

is my Shepherd

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WWW.ismyshepherd.com
stanmanley@gmail.com

His Mysterious Ways

I'm a career Navy man, and in the military, timing can be everything. In January 1993, I was assigned to the aircraft carrier U.S.S Nimitz, scheduled for a six-month tour of duty in the Persian Gulf. My wife, Penney, was expecting our second child in June. It was a painful good-bye.

Penney had a difficult pregnancy. Doctors ordered bed rest. **Lord, get me to her on time.** I prayed. Twice I received messages that Penney was in the hospital and the prognosis was not good. On both occasions I got word later that she was okay. Then in May the Nimitz made an unscheduled supply stop in Dubai, a port city in the United Arab Emirates. I rushed down the gangplank to the pier to call Penney.

Hundreds of other sailors were ahead of me, waiting for one of the eight phones. I stood in line for two hours. At last! But when I called home I got my brother. **"Call the hospital,"** he told me. **"Penney just went into labor."** After spending more time getting overseas operators to dial a second number, I reached the hospital. They were wary about putting me through to Penney, but I was frantic. Finally they connected me to Penney in the delivery room. **"It's me,"** I said. **"I'm here."** A minute later I heard the doctor exclaim, **"It's a boy!"** followed by a healthy cry.

We were not supposed to have docked in Dubai. I had to wait to use the phone. Penney was not at the first number. Timing was everything, and God had timed everything perfectly.

Lt. Comdr. Kelly J. Blair, Lakewood, Ohio
Guideposts July, 1996

REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley
...is my Shepherd Editor
stanmanley@gmail.com

The Mission

On July 20, 1969, astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin climbed out of the lunar module Eagle and took their historic first steps on the moon. Several months later Buzz Aldrin told about a little known "first" that also took place that day.

Before lift-off, Aldrin was looking for a way to honor God's presence in the Apollo 11 space mission. He talked about this with his minister, Dean Woodruff, of Webster Presbyterian Church in Houston. When in their discussions the Christian sacrament of communion was mentioned, a plan emerged.

Two Sundays before the moon shot, Aldrin participated in a small, private communion service at Webster Presbyterian, after which Dean Woodruff broke off a corner of the communion bread and gave it to Aldrin along with a tiny chalice and some wine. Aldrin sealed them in plastic packets and safely stowed them in his personal preference kit (each astronaut was allowed to take a few personal items with him).

July 20, 1969, was a Sunday. At 3:17 p.m. (Houston time) the Eagle touched down. Aldrin took out the communion elements from their flight packets and put them on a small table in front of the abort guidance system computer. Then he called Houston, and asked for a few moments of silence.

In the one-sixth gravity of the moon, he poured the wine, watching it curl **(Continued)**

(Continued) gracefully up the side of the chalice. From a slip of paper he read the biblical passage, *“I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from Me you can do nothing”*. (John 15:5 Revised Standard Version). And then he took communion.

So it was that the first food eaten by man on the moon was done in the name of our Lord.

Anonymously

I thought you would enjoy the story about the astronauts. This following story is a story of mine from a long time ago, entitled. Stan

LET GO

Several years ago I was driving along the highway and as I was approaching a small airfield, I saw a glider landing on the runway. I was instantly thrilled, never seeing a glider before. So I pulled over and entered the airfield. I got out of my car and walked over to the pilot as he was getting out of his plane.

He spoke and as I was admiring his plane, I asked him if he would take me up. He said of course he would, for a fee. I was glad to pay him and we were on our way.

The way a glider works, it is pulled by another airplane to gain altitude. When it reaches the desired altitude, it is released and then glides back to earth.

We climbed into the glider and I was in the first seat, the pilot in the second seat right behind me. We both had helmets and a connecting line so we could communicate with each other. We started down the runway being pulled by the motorized airplane by about a 100 foot line that was hooked to the nose of the glider.

The take off was smooth and I was enjoying the ride as we climbed higher and higher. We were going in big circles as we slowly gained altitude. The pilot was pointing out some landmarks to me as he talked to me on the receiver next to my ear.

Pretty soon he asked me to look down between my feet and tell him what I saw. I looked down and there was a handle sticking up through the floorboard. I told him and he told me to turn the handle if I could reach it. I reached down and slowly turned the handle, not knowing what it was for. Suddenly the line that was still hooked to the plane that was pulling us, let go! I thought sure I had pulled the wrong handle and I yelled as loud as I could to the pilot. He laughed and quickly told me it was ok that now we were on our own, flying. **(continued)**

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.

(CONTINUED)

The ride down was beautiful. We would fly in big circles and sometimes catch some drafts that were going up and we would ride the drafts gaining some more altitude. It was so quiet and peaceful, just floating through the air looking down on everything. But pretty soon the ride was over and we had to return to earth, back to everything I had left behind.

That event was a small interlude in my life, appreciated, but now it was over. Sometimes the Lord works that way in our life. Takes us away from our troubles, responsibility, worries and lets us glide over our lives and see it from His perspective. Everything is small in that perspective but the lesson is that we have to return to everything we left behind. Is it good, bad, sloppy, neat or a mixture of everything? We always have to come back, always.

There is not a problem that can't be corrected, changed or accepted with God's help. If it is a sin it cannot be compromised only eradicated.

Stan

HAVE A HAPPY 4TH OF JULY

BE SAFE