

†.my Shepherd

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



FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

**BOISE, IDAHO
NOVEMBER 2004
VOL. 2 NO. 4
(208) 850-6112**

www.ismyshepherd.com

BENNY
Benny was 16 when I first met him. A patient in a state mental institution, which had become his home for several years. A terrible mistake had occurred during his treatment with Electroshock Therapy.

The mistake had taken Benny back to that of a child, unable to speak, write or communicate in anyway. Slowly he had progressed to the point of being able to take care of his personal needs, feed himself and follow instruction, but was still unable to talk or socialize with others.

I had taken a semester of college to work in my major, abnormal psychology. One semester turned into two, as I became Charge Aide of two wards at the hospital. I had already taken a special interest in Benny and had observed the glaze that covered his eyes. This young face that had been void of expression for years touched my heart.

One afternoon while supervising a softball game between the two wards, I noticed Benny standing by a tree staring out over the ball field. Still no expression, but certainly interested in watching the game. One day something funny happened on the field and as I glanced at Benny, I caught the slightest hint of a smile.

The next time we had a game I asked Benny if he wanted to play catch. Surprisingly, he turned in my direction, his arms at his side, eager. I carefully tossed the ball and watched as it bounced off his chest. I would retrieve the ball and repeat the process over and over again.

This went on for several games, until one day I noticed a slight motion in his arms as I tossed the ball. Quickly, I encouraged him to raise his arms and catch the ball. He kept trying until one day he did it, he caught the ball! It was all I could do to maintain my composure. Benny had just hit a home run.

There was an immediate change in Benny. He smiled when somebody told a joke. He still couldn't talk, and there was no socializing with the other patients or staff, but his progress continued.

The day came when I had to leave and return to college. Later a friend wrote to me and told me that Benny

TODAYS SCRIPTURE

I am not ashamed of the gospel, because it is the power of God for the salvation of everyone who believes; first for the Jew, then for the Gentile.

Romans 1:16 NIV

(CONT) was a new person. He was talking to everyone's delight, had a job in town at a café washing dishes and was going home on weekends for visits. The best news was that Benny was going to be discharged soon. There was a time when he had nothing to look forward to except spending the rest of his life in an institution. Now, a life of expectations and hope were his.

Over the years I have wondered about Benny, how he is doing, what is he doing. Does he remember playing catch, does he remember his first laugh, his first conversation, does he remember me.

There are stories of how people have reached out to me, sacrificially. Why? Two thousand years ago a man named Jesus, while nailed to a cross looked my way and your way. Christianity has built within it an element called compassion. It is the cornerstone of salvation, touching people for Him in Christian love. Love, like a magnet, will draw people to you who need help. Be quick to listen and slow to reject. The payback may be small but the rewards are eternal.

Stan Manley...my Shepherd newsletter

This Lovely Day

As you awake this morning
Let your eyes behold the sight
Of the warm and brilliant sunshine
Streaming beams of radiant light.

Let your heart beat with the pleasure
Of the lovely day you see
And your soul embrace the loving sense
Of God's presence here with thee.

Let peace and joy and happiness
Be yours this lovely day
As God extends a guiding hand
To lead you on your way.

Dolores Karides



my shepherd is not affiliated with any church or religious belief. Advertising, articles and stories are subject to approval by the owner, Stan Manley, 1103 W. Pine Ave, #222, Meridian, ID. 83642 Ph# (208) 850-6112

HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

I had only two one-dollar bills in my wallet and they had to last until payday, 10 days away. My husband was away on business, and I was at home with our two children, conserving every cent.

On Monday my father called to say he needed to attend a union meeting on Friday afternoon. Would I come and stay with Mother? She was bedridden with brain cancer and had to have someone help her with her medicine. I didn't hesitate to say yes. Back then, in 1970, one dollar would buy enough gas to get there and back, and I would still have an "emergency" dollar left.

All week long my five-year-old kept asking for a treat from the ice cream truck. And each time, I would open my wallet, show her the two one-dollar bills and explain why we couldn't afford such a luxury.

When we arrived on Friday, Daddy's parting words were, "Don't forget to give Mom her Dilantin," her anticonvulsant medicine. But after he'd gone I discovered the bottle was empty. I was terrified that if Mother didn't get her medicine on time, she'd go into convulsions.

Mother told me to check her purse and a couple of other places for loose change, but that was all I found-loose change. I telephoned my sisters, but no one was home. The prescription cost over eight dollars. Where would I get that money?

"God will take care of it," Mother said.

At my wit's end, I decided to go to the pharmacist's with my one dollar and beg him to trust me for the rest. But when I looked in my wallet again, I was stunned.

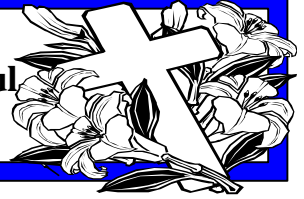
That single was a \$10 bill.

Esther McIntosh-Lawrenceville, Georgia
Guideposts-November 1988

Your life is the result of the decisions you make
Eternity is the consequence.

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 whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.

John 3:16 NIV

It's your responsibility, do it today.



ELECTION DAY

Today, Lord,
I will stand up to be counted
Among those millions of Americans
Who have learned that Liberty is responsibility.

Today, Lord,
Neither state of weather
Nor frame of mind
Will keep me from my polling place,
For I have seen too often
How bad officials are placed in charge
By good men and women
Who do not vote.

Today, Lord,
I will stand up to be counted,
Intelligence at work,
Passion at rest.
And when this day is done, Lord,
Let me show respect for the losers
As I pray the winners
Into Your care.

Ruth Stafford Peale

HUMOR

Insomnia is contagious, if your baby has it,
chances are you won't be able to sleep either.

At an Atheist's funeral a friend looked down at him in the casket, shook his head and said. "All dressed up and no place to go."

If you try hard enough, you can indeed make:
A piece of iron into a needle,
A tree into a toothpick,
A mountain into a mole hill.