

.†.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



BOISE, IDAHO

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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

In the late 1940's my husband Frank and I were driving late at night on a deserted road in the mountains near Chattanooga when we had a flat tire. Because of the rocky road edge, Frank was unable to brace the car and change the tire. Out of the night a car appeared. Two of the biggest, roughest-looking bearded men I'd ever seen got out. With powerful hands they steadied the car, swiftly changed the tire, and drove off. They had not uttered a word.

In 1952, Frank was a Naval officer stationed in Europe. We were driving with our family through thick fog in the Swiss Alps when a gap in the road, about six feet wide and four feet deep, confronted us. Night was coming on, so Frank waked the others down to the next village. Since all our belongings were in the car, I stayed behind. I waited. Nervously I tried to pray. The words of Psalm 91 came to mind: "*For He shall give His angels charge over thee. They shall bear thee up in their hands...*" And then I blurted out, "*Lord, send some of Your angels. Please.*"

A truck suddenly appeared. Out of it piled six big, rough-looking bearded men. Without speaking, they picked up their truck and carried it across the washout. Then with strong, powerful hands they picked up my car-with me in it-carried it across the trench, and set it safely on the other side. They never said a word, and disappeared into the night.

I drove into the village of Brig, where I found my family. Nobody in the village could imagine who those men were. All I knew was that they had come, and they had borne me up "in their hands."

Who are these silent men? Will they have reason to help us-again?

Mary Hattan Bogart

Erwin, Tennessee; Guideposts-August 1984

REFLECTIONS

PEACE THAT PASSETH

ALL UNDERSTANDING

By Stan Manley
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Let me take you to a suburb of Los Angeles California, where I worked the night shift as a gas station attendant, as I took a semester off from college.

At about 2:00 in the morning, I was finishing a sandwich when I noticed a figure approach the office from the East Side. I got up just in time to meet him at the door. But, before I could ask if I could help him, he had pulled a gun from his jacket, forcing me back into the small office.

He abruptly demanded my money, which I gave to him even more quickly than he had commanded. We were about the same size, but the gun made him about six inches taller and 25 pounds heavier. I immediately dismissed any thoughts of heroism or stupidity.

He ordered me to open the cash register. I quickly explained that it was not functional during the night shift. This tended to upset him. He grabbed a tire iron and began to beat the cash register with one hand, while the hand with the gun was flailing (continued)

my shepherd is not affiliated with any church or religious belief.

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(Cont) wildly in the air. I tensed up, thinking he might start taking his anger out on me. He suddenly turned and, pushing the gun into my midsection, he directed me to head for the back room that was just off the office. The thought suddenly came to me that this scene was about to come to an end, and it could be a violent one.

I felt the barrel of the gun press into the small of my back. I reassured myself that it was obvious he was going to have me lay down on the floor and then make his escape. These plans ended however when he forced me face to face with the wall, with no room left to lie down. Standing there, feeling the gun pressed even harder into my back, something unusual happened inside the pit of my stomach. I knew that at any second he was going to pull the trigger and life would end.

However, the fear, a paralyzing fear that had occupied the pit of my stomach, was suddenly gone. A long time ago I had made the decision to invite Jesus into my life. There was no doubt that there were three persons in this room.

I said a quick prayer, closed my eyes and waited for the sound of the explosion. The moments stretched into eternity. I became aware of a peace that passed all understanding. There was no whimpering or pleading, just acceptance that my life was over, and it was time.

Finally, the thief told me to stay where I was and not to turn around. I could hear his footsteps backing out of the room, and then leaving the office. I waited until I heard a car take off before making my exit to call the police.

There have been several times that I have felt the breath of death on my life, but never the sting of death. In every situation there has been calmness, a peace that does indeed passeth all understanding. It can be yours.

The Bible tells us that today is the day of salvation. Now is the time. Thinking that we can make peace with Jesus later is a terrible misjudgment on our part. You must remember that you are going to survive death. Your life will continue at that point until forever.

We have not been promised that we will all die peacefully in our sleep. For some of us, our lives could end in an instant of violence or any of a hundred different ways. Invite Him into your life, into your heart. Do it today. do it now. Please don't wait.

**MISSION STATEMENT:
TO ENCOURAGE THE FAITHFUL
TO SAVE THE LOST**



**FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD
THAT HE GAVE HIS ONE AND ONLY
SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVES
IN HIM SHALL NOT PERISH BUT HAVE
ETERNAL LIFE. JOHN 3:16**



IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, DO IT TODAY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I recently received this letter and I want to share it with you.

Dear Mr. Manley,

My name is Cynthia. I just recently was able to have e-mail through a friend at work in Buckeye, AZ. Today I decided to put on Christian Newsletter and yours came up. I am so thankful that you were able to put it on the Internet. God has certainly blessed you with good writing. I enjoyed your story about your Daddy being saved and the analogy of the dog on the leash and the Master who releases us from bondage, when we accept Him as Lord of our lives. It was so refreshing to read another writers views. God be with you, bless you and keep you save in His Son's name, Jesus. Have a good week with the love of Christ.

Cynthia

W HUMOR

When I realized how frazzled my friend was from caring for her two toddlers, I invited her to attend our church's women's retreat. There, the main speaker delivered a talk on "Women of Excellence" from Proverbs 31, concluding with, "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

My friend turned to me, sighed, and said, "So far my children just rise up and call me!"

Jackie Cleveland,

Albuquerque, New Mexico

**YOU CAN'T BREAK
GOD'S PROMISES BY
LEANING ON THEM.**