

# .t.is my Shepherd

*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*



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## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

**W**e were sitting at the table in our Florida home and talking to our next-door neighbors. This young couple had helped us a lot in the past year and a half, after my stroke and my husband's leg injury.

Unexpectedly, the husband began telling us the story of his troubled past. At age 16 he'd fallen in with the wrong crowd in his hometown of Greenwood, South Carolina, and had spent a year in a reformatory. When he was released he'd had good intentions, but because of his record, he couldn't find a job.

He became desperate and decided to rob a local service station so he could, have enough money to leave the state. He stole his father's car and gun and just before closing time, drove up to the service window of a gasoline station. He was about to demand all the money from the woman manager.

*"But just then," he explained, "I looked up and saw the sign overhead. It read, 'GOD is OUR SECURITY GUARD—ALWAYS ON THE JOB.' And I knew I couldn't rob that place. I then rushed home and prayed all night. I was determined to get my life straightened out. And with God's help, I did."*

As he finished, I looked at my husband. Both of us remembered a night 13 years ago when I sat at our kitchen table in the same town of Greenwood, South Carolina, trying to make a sign for our business. I had scribbled down several words. Then finally it came, the slogan that my husband put on the sign that stood on the roof of the small service station that we managed:

**GOD IS OUR SECURITY GUARD  
ALWAYS ON THE JOB.**

Dorothy Nicholas  
Asheboro, North Carolina

## REFLECTIONS

**BENNY**

**B**

Benny was 16 when I first met him. A patient in a state mental institution, which had become his home for several years. A terrible mistake had occurred during his treatment with Electroshock Therapy.

The mistake had taken Benny back to that of a child, unable to speak, write or communicate in any way. Slowly he had progressed to the point of being able to take care of his personal needs, feed himself and follow instructions, but was still unable to talk or socialize with others.

I had taken a semester of college to work in my major, abnormal psychology. One semester turned into two, as I became Charge Aide of two wards at the hospital.

I had already taken a special interest in Benny and had observed the glaze that covered his eyes. This young face that had been void of expression for years touched my heart.

One afternoon while supervising a softball game between the two wards, I noticed Benny standing by a tree staring out over the ball field. Still no expression, but certainly interested in watching the game. One day something funny happened on the field and as I glanced at Benny, I caught the slightest hint of a smile.

The next time we had a game I asked Benny if he wanted to play catch. Surprisingly, he turned in my direction, his arms at his side, eager. I carefully tossed the ball and watched as it bounced off his chest. I would retrieve the ball and repeat the process over and over again.

This went on for several games, until one day I noticed a slight motion in his arms as I tossed the ball. Quickly, I encouraged him to raise his arms and catch the ball. (CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED) He kept trying until one day he did it, he caught the ball! It was all I could do to maintain my composure. Benny had just hit a home run!

There was an immediate change in Benny. He smiled when somebody told a joke. He still couldn't talk, and there was no socializing with the other patients or staff, but his progress continued.

The day came when I had to leave and return to college. Later a friend wrote to me and told me that Benny was a new person. He was talking, to everyone's delight, had a part-time job at a café washing dishes and was going home on weekends for visits.

The best news was that Benny was going to be discharged soon. There was a time when he had nothing to look forward to except spending the rest of his life in an institution. Now, a life of expectations and hope were his.

Over the years I have wondered about Benny. How he is doing, what he is doing. Does he remember playing catch, does he remember his first laugh, his first conversation, ...me.

While thinking about Benny and telling his story, I was unsure of how I was supposed to close. As I prayed about it, one thought kept coming to mind. Somebody cared and reached out to try to make a difference. The opportunity just happened to come my way and I thank God that I responded.

There are people who have reached out to me, sacrificially, Why? Two thousand years ago a man named Jesus, while nailed to a cross looked my way and your way. Christianity has built within it an element called compassion. It is the cornerstone of salvation, touching people for Him in Christian love.

Love, like a magnet, will draw people to you who need help. Be quick to listen and slow to reject. The payback may be small but the rewards are eternal.

Stan Manley  
Editor

**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.**

## LET'S GO BACK

I'd like to see the Bible placed  
where the Bible used to be.  
Upon the top of the teacher's desk  
for every child to see.  
I'd like to hear the teacher say,  
as my teacher used to do.  
"Before we work or play, dear ones,  
I'd like to read to you."  
I'd like to see the teacher stand  
before the class again.  
And lift with reverent care the Book  
that makes God's purpose plain.  
And ere the youngsters went to work,  
I'd like to hear her voice  
Repeat these words of truth and faith  
that make one's soul rejoice.  
I'd like to see her face light up  
as each resplendent word.  
And watch the children's souls shine out  
at the message they had heard.  
I'd like to see that sweet content  
fill that dear room; each nook.  
And know that joy had come to each  
when teacher read the Book.  
Yes, I'd like to see the Bible placed,  
where the Bible used to be.  
I'd like to hear it read aloud  
in the school room of the free.  
I want my children taught to know  
God's matchless gift of love.  
The Book of Book is wisdom's gate  
to that bright home above.

