

# The Lord is My Shepherd - (Baptism)

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[ 0 : 00 ] Once upon a time there was a flock of sheep. Big ones. Bah! Little ones. Bah! Clever ones. Bah! And thick ones. Bah! Bah! Posh ones. Bah! Common ones. Bah! And woolly ones. Bah! Some had horns. Give it to me. Oh, sir. Quickly. Thank you. But most didn't. In all, there were 100 sheep. They were extremely happy together. It was a wonderful life. The insects hummed. The birds sang.

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet. And the bees buzzed. All day long the sheep gambled. And frisked. Look, either we do this seriously or we don't do it at all.

[ 0 : 58 ] Oh, come on. Now, in charge of the sheep was a very beautiful young shepherdess called Phoebe. She had invented a very good way of getting a lot of sheep into a small space.

The sheep fold. First, fold the sheep, then put them into a small space. No, really, she took great care of the sheep. She loved them. She fed them.

She watered them. She led them. She removed awkward little studs from their hooves and awkward little stains from their woolens with a regular warm wash and spin dry. Compared with Mrs. X, her flocks always came out whiter.

Phoebe says, This brand always removes stains from my sheep. If I want to do the reverse, I use this brand. Feeding you all her sheep by name.

Barney. Barclay. Bartholomew. Barbara. Lambert. Ewan. Um, Sean.

[ 2 : 05 ] And many others. They stayed together and they sang together. Barba, good sheep, we together stay. Yes, miss, yes, miss, if you stay.

Look for the others, never ever stray. And don't talk to strangers you meet on the way. Now you can all go off and eat. But do remember to say graze. Sorry.

Now, the youngest sheep was extremely enthusiastic. He wanted to be everywhere at once and do everything the older sheep were doing. Hey, can I play, can I play, can I play? He had an irritating way of repeating himself.

What do you mean? What do you mean? No, never mind. Hey, please, can I? Shut up. Get his hand. But I want. You're lost. Why? Because we want to finish the sketch. Well, find it.

And so, discouraged and dismissed, he strolled off by himself, far, far away from the protection of the flock. Higher and higher he climbed. I don't need the others. He cried, slipping on a patch of wet grass.

[ 3 : 03 ] I'm quite having to play by myself. I don't want to be alone. He shrieked, stepping on a loose clod of earth. That night, the shepherdess counted the sheep. One, two, three, four.

She never found this easy. Not that sort of count the sheep. All right. All right. Where's Lambert? I don't know.

He'll turn up sooner or later. Shouldn't bother about him. Yeah. Bit of peace and quiet for a change. But you're supposed to look after him. He's only little.

Little so-and-so. Why did he run off? Because Barclay told him to get lost. Oh, Barclay! It was the only figure of speech.

Don't you realise there are lions out there? Lions! And what do lions eat? Um, can't quite remember. Lambs, you fools!

[ 4 : 08 ] Lambs! So off she ran, leaving the other sheep safely in the fold. There was no time to lose. She ran through the valley, calling his name. Meanwhile in the ravine, Lambert was a sitting duck.

However, this disguise did not fool the lion. He was the meanest, wildest, hungriest lion in the land. He had the biggest eyes and was the fastest jaw in the west. The lion prepared himself for dinner. He covered himself with butter and jumped into the oven.

He had a very low IQ. At this moment he saw Lambert emerge from the oven, roaring ferociously. Ferociously! Lambert shared his deep concern about the situation with the rest of the flock.

Hello, little lamb! Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lion. Meat? Did you say meat? No, no.

[ 5 : 18 ] I was just talking about what a lovely day it would be to have a picnic at pictures, taking pictures. You mean snaps? No, I was talking about the weather.

I'm working at resting in his lovely great surroundings. Oh, poor little lamb. Are you all alone? What a pity. No dessert.

Lambert's last moment had come. The lion licked his lips and prepared to leap on Lambert.

Lambert! Lambert! Lambert! What's that? Lambert! Oh, good!

Just said, Steve. She gave him a friendly wave, showed him the way out, and they finally parted company. Lambert and the shepherdess were finally joyfully reunited.

She picked him up, tucked him under her arm, and leaping lightly from crag to crag, she skipped over 25 miles back to the fold. So there they were, back in the fold, to the great delight of all the other sheep.

[ 6 : 18 ] Now, come on, I want to hear a proper cheer from everyone. Unless I hear a proper cheer, this whole sketch is in detention. Alright, settle down. Now, what's the point of the story?

Lambert? I was lost, but now I'm found. Good. Phoebe? I rejoice more in finding one lost sheep than I do over all the 1990s stayed at home. Excellent. Sheep?

The Lord is my shepherd. He gives me everything I need, forever and ever. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

[ 7 : 12 ] Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.