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*"And
whatsoever
ye do,
do it
heartily,
as to the
Lord,
and not
unto men."*

Colossians 3:23

QUICK MESSAGE

**WE NEED
PILGRIMS FOR
THE FEBRUARY
WALK**

**CHOOSE A MAN
CAREFULLY**

**EXPLAIN THE
WALK**

**TURN IN THE
APPLICATION
WITH THE
DEPOSIT**

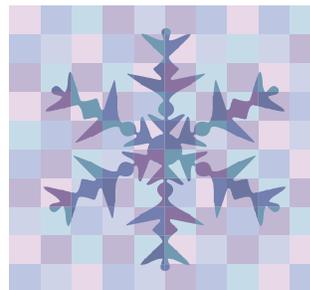
**PRAY!
PRAY!
PRAY!**

Jazz from Jim

When you say "yes" to being an Assistant Table Leader and serve on your first team, you just never know where it might lead. It is very humbling to have been asked to be the Community Leader for 2010. There are so many people within the Wilmington Emmaus Community who love the Lord and have a servant's heart. It's truly an honor to serve the Lord in this position. Many thanks to our previous Community Leader, Mary Jane West. She did an awesome job!

Now that the Christmas decorations have been put away, unwanted gifts returned and the ball has dropped in Times Square, it's time to press on, welcoming the challenges of the New Year. By the time you read this, many of you will have made, and already broken your New Year's resolutions. I say, "you" because personally, I've learned not to bother with them. New Year's resolutions are not necessarily a bad thing. Making them helps us identify our own weaknesses and recognize our shortcomings. The New Year brings with it the perception of a fresh start or a clean slate—a

chance to move on from the failures of the past. One of my failures or shortcomings of the past is my lack of motivation in the area of exercise and diet. Exercise or no exercise, at the end of the day, I still like Moon Pies, White Castles and Starbucks, none of which has much nutritional value. Establishing a New Year's resolution admittedly is just setting myself up for failure. Although I do admire the



optimism of those who try, I've seen enough New Year's celebrations come and go to know that it takes more than a newly hung calendar on the wall to motivate me to make healthier life style choices. Maybe you can relate to my sentiments.

Where do we go wrong? I've experienced enough failures to realize it all comes back to the source of my commitment and motivation. Whether it's a situation in our family, our church or at

work, the key to success is the source of our motivation. All too often, we struggle to overcome obstacles or achieve a certain goal under our own power, only to experience frustration. As with all situations in life, the answer to success can be found in the scriptures. There are two scriptures that have become very important reminders to me. Colossians 3:23, reminds us, *"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."* Application of, "do it heartily, as unto the Lord," has made a tremendous difference in my attitude toward my responsibility in the church, as well as at work. This scripture is not limited to our spiritual efforts but carries over into our secular lives as well. When I finally decided to perform my job at the office as unto the Lord and not as unto men, my whole attitude and perspective changed. I was no longer working to make an impression on my boss, but to please the Maker of the universe, the one who gave me life, the great I AM. My whole motivation had shifted
(continued on page 2)

Musings from Maurice

"I
PRESS
ON"

"Commit to the LORD whatever you do, and your plans will succeed."

Proverbs 16:3

Lots of people with good intentions put on their jogging suits and start the race, but when the miles click by and muscles fatigue and putting one foot in front of the other isn't so easy anymore, then what? What do you do when the pressure is on? When the going gets tough?

Similar to suiting up for a race, it's easy to put on a white dress or rent a tuxedo and march to the front of the church, but to have a happy marriage—not just for five, but for fifteen or forty years—that takes work! That takes perseverance.

On a spiritual note, it's easy to pray a prayer; it's easy to confess faith in Christ, but to keep on following Christ—even when the pressure is on—takes staying power. James writes, *"Count it all joy, my brothers and sisters, when you meet trials of various kinds, for you know that the testing of your faith produces steadfastness."* (1:2) Staying power!

Right now, we stand on the hinge between two years: 2009 and 2010. How will these two years mark your life? Look back on 2009 for a moment. If your year was like mine, you can see

some peaks and valleys. Praise God for them. Praise God that at this year's end, you can stand before Him in faith and humility and say, "No matter what is behind me, I finish this year strong in Christ." Like Paul in Philippians 3:13-14, I will say, *"One thing I do: forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus."* "I press on"—that's perseverance.

Now look ahead to 2010. *(continued on page 4)*

Jazz from Jim

(continued from page 1) because it's a much higher calling. When we complete a task as unto the Lord, both God and man will be pleased with our work.

It really doesn't matter what the task, a new program at work, teaching a Sunday School class, or sweeping the church sanctuary, when it's done heartily as unto the Lord, instead of unto men, it becomes a much lighter burden, we're more productive and the results very often exceed our own expectations.

As our Community enters 2010, may we set aside our own personal agendas and

keep our focus on *who* we are serving. Whether we're serving on a team, writing agape or cleaning restrooms during the middle of the night, whatever we do, may we do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not as unto men.

Our Community is certain to face challenges in the coming year. In the recent past, the number of registrations for men's walks have been in the single digits. This led to the cancellation of last February's Men's Walk, however, God blessed the September Men's Walk with twenty Pilgrims. The number of registrations has once again declined. Please pray

for new registrants for the February Men's Walk. There are so many men who could still benefit from the experience the Walk offers. I'll leave you with one final scripture. I received a gift of agape during an Emmaus Walk which I've placed on my desk at work. It has an abbreviated version of Proverbs 16:3. Basically it states, *"Commit to the LORD whatever you do, and your plans will succeed."* (NIV) If we give our all, as unto the Lord and commit our plans to Him, we cannot fail.

May all the glory be His!
De Colores,
Jim Wingo

It was a beautiful June evening in 1999 when Judy Franklin took me to the Wilmington United Methodist Church, shared a sandwich supper with me, then gave me a hug and sent me on my way. Now don't misunderstand me, I was really interested in this weekend and looking forward to it. But everything comes with its "price tag;" I was going to miss the visit of the Bishop of Southern Ohio at St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Hillsboro! This was always a Sunday that I looked forward to: beautiful music, the confirmation service, and the service was always meaningful. But I had already waited nearly three years to experience Emmaus, and Judy told me that I could not "sneak out" and go to St. Mary's that morning. I was sure that Sunday morning was going to be miserable, but with God's help, I never thought of St. Mary's until later that afternoon. I must admit, before bed on Thursday evening, I was having my doubts about this group that expected me to stay quiet; that is not me! I'm not overly outgoing, but clearing my head was not to my liking. I vividly remember that night: strange bed, about ten other people in the same room, those noisy trains, sirens, this night is never going to end, and I am to remain quiet for the next 60 hours? What have I gotten myself into?

Friday morning dawned and the early chapel service was pleasant, then we were told we could visit; thank you, Jesus! Returning to the conference room was just the beginning of a travel that became an integral part of my life. Pens and spiral notebooks, along with music booklets, were distributed so I realized that I might have an enjoyable few minutes. I loved singing those old songs and learning several new ones. Debbie Mitchell, also a Hillsboro High School band mom, had gently told me that I should make new friends while on the walk, and not "cling" to her—not her words, but I don't remember how she very caringly worded it. Now I understand! Although I was friends with a couple of the folks, I soon realized there were several folks on that walk with whom I was acquainted. My goodness, at my table of eight, I became reacquainted with two former students! No, I didn't remember them until they jogged my memory. Emmaus has a way of bringing many diverse people together, and I was beginning to understand what Debbie had told me. This is going to be fine.

First talk, "Priorities." They are pushing me around already, but I will live. That was just the beginning. I grew up in church, took my children to church, and have always been actively involved in the workings of the church. My parents taught me to pray at a very early age, and God was always in our home. Yes, I had strayed while in college, but God had "wooded" me back—sound familiar? But this was different; it was not a church, and literally, I was having meltdowns, yes, meltdowns—several of them. There were no problems during the talks, but every time I went to the sanctuary, things just meshed together. It was on the Walk that I learned to really trust God and truly "give" things to Him. I still vividly remember Maurice Mitchell telling us, after dying moments, to "keep our hands out of our pockets." I continually remind myself of that statement to this day. How does this all work together?

Being a Christian since birth has been a blessing, but we often take too much for granted. The Walk to Emmaus weekend continually "screamed" that to me! My husband and I had been blessed with five children, we were in the process of "launching" them; one had already married, and we had a new grandson. I now realized that I needed to rid myself of baggage, and this would be an ongoing process. In 1999, my two "biggies" were dealing with our devastating house fire in 1997, and the loss of my 91 year old father in 1998. I had no idea of the animosity that had consumed my heart as my father-in-law tried to rebuild our house. When he married in 1939, he moved into this house with his mother-in-law and new wife. The house was purchased just before the depression, and nothing but the interest had been paid for the last several years. He worked the farm and started his family in that structure, remodeled it through the years, and sold it to my husband before we married. He had made that into the family homestead, and he felt responsible to get it back for us. Unfortunately he had "hovered" too closely, and I was growing more bitter all the time. My father had died just ten months earlier, and I had been too busy to grieve. Now I had the chance. Jesus took care of both these needs and equipped me with the tools to handle what was still to come my way. Bottom line, Jesus knew I needed to be put in a situation that I was not in charge of; thus, many tears were shed as "obstacles" were methodically taken from my heart. Wasn't that a talk?

At closing I stated that I felt like a child when I was at church camp; I was so close to God, and I still feel the same way! Although I had retired from teaching in June of 1999, I reversed the retirement, sent back my two months' retirement income, and returned to the classroom for three more years. This certainly improved the retirement income, and I don't know when I enjoyed children any more than during those three years. Many times I was reminded not to put my hands back in my pockets, and the rough times were much easier with just that knowledge. There came a time when we decided to sell the home farm to our son, with my father-in-law's blessings as David would probably listen to his ideas better than John and I had. He didn't, but we used his help in our "new" 1860's era home purchased in New Vienna; we both accepted one another in a positive manner, and we were all much happier. Just two years later, David married a lovely young lady from Cincinnati, and they now have three children living in the home that had created so much heartache for me—now the fifth generation on the farm. Since then the other three children have also married Christian spouses, and their families are all growing. John has endured a major heart attack and three major heart issues, but with God's help he (and I) are learning to live a calmer lifestyle. *(continued on page 4)*



Walk to
Emmaus
THE UPPER ROOM

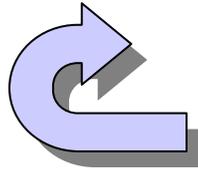
Wilmington Area Walk to Emmaus

Wilmington United Methodist Church

PO Box 191

Wilmington, OH 45177

SEE YOU AT THE GATHERING! JANUARY 12
Bring a snack to share afterwards—
when Emmaus meets, EMMAUS EATS!



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Musings from Maurice

(continued from page 2) We don't know what the year will bring, but we can be sure of this: God is faithful. His mercies will be new every morning. Start each day with faith in God and a commitment to perseverance. There is power in it. My prayer for each one of you is that God will bless you with His presence throughout the New Year.

Maurice Mitchell

My Fourth Days

(continued from page 3)

We have leaned upon God as several grandchildren have been miscarried, and He has always been there when my own illnesses have seemed insurmountable. Being told I had cancer a second time was really more than I thought I could handle, but He had led me to early testing, so treatment was quick and effective. I continue to have some bad days when I am subbing, my kids sometimes cause me concern, even

my husband accidentally pushes my buttons, and those days will never end. But there have been other issues, some which happened right in the church I loved and in which I felt so comfortable and protected. It was not God, but human qualities driven by Satan, that were causing the problems. It took soul searching, but with the help of God, my extended Emmaus family, and using the tools we have all been given, my love of the church has strengthened, and I have explored other areas of service. We are all human, we all are affected differently, and generally most people do not mean harm, we just have misunderstandings. Fortunately God is there to guide us—that is, if we let him.

Yes, that weekend was an experience much like a kiddie roller coaster; the first hill was traumatic, and the rest of the ride had some bumps and hills, but is soon leveled out and ended much too quickly. I have served on several teams as music director, and in my opinion, that is the best place to be. Nearly everyone loves music and it appeals to just about everyone. As a board representative for music, I have had the opportunity to hunt for folks in the community who want to share their talent. We do not all like the same genre of music, but appreciation of these various styles is what makes our group loving and enjoyable. God is glorified by many forms and types of the musical arts; I we had a talent, may we use it to glorify His name. Otherwise, only a few will have the opportunity to have the intimate relationship with our God and Father.

That weekend, nearly eleven years ago, really changed my life. It did not happen all at once, but has been an ongoing epiphany, much like the metamorphous that continually happens in nature. My love for Jesus and God continues to grow, and my prayer is that my life will show that effect as I progress through my fourth days. Yes, thanks be to God, Alleluia, Alleluia!

De Colores, Jennie Harner

My Fourth Days is a monthly feature, especially designed for those who wouldn't dream of getting up in front of a gathering to speak. Please share YOUR Fourth Days story. See the editor for more information or email jglaze@hcf.com.