

.†.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

In the mid-1960's my husband's sister Muriel became very ill. My husband and six-year-old daughter Linda and I traveled to Tulsa to be present while Muriel underwent emergency surgery for a diseased kidney. As we neared Tulsa, a thought flashed into my mind out of nowhere. One red rose, a voice said. Take one red rose to Muriel. My husband agreed to stop at a florist's shop. However, it was late and everything was closed.

The next morning my husband went to the hospital to wait during the operation. I stayed with Linda and my husband's elderly mother at her home. All I could think of was that one red rose. I felt compelled to search out that rose. So Linda and I walked uptown, and I bought one red rose.

When my husband returned, he said that Muriel had come through the surgery, and it was now touch-and-go as to whether she'd recover. He also told me he'd ordered a big bouquet of gladiolus for Muriel's room.

"That's lovely, honey," I said. "But she's got to have this red rose, too." When we went to the hospital later, Muriel was still groggy and wasn't able to talk to us, but I put the rose, by itself, in a vase where she could see it. Because of work commitments we had to return home without ever talking to Muriel, but we did learn that she would recover.

Soon we got a letter. "Before I went to the hospital," Muriel wrote, "I prayed that if I was supposed to live, God would send me as sign I specifically asked for, something that meant God was with me and would give me the heart to go on. When I opened my eyes after the operation, there it was, the very thing I'd prayed for – a red rose."

Eva Mae Ramsey – Kansas City, Missouri
Guideposts-June 1984

REFLECTIONS

OL' BLUE

By Stan Manley
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After 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.

Ol' 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 elbow. 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 off the side of the road and a man got out of his car and volunteered to help. I ask him to try to (Cont)

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

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(Cont) 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 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 Manley

HUMOR

The Sunday school teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and suddenly turned into a pillar of salt.

"My mother looked back once while she was driving." Contributed little John, "and she turned into a telephone pole."

**You can never start over,
You can only start again.**

**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.

...THEIR KISS

Nothing is as beautiful as a loving relationship that conforms to God's design.

Consider this example written by a young surgeon, Dr. Richard Selzer from Dr. Dobson's Straight Talk to Men and Their Wives.

"I stand by the bed where the young woman lies, her face postoperative, her mouth twisted by palsy, clownish. A tiny twig of the facial nerve, the one to the muscles of her mouth as been severed. She will be thus from now on. My knife has followed with religious fervor the curve of her flesh, I promise you that. Nevertheless, to remove the tumor in her cheek, I had to cut the little nerve.

"Her young husband is in the room. He stands at the side of her bed, and together they seem to dwell in the evening lamplight, isolated from me."

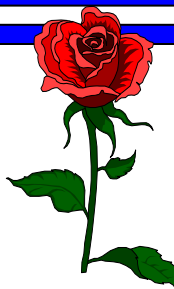
"Who are they, I ask myself, he and wrymouth I have made who gaze and touch each other so generously, so greedily?" The young woman speaks. "Will my mouth always be like this?" she asks.

"Yes, I say it will"

She nods, and is silent. But the young man smiles.

"I like it," he says. "It's kind of cute."

Unmindful, he bends to kiss her crooked mouth, and I can see how he twists his own lips to accommodate hers, to show her that their kiss still works, I hold my breath and let the wonder in.



**HAPPY
FATHER'S
DAY**