

†.my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



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His Mysterious Ways

I was packing that morning when I heard a shrill whistle. I rushed into the living room only to discover it came from the TV. We were preparing to go to Montrose, Colorado, with our 10-week-old baby, Leslie.

As we drove through the mountains that afternoon, big sleepy drops of rain turned into heavy wet flakes of snow. Near the top of Fremont Pass, traffic slowed and we could barely see. I nursed Leslie and then Neil pulled over and held her. "Is something wrong?" I asked when Leslie's cry suddenly became low and husky.

Neil handed her back to me in a panic. She was coughing and gasping. I patted her on the back, but she turned bluish gray and seemed to stop breathing. I began to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but without oxygen she could go into respiratory arrest. "Lord," I prayed, "save my baby."

Just then the shrill sound of a whistle pierced the swirling snow. "That's a mine over there," I called to Neil. "Someone will have oxygen there."

Neil started the car and crossed the road to the gate of a molybdenum mine. We flagged a guard, told him our problem, then raced down the drive, where two nurses met us with an oxygen tank. I put the huge mask over Leslie's ashen face and, slowly, she began breathing again.

Later we went to a hospital, where tests confirmed that Leslie was all right. The doctor there had one question: "How did you know there would be oxygen at the mine?"

The shrill sound I had heard that morning was a mine whistle blowing in an episode of *The Waltons*. I watched just long enough to see a miner revived-with oxygen.

Kerri Tillquist, Boulder, Colorado
Guideposts-May 1989

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 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.

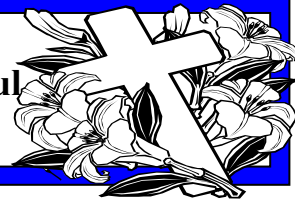
Imagine two pencils lying on a desk. One has been sharpened many times, half the size of the other pencil. Visibly showing the wear and tear with the erasure half gone. The pencil certainly looks far from perfect.

While the other pencil is brand new(Cont.)

**I may not have everything I want, but,
I want everything I have.**

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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 Son, that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.

John 3:16 NIV

It's your responsibility, do it today



(CONT) has never been used, never been sharpened. Clean and flawless, it has a complete erasure. 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...my Shepherd Newsletter

This Thing Called Prayer

A number of years ago my 74-year-old mother-in-law had gallbladder surgery. Not anticipating any problems, we were unprepared when my sister-in-law called long distance to tell us Mimi's heart had stopped during surgery and she probably wouldn't live through the night.

I lay in bed unable to sleep. I closed my eyes and prayed a silent prayer for Mimi, all the while visualizing Mimi holding on to my hand.

In the morning the news was better. Each day after that Mimi improved a little, and each night I faithfully prayed for her, always picturing myself holding her hand in mine.

When we could, Larry, our four children and I drove back to Iowa to see her. She was pleased to see all of us, but I noticed that she held my hand tightly. She looked into my eyes and said, "Thank you, Carla, for holding my hand every night. I wouldn't have made it if it weren't for you."

What could I say, I was never there. I was in Colorado, 700 miles away.

Six months later Mimi died quietly in her sleep. Though all of us in the family mourned, I, for one, was better prepared for her death. Each night in my prayers I was able to picture Mimi with her hand firmly in Jesus' hand, and I know it was so.

Carla Fowler

Golden, Colorado

Guideposts - May, 1988

A Prayer for May

'Mid all the traffic
of the ways,
Turmoil's without,
within,
Make in my heart
a quiet place,
And come and dwell
the rein.

A little place
of mystic grace,
Of self and sin
swept bare,
Where I may look
upon Thy face,
And talk with Thee
in prayer.

John Oxenham



**HAPPY
MOTHER'S
DAY**

