

# A Walk in the Footsteps of Jesus

June 2002

As the Lord has called each one,  
so let him walk.  
1 Corinthians 7:17

## Stinkin' Thinkin'

My grandfather had a drinking problem. He never called himself an alcoholic but his drinking affected his life and the life of his family. This situation came to a head when my grandfather was arrested for drinking and driving when he was 80 years old. My father had to make the tough decision to leave him in jail overnight. After this incident, my father and I went to Al-Anon for families of alcoholics. We found a community where we could share our struggles about the choices my grandfather was making. We found out that the only way to fight the disease of alcoholism was through God. I learned the serenity prayer and to this day I receive the peace of God when I say it.

Another thing I learned at Al-Anon was a concept called "stinkin-thinkin". I came to understand this as victim mentality. This is the idea that someone else is always to blame for our problems and bad choices in our lives. This kind of thinking prevents us from looking inward to our own choices. As I've thought about "stinkin-thinkin", it is the kind of mental game we play with ourselves which prevents us from confessing our sins. One of the basics of a Christ-centered life is to acknowledge before God our sins and seek forgiveness. I've been studying the scripture 1 Corinthians 2:16b which says, "but we have the mind of Christ". What in the world does this mean? I don't know but I would like to spend the rest of my life considering this possibility. Jesus said that he came from the Father to reveal the ways of the Father. I think having the mind of Christ is the opposite of "stinkin-thinkin" and is the only way to live with the power of sin in our lives. To have the mind of Christ requires having a very close relationship with Jesus. How is your relationship going with Jesus? Is it time for us to consider not only what would Jesus do but what would Jesus think?

My grandfather was never able to stop drinking. He believed in Jesus but never surrendered to the power of God working in his life everyday. May we seek the mind of Christ in our lives for truth about ourselves and for holy living. May we seek the power of God in our lives.

De Colores,

*Beth Drennan*

*Community Spiritual Director*

## Community Directory

June is here and summer has begun. Time really flies when you are having fun. The directory is at the printers and hopefully will be available at the June gathering. Our mailing list as increased and with the additional cost of printing the directory, our expenses have been affected. To help with these expenses, I am asking the members of our Community to make a donation of \$10.00 per household. This donation would greatly help us recoup the expense of the directory and the mailings. All donations will be greatly appreciated. We have a wonderful Community and are very blessed with our dedicated board and spiritual leadership. May God continue to bless us as we sponsor and plan for the October walks.

De Colores!  
Christina Turner

## Start Your Agape!

The Fall Walks will be here before we know it. This is just a reminder that if your reunion group is planning Agape for Walk #25, please let me know the name of your reunion group, the items you are providing, and how many. This information will help us determine if we have duplicates or need to fill a gap. You can drop me a note via snail mail (Joanna Neubert, 20 Durango Place, Cleveland, SC 29635), email me (joanna.neubert@canal-ins.com), or phone me (836-6046 home, 250-9406 work). We will need 72 pieces of Agape for each walk.

I am recruiting for someone to help with the Agape duties during both Walks. Helping with the set up at camp Thursday night usually takes about an hour and packet and mail bag duties on Sunday usually requires about 4 hours Sunday morning. If you feel either of these tasks is a place you can serve, please let me know.

In His Service,  
Joanna

## Refreshments and Ice Cream!

It's not too early to begin thinking about serving on the upcoming fall walks. If your group is interested in serving refreshments at send off or at the ice cream party please let me know. It's a great time to get your reunion group together or even your "table". All who are feeling called to serve (punch or ice cream), please let me know! Hope you think about this opportunity each time you have an ice cream this summer!!

In Christ,  
Robbie Kane  
JSKane8@cs.com or (864) 967-7736  
(will be out of town in July!)

## FOURTH DAY DISCIPLESHIP

*All Power and Authority  
from Jesus now is given  
to those who follow in His steps  
to win the world to Him*

*Rock solid the foundation  
of temples to the Lord  
Holy Spirit helping these  
remember God's True Word*

*Obedience the lifestyle  
by which disciples live  
Humility their apron  
Above all they wear Love*

*This is My commandment  
that ye love one another  
as I have loved you  
Abide in God's True Love.*

Grace Notes  
from Maggie Hopper  
Seaside Emmaus Walk #32

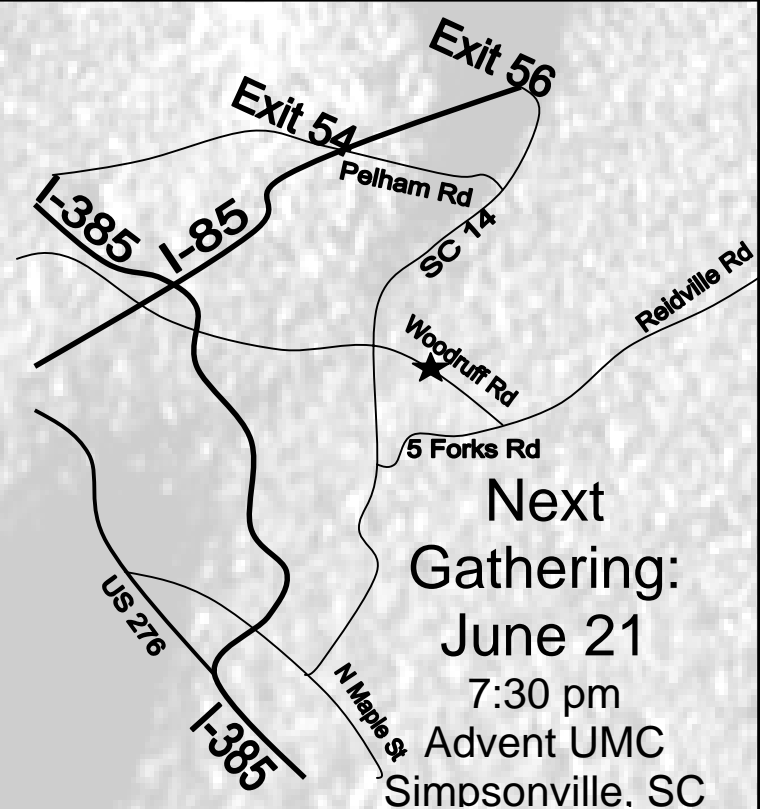
## True Friends

True Friends, like true treasures  
Aren't easy to find.  
They're rare and they're priceless,  
Each - one of a kind.  
They're caring and loving  
and ready to share  
Your happiest moments,  
your deepest despair.  
they're there when you need them;  
they'll stand by your side,  
no matter the weather,  
in low or high tide.  
True friends are forever,  
Whether near or apart -  
true treasures to cherish,  
in spirit and heart.

by Vi B. Chevalier

A faithful friend is a sturdy shelter;  
he who finds one finds a treasure.  
Sirach 6:14.

This is what my Emmaus  
walk meant to me.  
Karen Craven, Walk #24



1 Corinthians 7:17

As the Lord  
has called  
each one,  
so let  
him walk.

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

## "The Rainmaker"

By Reverend Alex Stevenson

The preacher prayed for rain again that morning. As I remember, it was the thirteenth Sunday in a row he'd prayed for it. Folks was startin' to get upset with his always prayin' for rain and none a-comin'. They'd just as soon he not pray for it as to have him remind them that there hadn't been no rain and everything was wiltin' dry and dead an' stuff. You could almost hear folks groanin' when he started praying for the "farmer's wealthfair." Not that he was a bad preacher mind ya. When it came to blessin' barns and preachin' about the Bible he was good. I'd never onced seen one of the barns he'd blessed burn down. It's just that he kept prayin' for rain and none ever came.

I guess just about everyone was ready for somethin' ta happen. But no one expected what happened next. About the time church got out there came a bright red wagon with blue wheels. No one had seen the likes of it since the carnival had come through on the way to the city a few years back. It came right down the street and stopped at the edge of town with the back facing the folk comin' out of preachin'. The sight of this wagon gathered a crowd all by itself. If it hadn't, what happened next would have. There was a rustlin' and a clangin' from the back then a tall man came out. He was wearin' the most torn up clothes I ever seen. And if that wasn't enough, he was wet all over; drenched from head ta foot like he had fallen in the creek or somethin', but that couldn't be, 'cause the creek was so dried up it was only knee deep on a grasshopper. Just yesterday Old Tom said it was good we weren't Baptists 'cause if we were the preacher couldn't baptize no one until the rains come.

The tall man started talkin' real loud as soon as he come out of the wagon. His voice was so comandin' that everyone listened. Even if someone had tried to say somethin' they couldn't have 'cause he was makin' so much noise bangin' on that washtub. It sounded like God himself was thunderin' in heaven. No one remembers much about what he said except that he was a rainmaker, that he went around makin' rain where there wasn't none. What people remember best wasn't what he said, but the way he said it. He talked with a voice that thundered like the heavens themselves, and his words flowed over us like a river of salvation and no one could stop listening to him. The strangest thing was that the whole time he didn't dry up. It musta been 100 in the shade and he didn't dry up. He was drippin' with water. Then he said somethin' strange. He said ta heal the land he had ta heal the people on it, and that each of the farmers and storekeepers had ta come up so as he could lay his hands on them and pray over them.

First he grabbed hold of Mr. Greely. Mrs. Greely was right there with him 'cause she didn't have no younguns ta look after. The rain maker put one hand on Mr. Greely and the other on Mrs. Greely and pushed them both to their knees. Then he started prayin' for Mr. Greely's store and his chickens and his wife. He seemed to spend a lot of time on his wife. Then he did the strangest thing. He told Mr. Greely that from now on his name would be Ike. Everybody knew that Mr. Greely's name was Ichobod Greely, and now we was supposed to call him Ike. When he was finished prayin' Mrs. Greely was so happy that she threw her arms around the rainmaker and got the wettest of them all.

Next came Alen Wally. It took Alen a while to make it to the front of the crowd. For a long time after his wife and son died he wasn't as fast as he usta be. Folks say he usta be the strongest man around these parts. When the rainmaker reached out to put his hands on Alen's head, Alen fell to the ground without him pushin' down at all like a dry reed breakin' in the wind. Then the Rainmaker put his large wet hands on Alen's dry hair that was blowin' in the wind and started prayin' again. The strength of the Rainmaker's voice was stronger than before. He seemed to be tryin' to wake the dead with his deep voice. The power of his prayin' seemed even more overwhelming. The whole thing got even hairier when Alen, that large man, started cryin' like he was a baby cryin' for his daddy. The lump in my throat was bigger than a seed melon. I have been ta camp meetin's and heard mighty prayin' before, but he was prayin' with the voice of the Almighty hisself. Then, when the Rainmaker was finished prayin, he bend down and whispered gently, as gently as a mother to her baby while singing a lullaby, in Alen's ear. I don't know what he told Alen, but Alen's face suddenly took on the look of a strong man, and the Rainmaker lifted Alen ta his feet and I never seen him look bigger or stronger in all my life. Like he had a new chance on life again.

The Rainmaker kept prayin' and prayin' until about all the folks in town had been prayer over. Everyone had water drippin' from their heads. The Rainmaker left town without anyone really noticing. We was all dazed by it all. It was like he had disappeared into heaven or somethin'. But even with all that prayin' it didn't rain fer another four weeks. The whole season was a flop. We was all real poor folk that winter. Yet people didn't seem ta mind. They had other things on their mind. For one, Ike Greely was happy because his wife had a baby. Twins in fact. So Ike was twice as proud as a regular father. After that, Alen started goin' round town and helpin' people with their hard work. There wasn't any barn rasin's that year, but since then he's been at ev'ry one. That's on top of all his work at the blacksmith shop. We had just enough ta eat that year and no more, but no one seemed ta mind.

No one ever saw that crazy Rainmaker again. None of the towns around saw him neither. He just rode off ta Lord only knows where. Sometimes I wonder where he is. He prayed mighty pow'rful, but no rains come. All those good things happened; all those blessings, but no rain. I just wonder who that Rainmaker thought he was.

