

# Who Will Go?

By JULIA WOODS

**Julia Woods** is a first year university student and a participant in the 2023 Nomad Connect program. She is passionate about God and horses, and is pursuing God's call on her life for the nomads.

Who will go to you, O shepherds?  
Who will go to you, O keepers of flocks?  
You who dwell in the desert, in the arid places where  
thorns are ever present;  
where scorpions and snakes lurk and where sickness  
is not easily treated.  
Your hardships are real;  
Your toil is ever enduring.

Who will reach you, O herders?  
You who have been pushed far out,  
To the land that no one else dares inhabit;  
whose weather is unpredictable  
and you know not when you will have rain.  
Your lives are ever at stake.  
Your livestock are ever at stake.

O you peoples, you are in a spiritual drought!  
A spiritual drought, yet you do not know it.  
You long for rain.  
So let the living water in, let Him flood your lives!  
And you will never again have to thirst.

How much longer can you survive?  
How many more years of drought can you take?  
Your livestock are thirsty.  
Your children are thirsty.  
You are thirsty.  
So drink!

Stop being beaten up by the sun.  
Stop being drained by the scorching heat!  
I know it feels as though it is unrelenting.  
But maybe your souls are unrelenting!

O people, hear this.  
O people of God, open your ears!  
Of these ever moving shepherds, some have never heard.  
They have not heard of our LORD;  
They have not heard of His love!  
Of His compassion and His grace, His mercy and His power,  
His fierce love!

O that they would call on the name of the LORD—  
and be saved!

O people, hear this.

Though they rely on Him completely—though without His  
rain they would be wiped off of the face of the earth—some  
have never heard. (Selah)

So I ask again.  
Who will go?

Who will give up their livelihoods to reach these people?  
Who will go to reach the lost and forgotten?  
Someone has to go!

Who will learn that special and unique language?  
And who will sacrifice everything they thought they  
knew about the world—for the sake of the tiny, so-called  
“insignificant?”

I will go.  
I will go!  
Though my feet may get dirty,  
Though the road is bombarded with thorns.  
Though scorpions and snakes lurk,  
Though every force of evil is against me,  
I will go.

With the Lord by my side.  
And only with my LORD.  
But with my eyes fixed on Him and on Him alone,  
With the LORD Almighty making the way in front,  
I will run!  
I will race!  
I will stretch out my legs and step out in faith.  
And with His people behind me lifting me up in their prayer,  
I will go.  
For He is my shade at my right hand.

How beautiful are the feet of those who bring the Word of  
the Lord. ❏