

# .†. is my Shepherd

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



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## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

November 3, was my birthday. As I drove down the mountainside to Holy Apostles Episcopal Church in Hilo that Sunday morning, I couldn't help but miss Mother. It had been six months since her death, and this would be the first birthday I had to celebrate without her, without the cake she always baked, or the table she always decorated with yellow roses. Our family had lived in Hawaii for 50 years, but Texas-born Mother was always "The Yellow Rose of Texas," her house filled with that mainland flower.

At church I slipped into the pew. "I miss Mother so," I sort of prayed, kneeling with my head in my hands. I couldn't bring myself to look at the flower-filled urns on their tall Koa-wood stands. The brilliant orchids and anthuriums could only clash with my gray mood inside.

The first hymn brought me unwillingly to my feet. That was when I saw it, not on the stands where flowers were always placed, but right on the altar: a tiny bud vase.

And in the vase a single yellow rose.

It was the best birthday gift I could have received, this reminder that those we love are never far away.

At the service's close, I hurried to the Flower Guild chairman to find out who had left this bud on the altar, a place I had never seen flowers before. But she was as puzzled as I and told me that the vase didn't even belong to the church. And though we queried every guild member, and anyone else who might have brought flowers, no one could explain how the rose came to be there.

To this day I don't know how-only Who.  
Charlotte Doty, Volcano, Hawaii  
Guideposts, October 1988

## REFLECTIONS

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## STUPID THINGS

It was stupid, but it was fun. Probably the most dangerous thing that we had ever done. Jr. and I were driving around town. We were at the edge of town, bored. I was driving my old Studebaker. It was the first car I had ever purchased.

The radio was playing when I told Jr. to take the wheel. He did as I hesitated a moment and then crawled out of the window onto the roof of the car. Lying flat on the roof I then yelled at Jr. to get out on his side of the car and join me on the roof. He started out of his side of the car while I reached through the window and steered. We weren't going very fast, probably about 15 miles per hour. There we were, both on the roof of my car and I was reaching through the window and steering the car. No controls except for the steering wheel. We went around corners and were laughing, having a great time. After a few minutes we crawled back in the car. The evening had been a success. We had done one of the most stupid things two young men could ever do in a car.

There was another time with another friend, in fact several friends. Our Sunday School class was in the back of our teacher's pickup truck. It was Halloween night and our teacher, Clifton was driving the pickup truck. Wayne and I were in the back of the truck and Wayne had a bunch of rotten eggs. He had them several days on his back porch and they were really ripe. We were just about to enter the outskirts of town when Wayne did something with his eggs that I really wish that he hadn't done.

There was some college guys filling up there car with gas when Wayne decided to throw a couple of rotten eggs at them. We were just turning a corner when he heaved the eggs at the college guys. They hit their target. One of the eggs landed right on the chest of the college kid. They jumped into their car and started after us. We yelled inside to Clifton to step on it, he did. The college kids chased us (continued)

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(Cont) around town and finally forced us to the curb. We all jumped out of the truck and began to run, not knowing what they would do if they were to catch us, they were very angry.

I was running through back yards, over fences, not knowing where I was in relation to the stopped pickup. Over the fence I jumped, thinking I was probably getting away when I landed right at their feet. My fall was unintentional but I was theirs. They begin to kick me as hard as they could. I rolled up in a ball and my heavy coat proved to be my blessing. They finally stopped and I just lay there, hoping they were done with me, they were. I finally got up and nursed my wounds and headed for home. Not trying to find my friends, just longing for my comfortable bed.

Stupid things, we all do them but for some reason I have recently been thinking of the most stupid thing we could ever do. Go to hell! How stupid is that. Our entire life we have made jokes about going to hell, made fun of the most disastrous event we could ever do.

The other day I was taking my evening walk and thinking of this terrible thing, when I began to think about my sins. Even though I gave my heart to Jesus years ago, I was thinking about forgiveness and how God could forgive a lifetime of sinful behavior. My walk took me beside a small stream; I could hear the waterfall before I could even see it and God spoke to my heart. His forgiveness is like that waterfall. In fact the thought came to me that the sound of a waterfall is the sound of God's forgiveness.

But, I thought, a lifetime of sin, how could God forgive a lifetime of sin with just that little waterfall. Then God spoke to my heart again; a lifetime of sin could be forgiven by the Niagara Falls! There is no sin that would be able to dismiss that experience, the Niagara Falls. But first you have to ask too plunge into God's love and accept Gods forgiveness and escape hell.

Riding on the roof of a moving car, how stupid.

Throwing eggs at college guys, how stupid.

Going to hell, HOW STUPID!

Stan

**GOD IS GOOD**

**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.**

## **THE FORGIVING**

How foolish were the fools  
That squandered away the night,  
In search for evil pleasure  
Not caring wrong from right.

How wretched were the wretched  
So contemptible beyond degree,  
A madness buried deep within  
Not wanting to be free.

How sinful were the sinners  
And all that was his kind,  
When they crucified our Savior  
With pleasure in their minds.

The foolish, wretched and sinful  
They crowned Him King of the Jews  
How forgiving the Forgiver when He  
Said, "They know not what they do."

Stan

## **HUMOR**

An old Preacher shouted, "Brethren this church has been walking too long, it's got to run!"

An old Deacon shouted, "Let her run Parson, let her run."

"But Brethren", said the Preacher, "It isn't enough to let her run, she's got to fly."

"Let her fly, Parson, let her fly!" shouted the Deacon.

To which the Preacher replied, "Brethren, it takes money to make her fly!"

The Deacon quickly cried, "Let her walk, Parson, let her walk!"