

is my Shepherd

BOISE, IDAHO

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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

When I was 11 years old in Memphis, Tennessee, I prayed and prayed that God would direct my father to buy the bigger house that he and my mother had been considering for their growing family. This house of my dreams was located at 310 Montgomery Street in Memphis.

Silently, I rebelled at the possibility that my father might decide instead to move our family to a small town in Mississippi-Starkville-where he had an opportunity to lease and run a hotel. My roots were down deep in Memphis so I asked God over and over that we might live at 310 Montgomery Street.

However, my father soon announced that he had decided to move our family to Mississippi. Once there, we lived for the time being in the hotel. Depressed, I was only mildly interested when my father told us that he had found a suitable house for our family.

We started off in the car to see it. I paid little attention-until I read the street sign as we drove in the block where the house was situated. Then, as we parked in front of a pleasant-looking house, I read the numerals over the door...and caught my breath.

Here, 130 miles from Memphis, I found that God had answered my fervent prayer with startling exactness and I'm sure, a twinkle in His eye.

The house my father had chosen for us in Starkville was located at 310 Montgomery Street!

Mary Catherine Wallace
Memphis, Tennessee
Guideposts, February 1984

REFLECTIONS

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HE BROUGHT ME OUT

This happened a long, **long, long, long time ago**. When I was probably 6, 7 or 8 years old, there was a lake outside of town, Lake McKinney and mom and dad would take us kids out on a weekend and enjoy the cool waters of the lake. One Saturday we made our way to Lake McKinney, my older brother, my little sister, mom, and dad.

These were the days before air conditioners and in Western Kansas it could feel like we were sitting very near to the sun. Lake McKinney offered some cool air as often as we could make it.

This particular day I was wondering around by myself. There were many people enjoying the day the same as we were. I was up at the south end of the lake, by the small dam that made up the deep end of the lake. The cool air was cooler down by the water as well as some interesting big rocks that made up the dam and made my curiosity peak. I was down close to the water's edge making my way over the big rocks that embraced the water's edge, when it happened.

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(Continued) I slipped and fell into the water, tried to climb back out but the rocks were too slick for me to get a hold and lift myself out. I couldn't touch bottom and I couldn't crawl out. Treading water while panic was slowly taking over, there was no one around, I couldn't hold on much longer.

Suddenly I felt something on the back of my neck, I couldn't shake it. The grip tightened and lifted me out of my peril. It was my dad; his strong arms and big rough hands had grabbed the back of my shirt and lifted me to safety. I was shaking, so scared and frightened. He wrapped his arms around me and held me very close until I quit shaking. I relaxed and he picked me up and carried me back to safety. He had been watching me without me knowing it and arrived just in time. This is one of my earliest memories of my dad.

There were many times when Christ came and lifted me out of the deep miry clay and set my feet on the solid rock to stay. I'm sure you can remember times when Christ came just in time to rescue you. Times when we wanted to do our own thing our own way. We didn't know it but Christ was watching us ready to come to our aid and just in time if need be. Thank Him today for watching over you and caring about your tomorrows. Thank Him today.

Stan

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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.

On Being An Instrument

As I drove down a busy street one spring day, a large butterfly flew in my car window. It fluttered madly against the windshield, frantically seeking freedom.

Feeling pity, I muttered a little prayer that this insect, one of God's loveliest creations, would be guided to the open window. However; it kept flapping hopelessly against the glass. For a moment a devilish thought spoke, "***See, your prayer doesn't work all you want to do is free a butterfly, and your God doesn't even come through for that.***"

Then, I realized how silly that was. I reasoned, "***I am a channel through which divine light and wisdom can flow if I let it. Why should I just pray and expect heavenly trumpets to blare and the butterfly to find his way of escape? Shouldn't I do more?***" So I did. I pulled to the curb, gently plucked the quivering creature from the pane, and released it through the window.

My prayer for the butterfly had been answered through me. A little thing? Yes, but it taught a big lesson. Saint Francis of Assisi expressed it, "***Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.***" There are many ways to be an instrument.