

# ...is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

## BOISE, IDAHO

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### His Mysterious Ways

**M**y older sister Tara and I were both diagnosed with hearing loss when we were children. Surgery helped me get some of my hearing back, but Tara lost all hers. I became my sister's ears. I learned sign language and everywhere we went I was her interpreter.

During the summer after my freshman year in high school, Tara and I attended our church youth camp. We had to rough it: A four mile hike in the middle of the night was one of the activities. It was a challenge to relay the guide's instructions to Tara by signing in the darkness. But it was all worth it, because we both looked forward to the popular inspirational speaker who was going to address us at the end of the week.

At sunset on our last day hundreds of us campers rushed toward the arena, jockeying for good seats. Tara and I ended up in the last row, where the sound from the PA system kept fading. I could barely hear the speaker, I glanced at Tara, tears started to well in my eyes. My sister will never know what this inspiring man has to say.

I bowed my head. **God, we need you,** I prayed. I was at the edge of my seat trying to catch even one word. Then suddenly incredibly, I could hear the speaker's voice loud and clear. I tapped Tara on the shoulder and began to sign furiously. But she stilled my hands and looked at me in amazement.

**"Shh, Carly."** She whispered, **"I can hear him too."**

Carly Dawn Rogers, Boise, Idaho  
Guideposts, April 1997

## REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley  
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### OL'E

### BLUE

**A**fter being with us for several years she had become a dear friend of the family, and very dependable. She and I had developed a special relationship but one day, one afternoon, that relationship would be in jeopardy. I was driving home after finishing my shift at a local radio station. We headed for the interstate to start the 15 or 20-minute drive to our home in a neighboring town outside of Boise, Idaho.

I noticed as we made our way into traffic that Ol' Blue sputtered a little bit. That was not like her but a couple of more miles down the highway she did it again. Ol' Blue was our Volkswagen Beetle that we bought used but she had always been very reliable. Even at 4:00 in the morning when I would head for work, she always would start right up.

Looking through the rear view mirror I saw black smoke trailing behind us. After a few moments she coughed, hesitated and then passed out. I pulled her over to the side of the road and hurried to the back, only to see black smoke coming out of the engine compartment.

I opened the hood and the flames shot out driving me back. The entire engine was on fire. Not having a fire extinguisher I started throwing sand from the side of the road on to the flames. Finally the flames were out and as I peered inside I saw the problem. **(Continued)**

**(Continued)** Ole' Blue's gas line had broken and gas was spewing all over the engine. I quickly put my thumb over the break while the gas trickled down my arm, dripping off of my elbows. Applying more pressure it finally stopped, but I had to keep my thumb pressed against the break. In my mind I knew that just a hot engine would not ignite gas it would take a spark, but in my heart I knew that if I let go Ol' Blue and I both would be traveling a new road.

My fears being grounded in the experience of having been burned years earlier in a pipeline explosion and burned over 50% of my body, I wasn't letting go of that gas line. After trying to inject rocks and sticks of different sizes into the opening but to no avail. I finally decided that I was going to release my thumb and run. Just about then I heard a car pull of the side of the road and a man got out of his car and volunteered to help. I ask him to try to find a stick that we could plug the break with but to no avail. As he was leaning over my shoulder studying the situation I heard something. I listened and sure enough he was smacking away on some chewing gum. I asked him if I could have it. He agreed, took it out of his mouth and placed it into my outstretched hand.

Gingerly I rolled it up into a ball and then taking my thumb away from the break in the line I quickly shoved the gum into the opening. It worked and the gas stopped flowing. I stood up and surveyed the damage. Ol' Blue was in bad shape. All of her wires had been burned off and everything burned black. Shaking my head, the Good Samaritan gave me a ride into town. I called a friend of mine and we went out and towed Ol' Blue home. Days later after Ol' Blue had recovered her wounds, I was thinking about the incident. All I had was the wad of chewing gum given to me by a stranger, and it was enough.

It reminded me of the story in the Gospels when Jesus passed by the disciples as they were fishing and asked them how they were doing. They admitted, they had caught nothing all night. He directed them to cast their nets on the other side of the boat. When they raised their nets they were so full of fish that the disciples were afraid the nets were going to break, but they didn't. When Jesus calls you to do something, whatever you have is all you need. It will be adequate to accomplish that which He has called you to do.

Stan

**Is my shepherd** is not affiliated with any church or religious belief. The owner is:

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## **MISSION STATEMENT:**

**To encourage the Faithful  
To save the Lost.**

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE  
GAVE HIS ONE AND ONLY BEGOTTEN SON,  
THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVES IN HIM SHALL  
NOT PERISH BUT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.

JOHN 3:16

**IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, DO IT TODAY.**

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