

# is my Shepherd

## BOISE, IDAHO

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### HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

After my grandfather died, my Uncle Bill was the only one left living in the old family home with my grandmother. She was 93 and he was 65, but they depended on each other like siblings. He'd get the Nashville newspaper every morning and bring her breakfast and keep her up to date on the rest of the family.

One morning, though, after 23 years of the same routine, he got up at seven o'clock, swung both feet over the side of his bed and suddenly collapsed to the floor with a stroke. Conscious but unable to move, he yelled to my grandmother in her bedroom, "Mama, Mama!"

***"Why are you hollering so early in the morning?"*** she called back, roused from her sleep.

***"Mama,"*** he said, ***"Come quick."***

Grandmother knew then that something was terribly wrong. Quickly she called to the One Who had never failed to hear her every prayer, then got out of bed. She hurried to my uncle's room, where he lay paralyzed. Knowing help was needed, she telephoned their next door neighbor and together they went to Bill's room; medical help was summoned and soon arrived.

What was so unusual about this? Wouldn't any mother have done the same? Yes, perhaps. But you see, Grandmother had been permanently injured in a car accident and since then had fallen, breaking her hip twice. She had been in a wheelchair for nine years. During that time she had not taken one step by herself.

Joan B. Paris  
Peachtree City, Georgia  
Guidepost January 1988

## REFLECTIONS

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### HIT AND RUN

Sometimes things happen that we don't have room for in our lives. Like the time in Houston, Texas when I was recovering from an accident that I had been involved in. It was a serious accident and I had spent four months in the burn center and was now home in our apartment continuing to recover from this time in my life.

After I had been home for a couple of weeks the doctor wanted me to start walking a mile a day, every day. My wife worked as a nurse just down the road from our apartment and we decided that she would come home for lunch and then on her way back to work I would go with her and get out a mile down the road and walk home. The very first day, I was walking home when I decided to get a few groceries. There was a 7-11 store about a block from our apartment so I stopped in to get some essentials.

I walked out of the store and to the curb. I stopped at the curb and watched for traffic since the one street was a fast four lane street. There was a car stopped at the stop sign and he was also watching the traffic. His sight was opposite of my position and he didn't see me. Since the car was stopped I thought he was stopping for me, and I stepped out (Continued)

**(Continued)** to cross the street. At the same time there was a break in the traffic and the driver stepped on it too get his place in the passing traffic. There was one problem, I was crossing the street and was in front of his car and he hit me.

He didn't run over me since his attention was diverted back in my direction and as soon as he hit me he slammed on the brakes. The bag of groceries went flying through the air with toilet paper rolling down the street along with some eggs and other articles. I was knocked down but not hurt badly. I quickly got up as the driver hurried out of his car to see if I was ok. I told him I was ok and he helped collect my groceries.

As soon as I arrived home I called my wife and told her, ***"I bet you can't guess what just happened to me?"*** She said, ***"You were hit by a car!"*** I asked her how she knew! She said as soon as she arrived at work she told the other workers about our new plan of walking a mile a day. Then she told then, ***"But with his luck he will get hit by a car on his way home."*** She was right.

There are things that happen in our life that we would rather not happen, but they do. We can only go on. If we hold these things close to us and not put them in the right place in our experiences, they will only haunt us and impede our direction. If our direction is with the Lord we will continue to see the end not bits and pieces of our lives.

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.**

## **NEIGHBORS**

Saturday morning I was about to hop in the car for a meeting at church when I heard our dog, Bitsy, yip. ***"Pipe down, girl."*** I muttered. ***"You don't want to get our new neighbor riled up again."*** No one had ever complained about Bitsy. Then he moved in. Soon he was at our door, saying her barking kept him up at night. My wife, Betty, and I put our dog inside after dark only to have the man claim her barks woke him up in the morning. So we kept Bitsy in the house much of the day too. But the complaints didn't stop.

Just the thought of him made my blood boil. I got in the car and slammed the door. Great attitude to go to church with, I thought. That's when it hit me. I'd forgotten to pray about this. ***"All right, Lord,"*** I said. ***"Help me forgive my new neighbor. You know I can't do it on my own. He's your problem now."***

I backed out of the garage and started down the driveway. I glanced in the rearview mirror. Who was that standing with Betty out by the mailbox? Not him again?

Our noise sensitive neighbor spoke animatedly to my wife. This time I was real going to let loose. Then, all of a sudden, he walked away.

Betty got in the car. ***"What is it now?"*** I asked.

***"He wanted to apologize for bothering us about Bitsy."*** She said, ***"I wonder what changed his mind?"*** Same thing that was working on changing mine.

Richard H. Schneider