

# †.my Shepherd

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



**BOISE, IDAHO**

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## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

**B**ack in the mid-'50s, when I was out of the Army and uncertain about my direction in life, I got a job at Superior Marking Products in Chicago, a company that made ink, type, type trays, date stamps, toy printing presses—anything that had to do with printing. I operated a vacuum press and enjoyed it, and I enjoyed my fellow workers. Especially Joe.

Joe was a big, burly man with a deep faith. He'd been at Superior for almost 30 years and commanded a lot of respect. Whenever he talked, we listened. But I never listened more closely than during an afternoon coffee break when he told us about something that had happened to him years before, right there in our company warehouse.

Joe had been in the warehouse, working. He was alone. When the time came to leave, he turned out the lights and headed for the freight elevator. He could hear his own footsteps echo in the silence as he walked down the dark aisles. He was about to step into the freight elevator when he heard, "Joe, Joe."

Someone was calling his name. He turned and looked around, but he could see no one. "Who's there?" he called out.

No answer.

Someone's kidding me, Joe thought. He called out again, but still there was no answer. He shrugged and turned again to the elevator, but this time he stopped.

Before him were the open doors off the elevator shaft, but no elevator, only a long, long drop into nothingness.

Rev. Kenneth Bishop  
Adamsville, Alabama

Guideposts September 1988

## REFLECTIONS

**Jesus, Jesus, Jesus...**

*By Stan Manley*

*...my Shepherd editor*

(In 1989 I took care of my father in his home. This is a story I wrote at that time.)

**T**he past few months it has been my pleasure to be taking care of my dad. A few months ago he fell and broke his hip and at 94 the recovery time lingers. I'm glad to say he is doing much better. His faith in God is being revealed in his progress.

Being back home living in the house where I was raised taking care of my father is a great pleasure. The memories of my home are a compilation of many and varied experiences. To be with my father whom I have always cared about and now to care for is not a transition but a fulfillment of love.

One night not too long ago, I had put my father to bed and told him good night. As I made my way to my room I could hear his coughing, not uncommon but it made me uncomfortable. After lying in bed, unable to sleep I went to the living room that is right next to his room.

As I sat there in the dark, my mind wandering through the events of yesterday, today, last week, etc. I was totally engulfed in the darkness of the room and the stillness of the night. Something jarred me, alerted me but as I listened there was just the quietness.

Before I knew it I stood up and quietly walked into my father's bedroom. He reached out his hand and I bent over to hear him whisper, "How did you ever hear me, all I could do was whisper your name".

I took care of whatever it was that he wanted, it was nothing serious. After I had him settled again I returned to my chair in the living room. I felt the spirit of Jesus brush against my soul. He reminded me that our relationship is the same as the relationship that I have with my father.

He prompted me to be reminded that when I call Him even when all I can do is whisper His name, He hears me. There have been times in my Christian experience when life has become very close to being more than I can handle. During those times (Cont.)

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

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(Cont.) when I try to pray, need to pray but I cannot even verbalize my prayer, or request my need.

Those times when my heart is broken or my mind is so confused by the reality of not knowing what to do. There are those times when all I can do is repeat over and over again the name of Jesus.

No plea to understand, no request to heal my broken heart but the balm of Gilead begins to soothe my spirit as all I can do is whisper over and over again the name of my deliverer, my redeemer, my saviour, my comforter, my messiah, my provider, my prince of peace, my protector, my God and my Lord. All comprised in the lovely name of Jesus.

When you come to the end and you don't know where you've been or you've come to the beginning and you don't know where the end is, there is one who knows, one who cares, one who will come when all you can do is but whisper His name, the name of Jesus.

I have also found when I want to praise Him for who He is that the creation can begin to whisper the name of the creator and it is music to His ears. In the midst of it all, in the quietness of the moment, in the shadows of the day just whisper His name, the name of Jesus.

It is a name that knows no other, the all in all of that which may seem to never be. He is but a whisper away, ...Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

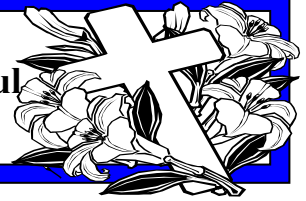
Stan Manley, editor

### MAN

Man is the greatest marvel in the universe. Not because his heart beats forty million times a year, driving his blood stream a distance of over sixty thousand miles in that time; not because of the wondrous mechanism of eye and ear; not because of his conquest over disease and the lengthening of human life; not because of the unique quality of his mind...

But because he may walk and talk with God.

## MISSION STATEMENT: To Encourage the Faithful To Save the Lost.



**F**or 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



## HITTING THE SAVE BUTTON

**I**magine yourself as a writer, typing away on a personal computer. You're in the middle of creating a multi-page article. The words are flowing, and you're beginning to think about your acceptance speech for the Pulitzer Prize. Suddenly and without warning, the lights dim and your computer screen blinks. From an adjoining office you hear someone yell, "Hit the save button!" But it's too late.

You were so intent on getting your ideas down that you failed to save any of it. When the electricity went off, your document vanished. It's gone forever because it wasn't saved.

What's true of computer documents is true of people. Every person who rejects Christ will realize when death comes, which sometimes strikes more suddenly than an electrical outage, that it's too late to, "hit the save button."

According to the Bible, our destiny is sealed for eternity when we die. That's why we are urged to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ today. Imagine the horror of realizing it's too late. You will have lost everything forever.

### Sermon Choice

One beautiful Sunday morning, a minister announced to his congregation: "My good people, I have here in my hand three sermons, a \$100 sermon that lasts five minutes, a \$50 sermon that lasts 15 minutes and a \$10 sermon that lasts a full hour. Now, we'll take the collection and see which one I'll deliver."