

.is my Shepherd

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His Mysterious Ways

My husband, Randy, shook me awake. It must have been 2:00 a.m. He was hunched over, holding a hand to his chest. ***"Wilda, I need to get to the hospital,"*** he said, asking. ***"Can't breathe."***

"I'll call 911," I said, jumping out of bed.

"No time," he gasped again. ***"Drive me. Now."***

I helped him up and got him out to our van. Randy slumped against the passenger-side-door. ***Fifteen miles to the hospital. Too far,*** I thought. ***We're not going to make it. Send help, Lord.***

We tore out of the driveway, engine roaring in the still night air. Could Randy hold on? About a mile down the road at the bottom of the hill, I saw something in the street. Were my eyes playing tricks on me? No, it was real. An ambulance!

"Look, Randy!" I shouted. A paramedic stood outside the vehicle. Was he waiting for us? Who could have known to call?

I slammed on the brakes, leaped out of the van and ran over to the ambulance, screaming for help. The paramedic and his partner went right to work. ***"Possible cardiac,"*** one said. They strapped an oxygen mask onto Randy and started treatment. Then they loaded him to a stretcher and into the ambulance, unconscious. ***"Follow us,"*** one of them told me.

The next three days were touch-and-go. I never left Randy's bedside, praying he'd wake up. Finally, he did. ***"What happened?"*** he asked.

"You mean you don't remember?"

"Nothing after the ambulance," he said.

"You had a massive heart attack. The EMT's said another minute or two and ..." I squeezed his hand tight.

"You called them?" Randy asked.

"No," I told them. ***"They received a report of a car crash at that intersection. They even called in to make sure that they were at the right location. They were. And then we came along seconds later."***

Fifteen miles on empty roads in the middle of the night. Randy's heart attack would have been fatal if those paramedics hadn't been there. I'd say they were in the perfect location.

Wilda Lanmann

Stafford, Virginia

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REFLECTIONS

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The

Olympics

The Olympics. The finest spectacle of human endurance, courage, grace, commitment and fortitude is ours to witness every few years. In thinking about the Olympics it brought back an old memory that I had forgotten about. A memory of the time when an imaginary Olympics was held in a small town in Western Kansas – in my backyard.

My main interest has always been the track and field events, especially the high jump. I had built my own high jump pit with crude standards and an old cane pole as the bar, more tape than cane. In this fantasy Olympics of mine, at the age of 11 or 12, the entire Olympics had come down between the Russian favorite and myself. He made his first jump and failed. He also failed the next two attempts. Since I had passed my attempts I now have three opportunities to make the jump and win the Olympics for the United States.

It was time, my first try. I had never cleared this height before. You could feel the tension run through my fantasy audience as I took my mark. I started my approach and as I reached the bar, I hit my mark and almost cleared the bar.

As I lay there I quickly figured out my error. I needed to be lighter, I had come so close. As I went back to my starting place, feeling the eyes of the audience following my every move, I quickly pulled my shirt off and my shoes and socks. I could already (Continued)

(Continued) feel the power begin to build in my legs. I once again approached the bar. I hit my mark perfectly but once again I failed. Almost but not quite! Once again, I lay there. The pressure was intense. This would be my last chance. If I failed, Russia would win.

As I slowly walked back to my starting position, I didn't know if I could do it or not. The commitment was too strong to deny or even compromise. As I stood there with my shirt, my shoes, and socks lying at my feet, I quickly looked around to the neighbor's houses. I didn't see anyone. Nobody but my fantasy audience cheering me on. Standing there with only my jeans on, glaring intently at the bar I had failed at so miserably. I decided it was time. I quickly pulled off my jeans leaving me only in my underwear. I took off as fast as I could, hit my mark and sailed over the bar. I had done it! I had defeated the Russians. As I lay there, it suddenly hit me that I only had on my Fruit of the Looms. It didn't matter I had won.

Confidently I walked back to my starting place, got dressed, and walked off the field. Triumphant! Don't ask me what I would have done if I had failed that jump. Would I have tried it without my Fruit of the Looms, we'll never know.

Commitment. Nothing works without it. Not even your Christian life. As you approach the hurdles in your life, you can approach them with confidence born out of commitment and be the winner for all eternity!

Stan

GOD'S HANDS

Picture God as having hands? Maybe yes, maybe no, still, the Bible speaks of many ways God uses His hands.

Jacob gathered his boys around him and prophesied concerning the future of each. Joseph, he said had been ***"made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."***

So God's hands are strengthening hands but probably only for people who acknowledge their own weakness.

God has strength to spare and is not miserly with it. He stretched out His hands over Egypt and delivered His chosen **(Continued)**

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.

(Continued) people. Isaiah declares God's hands laid the foundation of the earth and spanned the heavens. Those who rest their case in the capable hands find them not only strong but also generous.

And they are good hands. Ezra and Nehemiah testify that God's hand dispense judgment when necessary. Those hands delivered Ezra from his enemies.

Daniel determines it is the Father's hands that keeps us alive. To him, our very breath is in God's hands. But then, Daniel knows more than most of us, since he read God's actual handwriting.

Job sees them as teaching hands. To David, they are searching hands and upholding hands. Israel's noblest King is quick to acknowledge God's hands controlled his very life.

Amos knows he can count the hands of God as a leveling force when all the world seems askew. He reports a vision of the Lord standing on the wall of Jerusalem with a plumb line in his hand.

Yet those attributes are not the total picture. Samuel warned Israel the hands of the Lord would be lifted against a rebellious people. We need that reminder to make our picture complete.

The writer of Hebrews exclaims, ***"It is a fearful thing to all in the hands of the living God."*** In Christ's atonement, those hands are forgiving creative and redeeming. But when it is necessary for the filling of God's purses, they can also be hands of awesome judgment.

Tom Watson Jr. The Christian Reader