

# .t.is my Shepherd

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



**BOISE, IDAHO**

MAY 2006

VOL. 2 NO. 10

[www.ismyshepherd.com](http://www.ismyshepherd.com)

[stanmanley@gmail.com](mailto:stanmanley@gmail.com)

## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

With our four little children and two visiting nieces to tuck in, bedtime that night took a long time. Over each drowsy child I said a prayer, asking God to watch over them. Later, when my husband and I went to bed, I lay on the edge of sleep, lulled by the innocent noises drifting down the hallway; deep sleep sighs, the mumbled words of dreamy conversations.

At 4:30 I woke up abruptly. I heard a niece whimper. Suddenly I found myself out of bed, running down the hallway. But not to the room where my niece lay. Without knowing why, I ran to my children's bedroom on the other side of the house.

I stood in their doorway, hearing my heart pounding in my ears. Something bad was about to happen. Seconds ticked by. The children went on sleeping peacefully in their bunk beds. All was so quiet. *Why did I run here? Am I dreaming?*

And then before my eyes the upper half of the bunk bed came apart. I rushed forward to catch the heavy mattress board and mattress before they crashed down onto my littlest one, Rachel, in the bottom bunk. I cried for help and my husband came; in a few moments all was set to right.

Andy and I stepped back. "Why were you in here?" he asked

"I don't know."

"Thank God you were," Andy said. And then, with a smile, he added, "Listen, we're whispering. The kids never even woke up."

Lynn B. Link Stevensville, Montana  
Guideposts-May 1985

## REFLECTIONS

### THE OLYMPICS

By Stan Manley  
...is my Shepherd editor  
[stanmanley@gmail.com](mailto:stanmanley@gmail.com)

The Olympics. The finest spectacle of human endurance, courage, grace, commitment and fortitude is ours to witness every few years. In thinking about the Olympics it brought back an old memory that I had forgotten about. A memory of the time when an imaginary Olympics were held in a small town in Western Kansas – in my backyard. My main interest has always been the track and field events, especially the high jump.

I had built my own high jump pit with crude standards and an old cane pole as the bar, more tape than cane. In this fantasy Olympics of mine, at the age of 11 or 12, the entire Olympics had come down between the Russian favorite and myself. He made his first jump and failed. He also failed the next two attempts. Since I had passed my attempts I now had three opportunities to make the jump and win the Olympics for the United States.

It was time, my first try. I had never cleared this height before. You could feel the tension run through my fantasy audience as I took my mark. I started my approach and as I reached the bar, I hit my mark and almost cleared the bar. As I lay there I quickly figured out my error. I needed to be lighter; I had come so close.

As I went back to my starting place, feeling the eyes of the audience following my every move, I quickly pulled my shirt off and my shoes and socks. I could already feel the power begin to build in my legs. I once again approached the bar. I hit my mark perfectly but once again I failed. Almost, but not quite! Once again, I lay there. The pressure was intense. This would be my last chance. If I failed, Russia would win (Cont)

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

The owner is:  
Stan Manley,  
1103 W. Pine Ave, #222,  
Meridian, ID. 83642

(Cont) I had an idea. It had to work. It was my only chance.

As I slowly walked back to my starting position, I didn't know if I could do it or not. The commitment was too strong to deny or even compromise. As I stood there with my shirt, my shoes and socks lying at my feet, I quickly looked around to the neighbor's houses. I didn't see anyone. Nobody but my fantasy audience cheering me on. Standing there with only my jeans on, glaring intently at the bar I had failed at so miserably, I decided it was time.

I quickly pulled off my jeans leaving me only in my underwear. I took off as fast as I could, hit my mark and sailed over the bar. I had done it! I had defeated the Russians. As I lay there, it suddenly hit me that I only had on my Fruit of the Looms. It didn't matter I had won.

Confidently I walked back to my starting place, got dressed and walked off the field. Triumphant! Don't ask me what I would have done if I had failed that jump. Would I have tried it without my Fruit of the Looms, we'll never know.

Commitment. Nothing works without it. Not even your Christian life. As you approach the hurdles in your life, you can approach them with confidence born out of commitment and be the winner for all eternity!

Stan Manley

## HUMOR

Ex Governor Howey of North Carolina said to a colored preacher. "How many members you got,"

He replied, "Fifty."

"How many active?"

"All of them are active, twenty-five for me, twenty-five against me."

**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.**

## THIS THING CALLED PRAYER

When our two-year-old daughter Catherine was rushed to the hospital during a severe asthmatic attack, the doctor warned me that she was very close to death. I paced the hospital corridor, begging God to spare her.

Suddenly, I felt two arms around my shoulders and looked into the motherly face of a Mennonite woman. "I saw them wheel in your daughter," she said. "I've been praying for her. I know God will make her well again."

Her words touched me. "And you, why are you here?" I asked.

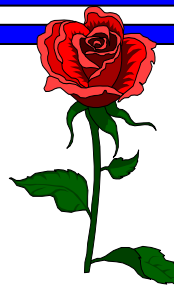
"My son was hit by a car, and though one of his legs had to be amputated, he survived and is recovering."

How strange. I'd read about that accident in the local newspaper, and had been so moved that I'd knelt and prayed intensely for the youngster. And now here was that boy's mother saying she'd prayed just as hard for my child.

Catherine pulled through. And my new friend, Mrs. Shenk, and I both thanked God for showing us the truth of 1 Corinthians 12: We are all one body in Christ, and when one member suffers-or rejoices the whole body does the same.

And prayer is the tie that binds that body together.

Janet Chandler Escott-Winston-Salem, NC



**HAPPY  
MOTHERS  
DAY**