

# is my Shepherd

**BOISE, IDAHO**

September, 2008 VOL. 5 NO.2

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

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

## **His Mysterious Ways**

I was 20, newly married and making the long drive to Camp Pendleton to visit my husband, Jimmy, who was stationed there for infantry training. As I crested a hill on the two-lane highway, a car came straight at me. I later learned a drunk driver had hit me head-on, causing my car to spin around. Then I got hit again, and the gas tank exploded.

I awoke in the hospital with both legs and an arm broken, third-degree burns over 20 percent of my body and a severe head injury. My left ear had been burned away and one hand was so badly mangled that it might have to be removed. Doctors had little hope for my survival. My family came from all around the country, expecting a funeral. When my condition stabilized, one by one they had to return to their homes and jobs.

About a month after the accident, Jimmy, who'd been by my side every day, also had to leave. I was still in intensive care, and the damage to my eyes meant I could only see shadow and light. Recovery would be a long and painful process, especially without Jimmy there. ***"This is too much to bear,"*** I cried out to God one day. ***"Please let me know that you're here. I've never felt so alone in my life."***

Almost instantly I notice a bright sunbeam sweeping across the sheets next to my face. It seemed to quiver with energy and radiate peace and reassurance. The light remained with me all that day. It was a simple thing, a light from a window, but it gave me comfort.

After I was released from the hospital, I told Jimmy the story of how that ray of sunlight had consoled me during the time he couldn't be with me. When I finished, he had a puzzled look on his face. ***"Pam, you were in intensive care,"*** he said quietly. ***"There were no windows."***

Pamela Kay Barnett

Imlay City, Michigan

Guideposts September 2000

# REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley

...is my Shepherd Editor

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

## **Fishers**

## **Of Men**

A few days ago on a Saturday I found myself with a couple of extra hours to kill before an appointment. There were things I could have been doing, should have been doing, but...

It's a peaceful lake, small, inviting, especially on a Saturday afternoon with a slight breeze spreading itself across the water. Several men with fishing poles, the sound of conversations mixed with the sounds of nature blended together to offer opportunities of much needed relaxation.

My mental wanderings were slowly being overtaken by the sight of five youngsters approaching the lake. Fishing poles over their shoulders, stair stepped in their ages. The older one leading the way with the youngest bringing up the rear, having trouble keeping his fishing pole on his small shoulders he was struggling to keep up.

They gathered around a small bush on the shoreline of the lake organizing their equipment and bait, selecting their own places on the bank. As I watched it just so happened that they were spread out in stair stepped order with the oldest being to the far left and ending with the youngest to the far right.

As I observed their different styles of casting it was obvious that the oldest boy had an excellent style, obvious experience coupled with proper coordination, his casts were impressive. My observations moved from one boy to the next, finally reaching the youngest. He was trying his best to do the **(Continued)**

**(Continued)** best he could but, frustration was getting in the way. His cast would, with valiant effort, land at his feet or go too far to the right and then the left. As he was winding up for his next cast my attention was distracted as I heard the oldest boy expressing his joy of being the first to make a successful catch.

After the excitement dies down and the boys resumed their positions I suddenly saw them differently. Looking at their backs and lined up in stair step order, it was like seeing the oldest boy in five different stages of development. The youngest stage of development found him trying but lacking experience. With time came experience, as I observed the second boy or the second stage of development. More experience, developed into a different stage of growth, offering a higher level of skill resulting in continuing growth. As my vision was able to take in all five at one time, there were five levels of growth demonstrating itself all at the same time right in front of me! Incredible.

Taking the scene a little farther, I was reminded of the many scriptures detailing our spiritual growth. Alive. Progressive. Developing. Undeniable. Patterned. Directional. Intentional, Concerted, Concentrated. Consecrated, and He will continue to perfect that which He has started in you! You have to start and when you do, you have continuation, growth, progress, never to end until He finished the process in deaths transformation.

When you first begin the journey there will be times when it is easier to quit than to continue. Attach yourself to someone who is a little more advanced and as you grow be sure to keep watch on those who are coming up behind you. The responsibility is more than individualistic for we are our brother's keeper. To do, to be, to have, to give, to hold, to not be denied that which is ours by His hand. Your life mingled with His blood on Calvary, hearing Him say, ***"It is finished"*** And you will find that the journey is not its own reward, the reward comes when we hear Him say, ***"Welcome home thou good and faithful servant."***

It's yours to have but there has to be step one, a starting place. That starting place is now, ***"Now is the accepted time."*** You are not guaranteed the time to delay, you do have His promise that the time, your time is now. What will you do with this man called Jesus?

Stan

Is my shepherd is not affiliated with any church or religious belief. The owner is:

Stan Manley  
1103 W. Pine Ave. #222  
Meridian, ID 83642

## **MISSION STATEMENT:**

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

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.**

## **AT RETREAT**

At the church retreat at Camp Good News, Pastor Ed Libby, guest speaker, taught from the three parables in Luke 15, the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son. He asked us to see how the parables related to our lives. I wasn't making a connection except Jesus goes after the one lost sheep (which He has done many times with me.)

When we read the parable in our small group, the verse in Luke 15:5 jumped out at me. ***"And when the Shepherd found the sheep, He laid it on His shoulders."*** I didn't remember ever reading that verse. After the small groups came back together again, Pastor Libby brought up that verse in particular. I thought that was quite a coincidence.

In closing, Pastor Mike told us that during our quiet time Saturday morning, to again read the parable of the lost sheep and think about how it related to us. This is what came to me within a five-minute time span.

1. I could get a better view.
2. I would be up away from the main stream of life.
3. I could draw warmth from the Lord's body.
4. I received rest.
5. It would be a smoother ride than walking on a rough surface.
6. I could feel His heartbeat.
7. I was closer to His voice and could hear better.
8. I had the security of Him holding onto me.
9. He would keep me on the right path.

Wanda Blair,  
Meridian, Idaho