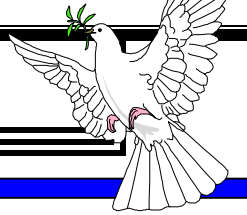


.t.my Shepherd

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



FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

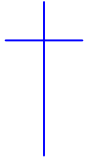
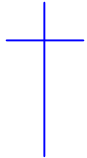
BOISE, IDAHO

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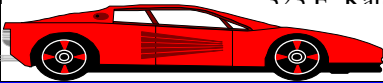
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TODAYS QUOTE

Doubt is cast
where wisdom lacks.

Give Us Daily Awareness

On life's busy
Thoroughfares
We meet with angels unawares.
So, Father, make us kind and wise
So we may always recognize
The blessings that are ours to take.
The friendships
That are ours to make
If we but open
Our heart's door wide
To let the sunshine
Of love inside.



HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS

I was 23 years old that summer of 1944 during World War II and I'd just been promoted to flight engineer in our squadron. Our 62nd Troop Carrier Group was based in central Italy, but my plane and two other C-47s – Gooney Birds we called them – were sent up to southern France to ferry gasoline to general George Patton's tanks. In their great sweep across France, they had outdistanced their supply lines and were in desperate need of fuel.

One dawn after takeoff, I made my usual visit to the cargo area of our plane to see that everything was secure. An acrid smell hit my nostrils. One of the 55 gallon barrels had sprung a leak and gasoline was spraying onto the floorboards!

“Oh, oh,” I said out loud. “Trouble.” The motors on that C-47 were set out on each wing only eight feet from the cabin. Tongues of flame four or five feet long trailed out of each exhaust stack.

I tore back to my compartment and grabbed some toothpicks. Maybe they would plug the leak. I tried one after the other. No good!

Desperate, I scrambled back to my compartment again. And then I remembered the 18-piece pack of chewing gum I'd bought the week before and left on my flight table.

God gave my jaws the power to chew 18 pieces of gum for the 18 successive plugs that the leak required until we landed safe and sound. But His greatest gift was getting me to buy that gum in the first place. You see, I never chew gum and that was the first pack of gum I'd bought in all the time I was overseas.

William Z. Whitehead-Kimberly, Idaho
Guideposts July 1984

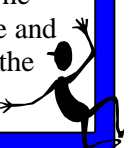
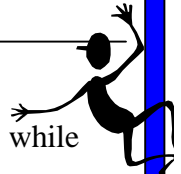
HUMOR

“Pastor, why did you leave your last church?”
“Sickness! The church was sick of me.”

A Preacher found a dead mule on his lawn at Texarkana. He called the Mayor and said, “Want you to come and bury this mule.”
The Mayor said, “I thought it was the business of the Preacher to bury the dead.”
Replied the Preacher, “But we always notify the nearest relatives first.”

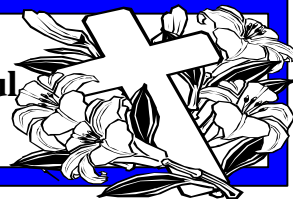
A Baptist Preacher was called in to see a Methodist man who was deathly sick. He asked the lady, “Why did you call me while you are all Methodist?”
Said she, “My husband has a deadly disease and we love our Pastor.”

At a funeral the Preacher was extolling the wonderful qualities of the man in the casket. As a good husband, a fine citizen, a wonderful father and Christian. The woman whispered to her oldest boy, “Go up there and see if that's your daddy, I do believe they've got the wrong man in that casket!”



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

John 3:16 NIV

It's your responsibility, do it today.



Like most July days, it was hot. I stepped into a tiny ice-cream shop to cool off with a chocolate sundae. It was an old time store, just recently restored, with white oak woodwork, little round tables and curlicue chairs.

As I entered, I caught a glimpse of a very old woman bent over a table near the door. Her back was so badly twisted by some affliction that her face nearly touched the tabletop. I sat down facing her a couple of tables away.

Poor woman, I thought, what does she get out of life? Why does God let people live so long past their prime?

As I brooded, another aged lady entered the shop and sat down with her. Soon the two of them were chatting about childhood days. They talked of five-cent cones purchased in this very same store, after school dates, of how little the shop had changed in 70 years....In minutes, the two of them were trembling with laughter.

I looked again at the first woman, then in the mirror on a nearby wall, catching a picture of myself.

I was wearing grass-stained jeans and a sloppy T-shirt

She was dressed stylishly in white, her face carefully made up, her hands sparkling with gold rings.

I was sullen, gloomy.

She was laughing, smiling.

I was wolfing down my sundae like an animal.

She was getting miles of sweet pleasure from a one dip cone.

I was still putting the pieces of my life together.

She had a million delicious memories to recall

I sat alone.

She was sharing the day with a good friend.

I was worried about the work I had to do in the next few hours.

She was free from deadlines and rush hour traffic.

I was secretly worried about getting old.

She was old, and it wasn't hurting her.

As I left the shop, I thought of my foolish question about God letting people live beyond their prime. Why, that woman was more alive, more sensitive to life, than I was. So what if age had bent her spine? It had not bent her spirit.

Daniel Schantz, Moberly, Missouri

Guideposts-July 1984

"Dreamed About Baby"

The hot summer days of 1979 seemed to crawl by. My husband and I were waiting for our country adoption agency to complete the long process of clearing us so we could adopt a baby. We'd already gone through months of being interviewed and investigated, and we were told we would have another long wait even after we were approved.

Early one July morning, before dawn, I was startled awake by a vivid dream about a baby. What a happy dream that was, surely we'd have our baby soon!

But August passed without any developments and September came before we even received our letter of clearance. Still, though our "credentials" were established, nothing happened. September dragged into October, and then November plodded by.

At last, two weeks before Christmas, the telephone call came. A woman at the adoption agency told me that the mother of a baby girl had reviewed the records of people who wanted to become adoptive parents and had chosen us. She gave me various details about the baby's birth and made an appointment for my husband and me to see her.

I hung up the phone and got out my desk calendar to mark the date and time. Riffing through the pages, I saw a notation in my handwriting.

A prickle ran up my spine.

On the calendar page for July 20, I'd written "dreamed about baby."

That was the vary day God had chosen for our adopted daughter to be born.

Katy Brown, Sacramento, California

A man is never so tall
as when he kneels before God.
Never more dependable
than when he depends upon God.
Never so strong,
as when he draws upon God's strength.
Never so wise
as when in his lack of wisdom he seeks
Divine Guidance.
Truly, the man who relies on God
will be the most reliable man.

I don't remember ever forgetting anything.
Stan