

.t.is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



BOISE, IDAHO

MARCH, 2007

VOL. 3 NO. 8

www.ismyshepherd.com

stanmanley@gmail.com

HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

It's been more than 50 years since my wife, Trude, and I fled to America from Europe, and to this day I'm still humbled not only that we made it out of the Holocaust, but that we made it together.

As a German Jew, I knew I had to flee when the Nazis came to power. So in 1935, I leaped at the opportunity for a job transfer to Milan, Italy. My fiancée, Trude, followed me, and we were married there.

Soon we had to move again, this time to Nice, France. In September 1939, war exploded in Europe, and I was interned in a concentration camp. Trude was ill so she escaped internment. As I was taken away, I slipped her the name and address of a business associate in Marseilles, Mr. Biechele. *"We will communicate through him."* I said.

After 11 months in the camp, I was supposed to be moved to North Africa to build a railroad. On the train, however, some of the other prisoners and I were able to jump out of the car near the Spanish border. Dodging machinegun fire, we leaped into a river and swam to safety. During the next three weeks I made my way to Marseilles. Finally I showed up on Mr. Biechele's doorstep, desperate of some news of my wife.

"Have you heard from Trude?" I asked.

"Not once in all this time." He said

Just as I was about to leave there was a sharp knock at the door. It was not the authorities, but the postman. He handed Mr. Biechele a postcard-from Trude! She was in Carcassonne, a town I had passed through on my way to Marseilles. I phoned her, and two days later she joined me. God was ready to take us to America on the next step on our new life together.

Kurt Weishaupt, Queens, New York
Guideposts, March 2000

REFLECTIONS

CHALLENGES

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

In Elat Israel, probably the summer of 1974, we gathered on the shore of the Red Sea, The other members of the team and I was preparing to make a dive. Adjusting and checking our equipment, we anticipated exploring the reef named Moses' Rock. This dive is one I will never forget facing danger in the form of a six-foot barracuda.

I had made many dives in different parts of the world, including Hawaii, the Gulf Of Mexico, and the Caribbean Sea. My deepest dive was 200 feet in mile deep water off the Cayman Islands. The members of the diving party that I would be leading this day had never experienced any deep dives.

We agreed that we would go straight out from the shore, staying on the bottom. The water was warm and the visibility was excellent as we made our way from the shoreline. I was watching my depth gauge and, occasionally, turning around to make sure everything was okay. When we reached a depth of 100 feet, I motioned to the rest of the team that they could explore the surrounding area.

When it came time to return to Moses' Rock, I got everyone's attention by beating out a signal with my twelve inch knife on the side of my metal tank. We slowly started our turn along the bottom, when a six-foot Barracuda came into view from our left. He positioned himself between us and our destination, not moving one way or the other. I had never seen a barracuda that size. He was magnificent and frightening, in an ominous sort of way.

I motioned everyone to remain still. (Cont)

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

(Continued) A barracuda can be attracted to a shiny piece of equipment and charge, as if it were something to eat and in the process do sever damage to the diver. I slowly started moving to my right to see if he would allow us to go around him. But, he would slowly match my movement, with deliberation showing his dominance. Checking my depth gauge and air supply, I felt the anxiety of time running out.

I motioned for everyone to stay together and not move. I removed my knife from the holster strapped to my thigh. Gripping it in my right hand, I drew a big breath of air from my tank. With my other hand, I took the breathing regulator from my mouth and held it in front of me. My finger felt for the release button that would allow the air from my tank to be released in a burst of bubbles.

I faced the barracuda, now only about thirty feet away, 50 feet down. In a sudden rush, I began to kick as hard as I could with my legs. The oversized flippers that I always wore quickly started to close the gap between us. With my knife held at arms length in front of me, I pressed the release button on my air regulator, releasing a flurry of bubbles. He did not move, but I continued my charge, trying to call his bluff.

The distance between us was closing. Finally, when I was probably less than ten feet away, he bolted with a burst of incredible speed, and quickly disappeared in the water to our right. I motioned for the others to join me. I took a position behind the group, occasionally looking over my shoulder.

Without incident we reached Moses' Rock and the sandy shore. The other divers joked, telling me they just wanted to make a deep dive, not be stalked by a six-foot barracuda. One diver asked me what I was planning to do if the barracuda had stayed in his place, instead of bolting away. I told him there is always plan B, continue with plan A!

Sometimes the only way out is through, as in our spiritual lives. Some situations cannot be skirted or ignored. They must be challenged and confronted, head on. Jesus will equip you with whatever you need, so that you can be an overcomer, and more than a conqueror, for greater is He that is in you than he who is in the world, or in the WATER!

Stan Manley

GOD IS GOOD

**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.

THEIR KISS

Nothing is as beautiful as a loving relationship that conforms to God's design. Consider this example written by a young surgeon, Dr. Richard Selzer from Dr. Dobson's Straight Talk to Men and Their Wives.

"I stand by the bed where the young woman lies, her face postoperative, her mouth twisted by pals, clownish. A tiny twig of the facial nerve, the one to the muscles of her mouth, has been severed. She will be thus from now on. My knife has followed with religious fervor the course of the flesh; I promise you that. Nevertheless, to remove the tumor in her cheek, I had to cut the little nerve.

"Her young husband is in the room. He stands at the side of her bed, and together they seem to dwell in the evening lamplight, isolated from me."

Who are they, I ask myself, he and wry mouth I have made who gaze and touch each other so generously, so greedily? The young woman speaks *"Will my mouth always be like this?"* She asks.

"Yes, I say, it will."

She nods, and is silent. But the young man smiles.

"I like it," he says. *"It's kind of cute."*

Unmindful, he bends to kiss her crooked mouth, and I can see how he twists his own lips to accommodate hers, to show her that their kiss still works. I hold my breath and let the wonder in.

TOGETHER IS MORE