



Walk to
Emmaus[®]
THE UPPER ROOM

Central Alabama Emmaus Community

the fourth day newsletter

October 2010, vol 2

A MESSAGE FROM WALK #134 LAY DIRECTOR

When I went on my original Emmaus Walk in Feb. 1986, I attended because my wife had gone and it was recommended that both husband and wife take part. The walks in North Alabama where I lived at the time were held at Camp Sumatanga where I had gone many times for various retreats, conferences, etc., so I thought I would have a good time and see some people I knew. However there was only one person I knew and that one only slightly, but by the end of those 3 days I had many NEW friends. Since that time I have made many more NEW friends and have been involved in more Emmaus Walks than I can count. May I add that each one was different and unique.

I am humbled and blessed to serve and the Lay Director for CAEC Walk # 134. Over the 24 or so years and ??? 4th days since my original walk, everywhere I have serves has been a blessing. I anticipate the presence of the Holy Spirit at Camp Alamisco for this walk just as He is present for every walk no matter where it is held. He knew who should serve on this conference room team; however it took me several day to find them and as He perseveres in His leading, I had to and continue to have to persevere in following. We have an awesome team and I am confident that God will use each of them, and maybe even me, as conduits for His presence, grace, love and power to the pilgrims. Along the way we the team will be blessed also.

Come up to Alamisco Oct.27-30 and participate in meal service, agape, food prep, washing the dished (my favorite), serenade, candlelight with smiles in your eyes for the pilgrims, or help logistics with their many tasks. When you come God will use you to be a part of the blessing and also bless you. Please pray that the hearts and minds of the pilgrims and team will be prepared for what God has for us and that our and their eyes will be opened in the breaking of the Bread.

Again I am grateful to everyone and thank each of you who will come to serve God thru Emmaus Walk 134, even if you can come for only a limited amount of time.

De Colores
Charles Stover,
Alabama Emmaus Walk 33
Table of Peter



Men's Walk #134

October 28-30, 2010

Charles Stover- Lay Director
Jim Dannelly- Spiritual Director

Times To Remember

Wednesday 7pm Send-Off

Friday 7pm Candlelight

Saturday 7am Serenade

Saturday 4pm Closing



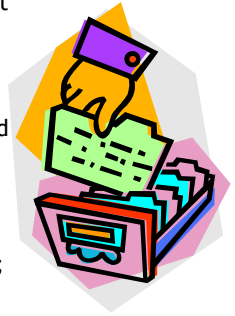
IN THIS ISSUE

Walk #134 Lay Director	Page 1
Open The Door by Tennes	Page 2
Walk #133 Pilgrims photo	Page 2
Walk #134 Pilgrims Roster	Page 3
Conference Room Team	Page 4
Work Area Chairpersons	Page 4
2010 CAEC Board	Page 5

The Room...

17-year-old Brian Moore had only a short time to write something for a class. The subject was what Heaven was like. 'I wowed 'em,' he later told his father, Bruce. 'It's a killer. It's the bomb. It's the best thing I ever wrote.' It also was the last. Brian Moore died May 27, 1997, the day after Memorial Day. He was driving home from a friend's house when his car went off Bulen-Pierce Road in Pickaway County and struck a utility pole. He emerged from the wreck unharmed but stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted.

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 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.

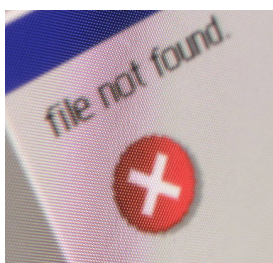
And then I saw it.. The title bore 'People I Have Shared the Gospel With.' The handle was brighter than those around it, seemed newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

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.

'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.' -Phil. 4:13 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.' John 3:16

Pilgrims of Men's Walk #134

When he was at the table with them, he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and began to give it to them. Then their eyes were opened and they recognized him, and he disappeared from their sight." Luke 24:30-31

Name	City	Church	Sponsor
Vic Anthony	Valley	Journey Church of Valley	Dean Blackstock
Mike Bright	Wetumpka	Frazer UMC	Jared Shipp
Sterlyn Brown	Montgomery	Aldersgate	Monte McKinney
Michael Brown	Opelika	First Baptist Church	Terry Coxwell
Richard Burton	Equality	Great Bethel Baptist	Cindi Clair
Allen Clark	Prattville	Church at the Brook	Earl Henderson
Dwight Deal	Dothan	FUMC New Brockton	Steve Kopp
Chris Deyerle	Millbrook	Open Door Baptist	Braxton Ballard
Thomas Dix	Millbrook	New Life	Braxton Ballard
Jerriod Dorminey	Montgomery	Fraizer UMC	Richard Peake
Ellis Estes Jr.	Wadley	Mt. Zion Baptist	Jay Wages
Ed Fetzner	Marbury	Elmore United Methodist	Jim Sasser
Greg Ford	Phenix City	Union Grove Baptist	B.J. Ford
Sterling Frith	Wetumpka	Robinson Springs UMC	Greg Swanner
Bubba Hadregree	Opelika	TUMC	Rishi Rajan
Larry Hawkins	Prattville	First Baptist Church	Laura Hawkins
John Hodges-Batzka	Montgomery	Capitol Heights UMC	Jim Smith
Reid House	LaFayette	Mt Zion Baptist	Jay Wages
Chris Ingram	Wetumpka	Providence Baptist Church	Ada Ingram
David Ingram	Opelika	Providence Baptist Church	Ada Ingram
Ben Ingram	Opelika	Providence Baptist Church	Ada Ingram
Dick Jarrell	Montgomery	Fraizer Memorial UMC	Jim Sasser
Alston Keith Jr	Selma	First Presbyterian Church	Robert Beers
Clyde Lamb	LaFayette	Antioch Church	Jay Wages
Brett Langford	Millbrook	Voice of Victory Church	Lynn Plummer House
Bob Lloyd	Montgomery	Frazer MUMC	Pat Barnt
Steve Martin	Opelika	Trinity UMC	Rishi Rajan
Mark McGuire	Wetumpka	Robinson Springs UMC	Greg Swanner
Jeff Mobley	Troy	Riverview Baptist	Miranda Hill
Mark Palmour	Columbus	Columbus 1st 7 Day Adventist	Richard Newton
Johnny Petrina	Auburn	TUMC	Rishi Rajan
Marc Porath	Prattville	Elmore UMC	Mark Pickler
Darrell Pugh	Deatsville	Calvery Baptist	Carla Moore
Joseph Sasser	Elmore	Elmore UMC	Jim Sasser
Steve Sharker	Montgomery	Aldersgate	Shirley Jordan
Andy Snyder	Opelika	First United Methodist	Don Lawrence

Conference Room Team - Men's Walk #134

Lay Director	Charles Stover
Assistant Lay Directors	Glen Granberry Duane Skarecky Todd Deavor Tome Hunt
Spiritual Director	Jim Dannelly
Assistant Spiritual Directors	Dave McKinney Jim Sasser Elvis North Steve Kopp
Music	Bradd Rhymes Bert Beers
Media	Steve Blair
Table Leaders	Ford Laumer Darrell Pearson Truman Hornsby Eric Canada Carey Owen Ron Templeton
Assistant Table Leaders	Randy Lyon Preston Masters Richard Newton Perry Moore Tony Wilkerson John Morris
Board Rep.	David Waldrop

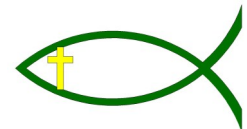


“Then the two from Emmaus told their story of how Jesus had appeared to them as they were walking along the road, and how they had recognized him as he was breaking the bread.”

Luke 24:35 (NLT)

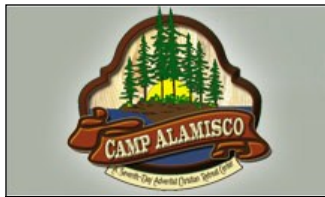
Work Areas - Men's Walk #134

SUPPORT AREA	CHAIRPERSON
AGAPE	Stacey Deavor
BOOK COVERS / BAGS	
BEDTAGS	Lynn Kopp
BOOK TABLE	Raylaine Henderson
CANDLELIGHT	John Sherrer
ENTERTAINMENT	
FRIDAY NIGHT PARTY	Lynn Moseley/Missy Smallwood
GREETERS	Ed Williams
LOGISTICS	Jim Snyder/Jimmy Dennis
FOOD PREPARATIONS	Shelton Nichols/Brent Barker
MEAL SERVICE	Lynn Moseley/Missy Smallwood
NAME TAGS / NEWSLETTER	Carl & Debbie Kelly
PHOTOGRAPHY	David Hagood
REFRESHMENTS	Pam Snyder
HOUSING & REGISTRATION	Lynn Moseley/Kathy Nichols
SERENADE	David & Katie Hagood
SPONSORS' HOUR	Helen Johnson/Mary Evans
72 HOUR PRAYER VIGIL	Shebra Kidd/Sid Utsey
SPEAKERS' PRAYER CHAPEL	Shirley Jordan
WORSHIP	David & Katie Hagood



Agape Needs:

72 of each item for Women's Walks
65 of each item for Men's Walks



In Case Of Emergency
 Camp Alamisco
 256-825-9482

LOST YOUR BADGE?
 Contact Carl & Debbie Kelly at
duncan55@charter.net or
 Brenda Easterwood at
beasterwood7785@charter.net.
 The cost to replace a lost badge is \$2.



NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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 334-320-7486

Looking for articles, updates, cluster & reunion
 group photos and information to share with
 the Emmas community.

Address, contact phone, or email changes?

Help keep your information updated. Send
 any changes or updated information (with
 your original walk # and location) to:

sdutsey@aol.com

If you don't have email or computer access,
 call anyone in the Community to assist you
 with any update needed to your current
 address, phone or other information.

Emmas Work	2010 Community
72 Hour Prayer Vigil	Chad Wilbanks
Agape	Tracie Starr
Book Table	Pat Barnt
Candlelight	Allen Brewer
Food Preparation	Robert Beers
Greeters	Kathy Nichols
Housing and Registration	Kathy Nichols
Logistics	Darrell Pearson
Meal Service	Wayne Gauntt
Music & Media	Chrystal Strickland
Photography	Frank Talbot
Refreshments	Judy Lovelady
Serenade	Linda Brewer
Speakers' Prayer Chapel	Chad Wilbanks
Sponsors' Hour	Linda Hines-Hornsby
Supplies	Judy Lovelady
Worship	Duane Skarecky
Registrar - Men's	Jim Snyder
Registrar - Women's	Lynn "Mo" Moseley
Community Spiritual Director	Glen Pugh
Clergy	Jamie Barkley Clarence Stewart
	Jim Sasser
Community Lay Director	Allen Brewer
Community ALD	Wayne Gauntt
Community Treasurer	Linda Brewer
Community Secretary	Linda Hines-Hornsby