



Wilmington Emmaus

Volume 28, Number 4

April 2013

Wilmington Area Walk to Emmaus

Inside this issue:

Barb's Little Bits	1
Maurice's Musings	1
A Hippo Thinks Outside	1
Devotion to Ponder	2
Prayer List	3
Hymns & Praise Choruses	3
LD/ALD Training	3
Website & Facebook	4

Read this!

- Get in the GATHERING habit!
- We need women for the June Women's Walk!
- Always wear your NAME TAG!
- Volunteer to sing at a Gathering!

BARB'S LITTLE BITS

I recently began yet another stage of my life. Both of my parents are gone now and I am the oldest of three children.

Just last month, after the death of our dad, began a very new and difficult journey. We met at the house where we had all lived. My parents had moved there 68 years ago. It may seem like a long time to you but to me it really went fast! We began sorting through all of our parents' material possessions, (I realize many of you have done this very thing, but until you experience it, you cannot imagine it.) We cried, laughed and spent day after day sorting. We worked side by side in total agreement. Praise

God!! I do realize how blessed we are to be able to say that.

Now a "For Sale" sign stands in the front yard. Soon people will come and someone will decide this will be their house. Our memories will always be in our minds and hearts. My mind wanders back as I recall the wonderful childhood I had and all the memories I hold in my heart.

More and more, I realize how short our journeys are here on this earth. Psalm 118:24 says, "This is the day the Lord has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it." This has always been one of my favorite Bible verses and I try to rejoice and be glad every day. I said I try (continued on page 2)

MAURICE'S MUSINGS

A young fighter pilot once maintained that he didn't really need an oxygen mask up to 20,000 feet. He could function fine without it, thank you very much. His superiors decided to test him. They placed him in a low-oxygen chamber that simulated air at 20,000

feet and asked him, after a few minutes, to write on a pad of paper his full name, address, family's names, social security and phone numbers.

When he had accomplished the task, he exited satisfied that he had done a good job. He felt fine – (continued on page 2)

A HIPPO THINKS OUTSIDE THE BOX

Of course people send me animal pictures over the Internet -- I write about animals a lot. And I open each one, in case it's one I haven't seen. I forward the best ones to my younger daughter, who shares them with her class of mentally disabled eight-year-olds, and to my older daughter who just loves animals, and to my grandchildren and to Q.

This one was about a baby hippopotamus, swept away from its mother in the raging waters of the Indian Ocean tsunami. It landed smack on top of a giant tortoise, a male estimated to be a (continued on page 2)

"Oh, that today you would hearken to his voice!" (Psalm 95)

The advice then, is to place your stone in the river and be formed by the flowing water of the spirit.

MAURICE'S MUSINGS *(continued)*

no problem. Then he looked at what he'd written and stared at it. The last three items were total gibberish, in comprehensible scrawling. He hadn't known his condition at all.

Like that pilot, we often live our daily lives in thin (thin air that lacks Christian contact and influence). We believe we are living an exemplary life, at least compared to those around us. The life-giving oxygen masks of prayer, Bible study, and influence from other Christians enable us to be sustained and strengthened in our Christian discipleship.

Read Exodus 23:12. We are instructed to rest on the 7th day so that we can be refreshed.

Also read Mark 6:30-32. Jesus

took the disciples aside so that they too could be refreshed after their period of ministry.

Bombarded by the technology of modern society, we set aside less and less time for thoughtful reflection. Weekly worship with other Christians encourages us and lifts our spirits. If our thoughts never rise above the level of humanity, if we never contemplate infinite wisdom and love, we become increasingly convinced that we are doing a decent job of living a Christian life. We need to be refreshed and refueled by God's word. Attend worship this week!

Maurice Mitchell

DEVOTION TO PONDER

"Says the Lord, just like the clay in the potter's hand, so are you in my hand."

Read: Jeremiah 18:1-11

A friend is a potter, an artist. One hand is on the outside, shaping spinning clay, while the other hand applies pressure from the inside. She is masterfully skilled at her craft.

Much of her pottery sells for a fetching price. As I marveled at a particular bowl, she confided that for every piece of art I see, dozens are cast aside. And more times than not, she said, she has to start afresh after working the clay. It is, she said, as if the clay simply refuses to cooperate.

Some days my soul feels like that uncooperative clay. I want to be a pitcher, pouring out knowledge, and God wants me to be (a) flowerpot, a place for another to bloom. Sometimes I want to be a beautiful vase for a rose, and God wants me to be *(continued on page 3)*

HIPPO *(continued)*

hundred years old. The tortoise took it well -- considering that his sudden visitor weighed 300 pounds -- and the orphaned hippo, who ordinarily would have remained with his mother for the first four years of his life, decided that the tortoise would be a good substitute, and began to follow him around as he would have followed his mommy. The photos show them walking together, sleeping together. They swim together, and the hippo gets aggressive with anyone who seems to him to be threatening the tortoise. They look to me to be happy together, insofar as a human can read the features of species so different from her own.

And it seems not to matter to the hippo that his new mom is a turtle. Or that he's a boy. However hippos love, he loved his dead mother and he loves his new one. He needed love in order to grow up, and he made it his business to find it.

He didn't sit in a corner and die because there were no other hippos. He didn't hold out for something more suitable, or more like his mother, or more like his dream of the perfect hippo. He needed love more than he needed his ideal. Probably we all do.

Might this new friend be the perfect friend, become your perfect partner? Probably not -- perfect doesn't live around here. But can you find joy again after you have been cruelly used by life?

Yup. If you're willing to think outside the box a little.

BARB'S LITTLE BITS *(continued)*

because I often fail, but I keep on trying and trusting the Lord for every day.

Let us all learn to enjoy each new day. We are all blessed to be a part of it. It's really not about things but people.

Let us all live, love and laugh each and every day.

*De Colores,
Barb*



Copyright © 2001-2013

Barbara Crafton

All rights reserved.

Used by permission.

On the difference between Praise Choruses and Hymns...

A man accustomed to a mainline church went to a seeker's service one Sunday. He came home and his wife asked him how it was.

"Well," he said, "it was interesting. They did something different. They sang praise choruses instead of hymns."

"Praise choruses?" said his wife, "what are those?"

"Oh, they're OK, I guess. They're sort of like hymns, only different," said the man.

"What's the difference?" asked his wife. He replied, "Well, it's like this. If I were to say to you, 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' that would be a hymn. Suppose, on the other hand, I would say to you: 'Martha, Martha, Martha, Oh, MARTHA, MARTHA, MARTHA, the cows, the big cows, the brown cows, the black cows, the white cows, the black and white cows, the COWS, COWS, COWS are in the corn, are in the corn, are in the corn, are in the CORN, CORN, CORN.' Then, if I were to repeat the whole thing five or six times, that would be a praise chorus."

As luck would have it, the same Sunday a young woman accustomed to seekers' services attended a mainline service. She

came home and her husband asked her how it was.

"Well," she said, "it was interesting. They did something different, however. They sang hymns instead of praise choruses.

"Hymns?" said her husband. "What are those?"

"Oh, they're okay, I guess. They're sort of like regular songs, only different," said the woman.

"What's the difference?" asked her husband. She replied, "Well, it's like this. If I were to say to you, 'Ernest, the cows are in the corn,' that would be a regular song.

"Suppose, on the other hand, I were to say to you, 'Oh Ernest, dear Ernest, now hear thou my cry; Incline thine ear to the words of my mouth. Turn thou thy whole wondrous ear by and by to the righteous, inimitable, glorious truth. For the way of the animals, who can explain? There is in their heads no shadow of sense! Harken they not in God's sun or his rain. Unless, from the mild, tempting corn they are fenced. Yea, those cows in glad bovine, rebellious delight broke free from their shackles, their warm pens eschewed. Then goaded by minions of

(continued on page 4)

DEVOTION *(continued from page 2)*

(a) soup bowl from which a homeless man can get a meal. Still, there are times I would like to be a fine piece of unique art, and yet God wants me to be a basin in which Jesus can wash wounded feet. But when I yield to the Artist's hand, it is then that all feels well with my soul.

From "Forward, Day by Day" Vol. 79, No. 1, used by permission.

Contact Forward Movement at 800-543-1813 or visit www.forwardmovement.org



PRAYER LIST

The following names were raised in prayer at the March Gathering. Please continue to pray for the needs of these folks. (Please excuse any misspellings.)

Kathy Bright
 Eli Yovich
 Linda Price
 Dave Danford & family
 Dave Bond
 Dinah Bond
 Cathy Williams
 Ron Rutherford
 Wendy Chambliss
 Jared Ellis
 Joy Pence
 Baby Lilly
 Winson Wagoner
 Donald Webb
 Bonnie
 Shannon Dunn & child
 Grandchildren
 Nancy Graves
 Mark
 Don Hamilton
 Sheila Murphy
 Christy Mitchell

SATURDAY
MAY 4-10:00am
 Lay Director &
 Ass't Lay
 Director
TRAINING

WUMC
 Fellowship Hall
 You are eligible if
 you have served
**TWICE as a Table
 Leader**

Wilmington Area Walk to Emmaus

Wilmington United Methodist Church
PO Box 191
Wilmington, OH 45177

We're on the web:
www.wilmingtonemmaus.org

See you at the Gathering!
April 9
Singing starts at 6:45 pm
Wear your nametag!
Bring a snack to share!

Praise Choruses or Hymns? *(continued)*

darkness and night. They all my mild Chilliwack sweet corn have chewed. So look for that bright day by and by, where all the corruptions of earth are reborn, where no vicious animal makes by soul cry, and I no longer see those foul cows in the corn.' Then, if I were to sing only verses one, three and four, and if I were to do a key change on the last verse, that would be a hymn."

Author Unknown (perhaps with reason!)

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: Your address label lists when your subscription expires. If you want to continue receiving the mail copy of the newsletter, send \$6.00, along with your name and address to the address shown in the upper left corner of this page. Remember, you can always access the newsletter, **IN LIVING COLOR!**, on our website. Our Facebook page is updated when our web servants upload the newsletter.

WEB SITE & FACEBOOK



Did you know that Wilmington Emmaus has a FACEBOOK page? To find us, just search for "Wilmington" or "Wilmington Emmaus." You'll find reminders of Gatherings, prayer requests and other Emmaus related information. You can connect with your Emmaus friends here also.

www.wilmingtonemmaus.org

If you've never checked out our website, you should! You can find prayer requests there, as well as an archive of our newsletters, currently back to 1993. You can download applications for the walk, read all kinds of information about Emmaus, find links to other Emmaus websites and the Upper Room.

Need to know who is serving on the board of Wilmington Emmaus? This information can be found on the website also.

When a men's or women's walk is getting close, you can find the pilgrim and team lists on the website.

Stop by and visit: www.wilmingtonemmaus.org!