

**Elizabethtown Emmaus
Newsletter
November 2003**

DeColores,

From the Chairperson

One of the biggest challenges I have found in writing my contributions to the newsletters this year is that my deadline for the next month's newsletter is about three weeks before they are published. This challenge is illustrated by the fact that when you read this newsletter Chrysalis and all the October Walks will have been completed yet as I write this the Walks have not yet started.

Last night I had the honor of being part of the Men's team that prayed over the bunks of each candidate that will be coming on the Men's Walk. This is a tradition in our community that will be repeated for every Walk. As we went from bunk to bunk and prayed individually by name for the man that would be sleeping there over the weekend I noticed how each prayer was unique and spirit guided. We in most cases did not know personally the man we were praying for but our prayers reminded us again and again that God does know them in a personal way beyond our understanding. The Walks have not yet started yet I rest in God's assurance that each of the men and women will be blessed by their walk with God over the weekends.

The November Gathering will be held at Memorial United Methodist Church at 7:00 p.m. on Saturday, November 1. The Gatherings after Chrysalis and the Walks are always special because of the time that we set aside for the new butterflies of Chrysalis and for the new pilgrims of the Emmaus community to share how their fourth days are going. Please join me in welcoming these new members to the community by attending the Gathering. It

will be a time for celebration and worship to our Lord.

I mentioned in the September newsletter that the Board of Directors would be meeting with a representative of the Upper Room to review changes that have been made to the Walk manuals. As part of that visit by Scoofer Jordan, our Upper Room representative, there will be a special time of sharing and training offered for the entire community. We have planned for Scoofer to address the December Gathering so please put it on your calendar and plan on attending this special event at College Heights United Methodist Church on December 6th.

Thank you to all the men and women of the community who worked the Walks. Thank you to all the members of the community who came forward to participate and act as God's servants. Please also extend a special thanks to the fall lay directors of both Chrysalis and Emmaus who have worked so hard as God's servants: Mitzi Lynch, Scott Turner, Jim Murray, Wanda Jean Elliot and Angela Brown. Their obedience to Christ is a model for us all.

Your brother in Christ,

Ron Smith, Walk # 67, Table of John

Volunteer for Spring Emmaus, Chrysalis and REC walks!

If you are interested in working on an Emmaus, Chrysalis or REC team you must fill out and send in a volunteer sheet. For the Emmaus Walks the volunteer sheets are held for three years. If you have not filled out a volunteer sheet within the last couple of years, you need to send in a new sheet. All the volunteer forms are available at the web site at www.etownemmaus.org – just click on the “forms” link and print the form on your printer.

Emmaus Calendar

NOV 1 @ 7:00 p.m. Gathering – MUMC
DEC 6 @ 7:00 p.m. Gathering – CHUMC
JAN 3 @ 7:00 p.m. Gathering - CHUMC

CHUMC = College Heights United Methodist
MUMC = Memorial United Methodist Church

Inspirations from the editor

I looked through my "archives" for something that was appropriate for the coming Thanksgiving Holiday season that is nearing. I found this and it touched my heart. I pray it touches yours as well. Enjoy and God Bless you and keep you – ed.

THE SHOES

My alarm went off -- it was Sunday again;
I was tired -- it was my one-day to sleep in.
But the guilt I'd have felt the rest of the day
Would have been too much, so I'd go; I'd pray.

I showered and shaved, adjusted suit and tie,
Got there and swung into a pew just in time.

Bowing my head in humble prayer
Before I closed my eyes,
I saw that the shoe of the man next to me
Was touching my own and I sighed.

With plenty of room on either side,
I thought, "Why do our soles have to touch?"
It bothered me so; he was glued to my shoe,
But it didn't seem to bother him much.

Then the prayer began: "Heavenly Father," someone said- -
But I thought, "Does this man with the shoes have no pride?"
They were dusty, worn, scratched end to end.
What's worse, there were holes on the side!

"Thank You for blessings," the prayer went on.
The shoe man said a quiet "amen."
I tried to focus on the prayer,
But my thoughts were on his shoes again.

Aren't we supposed to look our best
When walking through that door?
"Well, this certainly isn't it," I thought,
Glancing toward the floor.

Then the prayer ended and songs of praise began.
The shoe man was loud, sounding proud as he sang.
He lifted the rafters; his hands raised high;
The Lord surely heard his voice from the sky.

Then the offering was passed; what I threw in was steep.
The shoe man reached into his pockets, so deep,
And I tried to see what he pulled out to put in,
Then I heard a soft "clink," as when silver hits tin.

The sermon bored me to tears--
And no lie--
It was the same for the shoe man,
For tears fell from his eyes.

At the end of the service, as is custom here,
We must greet the visitors and show them good cheer.
But I was moved inside to want to meet this man,
So after the closing, I shook his hand.

He was old, his skin dark, his hair a mess.
I thanked him for coming, for being our guest,
He said, "My name's Charlie, glad to meet you, my friend,"
And there were tears in his eyes--but he had a wide grin.

"Let me explain," he said, wiping his eyes.
"I've been coming for months, and you're the first to say, "Hi."
I know I don't look like all the rest,
But I always try to look my best."

"I polish my shoes before my long walk,
But by the time I get here they're as dirty as chalk."

My heart fell to my knees, but I held back my tears,
He continued, "And I must apologize for sitting so near."
"But I know when I get here, I must look a sight.
And I thought . . . if I touched you, our souls might unite."

I was silent for a moment knowing anything I said
Would pale in comparison, so I spoke from my heart not my
head.
"Oh, you've touched me," I said. "And taught me, in part,
That the best of a man is what's in his heart."

The rest, I thought, this man will never know. . .
How thankful I am that he touched my soul!

-- Author Unknown