

.†.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



BOISE, IDAHO

DECEMBER, 2007

VOL. 4 NO. 5

www.ismyshepherd.com

stanmanley@gmail.com

REFLECTIONS

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

HIS NAME WILL BE CALLED...

And it came about that while they were there, the days were completed for her to give birth. And she gave birth to her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.



And in the same region there were some shepherds staying out in the fields, and keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord suddenly stood before them and the glory of the Lord shone around them; and they were terribly frightened.

And the angel said to them, ***“Do not be afraid: for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be for all the people; for today in the city of David there has been born for you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you; you will find a baby wrapped in cloths, and lying in a manger.”***

And suddenly there appeared with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, ***“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased.”***

And it came about when the angles had gone away from them into heaven, that the shepherds began saying to one another. ***“Let us go straight to Bethlehem then, and see this thing which has happened which the Lord has made known to us.”***

And they came in haste and found their way to Mary and Joseph and the baby as He lay in the manger.



THE CANDYMAKER'S WITNESS

A candymaker in Indiana wanted to make candy that would be a witness, so he made the Christmas Candy Cane. He incorporated several symbols of the birth, ministry, and death of Jesus Christ.

He began with a stick of pure white, hard candy. White to symbolize the Virgin Birth and the sinless nature of Jesus' and hard to symbolize the Solid Rock, the foundation of the Church, and a firmness of the promises of God.

The candymaker made the candy in the form of a "J" to represent the precious name of Jesus, who came to the earth as our Savior. It could also represent the staff of the "Good Shepherd" with which he reaches down into the ditches of the world to lift out the fallen lambs, who like all sheep have gone astray.

Thinking that the candy was somewhat plain, the candymaker stained it with red stripes. He used three small stripes to show the stripes of the scourging Jesus received by which we are healed. The large red stripe was for the bloodshed by Christ on the cross so that we could have the promise of eternal life.

Unfortunately, the candy became known as a candy cane—a meaningless decoration seen at Christmas time. But the meaning is still there for those who "have our eyes to see and ears to hear." I pray this symbol will again be used to witness to the wonder of Jesus and his great love that came down at Christmas and remains the ultimate and dominant force in the universe today. (Reprinted)

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

HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

On a Christmas Day a young man, tall and slim with dark hair, was making his way south on interstate 85 just below High Point, North Carolina, trying to hitch a ride.

For two years he hadn't been home, his family had heard nothing from him. He and his mother had had a disagreement, and he set off across the country, going from town to town, from odd job to odd job. He worked at filling stations and produce markets; he drove a taxi and picked crops, he was an orderly in a nursing home and a plumber's assistant. But now he was ready to go home.

Thirty miles to go, but a ride was hard to find. "Mom," he said to himself, "I'm tired and hungry, but I'm coming home."

The cold wind blew and a few trucks rumbled by. Then from across the road, he heard a voice call his name. "Mike! Hey, Mike, come here!" to his surprise there was his stepfather, waving. Calling to him from his truck. Mike ran across the highway. "Get in, son. We're going home."

Mike tossed his bag in the back of the truck and embraced his stepfather. "Fred," he said, "how did you happen to be here?"

"I came to pick you up," Fred said to his own amazement. "Drove straight here."

"But how did you know I'd be here? I didn't write. I didn't call."

"Your mother sent me. Just this morning in her prayers for you, she knew you were coming and that you were on interstate Eighty five just below High Point."

The two men looked at each other without saying a word. Then Fred started the motor. "She's waiting for you, son."

Fred Nicholas

Asheboro, North Carolina

Guideposts December 1989

**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.

MY FAMILY

I've never talked about my family much but I love them dearly! My parents and an older brother have gone to be with Jesus. I am divorced and have no children, but I do have an extended family.

I have a younger sister that is very dear to me. She is younger but gaining fast, she may have passed me by now. She, Sharon, lives in Arkansas with her great husband Jerry. They have just moved from Western Kansas to Arkansas and still getting settled. I wish Arkansas good luck!

They have three boys. The first is Scott and his wife Joel that lives in Texas. He is involved with wind power. They are the only house in Austin, TX with a windmill in their back yard.

They have three children, two boys and a girl. Fantastic family and good Christians. They have helped me in so many ways I'll never be able to repay them.

Terry and his wife Renee live in Kansas and they have two children, two boys. Then there is Trey, single, a Christian and lives in California. All you single women just go to California and turn right and there he is, waiting.

I LOVE THEM ALL DEARLY, I won't get to see them this Christmas but I wish them well and hope they have a very, merry Christmas.

I love the Lord with all my heart, soul, mind and strength. I wish to live for him every day of my life. Every day I live here on earth is one day closer to living with Him in heaven. I love Him and thank Him for this Christmas season. If we did not have Christmas we couldn't have an Easter and I thank him for thinking about you and me.

Merry Christmas to all of you my readers. I love you so much and your letters that I receive. Have a Great Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Awaiting His return,

Stan Manley-editor

**JESUS, IS THE REASON
FOR THE
SEASON**

