

A Walk in the Footsteps of Jesus

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me.
Psalm 23:4

April 2002

Now thanks be to God who always leads us in triumph in Christ, and through us diffuses the fragrance of His knowledge in every place. 2 Corinthians 2:14

"An Emmaus Experience"

Each time we begin a new set of walks, I reflect on my Emmaus walk. There were so many things that made Emmaus special to me. Most of all it was the love of Jesus I saw in everyone who served and attended. I couldn't wait to show that love to others! When I got home, Steve practically had to tie cement blocks on my feet to keep my feet on the ground.

As I became involved with the community, there were so many people who touched my life. Those "silent" servants affected me the most. These people did things that no one knew about and took for granted. Some of these people have gone to be with the Lord. I still can feel their spirit when I go to the camp and I always think about the good times we shared serving. Many of those people are still "silent" servants. What a joy it is to continue to serve our Lord at Emmaus!

During the activities of the recent walks, I saw many of my 'old' Emmaus friends. As I walked into candlelight, I truly knew this was a glimpse of heaven. I saw both old friends and new friends with faces beaming with the love of Christ. I realized that the friendships I have made at Emmaus are eternal friendships.

I encourage you to hold on to those bonds you made on your walk. Let us all continue this incredible Emmaus experience together!

De Colores!

Laura Keck, Board Chair

Team Selection

Many people have expressed a concern about team members working two walks in a row. There is a policy that our board asks the Lay Director of the walk to follow. The policy is that a person should not work in the same position two walks in a row. However, sometimes the Lay director must break that rule due to circumstances beyond their control. This spring we allowed a past lay director to serve as an Assistant Table Leader due to someone dropping out at the last minute. If team training has been completed or there is only one training session left, a past Lay Director is a natural choice because of their ability to fill any position on the team. Also several ladies worked two walks in a row due to a very limited ALD, Music, and Table Leader list.

I encourage the community to be patient with a system that is not perfect. Please remember that God places just who He wants on these teams.

I must admit that I too have reservations about working two walks in a row. This is an issue that the board will be addressing in the upcoming months. I pray that the community will be patient with us as we work out some of the kinks!

If you have any suggestions on improving the team selection process or questions, please feel free to call Laura Keck or Amy Hanson.

De Colores!

Laura Keck, Board Chair

newsletter

Thank you for the great feedback about the appearance and format of our monthly newsletter. We are glad that you are enjoying it. We always welcome information for our Reunion Group Corner and poems, stories, etc that you would like to share with the Community. If you do have e-mail, but are not getting the information regarding the newsletter via e-mail, please send me your e-mail address, so I can update our list. Some of you have had trouble printing it out, please read it on-line if possible. Any pilgrims from Walks #24, please send me your e-mail addresses. We are trying to keep our mailing expenses down, and appreciate being able to use the e-mail process whenever possible. Please remember us when you are moving, changing telephone numbers, and e-mail addresses or carriers. We are in the process of preparing our directory, and need to have it up-to-date and accurate. Please send this information by mail to Christina Turner, 118 Carbandy Drive, Inman, SC 29349, by phone at (864) 472-0993, or by e-mail at turnercarbandy@att.net by April 19th. We plan to have the 2002 Directories at the May Gathering.

De Colores! Christina Turner

Housing

I want to thank everyone that assisted in setup, clean up, and takedown for the past three walks. Your willing to serve to transform and keep clean accommodations was a great blessing. Your tireless efforts are appreciated.

Dennis Smith @ 864-292-5188 or discipledad@charter.net

transportation

A special thanks goes out to all the people who helped transport luggage and pilgrims for three weeks straight. You all did great and were a huge blessing to me and to all the pilgrims.

GOD bless you! James Peavey

kitchen

Interested in being a kitchen servant this fall? Everyone will have the opportunity to sign up at the August and September Gatherings for the October walks. The kitchen is staffed on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of the men and women's walk. The shifts are 6:30 a.m. breakfast, 10:00 a.m. lunch, and 2:00 p.m. dinner. Servants will work various jobs including preparing the meals, serving the meals, and cleaning up. If you have any questions, please contact Carol at chetzel1@aol.com. Remember, this is one of the many ways to serve others. In love, Carol Hetzel

Agape

Thank you all so much for the wonderful agape items each of you provided for the three walks. We had a great variety of items and plenty to go around. Thanks for all of the love you shared with the new members of our community. In His Service, Joanna

again I say REJOICE!

Philippians 4:4

GRACE NOTES

from Maggie Hopper Seaside Emmaus Walk 32
March 16, 2002 Women's Walk 24

DAUGHTERS OF JUDAH, REJOICE!

*Daughters of Judah, rejoice!
Dance with delight before God.
Salvation draws nigh,
Redeemer arrives,
Songs of deliverance lift high!*

*Your tears with His intermingle,
Your life with His intertwines.
Let laughter arise
From deep down inside,
Songs of deliverance lift high!*

*Love triumphs; fear is banished!
Gone is your darkness and gloom.
God's mercy and grace
Have covered your face,
Put on your garments of praise!*

*Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Daughters of Judah, rejoice, rejoice!
Redeemer has come,
Called you His own,
Abandon yourself to Him.*

Be of good cheer,

daughter
your faith has made you well.

They are just weathered lines on the exposed rock of a mountain. It's just a small wooden cross, to remind us of a man who died so long ago, placed in a chapel facing that mountain. But as I sat there examining myself, my life, and my failures in God's sight, those weathered lines looked like tears falling from heaven on that cross, not man's tears, but tears from God's own eyes washing first the cross and then my heart.

I have no right to those tears, nor to the forgiveness earned by His Son on that cross, yet, it is mine. Freedom from the sins I have committed, and yes, even those that will occur in the future; that is now mine.

I look and cannot believe that He did this for me. His words ring through the years to me, "It is finished" and I hear also "This is for you."

De Colores

From a servant on Walk #24 Ladies walk



Psal m 98:5-7

Sing to the LORD with the harp,
With the harp and the sound of a psal m,
With trumpets and the sound of a horn;
Shout joyful y before the LORD,
the King.

Unusual Sound?

Are you wondering what the sound was you heard at the first Women's Walk #24 send-off? Well, it was a Shofar, and the individual blowing the Shofar was wearing the traditional Tullith.

The Shofar, or the Old Testament Trumpet, was made from the horn of any ceremonially clean animal except the cow; for the Israelites did not want to remind God of the Golden Calf they had once idolized. The Shofar was blown loudly to call the people together to assemble, to war, to repentance, for festivals and Sabbaths. We, the church, are the ecclesia or "called out" ones. One day we will all answer the call of the last trumpet (Maranatha).

The Tullith, or prayer shawl, means "little tent" in Hebrew. It was designed as a piece of clothing to carry the tassels commanded by God for the Israelites to wear in Numbers 15. When the Israelites gathered in the wilderness at the tabernacle of meeting they could not all enter due to their large numbers, so each person could cover his head with the Tullith and so symbolically enter into the tent or tabernacle of the Lord's presence.

Marc Kochamba
Foothills Walk 23



Cleopas

Voice of Assurance

Luke 24: 13-40

The road before us was hard and colorless. It was springtime, but we were deaf to the birds singing in the trees. We were blind to the flowers blooming in the field. The sun gave no warmth. The skies had no color. Jesus the Nazarene was dead.

We were full of questions and doubts. We had been in Jerusalem for the Passover. It was only a few miles from our village of Emmaus. But instead of celebrating the Feast of Deliverance with joy, we observed the crucifixion of our Deliverer with despair. We were at Golgotha. We saw Him die.

I had come to believe this Jesus was the Messiah. My friend and I were both His disciples. Not chosen to be among the twelve, but disciples no less. We followed Him. We listened to Him preach. We submitted to His instruction. We believed His words. We expected to see Him established as God's anointed king on earth, the hope of Israel, and light to all the nations. Instead, we saw Him crucified, falsely convicted by our leaders and executed by the Romans. He was gone. When He died, all our hopes died.

The crucifixion was Friday. We stayed in the city through the Sabbath. The weight of His death grew on us each hour until it seemed we would be crushed completely. On the morning of the first day, we prepared to return to Emmaus. There was nothing more to do in Jerusalem. There was some chance the authorities would arrest any disciples of Jesus they could find. Those who stayed in the city were keeping out of sight.

As we prepared to leave, we heard some rumor that His grave was empty. Someone had heard it whispered that the women had seen Him alive. Another snatch of news had it that Peter and John had been to the tomb and seen it empty. But who knew for sure? There was no way to know.

We took to the road. We walked some distance in sad conversation. Then we became aware of footsteps behind us; a man walking by Himself. We let Him join us. He asked what we were talking about. "Why do you look so glum?" He said. At first neither my friend nor I responded. Was He in sympathy or would He betray us?

Finally, I risked it. "Where have you been these last few days? Haven't you heard what has happened in Jerusalem? Are you a stranger here?" How could anyone within miles of the city not know what had happened? This had been no common execution. Three hours of thick darkness covered the land. Never had earthquakes accompanied a crucifixion. How could this stranger be ignorant of all this? But He seemed sincere. We told Him that the one we expected to redeem Israel had been crucified and placed in a grave. His death was the end of our hopes. There could be no deliverance now. We even told Him the rumors: that some of the women had gone to the tomb that morning and found it empty. Peter and John went too. But what could have happened to the body? Who would have any reason to move it? And what about the Roman guards? We admitted the stories were hard to believe.

The stranger shook His head at our confusion. He chided us for not believing the promises of the Scriptures regarding Messiah. Then He taught us. He quoted passage after passage from Moses and the prophets, and David, showing us how the promises must be fulfilled: how the Messiah must suffer first before He began His reign. How His death would atone for sin, and that God would not leave Him in the grave, but would raise Him to life again. Our hearts quickened to hear these words of promise and new hope.

By the time we arrived at our village, it was late in the afternoon. Traveling after dark was dangerous because of thieves on the road, so when we saw that the stranger intended to go on alone, we persuaded Him to stay. He accepted our invitation and came to dine with us. We reclined together at the table. The stranger took up the bread, blessed it, broke it and we began to eat.

That's when I noticed them--the marks on His hands. When He broke the bread, I caught my breath. I said, "Show me Your hands." He held them out and turned them over. Nail prints. I raised my head and looked Him full in the face. His eyes held my gaze. And I knew Him. My heart pounded in my chest. I was looking in the face of Israel's Redeemer, Jesus, the Messiah, our Teacher, alive from the tomb. The women were right. Peter and John were not talking nonsense. He was alive, in my house, reclining at my table. I looked across at my companion. He, too, had recognized the teacher.

When we looked back, Jesus was gone. I stood up quickly, "We have to go to Jerusalem. We must tell them what's happened."

My companion said, "Are you crazy? We've been on the road all day and now it's after sunset. It will be dangerous."

I picked up a heavy walking stick. We left everything and rushed back to Jerusalem. That seven-mile journey was the most exciting of my life. If there were bandits, we never saw them.

In the city, we found the place where the disciples were hiding. We burst in. Peter, James, John and the others--we told them. Then we told them again. They told us what they had seen. That small room could barely contain us.

Yes, I am one of the twelve voices of Easter. I am Cleopas, and mine is the voice of assurance. I tell you today what I know is true. Jesus is alive. I have seen Him. I have looked the resurrected Christ straight in the eye. I have heard Him teach. I have eaten bread broken by His nail-scarred hands. Now there are no more questions. No more doubt. Only this assurance: I have seen Him. He is alive.

Even though I walk
through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me.
Psalm 23:4

Footsteps
Foothills Emmaus Community
P.O. Box 25024
Greenville, SC 29616



McCormick First Baptist Church,
McCormick, SC

Directions from Greenville:

385 South to Exit 9 (Laurens)

Take 221 South (221 is also 72) and follow signs to Greenwood

Continue on 221, just past Bradley, 221 veers left to McCormick

Continue into McCormick. Church is on the corner 221 and Oak St


Directions from Anderson:

28 South through Abbeville to McCormick

Turn left at 221 in McCormick

Church is on the corner of 221 and Oak Street

Allow 90 minutes driving time. There is a McDonalds and KFC in Laurens; multiple restaurants in Greenwood, but you must leave 221 to go into town. You can also enjoy a relaxing meal at Fannie Kates Inn in downtown McCormick on Main Street.



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REVIVAL

St. Matthews UMC

Greenville, SC

April 16-18

7:00 PM each evening

Speaker: Reverend Mel Arant

Praise Bands:

Advent UMC

Buncombe Street UMC

St. Matthews UMC