

ELIZABETHTOWN EMMAUS NEWSLETTER – OCTOBER 2002

DeColores,

From the Chairperson:

Blessed are those whose strength is in you. Who have set their hearts on pilgrimage. Psalm 84:5
How is your journey? Are you still on your pilgrimage? Hope God is traveling with you to wonderful places. Speaking of journeys, have you opened your copy of Day Four, The Pilgrim's Continued Journey lately? Well, it is that time of year when we all need to reread Chapter 8. That is the chapter on the next generation, being a good sponsor. The authors, Bob Wood (our spiritual chairperson) and Marie Livingston Roy write that if our "community is committed to recruiting strong church leaders for the purpose of strengthening the local church, then the community will be a strong, vital force in the renewal movement. If however, the Walk to Emmaus is looked upon as a hospital where every human ill can be cured it will have a weakening effect on our entire community." So bring us your strong church leaders!! I know many of you have already taken the first steps of sponsorship and your pilgrims have committed and their name is on the roster for our upcoming walks. Thank you but remember that is just the beginning. Now you have more work to do.

Remember to pray, pray and pray some more for your candidate and his/her walk. Start collecting agape letters and enlisting others to pray for your candidate. Make sure you take care of your pilgrim's family and their anxieties over the weekend, it will make bringing the candidate home on Sunday evening so much nicer. Please be present at sponsor's hour, candlelight and closing but at other times give the pilgrim some much needed space of their own. Don't forget your candidate after Sunday night. Support him/her during their Fourth Days by making sure they are in a reunion group and are invited to gatherings.

Help the pilgrim channel his/her newfound enthusiasm at the local church and remember to guide them as they sponsor their first candidates. We can all pray together to make the journey to Jesus a joy.

Yours in the Journey, Bonnie.

Thanks and Requests From the Board:

Thanks to the community for helping us reduce the cost of sending out the newsletter. Your subscriptions and e-mail or online option has turned our financial shortfall around. Thanks to the recent heads of kitchen for staying well within the budgets. Now it is a challenge for walks 82, 83 and 84 to do the same. Your responsible use of the community's monies is a blessing to our community. Thank you.

We request that agape be a priority right now. Remember we need snack agape for 150 at Chrysalis and 100 on our Emmaus Walks. We also need 150 and 100 pieces of table or bed agape for Chrysalis and Emmaus. Thank you for helping in this way.

The board requests that we review some guidelines for our children. There is child-care at gatherings and candlelights and your children are welcome there. Children who are ill should not be brought to these functions. Send-off and closing at the campground do not have child-care and children should not be brought to either. Send off (with the exception of candidates for the walk), candlelight and closing should only be attended by those people who have been on an Emmaus or Chrysalis. Don't spoil a pilgrim's walk by having them attend another send-off, sponsor's hour, candlelight or closing before they attend their own.

Emmaus Calendar

Oct 5 – 7 Chrysalis #30
Oct 5 – 7:00 p.m. Gathering @ CHUMC
Nov 2 – 7:00 p.m. Gathering @ MUMC
Dec 7 – 7:00 p.m. Gathering @ MUMC
Oct 10 – 13 Men’s Walk #82
Oct 17 – 20 Women’s Walk #83
Oct 24 – 27 Women’s Walk #84
Feb 15-17, 2003 Chrysalis #31
Mar 13-16, 2003 Men’s Walk #85
Mar 20-23, 2003 Women’s Walk #86

Walks 82, 83 & 84 Teams

In an effort to save a bit of space in this media, all of the team member names for the fall walks can be viewed on our web site at www.etonemmaus.org.

Inspirations from the Editor

I got this little ditty a while back. I enjoyed rereading it and hope you enjoy it too! Ed...

Does God Dance on Your Potato Chips?

Not too long ago I had “one of those days”. I was feeling the pressure from a deadline. I had company arriving in a couple of days and the toilet was clogged. I went to the bank, and the trainee teller processing my deposit had to start over three times. I swung by the supermarket to pick up a few things and the lines were serpentine. By the time I got home, I was frazzled and sweaty and in a hurry to get something on the table for dinner.

Deciding on Campbell’s Cream of Mushroom soup, I grabbed a can opener, cranked open a can, then I remembered I had forgotten to buy milk at the store. Nix the soup idea. Setting the can aside, I went to plan B, which was leftover baked beans. I grabbed a Tupperware from the fridge, popped a seal, took a look and groaned. My husband isn’t a picky eater, but even HE won’t eat baked beans that look like caterpillars.

Really frustrated now, I decided on a menu that promised to be foolproof as it is nutrition-free: hot dogs and potato chips. Retrieving a brand new bag of chips from the cupboard, I grabbed the cellophane and gave a heart pull. The bag didn’t open. I tried again. Nothing happened. I took a breath, doubled my muscle, and gave the bag a hearty wrestle. With a loud pop, the cellophane suddenly gave way, ripping wide from top to bottom. Chips flew sky high. I was left holding the bag, and it was empty. I was the final straw. I let out a blood-curdling scream, “I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!”

My husband heard my unorthodox cry for help and within seconds was standing at the doorway to the kitchen, where he surveyed the damage: An opened can of soup, melting groceries, moldy baked beans, and one quivering wife standing ankle deep in potato chips. My husband did the most helpful thing he could think of at the moment. He took a flying leap, landing flat-footed in the pile of chips. And then he began to stomp and dance and twirl, grinding those chips into my linoleum in the process!

I stared. I fumed. Pretty soon I was working to stifle a smile. Eventually I had to laugh. And finally I decided to join him. I, too, took a leap onto the chips. And then I danced. Now I’ll be the first to admit that my husband’s response wasn’t the one I was looking for. But the truth is, it was exactly what I needed. I didn’t need a cleanup crew as much as I needed an attitude adjustment, and the laughter from that rather funky moment provided just that.

So now I have a question for you, and it's simply this: Has God ever stomped on your chips? I know that, in my life, there have been plenty of times when I've gotten myself into frustrating situations and I've cried out for help, all the while hoping God would show up with a celestial broom and clean up the mess I've made of things. What often happens instead is that God dances on my chips, answering my prayer in a completely different manner than I expected, but in a manner that is best for me after all. Sometimes I can see right away that God's response was the best one after all. Sometimes I have to wait weeks or months before I begin to understand how and why God answered a particular prayer the way he did. There are even some situations that, years later, I'm still trying to understand. I figure God will fill me in sooner or later, either side of Heaven or beyond.

Do I trust Him? Even when He's answering my prayers in a way that is completely different from my expectations? Even when He's dancing and stomping instead of sweeping and mopping? Can I embrace what He's offering? Can I let His joy adjust my attitude? Am I going to stand on the sidelines and sulk, or am I willing to learn the steps of the dance He's dancin' with my needs in mind? I'll be honest with you: Sometimes I sulk. Sometimes I dance. I'm working on doing more of the latter than the former. I guess the older I get the more I realize that He really does know what He's doing. He loves me and I can trust Him. Even when the chips are down.

Author Unknown