

# .t.my Shepherd

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



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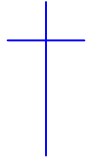
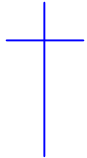
BOISE, IDAHO

APRIL 2004

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(208) 850-6112

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**PRAY FOR THE SAFETY**

**OF THOSE WHO SERVE**

**OFFICER RANDY ROPER**

**Badge #400**

**Boise Police Department**

**Chief**

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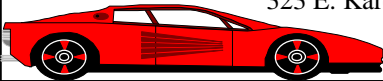
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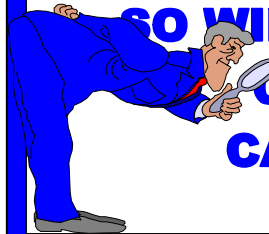
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## Shield A Badge

In Arlington, Texas, a group of civic-minded volunteers has created a unique program designed to help protect and support the city's police force. "Shield a Badge," it's called, and it came into being because of an Arlington couple's concern for their own four sons, three of whom are policemen. Peter and Bernadette Henze prayed regularly for their sons' safety, and when friends told them they had been praying too, the Henzes wondered if somehow prayers couldn't be extended to the whole force.

With the cooperation of Arlington police chief David Kunkle and police chaplain Harold Elliot, a program has evolved in which each participant is given the name and badge number of an officer. The volunteer then agrees to pray each day for that officer's protection, for courage and for wisdom on the job. Nothing else is required—no donations, no solicitations, just a prayer a day.

So far nearly 400 Arlington residents have signed up. They come from all different denominations and say prayers in both Spanish and English.

Occasionally they send notes or cards to their officers, thanking them for their good service.

And so it is that today, through "Shield a Badge," there are people praying for the protection of the people who are protecting them. Guideposts-August 1989

Note: This is where I got the idea to have a section entitled, "Pray For the Safety of Those Who Serve." This month we have the officer, Randy Roper, badge #400 to pray for from the Boise Police Department. *Stan Manley, my Shepherd*

Prayers Are The Stairs To God

Prayers are the stairs  
We must climb every day,  
If we would reach God  
There is no other way  
For we learn to know C  
When we meet Him in pra  
And ask Him to light  
Our burden of care  
So start in the mornin  
And, though the way's ste  
Climb ever upward  
'Til our eyes close in sleep-  
For prayers are the stairs  
That lead to the Lord,  
And to meet Him in prayer  
Is the climber's reward.



## HUMOR

A man was getting shaved in Kansas City between planes and the barber was drunk. Pretty soon he clipped my chin. Said I, "You see what drinking does?"

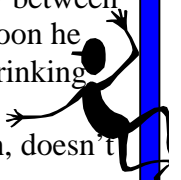
"Yeah," said he, "Gives you a tender skin, doesn't it?"

A minister located in a small western town was recently approached by an Internal Revenue agent who made inquires as to a \$425 deduction claimed for a church program by a local taxpayer.

"Did he make this donation?" Inquired the agent.  
"He will, he will." The preacher replied.

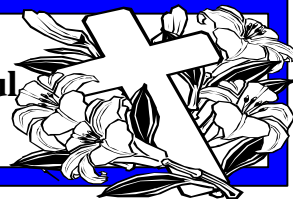
To a very dignified lady at a wedding, "Are you a friend of the groom?"

She replied, "I should say not, I'm the bride's mother."



**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

**MISSION STATEMENT:**  
**To Encourage the Faithful**  
**To Save the Lost.**



**F**or 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.



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### His Mysterious Ways

**S**tay away from the pool, Danny,” I told my three-year-old as he headed for the backyard to ride his Big Wheel.

“Yes, mom,” he said obediently.

Listening to the sound of his plastic tricycle, I returned to the kitchen, sighing. It was not easy being a widow, and raising two children on my own was often a strain.

I busied myself about the house until something made me stop dead still. I cocked my ear. No sounds of Danny’s tricycle.

I rushed to the kitchen window and looked out at the swimming pool. Danny’s Big Wheel was bobbing in the water, and there, floating face down, was Danny.

Desperately I pulled Danny out of the water and tried to administer CPR, but his body was cold and his face was gray. Then the sirens, the paramedics, the helicopter whisking Danny off to the hospital, where he lay in a coma. Finally, after my long, prayerful vigil, Danny opened his eyes. Soon he was well again, back home playing as usual. But somehow he seemed changed.

One day he blurted out. “Mom, I want to see a picture of my daddy.” I had not realized I had never shown him a picture of his father, who had died before Danny was born. The first photograph I brought out showed my husband and his baseball team.

Danny looked at it for a few moments. Then he pointed to one of the coaches.

“That’s my daddy,” he said.

“How do you know?” I asked.

“He talked to me in the hospital before I woke up.” He said, “You must go home now. Mommy needs you.”

I looked at the man he’d pointed to; it was the father he had never seen.

Cathy Flack, Glendale, Arizona

### A KANGAROO

Nigel Etherington of Wondowei, Australia, was driving down a highway one evening when he spotted an injured kangaroo, of the small variety known as a wallaby, lying motionless in the middle of the road-the victim, apparently, of a careless hit and run.

Overcome by the sight of the piteous creature, Nigel, an ardent animal lover, stopped his car to examine it. Having determined that it was still alive, Nigel scooped the two and a half foot long male kangaroo into his arms, carried it into his car, and drove back to his farmhouse, where he proceeded to nurse it as best as he could.

“The next morning he seemed a bit better, but still groggy,” Nigel remembers. “That night I placed him in the bathtub, leaving the door ajar, before going to bed.”

A heavy sleeper, Nigel was rudely awakened around 7AM by loud thumping noises. Muddled and dazed, he sat up in bed and immediately broke into spasms of coughing and choking. He could see nothing. Nigel suddenly realized that the reason his vision seemed impaired was because dense smoke was swirling all around him.

“We’re on fire! Get out!” Nigel yelled as he raced down the hall to rouse a houseguest.

As both made their escapes, Nigel saw a remarkable sight. The kangaroo was just inside the front door furiously banging his heavy tail on the wooden floor and pounding desperately on the door with his front paws.

“Now I knew what woke me, and saved my life!” Nigel said. “I scooped him up under one arm, opened the door, and gasped my first lungfuls of fresh air.”

Thirty-six hours after Nigel had saved the kangaroo’s life; the kangaroo had returned the favor and saved his.

“The kangaroo saved him from being burned alive, there’s no question about that,” said Glenn Keeler, a spokesman for the Wundowie Fire Service in Australia.

In America, it’s the dog who is man’s best friend, but in Australia, it might very well be a...kangaroo.

Small Miracles of Love & Friendship

**You have to be what God wants you too be  
Before you do what God wants you too do.**

**Stan**

**THE ONLY PERFECT PEOPLE ARE STRANGERS.**

**STAN**