



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

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FIRST CHURCH OF GOD: 3RD. AVE. & HWY. 508 ONALASKA, WASHINGTON 98570

DADDY'S EMPTY CHAIR

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A man's daughter had asked the local minister to come and pray with her father. When the minister arrived, he found the man lying in bed with his head propped up on two pillows. An empty chair sat beside his bed.

The minister assumed that the old fellow had been informed of



his visit. "I guess you were expecting me," he said.

"No, who are you?" said the father.

The minister told him his name and then remarked, "I saw the empty chair and I figured you knew I was going to show up."

"Oh yeah, the chair," said the bedridden man.

"Would you mind closing the door?"

Puzzled, the minister shut the door.

"I have never told anyone this, not even my daughter," said the man. "But all of my life I have never known how to pray. At

church I used to hear the pastor talk about prayer, but it went right over my head." I abandoned any attempt at prayer," the old man continued, "until one day four years ago; my best friend said to me, "Johnny, prayer is just a simple matter of having a conversation with Jesus. Here is what I suggest." "Sit down in a chair; place an empty chair in front of you, and in faith see Jesus on the chair. It's not spooky because he promised, 'I will be with you always'.

"Then just speak to him in the same way you're doing with me right now."

"So, I tried it and I've liked it so much that I do it a couple of hours every day. I'm careful though. If my daughter saw me talking to an empty chair, she'd either have a nervous breakdown or send me off to the funny farm."

The minister was deeply moved by the story and encouraged the old man to continue on the journey.

Then he prayed with him, anointed him with oil, and returned to the church.

Two nights later the daughter called to tell the minister that her daddy had died that afternoon.

"Did he die in peace?" he asked.

Yes, when I left the house about two o'clock, he called me over to his bedside, told me he loved me and kissed me on the cheek. When I got back from the store an hour later, I found him dead. But there was something strange about his death. Appar-

ently, just before Daddy died, he leaned over and rested his head on the chair beside the bed. What do you make of that?"

The minister wiped a tear from his eye and said, "I wish we could all go like that."

*What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!*

*Blessed Savior, Thou hast
promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for
prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless
worship
Will be our sweet portion there.*

What a Friend We Have in Jesus" is a Christian hymn originally written by Joseph M. Scriven as a poem in 1855 to comfort his mother who was living in Ireland while he was in Canada.

Scriven originally published the poem anonymously, and only received full credit for it in the 1880s. The tune to the hymn was composed by Charles Crozat Converse in 1868. William Bolcom composed a setting of the hymn.

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DIAMOND IN THE RUFF

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Chris had just bought a diamond engagement ring and tonight was the night he planned to ask the most beautiful woman he had ever seen to become his wife.

Laura was very understanding and more interested in spiritual things than possessions. However, this ring meant the world to her. They picked it out together. His proposing was for the sole purpose of creating a memory neither one of them would ever forget. Unbeknownst to them...it would be.

When Chris got home from the jewelry store, he only had four hours to clean up his apartment and prepare dinner, before Laura would be there. When he opened the door, as usual, his very large and lovable Saint Bernard "Ruff", greeted him, by placing his large paws on Chris's shoulders and looking at him eye to eye.

Ruff had felt a little neglected of late, because Chris had been so busy preparing for this important night. Chris was in a hurry and told Ruff to get down and sit on the couch. Ruff did so, for he was always very obedient.

Chris took the ring out of the box and placed it on the end table. He left the room



long enough to get a rose he had bought earlier in the day.

While Chris was out of the room, Ruff moved his head closer to the ring. He didn't know what it was, but he wondered if it could be used in their favorite game, "Throw and Fetch". Ruff played

that game a little different than most dogs. He would grab an object in his mouth, then shake his head from side to side as hard as he could and then fling the object in any direction and retrieve it before it stopped moving. All Chris had to do was watch.

Ruff liked Chris to watch him do everything and since he felt left out recently he looked closely at this...little...object...on...the...table. Ruff lapped up the ring with the diamond sticking out of his mouth just as Chris came back into the room.

Horror gripped Chris as he froze with fear. If Ruff threw the ring, he might damage it. So, he yelled at Ruff, which was something he had never done before. Ruff was surprised and startled and the next thing he knew, he gulped swallowing the engagement ring.

Chris cried out, "oh no" as he ran to Ruff and felt inside his mouth in hopes of finding the ring. He didn't. Well, Chris knew he would get it back eventually, but for now, right now, he thought to himself, "what am I going to do"?

As he prepared dinner, he could envision Laura crying. He promised her the most unforgettable evening she has ever had. The one thing Chris hated more than anything in the world was to cause Laura grief or sadness, because he loved her so much. The only thing he could do, was to tell her the truth and bear her disappointment.

She was there on time and had a lovely meal. Chris was a good cook and this was an extra special meal. However for him, it had become more like "The Last Supper". After having their after dinner coffee on the couch, Laura nudged him as if saying, let's get on with it, where's the ring.

Chris pretended to go and get the ring, hoping that maybe he would think of something before he got back. He entered his bedroom, walked over to his bed and sat down. He put his head in his hands and asked God to help him get out of the mess he was in. Not only had he been neglected Ruff, his best male friend in the whole world, he had also been a bit too busy to spend time with God. Sometimes it takes the unexpected problems in life to send us back to God.

Chris asked God to help him, even though he couldn't see how even God could fix this, unless God performed one of those old time miracles.

He walked back into the living room and sat on the couch next to Laura. Ruff came over and put his paw on Chris's leg as if to say I'm sorry. He rubbed Ruff's head and prepared to tell Laura the truth.

"I planned on making this the most unforgettable proposal you have ever heard of", Chris said. "You know I love you with all my heart...and..."then he thought to present the news with some added humor, and said..."and Ruff has something he wants to tell you".

Having said that, he patted Ruff on his back firmly and said to him, "now it's your turn". When Chris slapped Ruff on his back, the ring, which was lodged in his throat, dislodged and Ruff coughed up the ring with a single gag and shot it three feet into the air where it landed into Laura's hands.

She looked at the engagement ring, then at Chris, who had a surprised look on his face, then at Ruff and back to Chris, paused for a moment and said "How did you get him to do that".



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORSHIP AND SERVICE

SUNDAYS

MORNING WORSHIP 8:15 am
& 11:00 am
SUNDAY SCHOOL: 9:45 am

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd

HANGING OF THE GREENS:
10:00 am

MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: REVELATION: 1:00 pm

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 am
@
COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 am

LADIES LUNCHEON: 11:00 am

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

CHRISTMAS POTLUCK DINNER
FOLLOWING 11 am SERVICE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24th

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE: 6 pm

COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 pm
@
COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

I WISH YOU ENOUGH

Recently, I overheard a mother and daughter in their last moments together at the airport. They had announced the departure.

Standing near the security gate, they hugged, and the mother said, 'I love you, and I wish you enough.'

The daughter replied, 'Mom, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough, too, Mom.'

They kissed, and the daughter left. The mother walked over to the window where I was seated. Standing there, I could see she wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on her privacy, but she welcomed me in by asking, 'Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?'

Yes, I have,' I replied. 'Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?'

'I am old, and she lives so far away.. I have challenges ahead, and the reality is - her next trip back will be for my funeral,' she said.

'When you were saying good-bye, I heard you say, 'I wish you enough. ' May I ask what that means?'



She began to smile. 'That's a wish that has been handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone.' She paused a moment and looked up as if trying to remember it in detail, and she smiled even more. 'When we said, 'I wish you enough,' we wanted the other person to have a life filled with just enough good things to sustain them.'

Then turning toward me, she shared the following as if she were reciting it from memory.

I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright no matter how gray the day may appear.

I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun even more.

I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive and everlasting..

I wish you enough pain so that even the smallest of joys in life may appear bigger.

I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting.

I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess.

I wish you enough hellos to get you through the final good-bye.

Then, she began to cry, and walked away.

They say, it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate them, a day to love them, but an entire life to forget them.

I WISH YOU ENOUGH...



HEAT PUMP

We are praising God for His faithfulness and blessings in helping us reach our goal to purchase a Heat

Pump for both the Church and the Fellowship Hall. Through God's blessings and your generous giving we have received enough to have both Heat Pump installed. They will be installed on December 4th and December 5th.

THANK YOU SO MUCH

GET A GRIP ON THE WORD SYSTEMATIC STUDY

I wish I had been taught this years ago. I'd have a lot better handle on the Word than I do. A systematic study starts at the beginning and systematically proceeds through each book. At it's best it will use a variety of methods but is consistent in their use. Even working on a systematic study occasionally will help the Believer get a better gripe on the Word and be much less likely to pull scripture out of context or read into scripture their own thinking (eisegeses).

There are several ways to systematically study the Bible. Consistency is the key. The method described here is my favorite.

Beginning in Genesis, each book is read, then each chapter is given a title. This is placed on the top of single sheet of paper. I like to use two sheets of paper, one is attached to one side of a manila folder and the other is attached to the other. The book is then re-read looking for key or repeated words or themes. The location of each of these are noted at the bottom of the paper. Seven is a good number to search for but

there may be more (rarely less). One row at the top of the themes can notate the names of God used and where in the book they show up (they should line up approximately with the chapter titles). The center of the page is used for the "overview". This can be done with words or pictures...something to help you remember the overall contents of the book. Notes about the



type of writing (history, poetry, personal letter, open letter, figurative, etc.) should also be noted as these will influence how the book or passage should be read. Finally, read through a third time, listing questions, comments and insights on a separate paper. If you're using the manila folder, these sheets can be held inside. This folder than becomes a quick and easy resource to refresh your memory as you progress through the Bi-

ble.

The drawback to this method is that it is very time consuming and takes a long time to "get through" the Bible. We are such an impatient society and want instant everything - including patience and maturity.

However, if you look at it like a "fitness" program that involves strengthening exercises, aerobic exercises, limbering exercises as well as good diet with the goal of a fit body over a longer period of time, you might find yourself being more motivated to start... and stick with it.

Always keep in mind that your goal is not just information but a deeper relationship with God that results in deeper faith and a changed life. So start your time with prayer (conversation) with God and talk with him as you study. Ask him to help you

stick with whatever method you use. He as a vested interest in helping you!



	Genesis			
	Chpt 1	Chpt 2	Chpt 3	Chpt 4
	Creation	Adam and Eve	The Fall	Cain and Able
Themes				
Firsts	First creation	First man, first woman	First sin	First murder
About God	He speaks, he creates	He interacts with people	He shows patience	Knows all things

Q
U
I
Z



The answer to last month's quiz was Timothy.

Here is this month's quiz, best of luck.

*She lost it all, it made her sad,
To think she lost all that she had
Her heart was broken I'm sad to say*

*When everything she had was
taken away.*

*That's what happens when you're
old*

*You're often left out in the cold
What can she do but head for
home*

*And hope that she wouldn't be
alone*

*There was a relative she had to
trust*

*And hope that it would be
enough*

*So she trusted him with all her
might*

And he did everything just right.

*Now it's my name you need to
know*

*Take your time, but don't be slow
This is an easy one today*

I hope you'll take the time to play.

EVEN IF IT'S DARK

By Ron Mehl

From God Works The Night Shift

Submitted by: Debra 10 February 2000

He was a strong man facing an enemy beyond his strength. His young wife had become gravely ill, then suddenly passed away, leaving the big man alone with a

wide-eyed, flaxen girl, not quite five years old.

The service in the village chapel was simple, and heavy with grief. After the burial at the cemetery, the man's neighbors gathered around him. "Please bring your little girl and stay with us for several days," someone said. "You shouldn't go back home just yet."

Broken-hearted though he was, the man answered, "Thank you, friends, for the kind offer. But we need to go back home--where she was. My baby and I must face this."

So they returned, the big man and his little girl, to what now seemed an empty, lifeless house.

The man brought his daughter's little bed into his room, so they could face the first dark night



together.

As the minutes slipped by that night, the young girl was having a dreadful time going to sleep...and so was her father. What could pierce a man's heart deeper than a child sobbing for a mother who would never come back?

Long into the night the little one continued to weep. The big man reached out into her bed and tried to comfort her as best he could. After a while, the little girl managed to stop crying--but only out of sorrow for her father. Thinking his daughter was asleep, the father looked up and said brokenly, "I trust You, Father, but...it's as dark as midnight!"

Hearing her dad's prayer, the little girl began to cry again.

"I thought you were asleep, baby," he said.

"Papa, I did try. I was sorry for you. I did try. But---I couldn't go to sleep. Papa, did you ever know it could be so dark? Why Papa? I can't even see you, it's so dark." Then, through her tears, the little girl whispered, "But you love me, even if it's dark--don't you, Papa?" You love

me even if I don't see you, don't you, Papa?"

For an answer, the big man reached across with his massive hands, lifted his little girl out of her bed, brought her over onto his chest, and held her, until at last she felt asleep.

When she was finally quiet, he began to pray. He took his little girl's cry to him and passed it up to God.

"Father, it's dark as midnight. I can't see You at all. But You love me even when it's dark and I can't see, don't You?"

From that blackest of hours, the Lord touched him with new strength, enabling him to carry on. He knew that God went on loving him, even in the dark.

"Tears may flow in the night, but joy comes in the morning." PSALM 30:5b

UPDATE ON KATHLEEN

It's back. My most recent cancer marker jumped up over 500 points.

There are a couple of masses on my liver the doctor wants biopsied.

Plan of action: Doctor is going to locate a surgeon to do the biopsy the masses (less than a CM) and possible laparoscopy to biopsy the film on the outside. He's also putting in the work the treatment - a "stout" chemotherapy - a mix of 4 chemicals. The effectiveness of this is 40% Please be praying the biopsies/laparoscopy is scheduled quickly and the insurance approves the chemo.

I'm feeling a lot more positive today - just knowing we're going to be doing something helps a lot. Thanks so much for your prayers.