

The Rebellious Sheep



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Neio Lucio/Francisco Xavier



A certain sheep, very intelligent but undisciplined, taking notice of the benefits wool brought everywhere, thought himself superior to all other creatures and began rebelling against shearing.





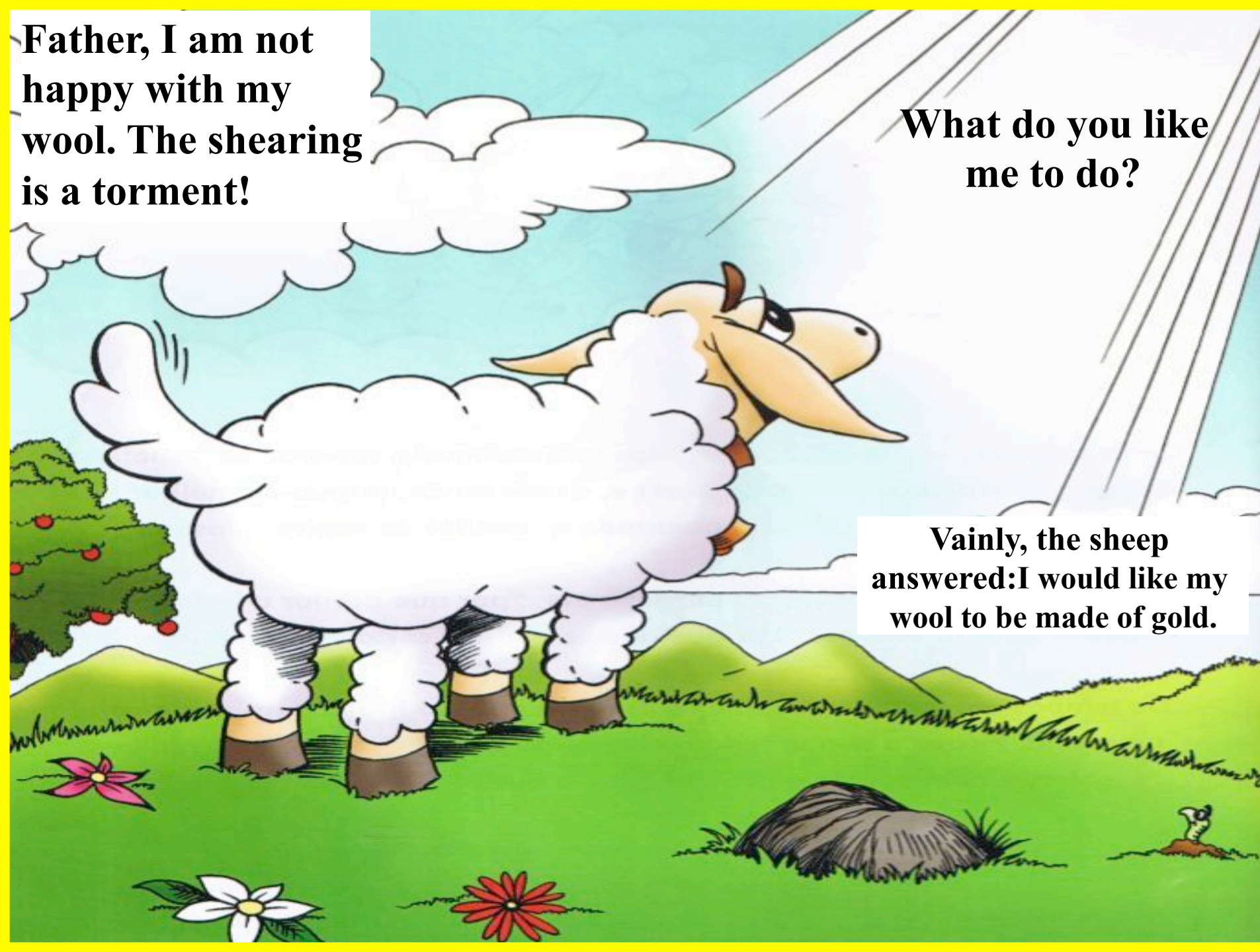
Being so precious, he thought, why should he accept the humiliation imposed by such huge shears? He thought of how that made him feel so cold from time to time, and forgetting the plentiful rations he got in the pen he would go on focusing only in the harm supposedly inflicted upon him.

Thus, feeling very distressed, he addressed the Creator:

**Father, I am not
happy with my
wool. The shearing
is a torment!**

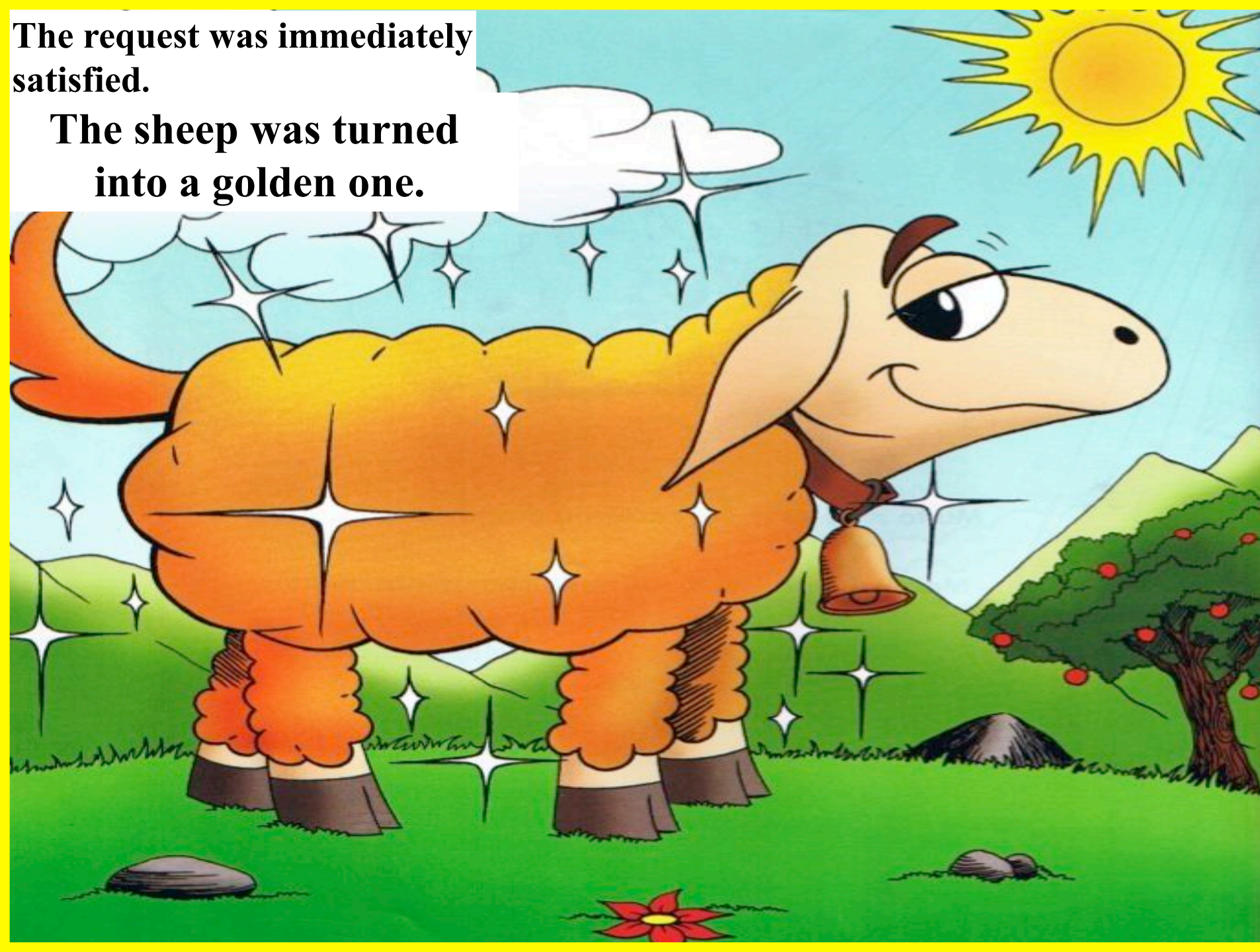
**What do you like
me to do?**

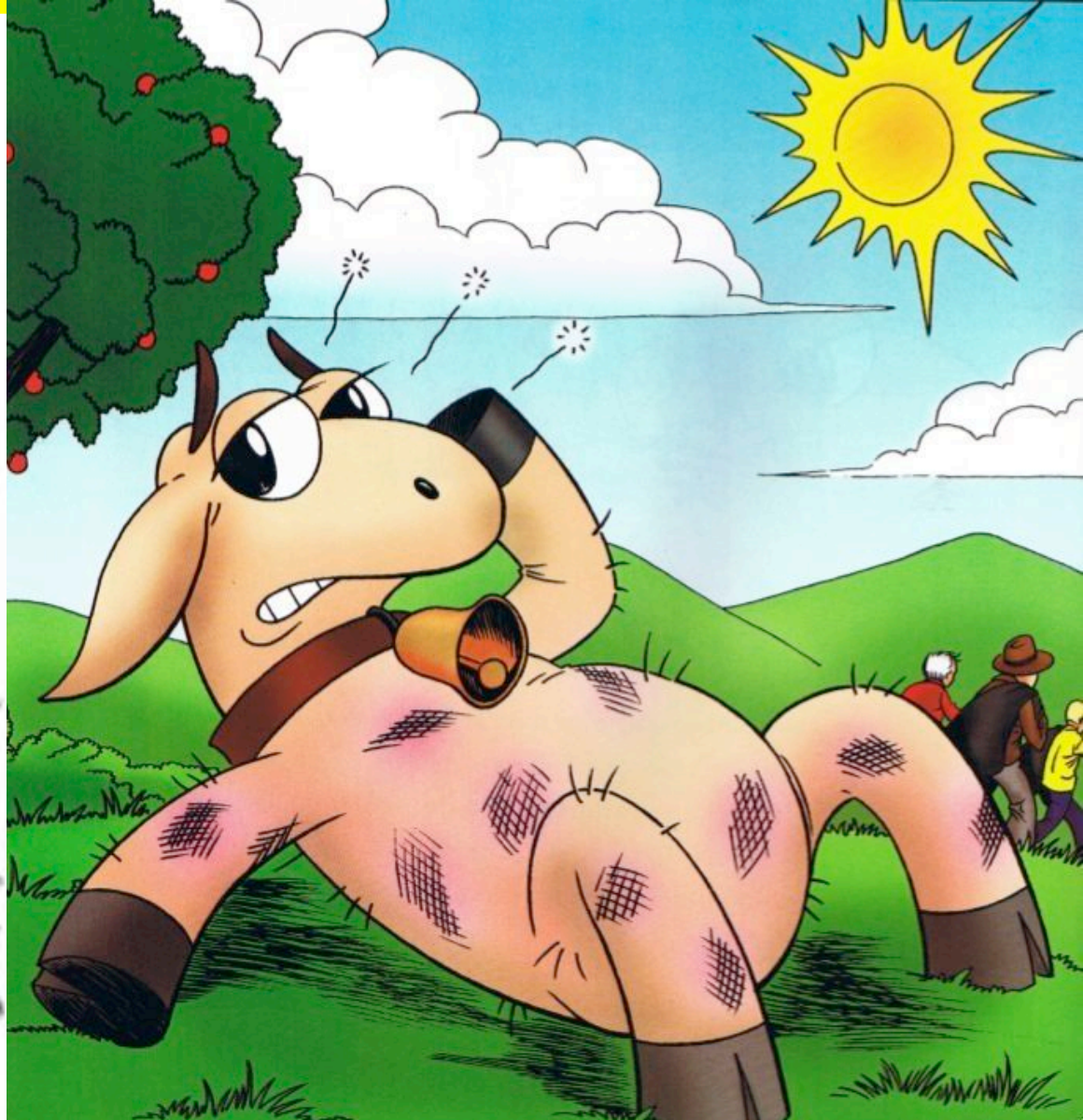
**Vainly, the sheep
answered: I would like my
wool to be made of gold.**



The request was immediately satisfied.

The sheep was turned into a golden one.





However, as soon as the proud sheep was seen covered in such precious wool, he was attacked without pity by greedy people who brutally pulled out his golden coat leaving him wounded.

Unhappy and feeling sorry for himself, he again implored the Almighty:

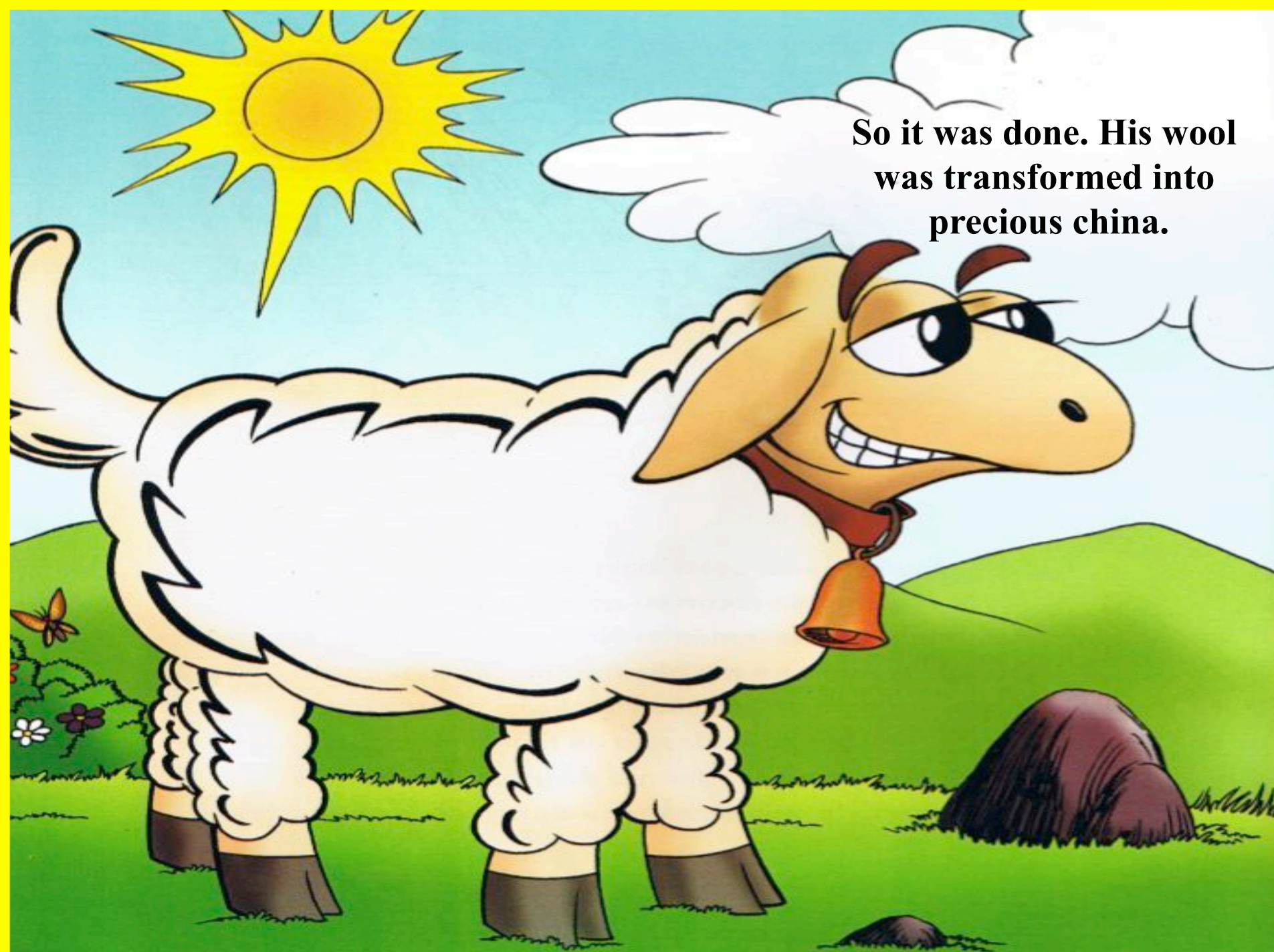
Father, please change me again! I cannot display a coat of golden wool. I would always encounter thieves with no compassion.

What would you like me to do?

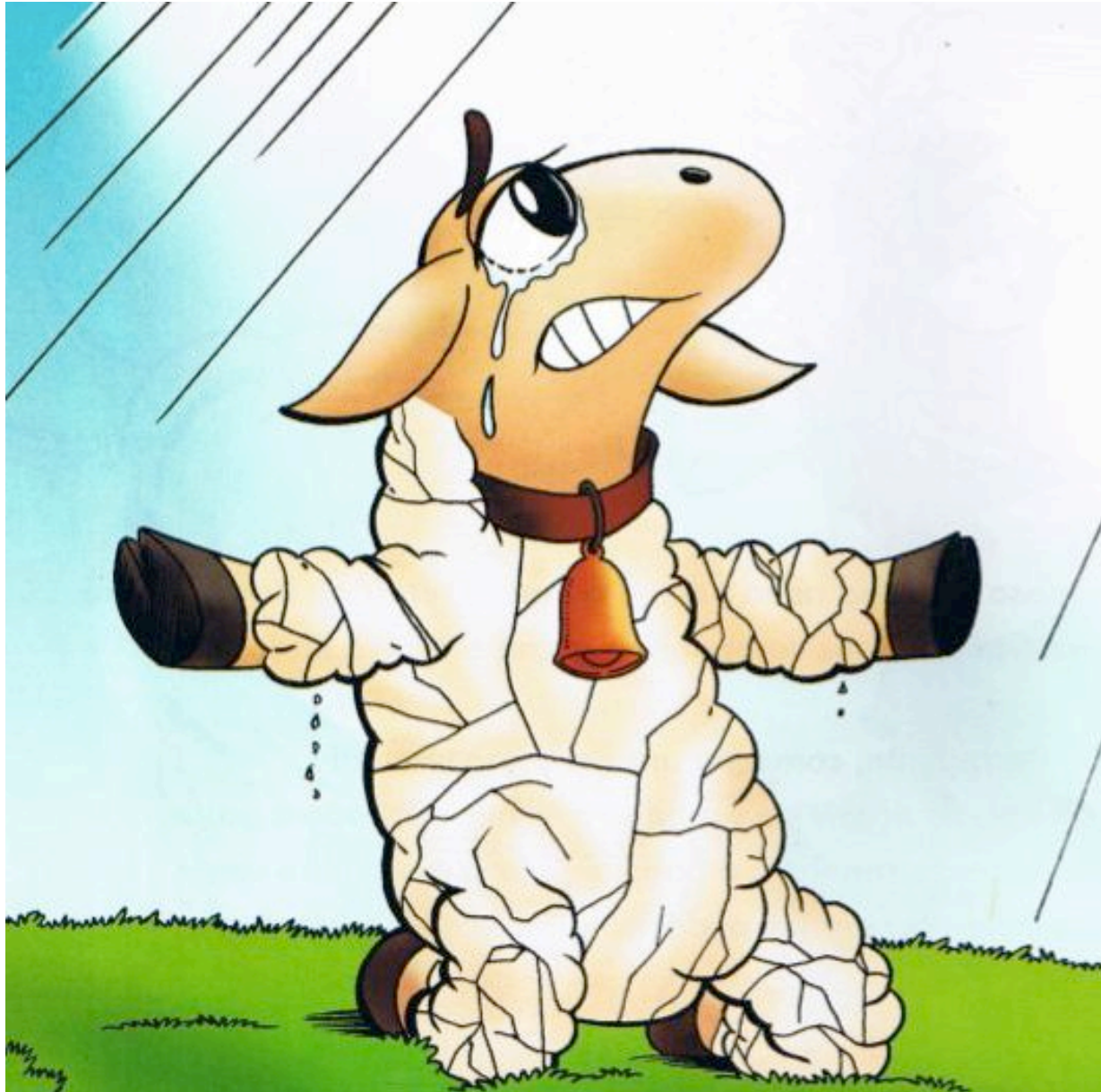


**The animal, full of vanity, begged:
I want my wool to be turned into exquisite china.**

**So it was done. His wool
was transformed into
precious china.**



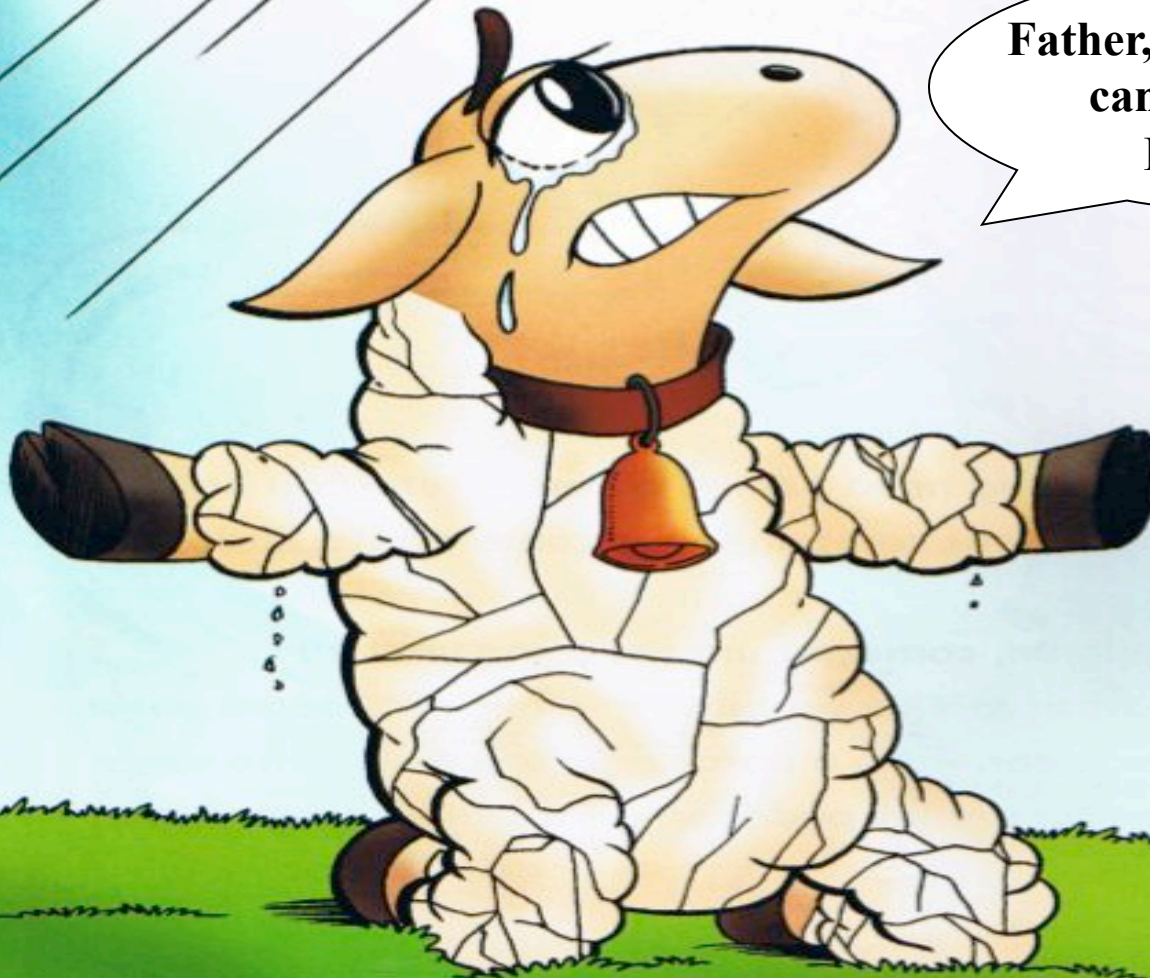
But as soon as he went back to the valley, a powerful windstorm cracked his glazed wool tearing on his flesh.



In despair, he complained to the All-Merciful:

**What would you
like me to do?**

**Father, change me! Porcelain
can't resist the wind.
I am exhausted.**



The sheep, without thinking said: The Almighty fulfilled the request.

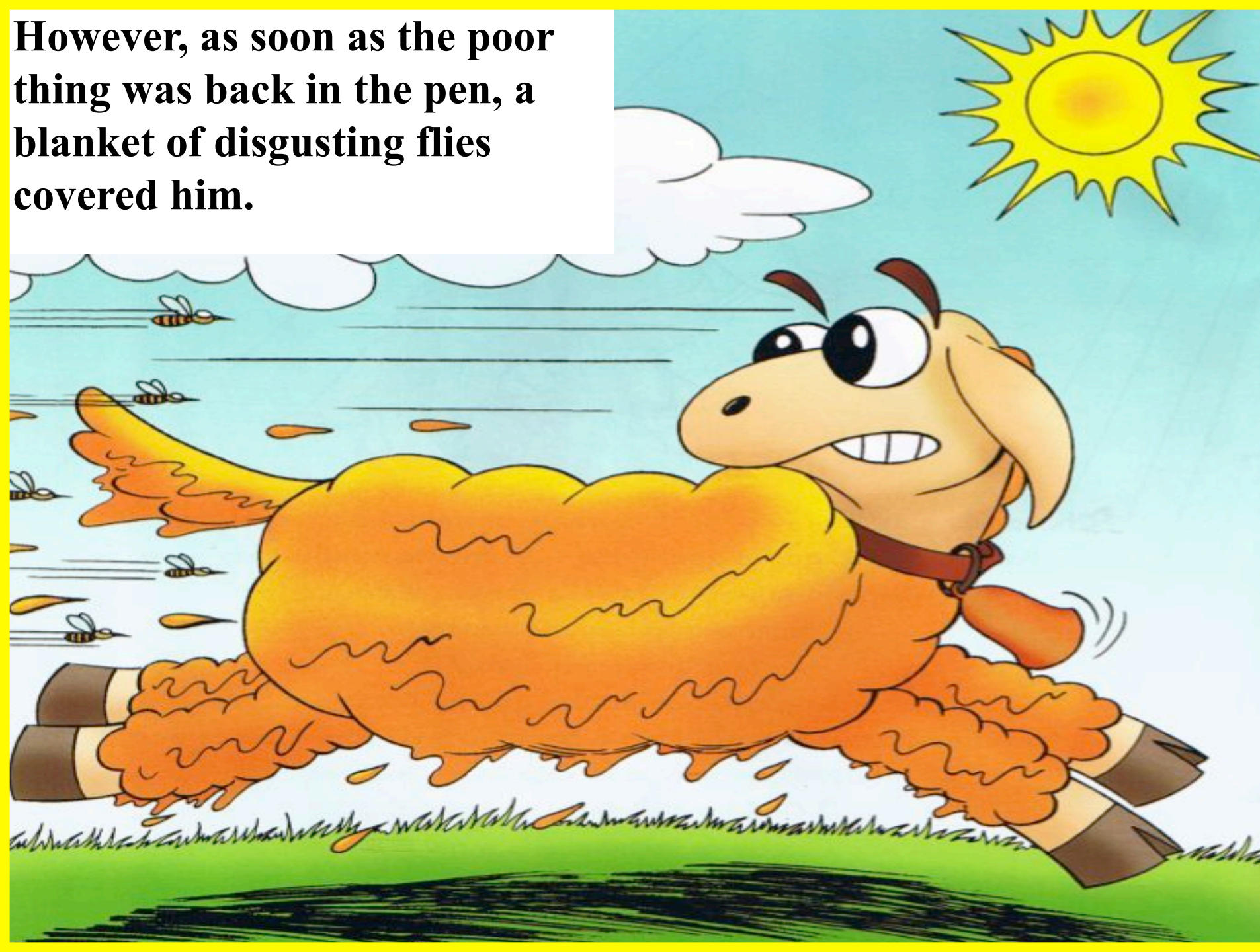


**In order not to attract thieves
or be hurt by crackling
porcelain, I want my wool to be
made of honey.**

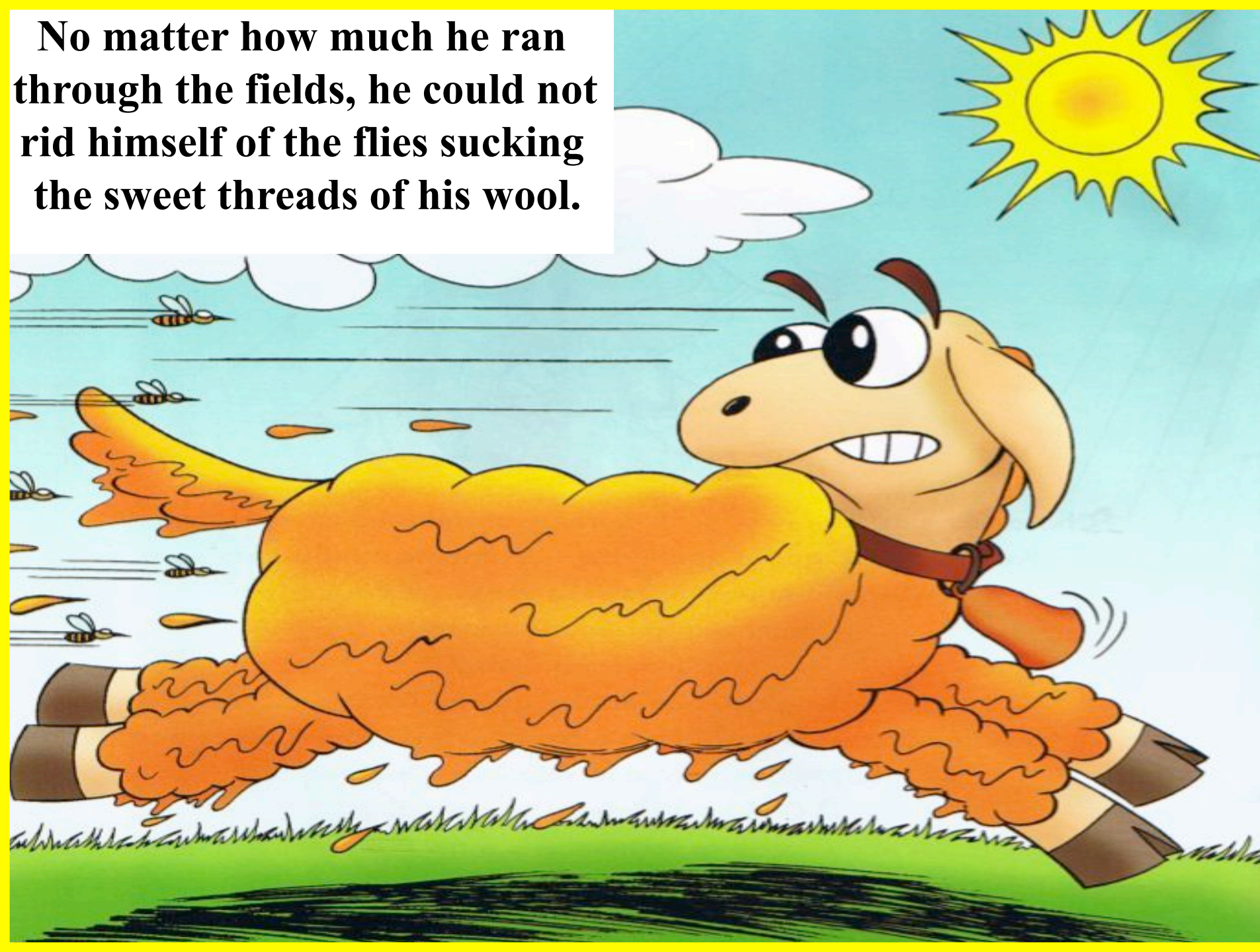


**And so the wool of the sheep
turned into the purest honey.**

However, as soon as the poor thing was back in the pen, a blanket of disgusting flies covered him.



**No matter how much he ran
through the fields, he could not
rid himself of the flies sucking
the sweet threads of his wool.**



The unfortunate sheep, turning again to the Almighty, implored once more:

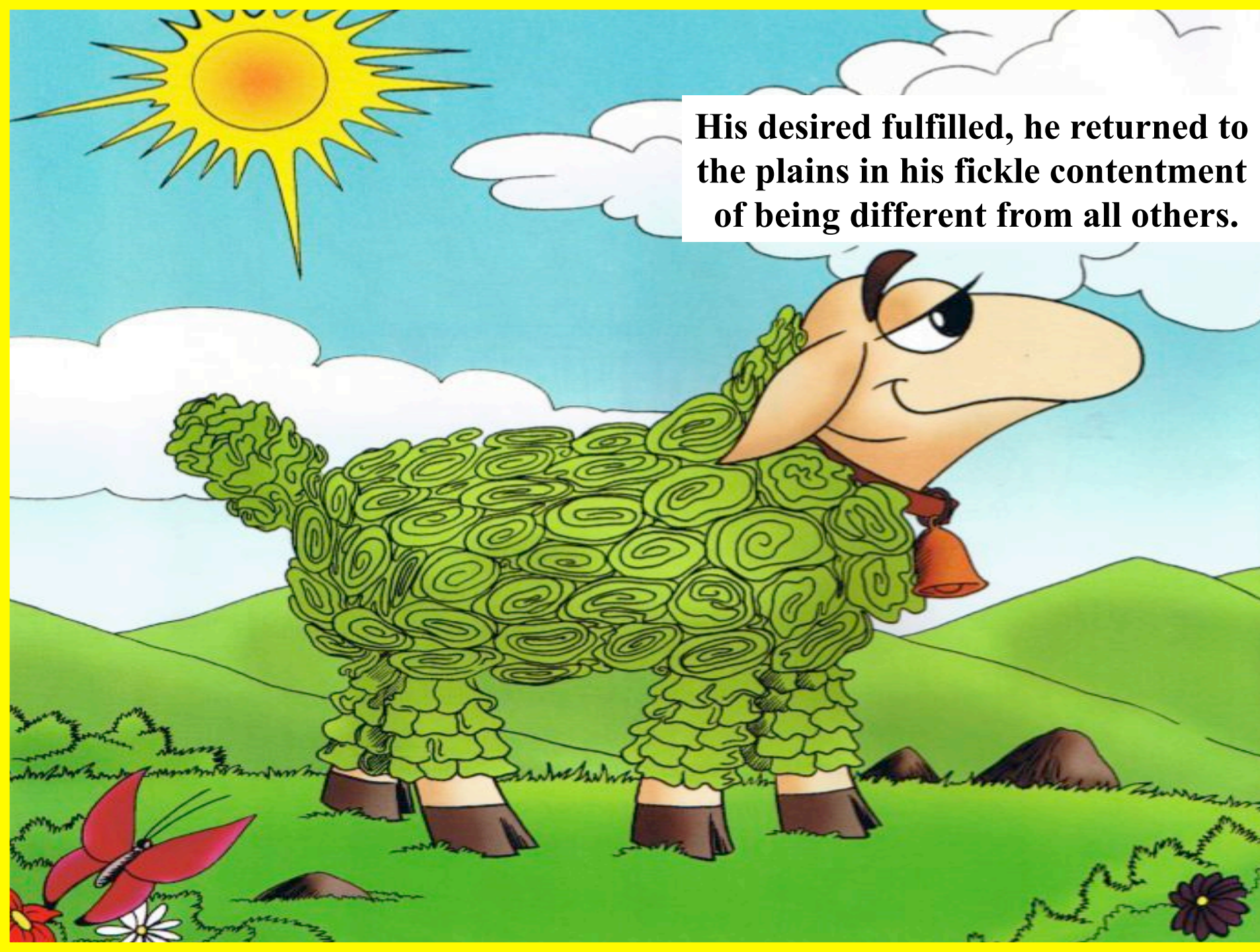
Father, change me; the flies left me soaked in blood.



**What would you
like me to do?**

This time the sheep gave it more thought, and then said:
**I would be happier if my wool could be similar
to lettuce leaves.**

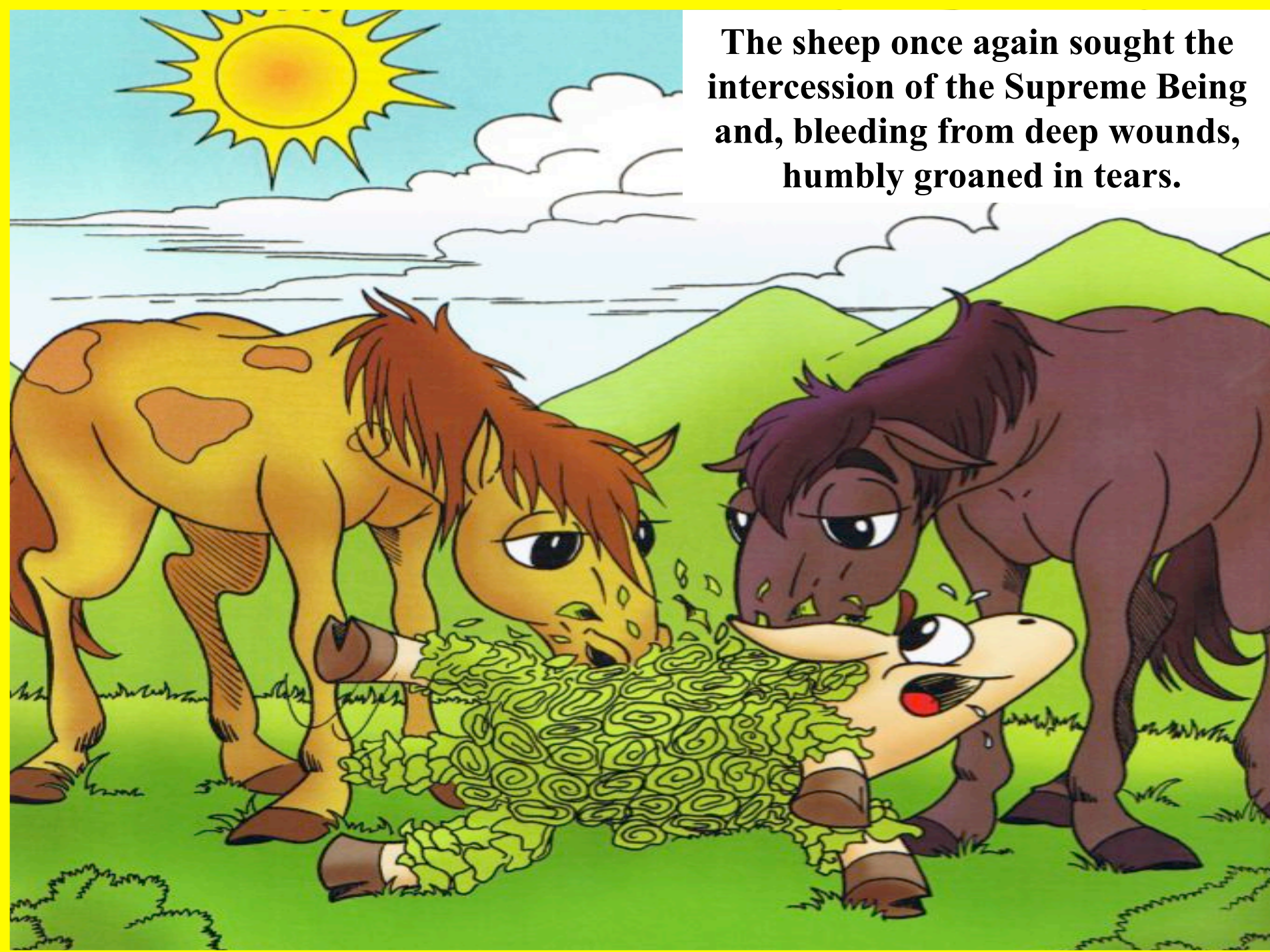
His desired fulfilled, he returned to the plains in his fickle contentment of being different from all others.





Yet, as soon as some horses laid eyes on him, he had no better luck than before. The horses sank their teeth into him, and after eating his wool, they also bit his body.

**The sheep once again sought the
intercession of the Supreme Being
and, bleeding from deep wounds,
humbly groaned in tears.**



The All-Compassionate Father, seeing that the sheep felt really sorry, once more talked to him.

Father, I can't stand it anymore!

All right, my son! What do you wish for now?

I don't want to be superior to my brothers.



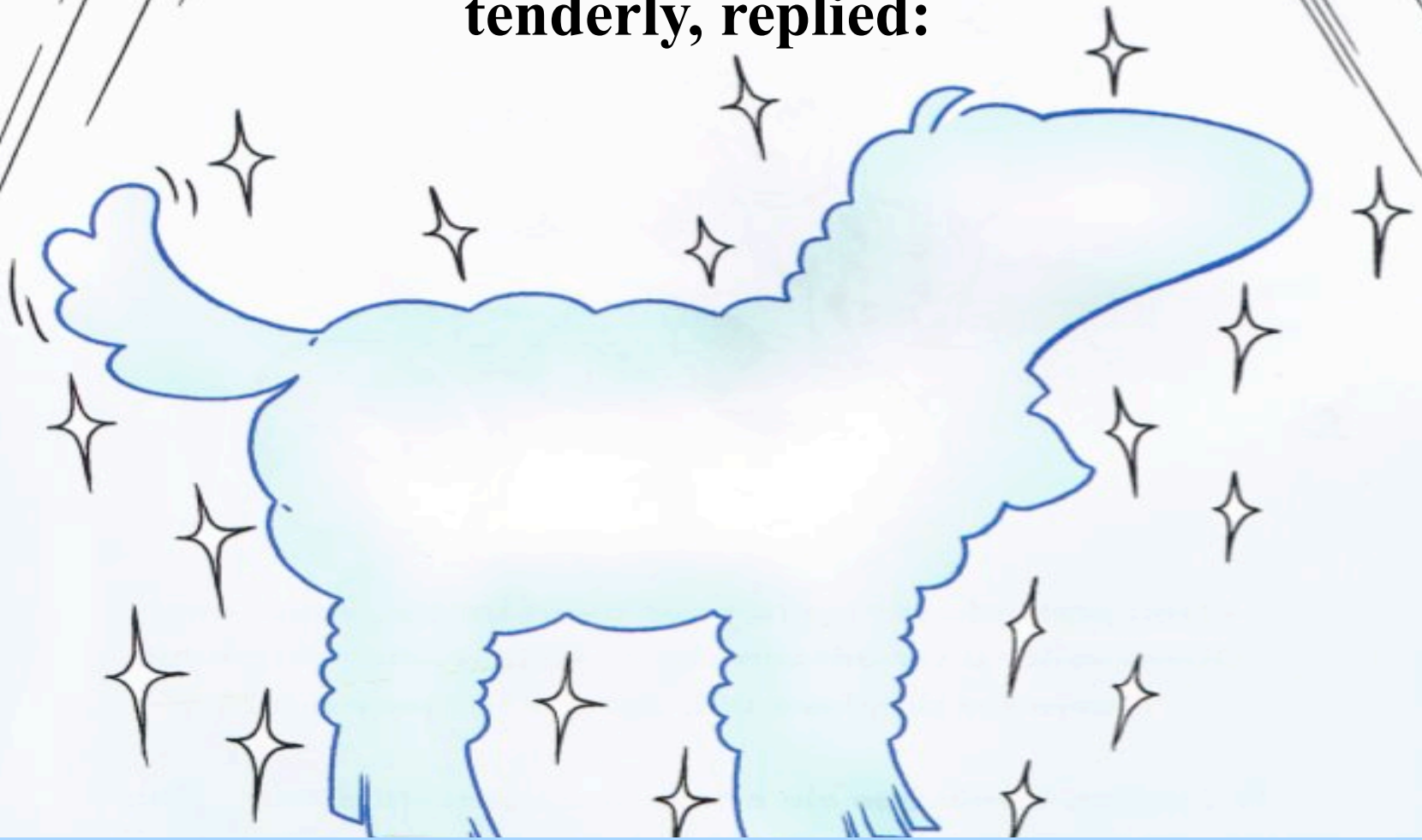
The unhappy sheep continued to plead tearfully.



Father, I want to be an ordinary sheep again, as I always have been.

**I want to be simple and useful, the way you created me, Lord!
Today I know that the people who cut my wool are my friends.
They never hurt me, and always have given me food and drink.**

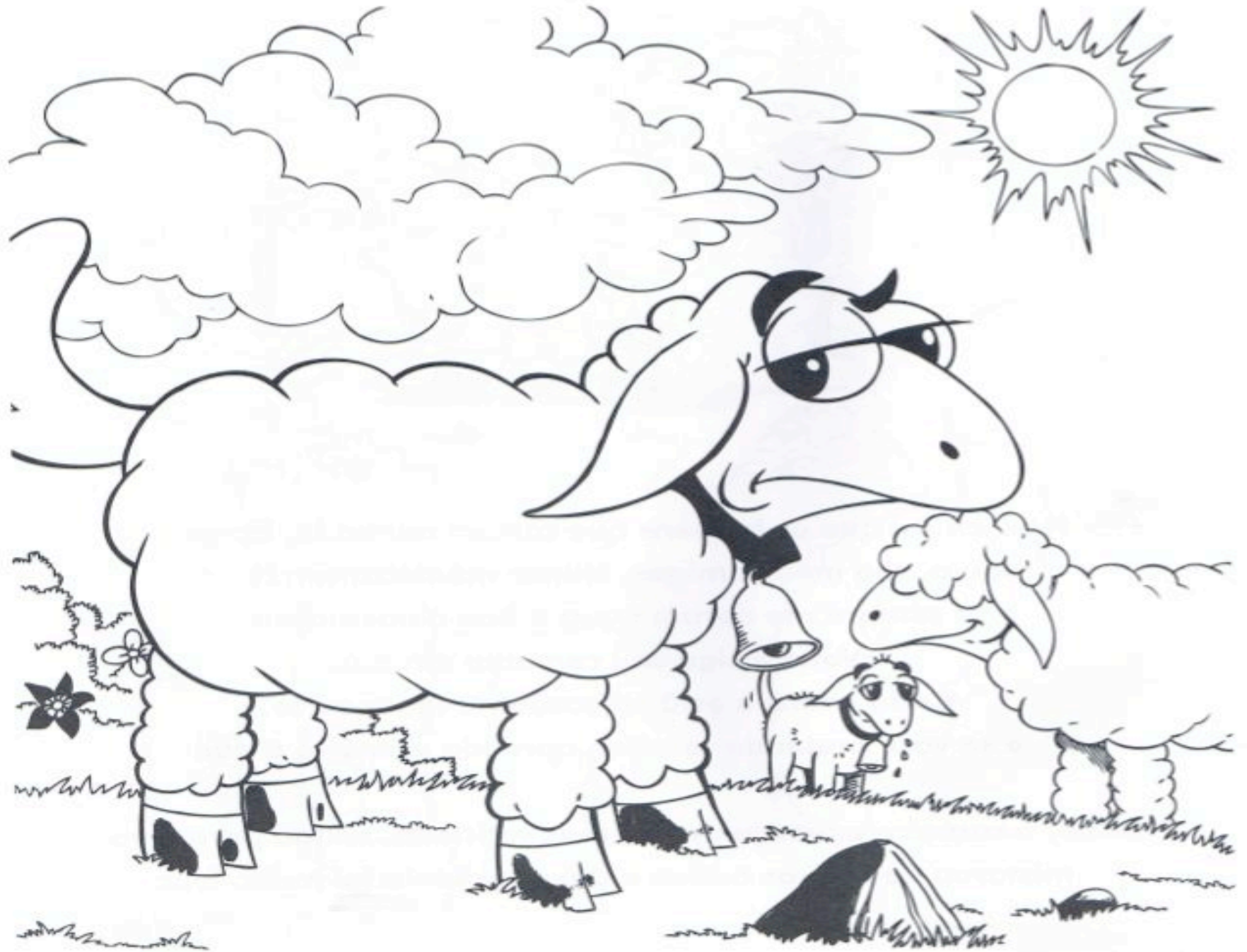
**The Almighty Father smiled
warmly, and blessing him
tenderly, replied:**



“Go back and follow your destiny in peace. You finally understood that my purposes are just. According to my Law, each creature is placed on Earth in the right place. And, if you intend to receive, you must learn how to give.”



The sheep, embarrassed but happy, returned to the valley and reuniting with the flock lived happily ever after.



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