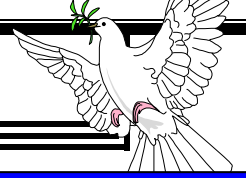


†.my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.



BOISE, IDAHO

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His Mysterious Ways

The year is 1939. The place is an 80-acre dairy farm outside the small town of Chehalis, Washington, 16 miles from the nearest doctor or hospital. A little girl, an 18-month-old toddler dressed in overalls, slams the screen door as she ambles out onto the back porch to play in the sunshine. Her mother is inside the house, cleaning.

Outdoors on this warm spring morning the world is full of delights to explore. The youngster runs through the dewy grass, picks dandelions and carries them back to the house. On the porch an old enameled kettle sitting in the sun catches her eye. It is filled with peas soaking in an arsenic solution. Something that will prevent them from rotting when planted. Back then, seeds weren't pretreated as most are today.

The little girl is fascinated with the liquid in the kettle. Taking a battered tin cup, she dips it in the pot, fills it with the liquid, then lifts it.

Just then her mother hears a voice calling her, "Ella, Ella, come quick!" She follows the voice through the house and out the back door where she spots the little girl, the cup at her lips. Frantic, she grabs the toddler and empties the cup. She wipes the little girl's lips, but no, the youngster hasn't had a drop of the poison. The mother arrived just in time.

I know this story well because I was that little girl and the woman who rescued me was my mother. And as for the voice, mother recognized it right away. It belonged to her mother, my grandmother. The mystery? My grandmother had died the year before, six months after I was born.

Lois Bunker Woods
Sumner, Washington
Guideposts March 1998

F GOING TOO FAR

For the last few weeks, I have been reminded of an incident that occurred off of Huntington Beach, California one summer.

It was the first time I have seen the ocean. With my being from western Kansas, can you imagine the thrill! It was more than I could take in-an incredible view. After admiring the view, I finally wandered into the water.

For whatever reason, I had come to the ocean alone and I was on a part of the beach that was almost void of any other swimmers.

I went farther out into the ocean until the water was lapping at my chin. The taste of salt water was foreign to my tongue at that time and I have never grown accustomed to it.

It was so inviting to look out into the vastness of the ocean, and the lure to go out just a little farther couldn't be resisted. I started to swim out farther and farther from the shoreline. I was so caught up in the thrill that I hadn't realized how far out I had swam.

I finally stopped, and treading water, I turned to find out the beach was farther away than I had realized. It didn't worry me, however. I had always been a good swimmer and was certain I could cover the distance easily.

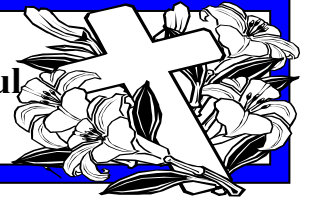
As I started back to shore, I suddenly realized that the distance between the shore and myself was becoming greater. No matter how hard I swam, I could not make any headway. It finally struck me that I was caught in an ebb tide. I had read about such tides that run out from the shore and are quite strong. I continued struggling toward shore but to no avail.

Fortunately, I had read about how unknowing swimmers were pushed out to sea by such tides. The only way to get back was to try to swim more parallel to the shoreline with a slight angle toward the shore.

I set my course and could feel the tide like a strong wind pushing me out to sea. I kept adjusting my angle and finally, I could (CONT.)

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.



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.



(CONT) tell that a little progress was being made.

It probably took me 15 minutes to get to shore and maybe a mile down from where I entered the water. I pulled myself up on the sand and lay there for a long time, catching my breath and counting my blessings.

There have been more than a few times that I have ventured out into parts of life that I should not have. Thinking I could handle it, being attracted by this feature or that. Without realizing it, floating farther and farther away from shore.

The way back has sometimes been torturous, challenging; but, by the grace of God, I have always made it back. Those things that are luring, tempting our senses, call us to give into the thrill of it all. The idea that I will just stay awhile, and then go back when I am ready is dangerous thinking. Thank God there is a way back, but you'll always find that sin will cost you more than you will want to pay.

The tragedy is that every time we break the bond between Christ and our Spirit, we once again drive the nails into His hands and the spikes into His feet. Not that He dies for us again, but He dies for us still.

Stan Manley-...my Shepherd Newsletter
March 1998

THIS THING CALLED PRAYER

When my father, Claud Bradley, tried to get out of bed that morning, his legs and feet felt as if they were still asleep. Soon the numbness began spreading through the rest of his body. My mother summoned help, and Dad was driven to the hospital.

Dad's condition finally was diagnosed as a severe stroke. "This was a bad one, Mr. Bradley," his doctor said. "You'll probably never walk again."

But the doctors didn't know my father. Dad returned home, began exercising and in three days gained use of the right half of his body and his left arm. He bought crutches and began a grueling therapy program. Three months later, having regained the use of his left leg, he threw away his crutches and switched to a walking cane. In two weeks the cane, too, was discarded. His gait may be slow, and permanent paralysis in his left foot causes a limp, but Dad walks on his own!

When his baffled doctors asked "How?" Dad didn't mince words. "I'm a firm believer in prayer. I did all I could on my own. And I asked God to do the rest. And, gentlemen, as you can see, I did my part and He did His, and here I am."

Jocelyn M. Bradley

Eunice, Louisiana

Guideposts-March 1984

ANCHORS

When sailing through the storms of doubt,
Discouragement or pain,
I shall not fear the lashing wind,
Nor fury of the rain.

Three anchors hold my little craft;
I tested them with care;
There's one of faith, and one of hope,
and one of daily prayer.

With these to hold my ship secure,
What danger can betide,
I know that I shall reach at last
A harbor safe and wide.

Bess Samuel Ayres

**You want to have
surgery?
Try having your
faith lifted!**