

.†.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



BOISE, IDAHO

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HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

"Speak to me, Lord, and speak through me." It was my daily prayer and I said it that Sunday at St. Luke's. On the altar, red roses glowed, roses I'd provided in memory of my mother. When the service was over, I turned to my son Bob. "After we have dinner, let's take the altar flowers to Miss Marie."

"Good idea," he agreed. Mother and Miss Marie, now in her 80's had been close friends.

Driving home, humming the recessional hymn together, we broke off at the same moment. "Let's take the flowers to Miss Marie right now." The identical thought had occurred to both of us.

"What made you change your mine?" I asked as Bob turned the car toward Miss Marie's house.

"I don't know," was all he could say.

"I don't know either." I hesitated. "But let's not waste any time."

Miss Marie's daughter Alice answered the doorbell. "How nice!" she said as I handed her the roses. "I've been in bed with the flu." She gestured vaguely. "Mother was resting in her room. Let me see if she's awake now."

Then, a sharp cry.

Bob and I raced down the hall. Miss Marie lay unconscious on the floor. Bob lifted her to her bed, I dialed the emergency ambulance, and Alice began sponging Miss Marie's forehead with cool water. Her eyes fluttered.

"Lucky you got to her in time," the medic told us. "When it's a little stroke they can't call for help."

"Couldn't speak," Miss Marie murmured. "Prayed to God in my heart."

That made two prayers He'd answered loud and clear.

Ellen St. John Barnwell-Atlanta, Georgia
Guideposts, March 1984

REFLECTIONS

By Stan Manley
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HIS FOREVERMORE

(This story I wrote in June of 1997 about my father, I'm reprinting it now. Hope you enjoy.)

As I sat at my computer, I began to see that the printer was not working exactly as it should. I felt I knew what was wrong and unplugged it and did what I could to correct it.

As I ran another sheet of paper through, it was still doing the same thing. Once again I unplugged it and repeated the same procedure. This continued for probably five or six times of trying to correct it.

The computer is about 15 years old. That's about 104 in human years. I was frustrated. I depend on it so much. At the time I was listening to an old record of the Imperials. They were singing a song about healing, turning our lives over to Him, living within the perimeters that are placed before us.

As I sat there, I bowed my head and asked Jesus to heal the computer, no begging, shouting or high element of emotion. Just simply, "Jesus heal my computer. You know how much I rely on it as I serve you. Thank you."

Well, you know the rest. The next sheet of paper went through the printer and was perfect. To be honest with you, it still doesn't spel very well, but that's okay.

Have you ever considered that when we were saved, we were also healed? By His stripes we are healed. The greatest healing that you will ever experience occurred at the moment that He delivered you from your sin.

The perimeters that we live within are not found in obligation, but found in obedience. The Old Testament found us bound by law.

An illustration might be that of a dog with a chain around his neck. This chain is attached to a stake in the ground. The ten feet of chain is his life. (Cont.)

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

The owner is:
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(Cont) his perimeter. The length of the chain determines his freedom.

The owner comes and allows another ten feet of chain. Now, twenty feet of chain increases his freedom; but he is still in bondage.

The master comes, taking the chain off and giving freedom, but more importantly, removing the bondage that has held us captive. Healed, freed, walking with Him, feeling His hand upon our spiritual shoulder, we experience the freedom of salvation. His forevermore.

The greatest example of healing that I have ever witnessed was when my father was saved. More than fifty years had gone by and my dad had never stepped inside of a church as far as I know.

That Sunday morning as the rest of us were getting ready for church, my dad walked into the front room dressed in a suit. I didn't even know he owned one, but there he was. I quickly asked my mom what was going on with dad. She just said that he had decided to go to church with us today.

As we sat in church, Pastor Lewis was closing his sermon when he asked the congregation to stand. At the time I was about twelve, standing next to mom and next to her was my dad. Pastor Lewis invited anyone that might want to come to the altar to step out.

I saw my dad's big rough hand reach over and take my mom's hand and they stepped out into the aisle and bowed at the altar. That Sunday morning in Garden City, Kansas my dad was healed, saved to the uttermost after living in sin for over fifty years.

He has never stopped to look back and, now in his early 90's he awaits the return of his Healer, His Saviour, his Sanctifier, his Lord and Master.

Thank you, Daddy for giving me your life to lean on all these years. As I am now the same age that you were when you said yes to Jesus. I follow in your footsteps. And now your sons, your daughter, our families and Mom-we will all share in the prize together when we hear Him say, "Welcome home, thou good and faithful servant."

I know God's healing touch is found in many ways, from my computer to my dad's salvation. It knows no limitations. He can heal an aching heart, a troubled marriage, your body, heart and soul. All you have to do is ask...anytime.

Stan Manley-editor of, ...is my Shepherd.

**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.

LET'S GO BACK

I'd like to see the Bible placed
where the Bible used to be,
Upon the top of the teacher's desk
for every child to see:
I'd like to hear the teacher say,
as my teacher used to do,
"Before we work or play, dear ones,
I'd like to read to you."
I'd like to see the teacher stand
before the class again
And lift with reverent care the Book
that makes God's purpose plain.
And ere the youngsters went to work,
I'd like to hear her voice
Repeat those words of truth and faith
that make one's soul rejoice.
I'd like to see her face light up
at each resplendent word,
And watch the children's souls shine out
at the message they had heard;
I'd like to see that sweet content
fill that dear room; each nook,
And know that joy had come to each
when teacher read the Book.
Yes, I'd like to see the Bible placed
where the Bible used to be.
I'd like to hear it read aloud
in the schoolroom of the free.
I want my children taught to know
God's matchless gift of love,
The Book of Book is wisdom's gate
to that bright home above.

Mrs. Victor J. Henderson

2 Corinthians 12:9

But he said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me.