

A Walk in the Footsteps of Jesus

Walk about Zion, and go all around her. Count her towers; that you may tell it to the following generation
Psalm 48:12-13

May 2002

Sing to the Lord!

"Sing to the Lord you saints of his; praise his holy name. For his anger lasts only a moment, but his favor lasts a lifetime; weeping may remain for a night, but rejoicing comes in the morning." Psalm 30:4

Many of you know that springtime is my favorite time of year. I love the warm temperature, the gorgeous flowers, and the soft rain showers late at night. Steve and I really enjoy having the windows open at night. Last night we had one of those gentle showers. I woke up about 5 am and listened to the birds. They were singing their hearts out. I came to realize that these birds weren't flying around singing. They are still in their nests singing their hearts out. These birds were rejoicing not only because of the morning, but because of the rain. I must tell you I am not like those birds. I don't wake up singing in the morning - I hate mornings. I am happy that we got rain and I praise God for that gift. These birds have made me realize all the many blessings I have each and every morning. I thank God for waking me up physically to hear the birds sing their songs this morning. I also thank God for waking me up spiritually to realize that I should praise him and rejoice every morning!

I realize that days will come that will be tough and it will be hard to praise the Lord. I may go to sleep at night not feeling praiseworthy because of circumstances of the day. But I can always be assured of one thing. Tomorrow morning when I get up those birds are going to be singing and rejoicing reminding me to always praise God no matter what the circumstances.

De Colores!

Laura Keck, Board Chair

community directory

The 2002 Emmaus Community Directory is being written. Please be sure to notify me by Friday, May 31st at:

Christina Turner,
118 Carbandy Drive,
Inman, SC 29349
864-472-0993

E-mail turnercarbandy@att.net

with any additions or corrections that need to be made to your mailing address, phone number, or e-mail address.

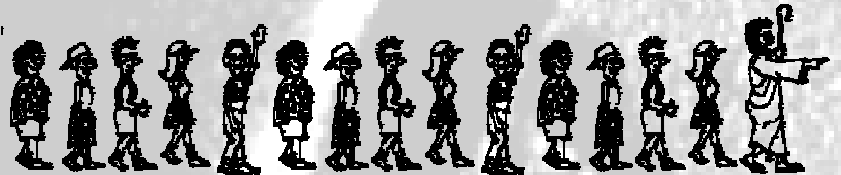
These Words Shall be Written on You Heart

I hope you've considered investing in a concordance for whichever Bible translation you study from. Or maybe you've purchased a study Bible that has a concordance in the back. A concordance is like a dictionary for the Bible. It allows you to look up a single word in a verse of scripture and find where that verse is located in the Bible. A concordance allows you to do word studies so that you can see how one "living word of God" has the plan of salvation throughout the Bible.

I found this to be true in a word study I was doing recently. The word was "heart". There are over 600 references for "heart" in the Bible! There are scriptures for the heart of God and the heart of people. The heart of God is constant, steadfast, and loving. The hearts of people can be filled with fear, sorrow and destruction. People's hearts are limited where God's is endless with possibilities and eternal. But there are verses of scripture where people's hearts are changed by God's heart (especially in the Psalms). How? Because they have allowed God to write His Word on their heart. Jeremiah 31:33 says, "But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel... I will put my law (God's Word) within them, and I will write it on their heart; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." In Christ Jesus and the Holy Spirit, we can be gifted with the truth of the heart of God for ourselves. The living Word of God can be revealed to us through a simple word like "heart." Get into the Word of God...everyday...let God write His Word on your heart...even if it's one word at a time.

De Colores,

Beth Drennan, Community Spiritual Director



registration

Only 5 months until the Fall 2002 walks! It's hard to believe that it is already May. We have seven couples and nine single women for the October walks. If you had a pilgrim who dropped out of the Spring walks, please do not assume that I automatically placed them on the Fall walk. If you did not specify to me that they would be attending the fall walk, then they are not included in count. Get your applications in as soon as possible. Don't forget to make sure the application is completely filled in and that you include the sponsor application also. I will be emailing sponsors that I have received your pilgrim's application with a follow-up letter to the sponsor and the pilgrim closer to the time of the walk.

Please continue to pray about anyone whom you wish to sponsor. Please go over the application with the pilgrim and explain any questions they may have.

In His love and service,

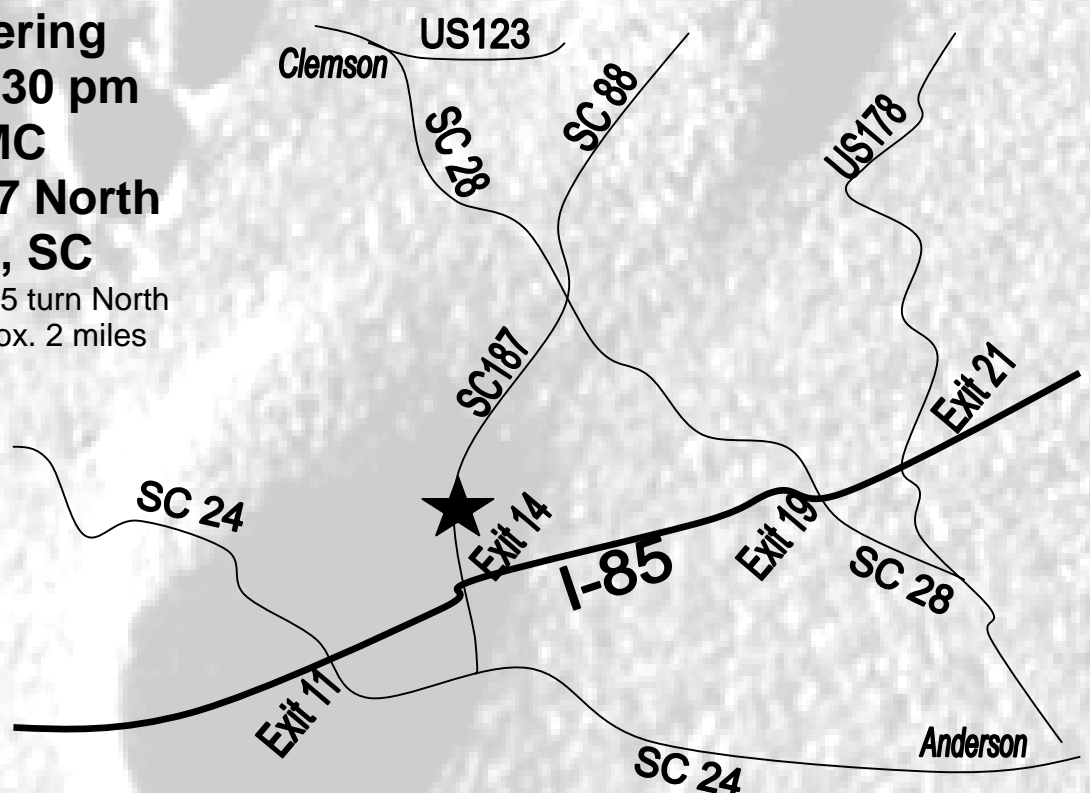
Savonda

Next Gathering
May 17 at 7:30 pm
Zion UMC

5708 Hwy 187 North
Anderson, SC

Exit 14 of interstate 85 turn North
Church on left approx. 2 miles

DON'T
FORGET
TO
BRING
SNACKS!



Walk about Zion,
and go all around her.
Count her towers;
that you may
tell it to the
following generation
Psalm 48:12-13

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

Life!

By Reverend Alex Stevenson

"Life!" yelled the vendor. "Life, Life, come get your life." I had only stopped for a moment. I had only left the moving mass of people for a second. When I looked up there stood a brightly colored umbrella over a white marble veneered hot dog cart. It stood in a warm bright corner where the stonework of the building jutted out and left an unused section of the sidewalk. The vendor clothed in red and white stood under the red, blue, white, green, and purple umbrella looking up and yelling to the oblivious passers by in the cold gray street, "Life, Life, come and get your life!"

Slowly a woman emerged from the indifferent crowd. She had a nondescript dress, empty arms and full breasts. As long hair blew in the wind she approached the marble cart holding her arms out rigidly as if she expected a bundle to be laid upon them. The vendor warmly looked into the woman's eyes and smiled. Then the vendor reached into the cart and gently pulled out a bundle of blankets which were placed in the woman's arms as if it belonged there. Then the vendor opened one end of the blanket and in it lay a tiny baby. As the mother walked away she pressed the child to her bosom as if it had always been there.

"Life!" cried the vendor. "Come get your life!" Next came forward a young person much like any other young person who stopped in the rush of the crowd just long enough to hear the call "Life!" All alone this person stood there. Then this skinny person cautiously approached the vendor's cart as if not knowing what to expect but looking for something. The young person held out their left hand and the vendor reached into the cart and pulled out a small gold ring and placed it on the ring finger of the young person. The young person re-entered the moving mass of people.

"Life!" sang the vendor like a newspaper child advertising an extra. "Come get your life!" A woman wearing a black dress and veil stopped as she was slowly walking by. She stood in front of the cart with her hands folded in front of her and cried. The vendor reached across the cart to the woman and hugged her. Then the vendor reached into the cart and pulled out a red rose and a road map. The woman slowly turned her face and joined the crowd as it walked on.

"Life!" cajoled the vendor. "Come and get your life." Then a businessman tripped out of the crowd. His gray flannel suit having been neatly pressed. The man suddenly had his pace broken and found himself faced by the one calling "Life!" Then the vendor reached into the cart quickly before the businessman could regain his wits and rejoined the crowd and pulled out a small flower and handed it to the bewildered onlooker. Not knowing what to do the man walked away smelling the flower.

"Life!" urged the vendor. "Come and get your life!" Next came a lost person. Whether it was a man or woman I could not tell. It didn't matter. The person wandered up to the cart with a questioning look. "Where am I? Why am I here? Who are you? What is the meaning?" The person fell to their knees and faced the cart as if the answers were written on the sides in the marble patterns. Then the vendor reached into the cart and pulled out a handful of water and placed it on the seeker's head. And as if being enlightened that person joined the crowd with a direction.

"Life!" yelled the vendor more. "Come get your life!" The sun was getting low and the indifferent crowd of passers by began to thin. When I looked again there stood a priest dressed in black with a thin face, silver hair, and a small white collar. He approached the vendor with open hands, one resting in the other. So the vendor reached into the cart and pulled out a loaf of bread. After holding it up in the air and saying a few silent words the vendor broke it and gave it to the priest and they ate together.

Then the vendor stopped yelling and started pushing the cart away. I followed the vendor out of curiosity and at the same time out of compulsion. Where is this "life"? I followed first at a distance and then later I was under the umbrella with the vendor. I the spectator was welcome. Other vendors joined us as we journeyed through the streets. Some with gold carts, some with granite and cedar. All pushing the carts. They greeted one another and chatted and seemed to know precisely where they were going. They kept meeting us as if they were converging on a point.

At first it was only a speck in the distance. As we drew close I could see that this was no ordinary object on the horizon. Suddenly friendly chatter faded into a silent hush. It was a cross. It was a crucifix. A large crucifix! It was not until I was closer that I realized that it was a large size crucifix. As the carts gathered round, the vendors reverently moved up to the crucifix and gathered the blood which flowed from the wounds of the one on the cross. Some gathered the blood in small glasses. Some gathered it in silver and gold chalices. Others in wine bottles, and juice jars. They all gathered the blood of the one bleeding in the crucifix. They all walked away from the bleeding cross to their carts as if the containers they had were priceless. But slowly and reverently they all placed the containers of that sacrificial blood in their carts.

The yelling of the vendors had turned to a solemn silence, but I yelled. I broke the holy silence out of a compulsion from all that I had seen. I had seen more than a person can rightfully know on their own. The revelation of this day had changed the way I saw "Life". So I yelled, "I want life! I want to give life!" Bright faces looked at me and I broke the holy silence again with my desperate cry, "I want life! I need to give life!" Then I was brought to the front by an irresistible force and I kneeled before the one on the crucifix. He laid his large bleeding hands on my head. The blood from his wounds ran down my head and face as he prayed. My clothes were bleached red and white.

Now I stand behind a carved granite altar and cry to the ambivalent crowd,

"Life! 'Lift up your hearts!'"

And some reply, "We come for life! 'We lift them up to the Lord!'"

"Receive life. 'It is good and right that we should both at all times and in all places lift up our hearts and give our great thanksgiving to God...'"