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Lowcountry Emmaus Community

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And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him ~ Luke 24:31

**Please stay safe and continue practicing
social distancing.**



From the Community Lay Director: Dan Hare

To the Lowcountry Emmaus Community

As we step into this New Year 2021, we need to look at ways we can serve God during these trying times. There is light at the end of the tunnel, because there are Vaccines out and I believe God has given us a wakeup call to get out of our comfort zone and have help one another.

As we are working to prepare ways to have our new set of walks, please keep the Board in prayer, both as we are looking for new Board members and the continued work of the Board. If anyone is having trouble getting the newsletters, please contact Becky Stacey. Also if you are having trouble getting onto Ministry Manager, please contact Helen Cash.

We have recently gone to the camp to check on our inventory and found everything in good condition.

Remember as we get prepared for future Walks, we need to be in prayer for the Pilgrims and the teams as they may change due to unforeseen circumstances. Please keep your heart open to serving on the Emmaus board or the upcoming teams.

I always keep this world in prayer and our Local Churches as well as our Lowcountry Emmaus Community. Please keep those who have been affected by the virus and their families.

May God bless and keep you,

Decolores,

Dan Hare

Lowcountry Emmaus community Lay Director



The Tender Echo of Whispered Prayers

“And then and there I thanked the
good Lord for the gifts in my life.” – Garth Brooks

It is, finally, a new year on the calendar. We are almost happy to see the year 2020 end and for a new year to begin. So much happened in the year 2020...death, tears, sickness, joy, political unrest, marriages, births, riots, masks, a pandemic, a new president, the list goes on. And yet, beneath it all, prayers reverberated throughout the world. We called out to our God

through prayer during the difficult times of 2020. Perhaps for some of us it was our first time. For many of us praying is the norm in our lives. Our desperate pleas for God to change things that were happening in our world did not go unheard. Maybe things didn't turn out exactly as we wanted, but He always hears our prayers. He always listens.

I pray for my son who lives in London and ask others to pray for him, too. He is three thousand miles away across the ocean working on his Master's Degree. His time in London have not been what he wanted or expected. He has followed all the rules; he quarantines when asked to do so. He wears a mask. The year 2020 was just as hard on him as it has been on all of us. His presentations were all canceled. His studies at a prestigious London University all went virtual; his conversations with scholarly professors cut short. He sits at home waiting, much like most of the world has done. My other son is an essential worker and has been on the job 5 days a week since the beginning of this pandemic. I view the pandemic through a mother's eyes; eyes that have experiences many things in my lifetime, but nothing like what we have witnessed since the pandemic began. But it is my prayers for both of them and their well-being that keep me going. My son in London is out of reach of my "momma hugs" and I miss that, but neither son is out of reach of our God. His protective care gives me hope.

Millions of people all around the world are, and have been, praying over these 11 months. They ask God for strength and courage; for healing and wholeness; they pray for a vaccine and an end to both the pandemic and the unrest our country is experiencing. They pray for peace among nations and neighbors. They pray for governments around the world to simply do what is right. And all the while, God watches and listens. The tender echo of whispered prayers helps to soothe the souls of those who seek God both in good times and bad.

In the many months of the quarantine, I've re-learned how to appreciate all the gifts I have been given in my life. I'm talking about the intangible gifts of the heart that we all receive but seldom acknowledge. In January of

2020, I met a new friend as we came together with several other ladies to begin to heal our wounded souls from childhood trauma. It was life changing. Several months later, I met another new friend, well-seasoned in this thing called life, and her smile warms my heart each time we meet. She is fighting metastatic breast cancer and every time I see her, I see hope smiling back at me. I've watched as friends became sick and eventually went home to be with the Lord. I spend time with my sisters when I can. I visit my brothers. I write my feelings down in stories. I keep up with my Bible studies. I attend church in a mask. All accomplished during a pandemic; all gifts in their own way. All rainbows despite the clouds. So many moments of growth have happened for me during this difficult time. Sometimes, I have to dig through the rubble to find those moments. Sometimes, I recognize them right away. But the moments are always there. The Lowcountry Emmaus community calls moments like these our "closest to Christ" moments. I saw a card in a store once a long time ago. On the front was a window with a glass jar sitting on the edge. The jar held two scraggly, droopy flowers. Outside the window, the raindrops were pouring down. As I opened the card, nine words (and a little rainbow) stared back at me. "Some days, we have to make our own rainbows." It's probably been twenty years since I bought that card. I never sent it to anyone. I kept it as a reminder to always try to look on the bright side.

I figure that's what God has been helping me to do over the past 11 months – to look for the gifts; to look for the rainbows, even as I continue to pray. And that has made all the difference.

DeColores,

Peggy Lawton

North Alabama Walk #181

Table of Anna

We will meet for a board meeting, February 9th @ 7pm via Zoom.