

†.my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

In 1971, as a newly licensed pilot, I was flying with my flight instructor from Bero Beach, Florida, to Longview, Texas. That night, we hit bad weather over Mobile, Alabama, and air-traffic controllers suggested we fly north toward Jackson, Mississippi, to avoid an approaching storm.

As we rose above the clouds, I noticed the instrument panel lights flicker. A minute later, radios and instruments started going dead; then all out lights went out. Our situation was desperate, and as we flew an emergency triangle, we prayed to God for His protection. We decided to drop below the clouds and try to see the ground. Soon we spotted the distant lights of Jackson and headed for the airport's rotating beacon.

We circled the control tower twice, then got a green light to land. Without any electrical power, we had to lower the landing gear manually. At that moment, all the strobe landing lights came on and slowly, safely we touched ground.

Then the landing lights went off. That's odd, I thought, at least they could have waited until we taxied to the ramp. It was even odder when a man from the tower asked us, "Who gave you permission to land?"

And then, little by little, we learned that no one in the tower had seen us circling overhead. The green light had been flashed by a traffic controller who was explaining to his visiting pastor what he would do in case a plane ever attempted to land without radio communication. The emergency landing lights were part of the same demonstration.

But the whole story can never be explained – just accepted with gratitude, as I strive to serve the Lord each new day.

Franklin Graham-Boone, North Carolina
Guideposts-July 1988

**If the battle is committed to the Lord,
there is no failure in defeat or glory in victory.**

REFLECTIONS

Angels Unaware

By Stan Manley

...my Shepherd editor

A few years ago I was returning home to Oklahoma City after visiting my parents. For the past month I had been suffering from sciatica in my right hip and leg. The pain had reached the point that I could hardly move without terrible pain.

I had just crossed over into Oklahoma and was approaching a bridge when the right rear tire began to come apart. After crossing the bridge safely, I quickly pulled the car over to the side of the road realizing the tire was completely destroyed.

I opened the door and as I tried to get out of the car that terrible pain that comes with sciatica went through my leg like a hot poker. I eased back into the car and tried to catch my breath from the tremendous pain and at the same time realizing that I would not be able to change the tire.

As I looked around the landscape my anxiety began to grow. There were no farmhouses in sight, nothing but open highway, not freeway and it was starting to get late.

Sometimes the only way out of a situation is through. Somehow I was going to have to change that tire and bear the pain. Once again I opened the door and as I tried to pull my legs around the pain hit me again and drove me back into the car.

As I sat there contemplating what to do, I thought of the saying that when all you have is a prayer, a prayer is all you need. I looked up in my rear view mirror and there was a truck pulling in behind me.

Two men got out and I could see from their uniforms that they were from the state highway department. I rolled down my window and they asked if they could help me I quickly told them the situation and gave them the keys to the trunk. They had the tire changed in no time and I was on my way.

Nice people doing nice things, they still exist!

Stan Manley

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On This Day

On July 20th, when astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin climbed out of the lunar module Eagle and took their historic first steps on the moon, Buzz Aldrin had a little-known “first” that also took place that day.

Before the lift-off, Aldrin was looking for a way to honor God’s presence in the Apollo 11 space mission. He talked about this with his minister, Dean Woodruff of Webster Presbyterian Church in Houston. When in their discussions the Christian sacrament of communion was mentioned, a plan emerged.

Two Sundays before the moon shot, Aldrin participated in a small, private communion service at Webster Presbyterian, after which Dean Woodruff broke off a corner of the communion bread and gave it to Aldrin along with a tiny chalice and some wine. Aldrin sealed these in plastic packets and safely stowed them in his personal preference kit (each astronaut was allowed to take a few personal items with him).

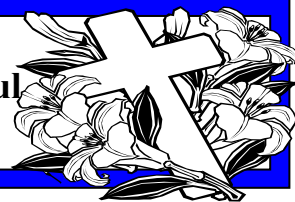
July 20, 1969, was a Sunday. At 3:17 P.M. (Houston time) the Eagle touched down. Aldrin took out the communion elements from their flight packets and put them on a small table in front of the abort guidance-system computer. Then he called Houston, and asked for a few moments of silence.

In the one-sixth gravity of the moon, he poured the wine, watching it curl gracefully up the side of the chalice. From a slip of paper he read the biblical passage, “I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from Me you can do nothing” (John 15:5, Revised Standard Version). And then he took communion.

So it was that the first food eaten by man on the moon was done in the name of our Lord.

Guideposts – July, 1989

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 NIV

It’s your responsibility, do it today.



THANK YOU

Of all the time to have the airline lose my luggage! It was only my toiletry case with my one pair of good shoes, but off all the places to windup without them!

I’d flown out to New Mexico, for a one-day seminar sponsored by the Southwest Christian Writers’ Association. “No one will care about your shoes,” Margaret Cheasebro, the group’s president, assured me.

Doubtless Margaret was right, but of all times. Even as I said it, a phrase from our church’s communion service came to mind; “...we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee.” At all times?

At the seminar’s close, several writers came up to the speaker’s stand. Suddenly there was an ear-splitting crack and the sound of exploding glass. A woman shouted, “Lie down! Everyone!”

Through the window we’d seen a man brandishing a gun. Later we learned that he’d been drinking and shooting at telephone poles. From the wall beyond the speaker’s stand, the police recovered the tip of an electric screwdriver fired from a muzzle-loading pistol.

While Margaret filled out the police report, the rest of us relieved our escape, each recalling a step forward, a second’s delay that had kept him out of the line of fire.

For my part, I was tracing a trajectory, from the window to the wall, an inch over the spot where I’d been standing. I was thinking of a pair of two-and-a-half-inch heels in a missing bag. I was echoing an ancient prayer: “...we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee.

Elizabeth Sherrill-Chappaqua, New York

The Declaration of Independence states that the Creator gave man the right to liberty. It seems man can realize that liberty, only if he does not forget the One who endowed him with it.