APRIL Community Meeting Thursday, April 19th
Board Meeting - 5:30pm at ARC

NEW THIS YEAR: FELLOWSHIP FEAST @ 6:30PM
EVERYONE BRING YOUR FAVORITE
MEAT DISH, SIDE DISH, SNACK,
OR DESSERT
COMMUNITY- 7:15PM
GUESTS ARE WELCOME, AND
A NURSERY IS PROVIDED.
Community will meet at
FUMC/Amherst

LEVELLAND & WHITEFACE TO HOST
(If your City is listed above to host, this means these Emmaus members will help serve and clean-up at this month’s Community meeting.)

New Horizon Emmaus Community
Board of Directors

Class of 2018 | Class of 2019 | Class of 2020 | Clergy
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Amanda Lenning | Jennifer Sawyer | Brian Saenz | Jackie Qualls
Jill Lindsey | Mike Goettsch | Lee Ann Edwards | Guy Walker
James Kelley | Angie Lewis | Don Stone | Nathan Harvey
Mike Sapia | Josh Brown | Mary Lu Grappe | Gayle Ward

Community Lay Director – Brian Gerstenberger
Community Spiritual Director – Jackie Qualls
Past Community Lay Director – Teresa Waters
Past Community Spiritual Director – Jackie Qualls
Treasurer - Teresa Waters

2018 New Horizon Walk Dates

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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Walk Description</th>
<th>Walkers</th>
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<td>April 12-15</td>
<td>Women's Walk #69</td>
<td>DiAnn Stone, LD, Bruce Slaughter, SD</td>
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<td>July 12-15</td>
<td>Women's Walk #70</td>
<td>Laura Kelley, LD, Nathan Harvey, SD</td>
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<td>August 9-12</td>
<td>Men's Walk #49</td>
<td>Roger Lindsey, LD Guy Walker, SD</td>
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<td>October 11-14</td>
<td>Women's Walk #71</td>
<td>Kathy Hutchinson LD (SD Pending)</td>
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A NOTE FROM THE COMMUNITY SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR

Hi Community,

DiAnn, Bruce, and the rest of the team have been working hard to finalize all details, put the finishing touches on talks, make agape gifts, pray for each pilgrim, and seek the Lord for the upcoming Women’s Walk April 12-15. It is right around the corner! He is going to do immeasurably more than we could ask or imagine. This is who our God is! Right now, the Walk is full but if the Lord puts someone on your heart to sponsor go ahead and send in their registration. Things happen at the last minute and it could be their time. If not, they can be first in line for July’s Walk. Come and be a blessing to the entire team and pilgrim group by getting involved in the Walk weekend events April 12-15.

How is your Walk with Christ? Are you on a mountain top? Are you in a valley? If you need a brother or sister to talk to or to pray for you or to help you, reach out and let someone know. This is what the Body of Christ is for. Don’t be ashamed or proud. Ask and you shall receive. (Matthew 7:7) Are you looking for a way to give back? Seek out the orphan or the widow, the broken and the bruised. Love them, encourage them, be Christ’s hands and feet to them. Love to each of you! Be blessed!

~De Colores, Jackie Qualls~
A NOTE FROM THE
COMMUNITY LAY DIRECTOR

Hello Community,

This time of the year has-to-be one of my favorites. Spring is upon us and the outdoors is starting to change into colors that we seem to forget during the winter. There are birds back from who knows where and we even have received a little rain. God is so Good! However, the real reason I like this time of year is that we as Christians get to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Sometimes I can’t even fathom that He went to the Cross for us. The great blessings come from His walking out of a grave of death and claiming victory over sin for eternity.

Just amazing... That’s right... Amazing Grace!! Thank you, Jesus, for setting your children free from an eternity separated from You.

This month, DiAnn Stone (The Real Mrs. Stone) will lead our community with Walk # 69, April 12-15.

I know that DiAnn has worked on, prayed over, and completed every detail that goes into being a Lay Director. Community, would you please continue to be in prayer for DiAnn and Bruce Slaughter (Spiritual Director) over the course of the walk? God has a special time set aside to do kingdom work for a group of women who need refreshing. We ask that Holy Spirit guide the team and pilgrims to a new place that only He can.

As we start this time of year, there is anticipation of all the things God has in store for us as a Community. We still have another Men's Walk with Roger Lindsey as Lay Director, #49, in August and two more women's walks: Laura Kelley, #70, in July and Kathy Hutchinson, #71, in October. Be in prayer over who Holy Spirit has for you to sponsor for these upcoming Walks.

Thank you again for all you do for our community, and for a community that has such a sweet spirit for everyone. Romans 8:28 says, "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.” You truly show the face of Christ Jesus.

~De Colores, Brian Gerstenberger~

WANTED!!! MUSICIANS

If you, or a Music Team, would like to lead Worship at a Community gathering or a Candlelight service, we would love to hear from you.

Please contact:
Patti Slaughter (806-891-6173)
Or
Angie Lewis (806-549-8440)

What a blessing it is to sing our Praises to GOD.

"I will sing of steadfast love and justice. To you, O Lord, I will make music.” (Psalms 101:1, ESV)
'Manna' Book

Since 1995 I have been consistently in God’s Word, writing His words of encouragement to me in a little 3 x 5 spiral memo notebook, which came to be known as my “manna” book.

God gave the Israelites manna as they journeyed toward the Promised Land, giving them precisely what they needed each day and, if they stored more than they needed, it was stinky and maggot-infested the next day. I learned that the same is true for me. I can’t harvest and store all of God’s Word I need on Sunday mornings at church, or even at a very good Beth Moore Bible study on Thursday nights. I need to feed on the truth of His promises EVERYDAY. Otherwise my “manna” will be stinky, day-old “manna.” I carry my "manna" book, or a note card around all day, so I have the truth God lays on my heart, the something He wants me to know and memorize.

That’s the beauty of Easter for me; Jesus dying on the cross for my sin, my troubles, my weakness. He didn’t die on the cross, so I could have a religion, but He died and rose again, so I could have a real and personal relationship with Him. Jesus is the Word who became flesh and dwelt among us, which means His Word is living and active, too! That’s powerful! With all that I’ve been through in my life, the one thing that carries me through my marriage, parenting, my extended family and friendships, our basement flooding, health problems, financial concerns, etc. is the fact that there is a God who is alive and well, whom I can talk to at any time.

I’m at the place where “I get to read the Bible” and not “I have to read the Bible.” Now, not only do I talk to God, but I can hear Him answer me from His Word! And when I call Him on my cell phone He always there. It’s because I know and trust the relationship that I have with Him that I want to follow the plan He has for me, His way, His rules, His Bible.

From Focus on the Family,

by Debbie Griffith
From the Editor:

THE PASTOR AND HIS SON

Every Sunday afternoon, after the morning service at the church, the Pastor and his eleven-year-old son would go out into their town and hand out Gospel Tracts. This Sunday afternoon, as it came time for the Pastor and his son to go to the streets with their tracts, it was very cold outside, as well as pouring down rain. The boy bundled up in his warmest and driest clothes and said, "OK, dad, I'm ready. His Pastor dad asked, "Ready for what?" "Dad, it's time we gather our tracts together and go out." Dad responds, "Son, it's very cold outside and it's pouring down rain." The boy gives his dad a surprised look, asking, "But Dad, aren't people still going to hell, even though it's raining?" Dad answers, "Son, I am not going out in this weather." Despondently, the boy asks, "Dad, can I go? Please?" His father hesitated for a moment then said, "Son, you can go. Here are the tracts, be careful son." "Thanks Dad!" And with that, he was off and out into the rain.

This eleven-year-old boy walked the streets of the town going door to door and handing everybody he met in the street a Gospel Tract. After two hours of walking in the rain, he was soaking, bone-chilled wet and down to his VERY LAST TRACT. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand a tract to, but the streets were totally deserted. Then he turned toward the first home he saw and started up the sidewalk to the front door and rang the doorbell. He rang the bell, but nobody answered. He rang it again, and again, but still no one answered. He waited, but still no answer.

Finally, this eleven-year-old trooper turned to leave, but something stopped him. Again, he turned to the door and rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door with his fist. He waited, something holding him there on the front porch. He rang again and this time the door slowly opened. Standing in the doorway was a very sad-looking elderly lady. She softly asked, "What can I do for you, son?" With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world, this little boy said, "Ma'am, I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I just want to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU and I came to give you my very last Gospel Tract which will tell you all about Jesus and His Great LOVE. With that, he handed her his last tract and turned to leave. She called to him as he departed. "Thank you, son! And God Bless You!"

Well, the following Sunday morning in church Pastor Dad was in the pulpit. As the service began, he asked, "Does anybody have testimony or want to say anything?"

Slowly, in the back row of the church, an elderly lady stood to her feet. As she began to speak, a look of glorious radiance came from her face, "No one in this church knows me. I've never been here before. You see, before last Sunday I was not a Christian. My husband passed on some time ago, leaving me totally, alone in this world. Last Sunday, being a particularly cold and rainy day, it was even more so in my heart that I came to the end of the line where I no longer had any hope or will to live. So, I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic of my home. I fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof, then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing on that chair, so lonely and brokenhearted I was about to leap off, when suddenly the loud ringing of my doorbell downstairs startled me. I thought, 'I'll wait a minute, and whoever it is will go away.' I waited and waited, but the ringing doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent, and then the person ringing also started knocking loudly. I thought to myself again, 'Who on earth could this be? Nobody ever rings my bell or comes to see me.' I loosened the rope from my neck and started for the front door, all the while the bell rang louder and louder.

When I opened the door, and looked I could hardly believe my eyes, for there on my front porch was the most radiant and angelic little boy I had ever seen in my life. His SMILE, oh, I could never describe it to you. The words that came from his mouth caused my heart that had long been dead, to leap to life as he exclaimed with a cherub-like voice, 'Ma'am, I just came to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU.' Then he gave me this Gospel Tract that I now hold in my hand. As the little angel disappeared back out into the cold and rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this Gospel Tract. Then I went up to my attic to get my rope and chair. I wouldn't be needing them anymore.

You see—I am now a Happy Child of the King. Since the address of your church was on the back of this Gospel Tract, I have come here to personally say thank you to God's little angel who came just, in the nick-of-time, and by so doing, spared my soul from an eternity in hell.

There was not a dry eye in the church. And as shouts of praise and honor to The Kind resounded off the very rafters of the building, Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little angel was seated. He took his son in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably.

Probably no church has had a more glorious moment, and probably this Universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love and honor for his son… Except for One. Our Father also allowed His Son to go out into a cold and dark world. He received His Son back with joy unspeakable, and as all of heaven shouted praises and honor to The King, the Father sat His Beloved Son on a throne far above all principality and power and every name that is named.

~Author Unknown~

CHRIST IS COUNTING ON YOU!

De Colores!

(continued-column right)