

is my Shepherd

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His Mysterious Ways

My daughter, Tori, knelt in the parking lot of our condo petting a scraggly black and white cat without a collar. "Can we keep her, Mommy, please? I already know what to call her. Oreo" "Honey, you know I'd love to help this cat. But..."

We already had two cats. There was simply no room for this bedraggled little stray. But how could I tell that to my child?

"Where else is she going to go, Mom?"

"All right," I sighed. "We'll take her for the time being. But just remember, she can't stay. God will find a loving home for her somewhere."

Those words clearly made Tori feel better, but I couldn't help wondering if I'd just gotten myself into a fix. God had better things to do than worry about where to put this black and white orphan.

We called a local shelter with a description of the cat and put an ad in the lost and found section of the paper. I phoned all my friends, even though I knew what their answers would be. Nobody wanted a cat. Each time I heard Tori say the word Oreo I cringed, knowing how attached she was getting.

In desperation, I e-mailed the other teachers at the school where I work. One responded immediately.

"My student's cat was hit by a car recently." She wrote, "And she really wants a new one. Could she come by and meet yours?"

Tori wasn't at all thrilled when I told her the good news.

"How will we know that's the right home for Oreo?" she asked.

The girl and her mother came to the house that night. Tori held the cat protectively in her arms as the other girl stroked her, clearly smitten.

"She's beautiful," the girl said. "I'd love to take her. I know just what I want to call her, too O.J."

"Why O. J.?" Tori asked doubtfully. "Cause my last cat was named Oreo. This one would be Oreo, Junior."

My daughter looked from the girl to me with a speechless smile. Then she kissed Oreo good-bye and handed her over to her new owners,

Mary Nichols Wauseon, Ohio
Guideposts May 2003

REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley
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My

Friend?

I will get to my story in a minute but first some testimonials about my new book that I have written, my second one.

Helen: *"It was very good. I've now enjoyed both of your books."*

Leola: *"I cried after I read your book, very well done. I want to buy one for my sister."*

Ineta: *"Your book was very inspirational, I enjoyed it."*

Joe: *"I read both of your books; the way you write is very well done."*

Ron: *"I just finished the last two stories this evening, and what a powerful testament to the grace of God they are. My own heart was so touched, and I know it would be the same for others."*

Edie: *"You've had so many things happen to you and you are able to write about your experiences. I enjoyed your book."*

I thank all of you for these testimonials. If you want to order a book or books see the reverse side of this Newsletter for instructions. Stan

My Friend?

I don't know why the Lord has brought this story to my mind but I will tell it. Maybe the Lord received as big a kick out of it as I did. It's strange but funny.

I was traveling through Colorado and decided to stop in this small town (Continued)

(Continued) and eat lunch. I had never been in this town before, just passing through. I found a place to eat then I was going to continue on my journey. It was a small place, sort of a mom and pop restaurant. Place was somewhat crowded, very friendly and I found a table by the wall and was looking at a menu. Ordered a hamburger and a milkshake and was about finished with my meal when she walked in.

I, of course didn't know her but I could see the door easy from my vantage point and happened to glance up just as she walked in. She spoke to someone else and then waved to me. Being a gentleman I waved back and she came over to my table. Didn't sit down but called me by my name which was Jim, (my name is Stan) started to talk to me as if we were good friends. I guess in her mind we were good friends but I did not know this woman I had never seen her before in my life. I expected for her to see at any moment that she had made a mistake, but she just kept on talking about this and that. I shook my head and said yes or no and waited for her to get the picture, but she didn't.

Pretty soon she asks about Linda, I took it that was my wife and I made up something pretty general and she bought it. I was just finishing up my meal but I thought I would take this unbelievable situation a step farther and I asked her if she would like to come over to our house, Linda and my house for dinner that night. She asked if Linda would mind and I told her it would be ok. She promptly said yes she would. I told her I would call Linda and let her know and we would see her about 7:00 that evening. She said fine, we said goodbye and I left the café about to split my side from laughter.

What happened that evening of course I don't know, I would love to know how Linda, Jim and this poor lady made it through the evening. I hope they had a good laugh over it, I know I did.

Stan

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

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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.

Stan's Second Book

Is now for sale!!

You can receive the first book for
\$10.00, also

The second book for \$10.00.

You can receive both books for
\$15.00.

The first book has 18 short stories
including "The Day I Died" and the
second book includes 20 short
stories including, "The Healing" and
"The Day I Died."

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THANK YOU!!