

# .t.is my Shepherd

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



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## HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

**M**y husband, Walt, and I live just down the street from the rectory, so when Father Nuwer caught pneumonia that march we offered to help in any way we could. We'd be happy to bring him a hot meal, take to a doctor's appointment-whatever he needed. Walt and I were both retired, we had plenty of free time.

*"Don't hesitate to call on us day or night,"* Walt told Father Nuwer. *"We are always here for you."*

We were cleaning up after dinner one evening when the phone rang. It was Father Nuwer.

*"I'm having trouble breathing,"* he said, his voice raspy and strained. *"Can you drive me to the hospital?"*

*"I'll be right over,"* Walt said. He threw on his coat and shoes and dashed out the door.

Walt got into our car and headed for the rectory. I tried to watch some TV, but I couldn't concentrate on anything. I was too worried, Father Nuwer was asthmatic. I knew that if he had a serious asthma attack on top of his pneumonia, it could kill him.

I stared at the clock, trying to guess when they'd reach the emergency room and how long it would take to see a doctor. Minutes ticked by, then hours. It was nearly 11:00 P.M. *"Why hasn't Walt called?"* I wondered. *"Is Father Nuwer going to be okay?"*

Just as I was about to shut off the TV, the phone rang. I grabbed the receiver.

*"Walt?"* But it was my daughter, Donna. *"Don't worry mom,"* she told me. *"The hospital just let me know that he's all right."*

*"Thank goodness,"* I said. *"But why would the hospital call you about Father Nuwer?"*

*"Father Nuwer?"* Donna asked. *"He's fine. He must have had the hospital call me first. It's Dad. He had a heart attack. The doctor said that if they hadn't been able to use the defibrillator on him right away, he might not have made it."* Donna paused. *"Lucky thing Dad was right there in the emergency room when it happened."*

Lucky? I think it was more than that.

Mary J. Kelsch, Sanborn, N.Y. Guideposts, Feb. 2004

## REFLECTIONS

### LOST BUT FOUND

*By Stan Manley*  
*...is my Shepherd editor*  
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**I**t has been many years since I made a particularly interesting dive in the Crystal River in Florida. It was the first time that I had made a dive in a river and I was looking forward to the adventure.

Two friends of mine and I had made our way to the opening of the river on the Gulf side. We navigated up the river a short distance, docked our boat and made ready to enter the rushing water. Almost as soon as we entered the water, we lost sight of each other because of very poor visibility. The visibility was at best six inches because of the strong current stirring up the silt off the bottom of the river. My underwater light was of no use in such conditions.

Because of the strong current, poor visibility and boat traffic just above our heads. We hugged the bottom and pulled ourselves along. The reason we chose such a dangerous area to dive was the possibility of finding something of value or of special interest.

As I made my way up river, using my hands to feel along the bottom, I finally felt something different than the rocks, shells and other items that just by the feel you knew they were not worth keeping. Whatever it was that I had my hand on, I knew it was out of place, different. The item was buried in the mud, but after a few minutes of digging I felt it coming loose. Visibility was zero, so I put the find in my bag and continued my search.

Thirty minutes later I made my way to the bank of the river and surfaced to get my position. After spotting our boat, I returned to the bottom of the river and made my way back. **(Continued)**

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(Continued) By the time I reached my destination, the other divers were starting to surface as well. After removing my diving gear, I looked into my bag to see what all I had. At the bottom, below all the valueless items I discarded, was the object that I had dug out of the mud.

When we got back to our home base, I took the object and started to wash the mud off of it. After several minutes of work, it started to take shape. I discovered it was nothing more than an oddly shaped bottle. It was in perfect condition and I had never seen a bottle like it, so I decided to keep it.

Later on I purchased some books on old bottles and started to research this particular bottle. I was very pleased to find that the bottle was approximately 100 years old and had been used as a medicine bottle. It was a great find that I have treasured ever since.

There is an old song of the church that says, "He brought me out of the deep mirey clay. He set my feet on the solid rock to stay." There was a time in my life that He sought me, He pursued me, He found me buried in the mud of circumstances, mired in despair. I finally yielded and He picked me up, cleaned me up and set my feet on the solid rock to stay. He is stronger than the currents that hold you at bay, stronger than the muddy circumstances that surround and fill you. For, He that is in you is stronger than he who is in the world. When He reaches out His hand to touch you, jump at the chance to respond.

Stan

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stan, Thank you for sharing your experience with us it was moving to read.

Rev. Christopher J. Whedon  
Kansas City, KS

(Rev. Christopher J. Whedon is referring to my story entitled, "The Day I Died" that you can find on the Internet. Hope you will also find it encouraging.)

Stan

**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 WHOEVER BELIEVES  
IN HIM SHALL NOT PERISH BUT HAVE  
ETERNAL LIFE. JOHN 3:16**



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

## "HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME"

**A**n old cobbler named Conrad had a dream that the Lord was coming to visit him. So he washed the walls of his small shop and his shelves until they shined. He decorated his shop with holly and fir. He put milk and honey on his table to offer to his special guest. He sat down and waited.

As he was waiting, he saw a poor barefoot beggar walking in the rain outside his door. He felt sorry for the man and invited him in and gave him a pair of shoes. His clean floor was now dirty from the rain and mud.

As he was about to clean it up, he noticed an old lady who was bent over carrying a heavy load of firewood. He invited her in to sit and eat, shared some of his food with her and walked with her, helping carry some of the wood.

When he returned to his shop, he thought of all that needed to be done. He began to clean again and hoped he had time to find more food. Just then a knock at the door, he answered hurriedly and it was a small child, crying, lost, and cold.

He picked up the child, dried her tears, gave her something to drink, the cup of milk, and walked her to her home down the street and around the corner.

He hurried back to the shop. He was too tired now to clean or find more food, but he still waited. Evening came and he began to wonder if the Lord had forgotten. Then he heard a soft voice break the silence in the shop. *"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word. Three times I came to your friendly door. Three times my shadow was on your floor. I was the beggar with bruised feet. I was the woman you gave food to eat; I was the lost child on the homeless street."*

Conrad smiled to himself, put his feet upon the table, and settled back in his chair to pray and talk with the Savior so fair.

Amen

Edwin Markham