

# The Prodigal, the Pigs, and the Father's House

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[ 0 : 00 ] The parable of the prodigal son, it's a classic isn't it? A story of God's unmerited grace, of the depth of his love, of restoration. And our Lord's talking to some tax collectors and sinners! And some Pharisees there and his words speak to our hearts even today. It speaks about lostness, it speaks about wandering away in one way or another. So we're going to look at the prodigal's journey, the rebellion of the son, the response of the father, the reaction of the older brother. And to set the scene here we are on the rolling hills of Judea and there's this prosperous estate with these harvest fields and the freshly baked bread. It's the father's house, the father's house.

And we pick up the story in Luke 15 verse 11, and he said, our Lord said, a certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father, father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. The parable begins with this shocking request. The younger son is barely into his manhood, stands at the gates of the courtyard, you could picture it, his heart pounding with this restless ambition. And he says, I'm done with this place. I've had enough.

I'm tired of waiting. As he muttered to himself, and here he is, the prodigal, clutching this leather pouch in his hand. He's wanting to fill that with the inheritance that he was about to demand. He approaches and the father looks at the boy and breaks into a warm smile. And you can imagine him saying, what is it, my son? As he turns his face towards him. Father, said the son, his voice trembling, but defiant. Give me my share of the inheritance now. What a rebel. What an offense. Here he is.

[ 2 : 00 ] It shows the heart of rebellion. This defiance, this wanting to live independently, to flee from the father's guidance and authority. In the father's eyes, you could imagine him looking at his son, not with anger, but with deep sadness, with disappointment. This man was reckless. Like men today, he refused God's control over their lives. And in essence, he's asking for his inheritance.

Well, his father is still alive. This was an insult. How offensive. Asking for his inheritance. It was culturally offensive. And basically, the son was saying, Dad, let's pretend that you're dead to me and I'm dead to you. I don't care about my relationship with you. Just give what I'm due.

And we'll part ways. It was like a slap in the face to his father. But amazingly, the father gave his son what he asked for. Very well. You can imagine the father saying quietly, his voice heavy, it will be done. The father grants his request. He places these gleaming gold coins into the clutching hands of his son. And the son's fingers tightened around the money. He thought he'd feel exhilarated, liberated. But instead, he felt strange. Yet he shoved that feeling aside and he left without looking back.

So the son leaves the father. He departs for the far country, it says. He didn't just move out of his father's house. He moved out of his father's country. A far country. It's symbolic of a place of sin. Of separation from God. It's a picture of a sinner wanting to be independent of God's authority. And if you are not in fellowship with God today, friends, you are in a far country. Your life is a far country. You do not belong there. And so the reckless son, he started off with his wild journey, a caravan of goods in tow, trailing behind. And he didn't look back. And we'll pick it up, verse 13.

[ 4 : 02 ] And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and he took his journey into a far country. He wanted to get as far, far away as he could from the father. And there wasted his substance with riotous living. So the younger son, he squanders everything. His inheritance. Riotous living.

This term is a picture of a lifestyle of indulgence, of waste, of recklessness. And the cities of the world welcomed him with open arms. Come, come and spend your money. He was loaded now, cashed up. He was no longer the quiet boy from the countryside. He strode through the bustling streets with this air of pride as the streets were filled with merchants, hawking silks and spices and perfumes. And the merchants would be shouting their wares, greeting him warmly, come, we've got

something you can buy.

And you could imagine the clinking of coins and the laughter and all the fun of it all. The air was thick with this sense of roasted meats, of spices. Everything was there, this heavy mix of all the enjoyments around. And it made his head spin with excitement. The sense of the roasted lamb, the honey pastries, who had made his mouth water. It was just so exciting. He was going far, far away, far, far away from the father's house. And he thought he could get satisfaction there. He thought that he had money to burn. And he did, for a time. Gold made him bold. And he brought fine clothes and jeweled rings and wine. And he spent lavishly, his inheritance slipping through his fingers like sand.

Extravagant banquets were held in his honour, the tables groaning under the weight of figs, of honey cakes and roasted lamb. And laughter rang out. And music filled the night. And men and women wanted to party with him. But deep down, he knew these people didn't care for him. They cared for his coin. Still, he silenced the nagging doubts with more wine, more laughter, more everything. And he surrounded himself with flatterers and revellers. Their laughter and music drowning out that small, persistent voice in his heart that whispered of home. He sought fulfilment of freedom, but found only emptiness and despair. We see the consequences of sin and the emptiness of a life lived apart from God, reckless, wasteful. He had a mad spending spree. It didn't last. It never does. The day the last coin slipped from his fingers, the world seemed to turn against him. The city, once so vibrant, now felt cold and unforgiving, his so-called friends vanished like the mist. And then the famine came, as if the heavens themselves were mocking him. Verse 14, and when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in the land. And he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country. And he sent him into his fields to feed swine. The gold ran out. He'd emptied his accounts. His credit card is maxed out. And his so-called friends, they vanished, leaving him alone in a city that had grown cold and indifferent. The vibrant streets now seemed hostile. And the aromas of food were just mocking his empty stomach. And when famine struck that land, it was as if the very earth turned against him. And the skies darkened with grey clouds.

He wandered the streets. His fine clothes now tattered and stained. His stomach growled, a constant reminder of his fall of home. What a waste. What a misery. It cost him the fellowship of his father and all the joys of home. It cost him his freedom. What tragic irony. For it was his freedom that he went out to sea.

[ 8 : 33 ] Give me, he said to his father in the hour of self-will. When his heart was broken, he said, make me. It cost him such that he ended up in the humiliation of a pig pen, a filthy pig pen to the Jew. What such a shame and humiliation that was. It cost him his very all. Notice there verse 14. When he had spent all, every last cent of it. His story tells how he spent all, all that he had. And the story tells of sin, how it brings sorrow and shame. He began to be in want. Life had turned upside down for this boy.

And when the music stopped, the friends left, the money was all gone. This young man found out that he had some needs that he could not meet. He began to be in want. Sin robbed him of everything, of value, left him hopeless and helpless in the far country. Verse 15. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. When famine struck, he was penniless. Desperation drove him to beg for work, any kind of job. The only job he could find was helping tend the pigs.

Feeding pigs, that was such an embarrassment, a degrading task. And his rebellion led him to the lowest point imaginable. This was the pits. He didn't just land a bad job. He landed the worst possible job a Jew could get. It was utter humiliation. Picture him in there as he's trudging in the mud of this foreign farm, the stench of swine filling his nostrils, clinging to his skin, hunger and gnawing at his stomach. Verse 16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. He had this hunger such that he wanted to feed his belly with the pig swill. Imagine the pig pen for a moment. Can you smell it?

Can you see it? Can you hear it? The pen, the pen of the pigs. It was a pit of filth, and the air filled with this acrid stench of swine and rotting slop. And the pigs snorted and shoved at him as they scattered pods for them to eat. His stomach churned with hunger as he eyed the pods, wondering if he could have some, whether it would turn his stomach or keep him alive.

No man gave unto him. See that? The far country will give nothing. We'll have no pity, no sympathy, no help. Try as you might, you can't make the pig pen attractive. What did it look like? The boy had

once lived in luxury at the father's house, now living in the pig pen, a place of absolute misery, a filthy pit, a place of dark, slimy puddles, a swamp of mud and filth churned by the constant screaming and grunting and shuffling of dirty pigs. The pigs themselves were massive. I don't know if you've ever seen some of these big bush pigs. Some pigs get really big. And their bodies were caked with dirt, their snouts wet and slimy with the remains of their slop. And there were scraps of half-eaten food there, mouldy rinds and wilted vegetable stalks and husks and they were scattered across the ground. A reminder of how far he had fallen. Makes me think of maybe going home and where I sometimes throw scraps to the chooks and going down there to the trough and nuzzling down there with the chooks. Now this is a picture of it. This man, he's so desperate and how you can imagine him looking in his own reflection in those, maybe the muddy puddles, as he looked at his dirty gaunt face that no longer resembled the carefree young man who had once left home. What did it smell like?

[ 12 : 46 ] The stench was unbearable. You ever been down to the zoo or a farm and got close enough to the animals and there's this vile cocktail of ammonia, of manure and decaying food that seemed to cling to the air itself and it wormed its way into his nose, his clothes, even his skin, making him gag every time he took a breath. There was no escaping it. The pig pen, it's a picture of sin. It's a picture of life without God, a life rejecting God and it followed him like a shadow. There was no escaping it. There's this smell soaking into his rags and his hair. He sometimes tried to cover his nose with his sleeve but it was no use because his sleeve stank just as badly. What did it sound like? The pig pen.

The pigs were never quiet. There was a constant commotion, the grunting, the squealing, the snorting, the animals jostling each other. Can you imagine it? Squelching in the muck with their hooves, jostling each other. Flies added to the noise, the maddening noise buzzing loudly. Occasionally a pig let out a squeal, a piercing squeal and it fought another for the food, for a scrap. What did it feel like? In the pig pen the mud was cold and clammy beneath his bare feet, squelching between his toes, clinging to his skin. His hands calloused and raw from days of labour were now filthy. The grime was working its way under his nails and into the lines of his palms. The boy breathed in the bitter smell of the pig slop. It was sour and rancid. What a picture of sin. Yet as his stomach growled in this gnawing ache, he found himself eyeing the pig's food. With this mixture of disgust and desperation, the idea of eating it repulsed him. It turned his stomach but the hunger clawed at him relentlessly, making him wonder how much lower could he go, could he sink. Think of the emotions of the pig pen, the shame that burnt, stronger than the midday sun on his back. And every moment in the pen was a reminder of his failures, his arrogance, his squandering, his wastefulness. Every moment in the pig pen he felt trapped, not just by the physical filth but by the weight of his choices, the embarrassment, the hopelessness, swirling into this deep pit of despair, threatened to consume him entirely. But friends, the pig pen was more than a location. It was a symbol of his fall, of how far he had strayed from the father's house, from the life that he once knew. He had enjoyed the pleasures of sin for a season and he had gone from the high life to now being very alone. In tears and loneliness, the pain of sin, the pain of sin, the pain of sin, the pain of sin. Do not last. And here he was so low, almost fighting the pigs for the food, the slop. And he found himself staring longingly at the pig swill. He was desperate. He'd gone just about as low as you could go. He'd gone from the high life to now being very alone. In tears and loneliness. What about us?

How often are we like this man? We want freedom from God's will and we go chasing worthless things, empty things.

And it ultimately leaves us empty. Sin promises satisfaction, but it just brings sorrow. The youngest son's story reminds us of life apart from the father. It's no life at all.

[ 16 : 38 ] It's a picture for us how we need God. He didn't learn this in the father's house. He didn't learn this in the far country, but he learns it in the pig pan. You can't fix life by working harder in the pig pan. He couldn't have just scrubbed himself up and kind of made the best of living in the pig pan. You have to go home to the father.

It's a picture of how we need to go to God. One night there, you can imagine, as he lay curled up in utter gloom in the corner of the pig pan, shivering against the cold, he broke. He wept. Tears came streaming down his face, through the grime on his cheeks. How did it come to this? He whispered to the stars. He thought of home, of home, of his father's home, of his father's house.

The smell of fresh bread baking in the morning. The warmth of the hearth. The sound of his brother's voice even. They haunted him. He remembered home. Even the servants live better than this.

And so we see verse 17, when he came to himself, he said, how many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare? And I perish with hunger. He came to himself. You could reflect how it pictures how before he was out of his mind. Sin had so deceived him and clouded his vision and his mind. Really, sin is insanity. Notice he says, my father. Notice that there, the middle of verse 17.

[18:20] My father. My father. My father. Oh, the sweet memory. My father. He realized the horror of his actions, the depth of his error, the richness of his father's provision. Even the hired servants are not like this.

Even the hired servants are better off than where I am right now. And this realization has sparked a change of heart. And in humility, he rehearses his confession. I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and I'm no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants. I will go back. Even if I must beg to be a servant in my father's house, I will go back. I'll beg to be a servant. Anything is better than this.

I will arise and reform. No, that is not what he said. Reformation is good, but it is not enough. I will arise and go to church. I'll join the church. No, joining the church is altogether right and worthwhile, but joining the church is not enough. I will arise and go to work. That too is good.

Working is altogether right and proper, but the resolution of this problem is more fundamental. I will arise and go to my father.

I will come face to face with God. I'll go to my father. And this is the repentance here, this change of mind, this mind shift that he realizes his unworthiness. He realizes relationship with the father is what matters. He realizes he's utterly unworthy. He's unworthy to return to his former place. He was broken, humbled. He realized he didn't deserve to be a son anymore, but at least he could get some food in his father's house. Think about how repentance begins. When we come to ourselves, we come to our senses, we acknowledge our sin, we turn ourselves back towards God. It is a humility, a willingness to admit, I have sinned. The younger son's journey back to his father is a picture for us of every sinner going to God. Every sinner, not as a perfect individual, but one broken and contrite in spirit. Picture it, the journey home. The journey home was a slow, painful one. His once proud gait, as he marched off to the big city, to the fun times, he was so proud and arrogant and had a spring in his step to spend up big, live it up. Now he's steeping to the shuffle in shame, in pain, in embarrassment and his tunic now little more than rags. His feet blistered and raw, dragging along the dusty path. Each step brought a sense of dread, of hope. What if his father turned away, turned him away? What if his brother mocked him? And he rehearsed his apology over and over.

Father,

[21:49] I've sinned. I've sinned against heaven. I've sinned against you. I'm not worthy to be called your son. And as he crested the final hill, he saw the estate in the distance, the farm home, and a lump came in his throat as he wondered if they'd even recognize him in his filthy rags. And as he neared the estate, he saw a figure standing on the hill. The father silhouetted against the sun behind him, silhouetted against that crimson sky. He saw the silhouette of his father. It was his father. And he stood as if he'd been waiting day after day for this very moment. It was his father, his father.

The boy froze, showing flooding his veins, wanting to run, but his legs wouldn't obey. And when their eyes met, the sun froze. But then the father began to run, his robe billowing, his sandals slapping against the dirt. His father was running, running down the hill, his robes flapping, his face streaked with tears. And the tears streamed down the old man's face as he flung his arms around his son.

He ignored the smell of sweat, of swine, in the face of overwhelming joy. And the father threw his arms around the boy and pulled him close. What a picture of God. We see verse 20, but he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. You can wonder what went through the son's mind when he saw the father charging towards him. He probably thought, here it comes. I'm about to get what I deserve.

My dad's going to give me a beating. That's what I deserve. He maybe convinced himself it wasn't going to be pretty. But the complete opposite happened. The father embraced him and kissed him

and welcomed him home. Think of the picture of God's love here, pictured by the father of the prodigal. And it's like the father had been scanning the horizon day after day, wanting his son to come home. Then one day there is a figure on the horizon, the broken son returns home. The dad doesn't browbeat him or remind him what a disgrace he is. What nerve you have coming back here after what you did. No.

He runs to him and he throws his arms around him. He throws a party. Look at the father's heart of love, of compassion, of mercy. See the actions of the father. He was looking out for him. He saw him. He was looking out for him. He saw him. The father saw him. He was looking for him. He had compassion. He loved him. He loved him. And he ran to him eager to restore him. He fell on his neck and he kissed him.

[ 24 : 44 ] What a picture of absolute welcome. The sign of restoration. It's interesting the verb kissed here is in the present tense. So not just one kiss but a continual kissing. He covered him with kisses. In spite of the smell, the filth, in spite of the hurt, the pain, the loss, the father still kissed the son.

What an ultimate sign of acceptance. What a picture for us as an unworthy sinner coming to the father god. While the son is still a great way off. God's just waiting. He's just waiting isn't he? And he runs embraces his son. And in the culture of the time this was really kind of an undignified thing as the as it was a shame to expose the legs in the culture and so that he exposed some of his skin in an undignified kind of way. It was something that a dignified man would never run. But the father set aside his dignity. He wasn't afraid to have some shame to just go to his son with such love driving him to restore his son with overwhelming joy and immediate forgiveness. Running to meet his son then embracing then providing a feast. What a picture of unconditional love brother sister today think of god's love for you that he is pictured here in this story. And the father's love was not based on the son's merit but on his identity as a son. The boy was a fool. He was a fool. He'd completely disgraced his father, his family, the family name. He'd broken all the rules. The sons were not allowed to receive their inheritance until the father died. The son deserved nothing. Nothing. We see god's extreme unconditional love.

Verse 21, and the son said unto the father, father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight am no more worthy to be called thy son. Here he was he's starting to give his rehearsed confession. His voice is choked with this emotion but the father interrupts him. The younger son tried to speak but his father cut him off said you're home you're alive welcome home my son is alive see the father's love and then what happened next he's saying his commands to the servants he says quickly bring out all the best for my son bring the best robe bring a ring shoes father said to his servants bring forth the best robe and put it on him put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet now all these items represented something significant it represents restoration the robe signifies honor the ring represents authority the man gave another his signet ring it was the same as giving him power of attorney he had authority to act on the father's part it was a sign of relationship of sonship and then the shoes signified freedom and sonship again because it was only the children of the family who wore shoes not the servants they did not wear shoes so all of these things the robe the ring the sandals await the lost one it's a picture of how god welcomes you as the son as his son as many as received him so he then gave he power to become the sons of god even to them that believe on his name and when you think of these three things they answered to exactly the prayer that he had intended to pray the robe is the answer to i have sinned the ring is the answer to i am no more worthy to be called thy son and the sandals are the answer to make me one of thy hired servants so the father just gave so extravagantly here in these three items the son tried to protest father i'm not worthy but the father just overrides with his lavish response doesn't he his love think of it brother sister for yourself when you come to the father unworthy as unworthy as we all are of his great love of his joy of his forgiveness and the father says we're having a feast verse 23 he beckons to the servants bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and be merry for this my son was dead and is alive again he was lost and is found and they began to be merry when the prodigal came home everything he was looking for in the far country was actually right there back at home right back it was already available in daddy's house it had already been there he wanted fancy clothes father said put the best robe on him he wanted shoes that signified he was somebody the father said put sandals on his feet he wanted bling father said put a ring on his finger he wanted a party he wanted to celebrate and the father called for a feast bring forth the fatted calf the best the father's response shows god's mercy and heart doesn't it to sinners no matter how far we stray

god's love is there for you and the feast signifies joy in heaven over one sinner who repents we see lastly the eldest son reaction and you can imagine it as the music and the laughter echoes through the estate the older son is returning from the field sweat dripping from his brow he'd be working hard his hand on the plow verse 25 now his elder son was in the field and he came and drew nigh to the house and he heard music and dancing and he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant and he the servant said unto him thy brother is come and thy father killed the fatted calf because he hath received him safe and sound and he the older brother was angry and would not go in therefore came his father out and entreated him the older brother his heart was burning with anger hey this isn't fair well this celebration how could we honor this one has disgraced the family he's just a total loser when he heard about the celebration he was angry his heart was twisted in anger that full he shames our family now we celebrate him and he refused to join in to participate in the celebration the father found him outside pacing outside you can imagine him imagine the scowl on his face and the anger his face flushed with anger come inside the father urged your brother has returned he pleaded for him to join the feast but he complains to his father pointing out how many years of faithful service that he has had done and the lack of reward we see verse 29 and he answering said to his father lo these many years do i serve thee neither transgressed i at any time thy commandment and yet thou never gave us me a kid that i may make merry with my friends see here the the language of the son he's more like a servant himself i've been slaving for you i've never disobeyed your orders you don't even give me a goat he gets the fattened car that's the attitude here isn't it it's kind of merit-based thinking hey i deserve i i deserve he doesn't deserve merit-based thinking it's not fair it's not just most people have some sympathy for the brother you can think well why should anyone get more grace or more blessings than me we can get selfish and prideful and arrogant he said something like like that hey it's not right but grace is grace it's not based on merit you see verse 30 but as soon as this thy son has come which have devoured thy living with harlots thou hast killed for him the fatted calf he's making accusations that may not be so but you see the self-righteous heart of the older brother he sees obedience as a means to earn favor rather than a response to love sure obey god do the right but don't brag on about it and make it about that we're all recipients of grace aren't we all of us we see his resentment his jealousy there's no understanding or compassion no love no joy for his brother someone has said one of the hardest things in the world is to stop being the prodigal son without turning into the elder brother and we might say oh i've been saved and i've got all this and that and we look down on someone who might be a new christian we can be a bit like the older brother that's a problem isn't it well we're all forgiven we're all forgiven by god's grace so we notice the father's gentle appeal here verse 31 and he said unto him son thou art ever with me and all that i have is thine it was meet that we should make merry and be glad for this thy brother was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found notice the father's gentle invitation to the older son come and join come and join your brother is alive now he was lost he's found now let's make merry let's be glad the older brother i've worked for you all these years i've never disobeyed you yet you've thrown a feast you've never thrown a feast for me but for him after he squandered everything imagine the father placing a hand on the older boy's shoulder my son you're always with me everything i have is yours we must celebrate he was lost and he's found share the joy of the other's redemption and think of that for ourselves as a church when someone gets saved sure they got some rough edges there's some uh maybe they might still smell like a pig sometimes but can we be gracious can we exercise a bit of grace sharing the other's joy of redemption son thou art ever with me and all that i have is thine the older son always had access to the father's blessings but he failed to understand the joy of grace we can do that too here's a second lost son really the older brother is the other lost son he doesn't think that he is lost but he is distant from the father too isn't he he's distant from the father's heart and the father just urges him in the account come celebrate we don't know what happened it's kind of the story's kind of cut short here we don't know what the next verse would say as to whether the older son listened to the father or did not listen it leaves out the older brother's final response it's open-ended how the parable ends did the older son come inside after the father's appeal or did he stay outside angry fuming distant did he step into the light of the celebration or did he remain outside clinging to his resentment the oldest son represents those who pride themselves about their morality about their their doing and resents in god's grace towards sinners what about us we're all we all equally deserve grace basically we don't deserve it we don't deserve are we mercy grace people or are we justice merit people thought isn't it well it's not fair that he should be forgiven he shouldn't be forgiven he's too too dirty and sinful and there's no one beyond the scope of god's

hand that he cannot reach god's grace reaches thank god all who call on his name and just to conclude we see the parable of the prodigal son is a story of rebellion look at him as you can picture him in the pig pen this this rebellion yet repentance and restoration we see the lavish love of our heavenly father welcoming a sinner with open arms whether we identify with the wayward son or the self-righteous older son the invitation is the same come to the father come to the father are you distant from god today and that can happen for us as believers too we can grow distant from our lord perhaps you've wandered far from him you know there's been that far country of the pig pen and maybe we haven't been as close to the father maybe our heart is full of pride like the older one whatever the case the father's arms are wide open the father's arms and i urge you this day [ 38 : 54 ] to find his grace is all sufficient and the joy of salvation his boundless love how much time do we have to come to the father come and join the feast the joy of god's salvation enter into his grace know his forgiveness his love how lavish and extravagant god's love is to us none of us deserve it and it's over the top the best robe just go to my wardrobe and get the best one for my son extravagant over the top he doesn't deserve nothing get the best get the fatted calf that we've been saving up for the greatest event we can imagine the very best fatted calf that one that's all you know just full of lots of yummy meat i don't know how you describe it the fatted calf we want we want to have a real feed and we're going to give it to him we're going to have it in honor of him over the top the grace and mercy of god isn't it for this my son was dead and is alive again he was lost and is found everything that you need is in the father's house god says i love you come home come on home today if you're straight straying from god if you're backsliding maybe you realize hey i've had enough of that stinky pig pen you know i want to go back to the father's house let us pray lord we thank you for your amazing grace as we see the account of this prodigal lord sometimes we tread that journey of life but we thank you that we can come home to the father's house lord we pray that each one might know what it is to trust you to repent to see that heart change our sense has come alive to realize we're lost and sinful we need your forgiveness and grace lord to come unto you and not to even make the mistake of the older son who thought he had it all together but he was distant too he was in the father's house but he was distant from the father's heart lord help us to be a people that respond to your love lord we pray there's any present or listening to this and they would say preacher i think i'm like that prodigal today i'm straying i'm in that far country i'm not close to god like i want to be or ought to be lord pray that that one might say lord forgive me i'm not worthy but forgive me receive me and we see your welcome arms lord yeah you don't hold back with such extravagant love we thank you for that grace that avails today that each one can say lord save me i trust you and lord help us to have that heart to walk as sons and daughters of the living god and welcome others too into the family even though we might think we might be more worthy of your grace than they are but yet we know really deep down we know we're not we all need your grace just as equally as one another lord we thank you for it in jesus name amen