

.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

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His Mysterious Ways

My paternal grandmother, who immigrated to this country from Czechoslovakia, died when I was 18. I missed her, especially at the big events in my life such as my marriage and the birth of my first child. I often caught myself thinking back to Nanny's cozy kitchen; she let me help her roll out dough for pastries and strudels while regaling me with tales of her old world girlhood. Though her jumbled English translations of Czech phrases were often stumbling blocks. I always knew Nanny loved me.

When we had our second daughter, my husband, Ronny, decided he didn't like the name we had agreed on months earlier. I was taken a back by his abrupt change. On the day I was to come home from the hospital, we still hadn't picked a name! I wished Nanny were here. **God**, I finally prayed, **help us get over this stumbling block and find the perfect name.**

We named the baby Kinsey, a name Ronny liked. I had a hard time getting used to it, and often wondered during that first year if I ever would. Then one day we got a letter from my mom, containing the death certificate my dad's brother. Mom had drawn an arrow pointing to the space where my grandma's maiden name was listed. I had only known her Czech last name: Komina. Now I gazed in wonderment at the English version-Kinsey.

Every day now when I look into Kinsey's cheery face I see a godly reminder of my grandmother's lasting love.

Rhonda Vecera Naylor, Granbury, Texas
Guideposts - March, 1996

REFLECTIONS

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The Perfect One

While I was waiting in the small waiting area to have a prescription filled, a boy, probably 10 or 12 years old came into the area and sat down. He was holding a can of pop and, also, working on a large piece of bubble gum. He would work on the bubble gum, then, take a big drink of pop. Something happens to *bubble gum when mixed* with pop. It somehow makes the bubble gum unable to function properly.

As I continued to watch him out of the corner of my eye, I knew what was probably coming, since I had tried the same thing when I was a child. Sure enough, he took a big breath of air, puckered his lips and with all the air he had blew as hard as he could. The bubble gum, having been rendered useless, as far as for what it was created to do, went flying through the air landing on the floor several feet in front of him. He instantly looked at me, but I tried to look disinterested. He quickly retrieved his gum off the floor and put it back in his mouth.

I continued to watch him, knowing that the gum was likely to be launched again. Sure enough, I saw him take a deep **(Continued)**

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MISSION STATEMENT:

**To encourage the Faithful
To save the Lost.**

(Continued) breath of air, pucker his lips and once again, the wad of gum went flying. He retrieved the gum and promptly put it back in his mouth. Unable to blow the bubble, he went back to enjoying the combination of his bubble gum and pop.

We read often in the Bible of perfection. One definition of perfection is portrayed in the following illustration. Imagine two pencils lying on a desk. One has been sharpened many times, half the size of the other pencil. Visibly showing the wear and tear with the eraser half gone. The pencil certainly looks far from perfect. While the other pencil is brand new, has never been used, never been sharpened. Clean and flawless, it has a complete eraser. Seeing the two pencils, side by side, which would you say is perfect?

The perfect pencil is the used one. The one that has been used for the reason that it was created. The new one looks perfect, but the used one can claim true perfection.

You too can claim Christian perfection if you are being used for the reason that you were created. We were created to praise God. That praise comes in a variety of ways, sometimes audibly, sometimes in silence. The praise can come in prayer, in song, but always in word, thought and deed.

You cannot be the real you unless you are being used for what you were created to be. When He returns I want to be interrupted in what I'm doing for Him. If you really want to be you, be His and enjoy your Christian perfection for the glory of the Lord.

Stan Manley

Have a Great Easter

It's not eggs or bunnies

It Is Christ!!

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.

THIS THING CALLED PRAYER

While growing up I often wondered what it would be like to have a father to play basketball with. My parents had abandoned me at age nine and I was raised by an aunt. She tried to steer me into a godly life, but despite her best efforts I landed in prison. There, I often found myself yearning for the life and the father I never had.

One evening during recreational period I walked out into the yard. I needed to stretch my legs to dissipate the tension that came from being locked in a 10-by-12-foot cell. As I walked I tried to recall some of the prayers my aunt had taught me, and certain Bible passages, but nothing would come. Is it too late for me? I wondered. Circling the track, I passed the basketball court and stopped. As I bent down to pick up a stray ball, a inner voice seemed to speak: ***Joseph, your prayers are required, but I want you to talk to me as you would talk to a friend.***

I threw the ball in the direction of the basket. Swish, it went through the net. Not bad. I began talking to God. Just talking, as if to an old friend, nothing fancy. I sensed the more I talked, the more he listened. I poured my heart out, all the while shooting baskets. Swish. I made some very good shots. It had been a long time since I had played ball. It felt good.

That night I lay on my cot, warmed by a comforter of pure joy. I had always wondered how a kid felt playing ball with his father. Now, at age 33, I knew.

Joseph Sutton. Ypsilanti, Michigan