she alive, Lord? Or, did her body move, because of his hard labor to free her?*” My gaze was fully fixed on this situation more than ever. After a few more moments, it was true! She was alive and not dead, after all! Hallelujah! She was now thrashing around violently trying to free herself. This made this man’s job even harder!

I desperately wanted to help him. And for a split second, in my selfishness, I thought of my clean clothes and dry feet. I thought if I helped, I would be covered in mud and muck, and so much for my comfy, dry feet! I counted the cost, and there was no question, she was worth any discomforts I might endure! I quickly shouted to this man, who had no idea he had an audience of one this whole time, “*Do you need any help – can I help?*” He turned around, surprised to see someone. And just

in that moment, the ewe was free, jumping to her feet! She was startled for a second, before running to join the rest of her fold.

I said to the farmer, *"Thank God you came – you were here at the right time. I thought she was dead!"* He was kind, humble and very gracious telling me how he was just driving by, and that these sheep are not even his own. That he saw she was in trouble, not sure himself if she was alive or not. I thanked him again, even more so, considering this ewe did not belong to him, yet because he took the time to stop, her life was saved.

As we parted ways, I could feel the Good Shepherd's heart encouraging me. That after more than a year of not ever seeing a shepherd tending to the sheep who were neglected and in desperate need. That even though this is a serious prophetic warning in our land to the leadership, at large, and how they are not taking care of His sheep – sometimes leaving them for dead. That in His faithfulness to us as a people, tribe, tongue and nation He is bringing forth the good shepherds. It is a new season for Ireland – time for the true pastors and leadership to come forth to be seen and heard! This man, who rescued the ewe, represents that true leadership, and what it is going to look and sound like in many ways – nameless, faceless, selfless.

The Church, at large, in all nations, is full of pastors and leaders who care only for their selfish gain, their reputation and building their own kingdoms, with it often being done so at the expense of the sheep. For most do not want to soil their outer garments or disrupt their comfortable ways of doing things to intervene in the broken, messy lives of those in desperate need of a Redeemer. Those precious ones who are in need of being resurrected, from the muck and the mire that surrounds them.

That despite that sad fact beloved, the Lord wants us to be encouraged. He is raising up, in this hour like never before, those who will come forth and take care of His flock – not just the fold they have been given to steward. They will not necessarily have the credentials that man demands of them, but will have the Good Shepherd's heart burning within. That will qualify them by heaven standards for they will only be about the Father's business.

They will be the nobodies by man's standards, but highly esteemed in heaven. They will know that the

sheep do not belong to them but to the Lord. And will treat them as such by not being lords over them, trying to control them. Instead, they will give the lambs and sheep freedom to come and to go into the sheepfold as needed, by encouraging them to grow and mature into the high call that is on each of their lives.

---

*They will know that the sheep do not belong to them but to the Lord. And will treat them as such by not being lords over them, trying to control them.*

---

These leaders will be fearless and fearsome ones, who will live the laid down life of the Lamb – by denying themselves, taking up their cross and following the Lamb wherever He may lead. And, because of it, they will walk in true kingdom authority, which is clothed in the nature of the Lamb. These true pastors – true leaders will arise and build the broken-down walls starting in the Church. And, starting with the lambs and sheep that desperately need His faithful, consistent, loving attention and kind care. Teaching and encouraging them to carry their own cross – to die to self, their own ambitions. Teaching them how to become vessels of noble use – ones who will be without spot or wrinkle, that they might be filled with the glory and be the Bride of Messiah.

And, despite the apostasy that is rapidly growing in the Church, opposing the true teachings of Yeshua, with doctrines of demons, these true leaders will not walk in compromise and mixture. Equally, they will steward the sheep from a position of love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, humility and self-control. They will steward from a position of being nameless, faceless and selfless – not from a position of selfish gain. They will not ignore or reject those outside their fold. Instead, they will be sacrificial with their time leading them in the way of truth – into the truth that brings life. Leading them into an intimate, love relationship with the Bridegroom King – a relationship that is clothed in truth, purity, holiness and the fear of the Lord.



And, when these true shepherds do, they will lead those who are bound up in darkness, bondage and self-inflicted captivity without any hope of being rescued, back into His marvelous light – into the freedom that can only be found in our Beautiful Savior and Redeemer. They will lead those that have been left for dead into His resurrection life – so they can be used mightily by the Lord of the Harvest in these last days, to bring in the great harvest!

In order to do so though, we must first die to self, by surrendering our will for His in our words, thoughts, and deeds. We must become like a grain of wheat that falls into the ground and dies, so we can be filled with the same resurrection power that raised Yeshua from the dead, bringing forth much fruit. When that transaction takes place, be assured beloved, that many springs of living water are going to burst forth in the most unlikely places that were once dry, bringing forth resurrection life, all to His glory! This is the Good Shepherd's heart for us; for our families, for our communities, villages, cities and nations. May it be done unto us according to His Word, and to the level of our faith to those who believe!

---

*In order to do so though, we  
must first die to self, by  
surrendering our will for His  
in our words, thoughts and deeds.*

---

*Most assuredly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain. Though the cords of the wicked have enclosed and ensnared me, I have not forgotten Your righteous ordinances. In Your righteousness give me renewed life. I am Yours, save me; for I have sought Your precepts [John 12:24, Psalm 119:61, 40, 94]. AMEN!*



The Voice of My Beloved Ministry Publication  
PO Box 140 | Kenmare, County Kerry | Ireland

[www.thevoiceofmybeloved.com](http://www.thevoiceofmybeloved.com) | [info@thevoiceofmybeloved.com](mailto:info@thevoiceofmybeloved.com)