

# †.my Shepherd

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



**FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE**

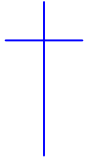
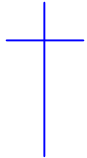
BOISE, IDAHO

MAY 2004

VOL. 1 NO. 10

(208) 850-6112

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**PRAY FOR THE SAFETY**

**OF THOSE WHO SERVE**

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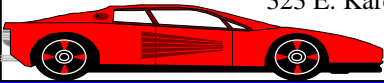
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**TODAYS SCRIPTURE**

*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.*

*Matthew 5:16*

**THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT**

**T**here are two words that sound exactly the same but have meanings totally unrelated. They are *no* and *know*. Those who reject the gospel of Jesus frequently have the idea that it is a gospel of *no*. Those who accept the gospel in an act of saving faith come to understand that it is indeed good news, a gospel of *know*.

A coed came to my office one day, seeking counsel. She had rebelled against the Christian training of her home, and in her unrestrained quest for life had found not freedom but despair. I encouraged her to return to the faith of her family and a personal walk with Jesus Christ. I said to her, "Jesus loves you. You can know Him for yourself." Then I added, "For the Christian, *know* is a very important word." She dropped her head and responded, "That's part of the problem." She was thinking *no*, while I was thinking *know*.

We may know Him. God's Spirit bears witness. John Wesley defined it as "an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given himself for me; and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God."

Harold Bonner, Come Ye Apart-1987

**Yesterday  
must make way for  
Tomorrow.  
And tomorrow must  
do the same.  
Stan**

**NO TIME**

I knelt to pray, but not for long.  
I had too much to do.  
Must hurry off and get to work  
For bills would soon be due.  
And so I said a hurried prayer,  
Jumped up from off my knees;  
My Christian duty now was done,  
My soul could be at ease.

All through the day I had no time,  
To speak a word of cheer.  
No time to speak of Christ to friends,  
They'd laugh at me I feared.  
No time, no time, too much to do.  
That was my constant cry.  
No time to give to those in need;  
At last was time to die.

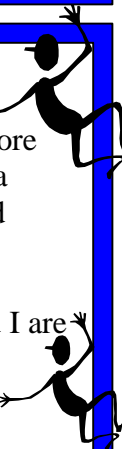
And when before the Lord I came,  
I stood with downcast eyes,  
Within His hands He held a book,  
It was the Book of Life.  
God looked into His book and said.  
"You're mane I cannot find.  
I once was going to write it down,  
But never found the time."



**HUMOR**

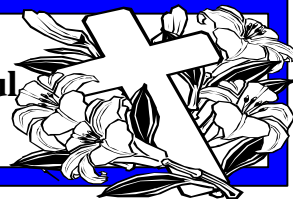
A four old attended prayer meetin with his parents-When he kneel to say his prayers before going to bed he prayed. "Dear Lord, we had a good time at church tonight, I wish you could have been there."

A man called on a hot Sunday. "My wife and I are traveling through and wanted to go to church somewhere, is your church air-conditioned?" The preacher answered. "No, and hell isn't either."



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**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.



**S**he was never a mother herself. She was a spinster schoolteacher. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister. At one point she was an advertising executive with a Philadelphia insurance firm. And for 15 years she devoted her life to caring for her ailing mother.

After her mother's death in 1905, she yearned to find something to honor the memory of that good woman. And then she remembered the picnics that her mother had helped to organize back home in Grafton, West Virginia. They were called Mother's Friendship Day picnics, and mothers gathered at them in an effort to heal the hatred lingering after the Civil War. Then came the idea: Why not a national day to honor all mothers?

She wrote to the U.S. Patent Office and obtained a copyright for "Mother's Day." Then tirelessly she pressed her idea on governors, state legislators, congressmen, senators, clergymen, even the White House, to get "her" day recognized. At last, in 1914 President Woodrow Wilson signed a proclamation making Mother's Day a national observance.

For the rest of her life she campaigned to keep the holiday from becoming too commercialized. "Give your mother something useful," she once told a friend, "a pair of comfortable slippers, or shoes, new eyeglasses, an eiderdown if she isn't warm at night, or fix her stairs if they need fixing."

Upon her death in 1948, a wreath of 43 carnations was placed on her grave, 43 because that many countries celebrated Mother's Day due to her efforts. And why carnations? It was her mother's favorite flower.

And it remains an enduring reminder of Anna M. Jarvis, the woman who gave birth to Mother's Day.

Guideposts May 1987

**I** HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS  
I've always had a strong faith in God, but I've never looked for miracles in my life. Still, years ago...

When our family of four lived in Muskogee, Oklahoma, our income was so small we could barely pay for necessities. Sometimes it was cornflakes and milk for a week. On one such occasion, friends traveling through town stopped in, and to my amazement, my husband invited them for dinner.

I fidgeted, then went into my bedroom knelt down and asked God how I was to cook a dinner with no food in the house.

"But you have," came the answer that formed in my head. "You have meat in the freezer." (I didn't believe it.) "You have vegetables." (Maybe a can of beans.) "Make a stew. And you have flour. Make biscuits." (That I could do. I'm a good biscuit builder.)

I went to the kitchen to prove my inner voice wrong, but there in the freezer lay a small amount of hamburger; in the crisper lay half an onion and a carrot; and in the bin under the sink were two small potatoes.

I made the stew. Hadn't I asked God for help? What could I do but follow the directions that seemed to come to me? I put the flimsy fare in a pot, mixed up the biscuits, then set the table.

When I took up the stew there was barely enough to fill a medium size serving bowl; I thought my husband and I would eat only biscuits and milk. But when I passed the stew around, behold, there was plenty. I served us and passed the bowl around again!

When our dinner was over, the guests thanked me for the delicious meal. And I gathered up leftovers.

We had leftovers. We did, we really did!

Adele Hooker-Newberg, Oregon

### Thank God For Little Things

Thank you, God, for little things  
that often come our way.  
The things we take for granted  
but don't mention when we pray.  
The unexpected courtesy,  
the thoughtful, kindly deed.  
A hand reached out to help us  
in the time of sudden need.  
Oh make us more aware, dear God,  
of little daily graces  
That come to us with "sweet surprise"  
from never-dreamed-of places.

### HUMOR

A preacher was eating at a home in the Tennessee mountains. A little pig kept nudging him and pulling at his pantlegs. Said he, "That's a very affectionate pig."  
"Yeah!" said the host, "You're eatin out of his bowl!"

The taste of sorrow is the marking of time.  
Stan