



Walk to
Emmaus
THE UPPER ROOM

L.O.V.Emmaus Community

Limestone-Ohio Valley Emmaus Community

Independence Day Issue

L.O.V.E. COMMUNITY NEWS

June

While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and walked with them.

Luke 24:15

Upcoming Events:

- Gathering— June 22
- Gathering—July 27

Next Community Gatherings at 7:00 p.m.
The Maysville Church of the Nazarene
156 Maple Leaf Rd.

If possible, bring a snack to share!

Board of Directors:
June 29, 7:00 pm
July 27, 5:45 pm

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THE ROOM

By Joshua Harris. Originally published in *New Attitude Magazine* © Copyright New Attitude 1995

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, had very different headings.

As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was.

This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given," "Jokes I Have Laughed at."

Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived.

Could it be possible that I had the time in my years to fill each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed

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A Prayer For Independence Day

God bless America
And keep us safe and free,
Safe from "all our enemies"
Wherever they may be.

For enemies are forces
That often dwell within,
Things that seem so harmless
Become a major sin.

Little acts of selfishness
Grow into lust and greed,
And make the love of power
Our idol and our creed.

For all our wealth and progress
Are as worthless as can be,
Without the faith that made us great
And kept our nation free.

And while it's hard to understand
The complexities of war,
Each one of us must realize
That we are fighting for
The principles of freedom
And the decency of man,
But all of this much be achieved
According to God's plan.

So help us as Americans
To search deep down inside,
And discover if the things we do
Are always justified.

And teach us to walk humbly
And closer in Thy ways,
And give us faith and courage
And put purpose in our days.

And make each one of us aware
That each must do his part,
For in the individual is where peace
Must have its start.

For a better world to live in
Where all are safe and free,
Must start with faith and hope
And love deep in the heart of "Me."
~ Helen Steiner Rice ~



(Continued from page 1)

this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "TV Shows I have watched ," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: "No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it.

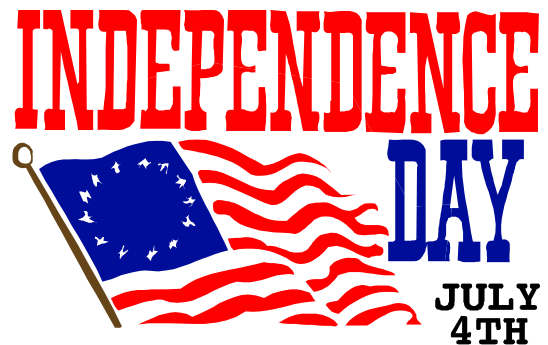
Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it.. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With." The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand. And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him.

No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but

Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me.

Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished."

I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.



WOMEN'S WALK TO EMMAUS GOD FILLED!

God never ceases to amaze me in how he works through all of us. Women's Walk #8 was full of God's spirit right from the start on Thursday. You know when your question to answer for the evening was, "Where would you rather be and Why?" and several pilgrims answered "they wanted to be here on the Walk", that was a GOD THING!

Satan wasn't happy that the ladies were bonding from the start and continued to grow in God's grace as the weekend continued. As always, God showed each of us that if we rely on scriptures, He would take care of all of all needs. The scripture for the weekend was from Philippians 4: 4-9. *"Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice! ⁵Let your gentleness be evident to all. The Lord is near. ⁶Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. ⁷And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. ⁸Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable--if anything is excellent or praiseworthy--think about such things. ⁹Whatever you have learned or received or heard from me, or seen in me--put it into practice. And the God of peace will be with you."*

I would like to thank the Community for all your prayers and being the hands and feet of our Lord. We all know that when we join together to do the work of our Lord and give him the glory that the Walk is always a blessing.

Walene Bennett
Lay Director
Women's Walk #8

A BUILDING BLOCK

The share group is a basic building unit of the Body of Christ. The share group enables believers to know each other more personally. It is a place where lasting relationships occur. In a share group, leaders are encouraged and lifted up through mentoring.

It is a place where we can "practice" witnessing, by witnessing to each other, by telling others how we were witnesses in the past week. In a share group, communities are built, where a person's needs can be met on a regular basis.

Those in share groups care for, pray with and are there for each other in times of need and crisis. Meaningful relationships form when people have an opportunity to gather and share regularly. Step out, step up, others need you to help form that new group.

Remember, the group does not need to be only Emmaus friends. All are welcome and needed. Choose a convenient time that will make it easy to make an commitment, and stick to it! Choose a meeting place that is also convenient. Make it easy on yourself.

IT WILL NOT BE A BURDEN.
TRY IT, YOU WILL LIKE IT!

In Christ,
Colette McGinnis
The Good Shepherd

Jesus on the 4th of July

We gather 'round to celebrate
On Independence Day
Pay homage to our country
As the children run and play.

With barbeques and picnics
And fireworks in the air
The flag we own is proudly flown
To show how much we care.

The stars and stripes spell freedom
She waves upon the breeze
While bursts of colors can be seen
Above the towering trees.

This is all quite wonderful
We revel in delight
But God above in divine love
Has brought this day to light.

With just a stroke of liberty,
A touch of His great hand -
He gave democracy to us
And helped this country stand.

The stripes upon our stately flag
Were touched by His sweet grace
Each star of white that shines so bright
Reflects His loving face.

So as you turn to face the flag
For battles that were fought,
Be filled with pride for those who died
And freedoms that were bought.

But don't forget to thank the One
Who gives the bright display
The reason why we paint the sky
On Independence Day

Written By:
Marilyn Ferguson ©2003

I Am the Flag of the United States of America.

My name is Old Glory. I fly atop the world's tallest buildings. I stand watch in America's halls of justice. I fly majestically over institutions of learning. I stand guard with power in the world.

Look up and see me!

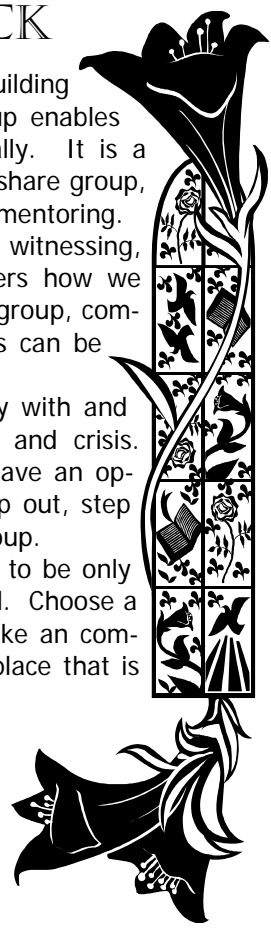
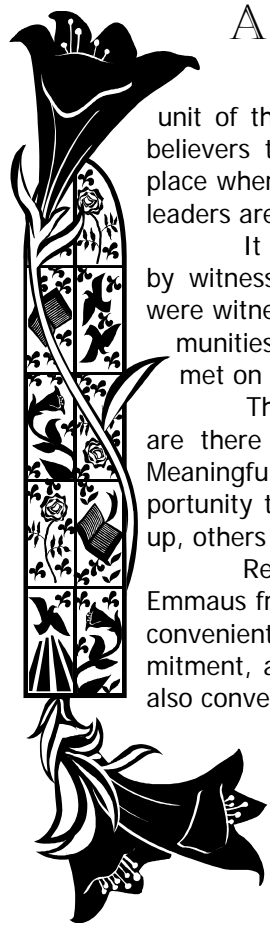
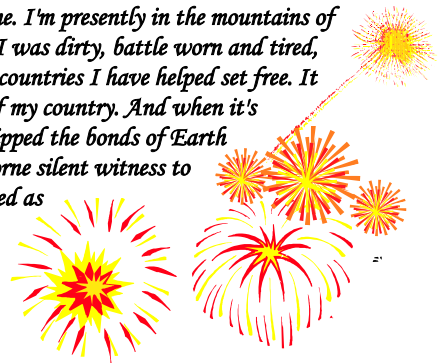
I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident. I am arrogant. I am proud. When I am flown with my fellow banners, My head is a little higher, My colors a little truer. I bow to no one! I am recognized all over the world.

I am worshipped - I am saluted. I am loved - I am revered. I am respected - and I am feared. I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appomattox, I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France, in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and

the beaches of Normandy. Guam, Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me. I'm presently in the mountains of Afghanistan and the hot and dusty deserts of Iraq and wherever freedom is needed. I led my troops, I was dirty, battle worn and tired, but my soldiers cheered me and I was proud. I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set free. It does not hurt for I am invincible. I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled in the streets of my country. And when it's done by those Whom I've served in battle - it hurts. But I shall overcome - for I am strong. I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon. I have borne silent witness to all of America's finest hours. But my finest hours are yet to come. When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the battlefield, when I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier, or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter, I am proud!

Thanks to Bren Frogde for sharing this article!

God Bless America!





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SIGN UP FOR THE E-NEWSLETTER!

If you would like to help save trees and postage, sign up to receive the LOVE Community Newsletter electronically. Simply send an email to Newsletter@LOVEmmaus.org, and request that you be added to the email list, and removed from the USPS mailing. Each month, a link will be sent to you advising that the latest newsletter is complete and ready for downloading on the website listed below.

Also found on the website are past issues of newsletters for your perusal, directions and maps to Gatherings, detailed information about the Walk to Emmaus that can be shared with others, and much more! Please take a moment to visit:

www.LOVEmmaus.org

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CELEBRATE AMERICA
ON THE 4th