

# .t.my Shepherd

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



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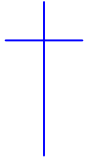
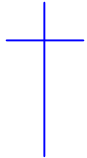
**BOISE, IDAHO**

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**OF THOSE WHO SERVE**

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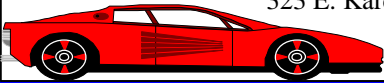
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**TODAYS SCRIPTURE**

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

**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 God

When we meet Him in prayer

And ask Him to lighten

Our burden of care.

So start in the morning

And though the way's steep,

Climb ever upward

'Til your 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.



**T HIS MYSTERIOUS WAYS**

That hot summer Sunday afternoon, my wife and I had been invited to a swimming part at the home of some friends.

With our two children in the care of my grandmother, Cherie and I felt as free as the breeze. As I stood on the diving board, I paused to look up into the serene sky.

But then a frantic voice rose above the party din. At the far end of the pool a woman was screaming. "The baby!" I heard her cry. "He's at the bottom of the pool!"

But no one was doing anything to help. People just stood and stared at her. Confused, I searched the length of the pool and saw what I thought might be a motionless form beneath the water. I dived in-and a baby was there. I hurriedly swept him off the bottom and soon laid him on the deck. He'd turned blue...no breath. I began CPR.

"Dear God. Help me do it right."

At last the little boy coughed. A short breath came, then another. He would live.

An ambulance was called, for safety's sake. While we waited, I couldn't help asking the others, "Why did you ignore the woman when she said the boy was drowning?"

A friend answered, "None of us understood her, Scott."

"What do you mean? Even at the far end I could hear her yelling about the baby."

"But she's Mexican. None of us understood her Spanish."

"Spanish? I heard her yell in English."

"We didn't. All we heard was Spanish."

It's true," said the woman's daughter.

"Mama can't speak a word of English."

To this day I'm still bewildered. I don't understand a word of Spanish.

Scott Brostrom-Rock Island, Illinois

**HUMOR**

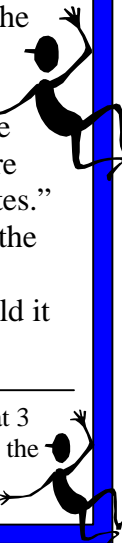
A Mother asked an eight year old boy, "What did you learn in Sunday School today?"

Said he, "About when God sent Moses behind the enemy lines to rescue the Israelites from the Egyptians. The teacher said that when the Israelites came to the Red Sea, Moses called for the engineers to build a Pontoon bridge and they all barely got across it in time, because the Egyptians were right behind them, coming in tanks and Moses radioed headquarters on the walkie-talkies to send bombers to blow up the bridge and they did and all the Egyptians were stuck and that's how Moses saved the Israelites."

Said his Mother. "Billy, is that really the way the teacher told the story?"

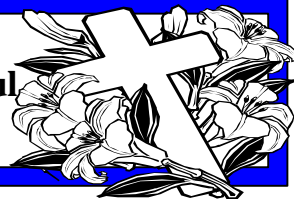
Said he. "Well, not exactly, but if I told it her way you'd never believe it."

A young couple got the Preacher out of bed at 3 A.M. to marry them. The newspaper carried headlines the next morning. "Preacher ties knot in shirttail."



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**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.



**I**n the mid-1960s my husband's sister Muriel became very ill. My husband and six-year-old daughter Linda and I traveled to Tulsa to be present while Muriel underwent emergency surgery for a diseased kidney. As we neared Tulsa, a thought flashed into my mind out of nowhere. One red rose, a voice said. *Take one red rose to Muriel.* My husband agreed to stop at a florist's shop. However, it was late and everything was closed.

The next morning my husband went to the hospital to wait during the operation. I stayed with Linda and my husband's elderly mother at her home. All I could think of was that one red rose. I felt compelled to search out that rose. So Linda and I walked uptown, and I bought one red rose.

When my husband returned, he said that Muriel had come through the surgery, and it was now touch-and-go as to whether she'd recover. He also told me he'd ordered a big bouquet of gladiolus for Muriel's room.

"That's lovely, honey," I said. "But she's got to have this red rose, too." When we went to the hospital later, Muriel was still groggy and wasn't able to talk to us, but I put the rose, by itself, in a vase where she could see it. Because of work commitments we had to return home without ever talking to Muriel, but we did learn that she would recover.

Soon we got a letter. "Before I went to the hospital," Muriel wrote, "I prayed that if I was supposed to live, God would send me a sign I specifically asked for, something that meant God was with me and would give me the heart to go on. When I opened my eyes after the operation, there it was, the very thing I'd prayed for-a red rose."

Eva Mae Ramsey-Kansas City, Missouri

**W**hile I was waiting in the small waiting area to have a prescription filled, a boy, probably 10 or 12 years old, came into the area and sat down. He was holding a can of pop and also, working on a large piece of bubble gum.

He would work on the bubble gun then, take a big drink of pop. Something happens to bubble gum when mixed with pop. It somehow makes the bubble gum unable to function properly.

As I continued to watch him out of the corner of my eye, I knew what was probably coming, since I had tried the same thing when I was a child.

Sure enough, he took a big breath of air, puckered his lips and with all the air he had blew as hard as he could. The bubble gum, having been rendered useless, as far as for what it was created to do, went flying through the air landing on the floor several feet in front of him.

He instantly looked at me, but I tried to look disinterested. He quickly retrieved his gum off the floor and put it back in his mouth.

I continued to watch him, knowing that the gum was likely to be launched again. Sure enough, I saw him take a deep breath of air, pucker his lips and once again, the wad of gum went flying.

He retrieved the gum and promptly put it back in his mouth. Unable to blow the bubble, he went back to enjoying the combination of his bubble gum and pop.

We read often in the Bible of perfection. One definition of perfection is portrayed in the following illustration.

Imagine two pencils lying on a desk. One has been sharpened many time, half the size of the other pencil. Visibly showing the wear and tear with the erasure half gone. The pencil certainly looks far from perfect.

While the other pencil is brand new-has never been used, never been sharpened. Clean and flawless, it has a complete erasure, Seeing the two pencils there side by side, which would you say is perfect?

The perfect pencil is the used one. The one that has been used for the reason that it was created. The new one looks perfect, but the used one can claim true perfection.

You can claim Christian perfection if you are being used for the reason that you were created. We were created to praise God. That praise comes in a variety of ways, sometimes audibly, sometimes in silence. The praise can come in prayer, in song, but always in word, thought and deed.

You cannot be the real you unless you are being used for what you were created to be. Aesthetic beauty does not count. When He returns I want to be interrupted in what I'm doing for Him.

Stan Manley- my Shepherd newsletter

### Give His 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.

Victory is always sweeter when  
there's struggle in the conquest.