

# .t.is my Shepherd

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



**BOISE, IDAHO**

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## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

"Freda, this looks like a good day to plant those seeds," my husband John, said as he left for his barbershop. That afternoon, in the sunshine's warmth, I knelt in the garden planting sweet-pea seeds. It was Good Friday, and the hour when most people in town were at church.

I was still recovering from a serious operation. The doctor didn't think I would walk again. I could only get around with the aid of a walker, and I felt slow, awkward, frustrated. My recovery seemed far away.

"Why Good Friday?" I wondered. For Jesus it had been a day of sadness, pain.

Crawling slowly on my knees, I poked a finger into the earth, dropped in a seed, then covered it. "Soon shoots will be popping through the spring snow," I told myself. I pictured them, could almost smell their fragrance.

In my garden I felt very near to God. I thought of Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. And as I struggled on my knees, my thoughts traveled with Jesus to His trial, then to Golgotha, where He suffered on the cross. I remembered His cry, "It is finished."

I too had suffered, had lingered near death after brain surgery. Only my faith and my family had sustained me.

Working in the soil, I felt at peace, and strengthened. Tucking in the last seed, I stood and gazed proudly at my neat row. "Well, it's finished."

My thoughts remained on Good Friday as I walked to the house. At the porch, I glanced back at my garden. Then I saw, standing among the rows... "My walker!" I gasped. I had walked without it. And I haven't needed it since.

Freda Creager-Colorado Springs, Colorado  
Guideposts-April 1987

## REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley  
...is my Shepherd editor  
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### THE ATTACK

In some of the past issues I have written about my experiences in Elat, Israel while on a diving trip off the shores of the Red Sea. There is at least one more story that has remained untold, until now.

The group that I was leading on this particular dive had just returned from making a deep dive of about 100 feet. As we returned to our starting point, which was a beautiful reef called Moses Rock, I was about to experience an attack of one of the most fierce territorial defenders that is known anywhere.

At the base of the reef I could see a dozen Lionhead Fish. There were also Parrot Fish, Squirrel Fish, Sea Snakes, Trumpet Fish and even a small group of Sea Horses. These were only a part of the population of this beautiful reef.

I drank in the incredible view, not knowing that I was, also, being observed. Suddenly, I caught sight of movement to my right. I turned and quickly realized that I was about to face the wrath of this territorial defender. I immediately froze and so did he-his attack abruptly ending about five feet away from me.

After a few moments he returned to his lair. He quickly noted that I was still there and another charge was prompted. This time he stopped within three feet, glaring at me, daring me to come any closer, before returning to the reef.

I couldn't move. I was so impressed with his determination, his intent to guard his territory regardless of the cost. Before I could turn to leave, once again the charge was on. This time he came right up to my facemask and began to push against it. I couldn't hold back any longer and I (Cont.)

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

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(Cont) broke out in laughter, the bubbles from my regulator swirling all around him, as he continued to push against my facemask.

The one thing that I have not revealed to you is that this mighty defender of the deep is less than *four inches long*, full grown. He has been known to attack submarines, the hulls of oil tankers and whales as they passed overhead. His determination to rid himself of any threat to his domain was certainly admirable, though completely ineffective.

Our lives, our spiritual lives, are always being threatened by those things that wish to inhabit our joy and rob us of our happiness or security. Our tendency is to react rather than to respond. To react is to abandon reason. To respond is to embrace reason.

For greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. Don't react but respond, reach out if you need to be touched. Do it today.

Stan Manley, ...is my shepherd, editor

## HUMOR

I went by a house, somebody was swearing awful. I said to the son, "Who was that swearing so bad at your house as I passed?" Said he, "It was my Pa, he was late for Sunday School and couldn't find his Bible."

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A preacher said to a farmer, "Do you belong to the Christian family?" "No," said he, "they live two farms down."

"I mean are you ready for Judgement Day?" "When is it?" "It could be today or tomorrow."

"Well, when you find out for sure when it is, you let me know. My wife will probably want to go both days!"

**MISSION STATEMENT:  
TO ENCOURAGE THE FAITHFUL  
TO SAVE THE LOST**



**FOR 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**



**IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, DO IT TODAY.**

## THANK YOU

**O**f all the times to have the airline lose my luggage! It was only my toiletries case with my one pair of good shoes, but of all the places to wind up without them!

I'd flown out to New Mexico, for a one-day seminar sponsored by the Southwest Christian Writers' Association. "No one will care about your shoes," Margaret Cheasebro, the group's president, assured me.

Doubtless Margaret was right, but of all times. Even as I said it, a phrase from our church's communion service came to mind. "...we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee." At all times?

At the seminar's close, several writers came up to the speaker's stand. Suddenly there was an earsplitting crack and the sound of exploding glass. A woman shouted. "Lie down! Everyone!"

Through the windows we'd seen a man brandishing a gun. Later we learned that he'd been drinking and shooting at telephone poles. From the wall beyond the speaker's stand, the police recovered the tip of an electric screwdriver fired from a muzzle-loading pistol.

While Margaret filled out the police report, the rest of us relieved our escape, each recalling a step forward, a second's delay that had kept him out of the line of fire.

For my part, I was tracing a trajectory, from the window to the wall, an inch over the spot where I'd been standing. I was thinking of a pair of two-and-a-half-inch heels in a missing bag. I was echoing an ancient prayer. ...we should at all times and in all places, give thanks unto Thee.

Elizabeth Sherrill-Chappaqua, New York

**HAPPY  
EASTER**