



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

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APRIL 2004

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

WOULD YOU LIKE A DONUT?

There was a certain Professor of Religion named Dr. Christianson, a studious man who taught at a small college in the Western United States. Dr. Christianson taught the required survey course in Christianity at this particular institution. Every student was required to take this course his or her freshman year regardless of his or her major. Although Dr. Christianson tried hard to communicate the essence of the gospel in his class, he found that most of his students looked upon the course as nothing but required drudgery. Despite his best efforts, most students refused to take Christianity seriously.

This year, Dr. Christianson had a special student named Steve. Steve was only a freshman, but was studying with the intent of going onto seminary for the ministry. Steve was popular, he was well liked, and he was an imposing physical specimen. He was now the starting center on the school football team, and was the best student in the professor's class. One day, Dr. Christianson asked Steve to stay after class so he could talk with him. "How many push-ups can you do?"

Steve said, "I do about 200 every night." "200? That's pretty good, Steve," Dr. Christianson said.

"Do you think you could do 300?"

Steve replied, "I don't know... I've never done 300 at a time."

"Do you think you could?" again asked Dr. Christianson.

"Well, I can try," said Steve.

"Can you do 300 in sets of 10? I have a class project in mind and I need you to do about 300 push-ups in sets of ten for this to work. Can you do it? I need you

to tell me you can do it," said the professor.

Steve said, "Well... I think I can... yeah, I can do it." Dr. Christianson said, "Good! I need you to do this on Friday. Let me explain what I have in mind."

Friday came and Steve got to class early and sat in the front of the room. When class started, the professor pulled out a big box of donuts. No these weren't the normal kinds of donuts, they were the extra fancy BIG kind, with cream centers and frosting swirls. Everyone was pretty excited it was Friday, the last class of the day, and they were going to get an early start on the weekend with a party in Dr. Christianson's class.

Dr. Christianson went to the first girl in the first row and asked, "Cynthia, do you want to have one of these donuts?"

Cynthia said, "Yes." Dr. Christianson then turned to Steve and asked, "Steve, would you do ten push-ups so that Cynthia can have a donut?" "Sure." Steve jumped down from his desk to do a quick ten. Then Steve again sat in his desk. Dr. Christianson put a donut on Cynthia's desk.

Dr. Christianson then went to Joe, the next person, and asked, "Joe, do you want a donut?" Joe said, "Yes." Dr. Christianson asked, "Steve would you do ten push-ups so Joe can have a donut?"

Steve did ten push-ups, Joe got a donut. And so it went, down the first aisle, Steve did ten pushups for every person before they got their donut. And down the second aisle, till Dr. Christianson came to Scott.

Scott was on the basketball team, and in as good condition as Steve. He was very popular and never lacking for female companionship. When the professor asked, "Scott do you want a donut?"

Scott's reply was, "Well, can I do my own pushups?"

Dr. Christianson said, "No, Steve has to do them." Then Scott said, "Well, I don't want one then." Dr. Christianson shrugged and then turned to Steve and asked, "Steve, would you do ten push-ups so Scott can have a donut he doesn't want?" With perfect obedience Steve started to do ten pushups.

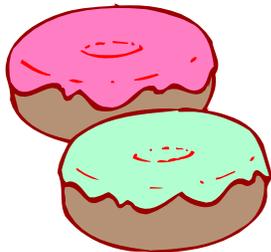
Scott said, "HEY! I said I didn't want one!" Dr. Christianson said, "Look, this is my classroom, my class, my desks, and these are my donuts. Just leave it on the desk if you don't want it." And he put a donut on Scott's desk.

Now by this time, Steve had begun to slow down a little. He just stayed on the floor between sets because it took too much effort to be getting up and down. You could start to see a little perspiration coming out around his brow. Dr. Christianson started down the third row. Now the students were beginning to get a little angry.

Dr. Christianson asked Jenny, "Jenny, do you want a donut?" Sternly, Jenny said, "No." Then Dr. Christianson asked Steve, "Steve, would you do ten more Push-ups so Jenny can have a donut that she doesn't want?" Steve did ten...Jenny got a donut.

By now, a growing sense of uneasiness filled the room. The students were beginning to say "No" and there were all these uneaten donuts on the desks. Steve also had to really put forth a lot of extra effort to get these pushups done for each donut. There began to be a small pool of sweat on the floor beneath his face, his arms and brow were beginning to get red because of the physical effort involved.

Dr. Christianson asked Robert, who was the most vocal unbeliever in the class, to watch Steve do each push up to make sure he did the full ten pushups in a set because he couldn't bear to watch all of Steve's work for all of those uneaten donuts. He sent Robert over to



where Steve was so Robert could count the set and watch Steve closely. Dr. Christianson started down the fourth row.

During his class, however, some students from other classes had wandered in and sat down on the steps along the radiators that ran down the sides of the room. When the professor realized this, he did a quick count and saw that now there were 34 students in the room. He started to worry if Steve would be able to make it. Dr. Christianson went on to the next person and the next and the next. Near the end of that row, Steve was really having a rough time. He was taking a lot more time to complete each set.

Steve asked Dr. Christianson, "Do I have to make my nose touch on each one?" Dr. Christianson thought for a moment, "Well, they're your pushups. You are in charge now. You can do them any way that you want." And Dr. Christianson went on.

A few moments later, Jason, a recent transfer student, came to the room and was about to come in when all the students yelled in one voice, "NO! Don't come in! Stay out!" Jason didn't know what was going on. Steve picked up his head and said, "No, let him come." Professor Christianson said, "You realize that if Jason comes in you will have to do ten pushups for him?" Steve said, "Yes, let him come in. Give him a donut."

Dr. Christianson said, "Okay, Steve, I'll let you get Jason's out of the way right now. Jason, do you want a donut?" Jason, new to the room hardly knew what was going on. "Yes," he said, "give me a donut." "Steve, will you do ten push-ups so that Jason can have a donut?" Steve did ten push-ups very slowly and with great effort. Jason, bewildered, was handed a donut and sat down.

Dr. Christianson finished the fourth row, then started on those visitors seated by the heaters. Steve's arms were now shaking with each push-up in a struggle to lift himself against the force of gravity. Sweat was profusely dropping off of his face and, by this time, there was no sound except his heavy breathing, there was not a dry eye in the room.

The very last two students in the room

were two young women, both cheerleaders, and very popular. Dr. Christianson went to Linda, the second to last, and asked, "Linda, do you want a doughnut?" Linda said, very sadly, "No, thank you." Professor Christianson quietly asked, "Steve, would you do ten push-ups so that Linda can have a donut she doesn't want?" Grunting from the effort, Steve did ten very slow pushups for Linda.



why can't I help him?"

Dr. Christianson, with tears of his own, said, "No, Steve has to do it alone, I have given him this task and he is in charge of seeing that everyone has an opportunity for a donut whether they want it or not. When I decided to have a party this last day of class, I looked at my grade book. Steve, here is the only student with a perfect grade. Everyone else has failed a test, skipped class, or offered me inferior work. Steve told me that in football practice, when a player messes up he must do pushups. I told Steve that none of you could come to my party unless he paid the price by doing your push ups. He and I made a deal for your sakes. Steve, would you do ten push-ups so Susan can have a donut?" As Steve very slowly finished his last pushup, with the understanding that he had accomplished all that was required of him, having done 350 pushups, his arms buckled beneath him and he fell to the floor.

Dr. Christianson turned to the room and said, "And so it was, that our Savior, Jesus Christ, on the cross, cried to the Father, 'into thy hands I commend my spirit.' With the understanding that He had done everything that was required of Him, he yielded up His life. And like some of those in this room, many of us leave the gift on the desk, uneaten." Two students helped Steve up off the floor and to a seat, physically exhausted, but wearing a thin smile. "Well done, good and faithful servant," said the professor, adding "Not all sermons are preached in words."

Turning to his class the professor said, "My wish is that you might understand and

fully comprehend all the riches of grace and mercy that have been given to you through the sacrifice of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He spared not only His Begotten Son, but gave Him up for us all for the whole Church, now and forever. Whether or not we choose to accept His gift is up to us, the price has been paid. Wouldn't you be foolish and ungrateful to leave it laying on the desk?"

◆ Received from Carol Haun

THE BRIDGE

A man walking along a California beach was deep in prayer. Suddenly the Sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, the Lord said, "Because you have TRIED to be faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you one wish."

The man said, "Build a bridge to Hawaii so I can drive over anytime I want."

The Lord said, "Your request is very materialistic. Think of the Enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking. The supports required to reach the bottom of the Pacific! The concrete and steel it would take! It will nearly exhaust several natural resources. I can do it, but it is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of something that would honor and glorify me."

The man thought about it for a long time. Finally he said, "Lord, I wish that I could understand my wife. I want to know how she feels inside, what she's thinking when she gives me the silent treatment, why she cries, What she means when she says 'nothing's wrong,' and how I can make a woman truly happy."

The Lord replied, "You want two lanes or four on that bridge?"

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS



On Thursday, April 1 the Home Study group will meet at the home of Elva Smoots, 809 Gish Road. They are studying the Gospel

of Luke with Stan Bushnell leading. They meet at 10:00 AM every Thursday morning. If you have any questions, please call the church office.

Saturday evenings at 6:00 PM we meet at the church for a time of prayer. Prayer is the key to the movement of God's Spirit in our own personal lives as well in the life of the church. This service does not have a set time for finishing so you may come and go as you please.



A weekly Jam Session is held at the church on Saturday nights following the Prayer Meeting. It begins around 7:00 PM and

ends when we all go home. This is a time to practice with the pianist, to learn new songs and choruses or to just enjoy singing with others. Linda Ray has graciously offered to be here and minister in any way she can to help us with the music of the church.

Our Sunday Services are as follows; Sunday School begins at 9:45 AM, with the Morning Worship Service at 11:00 AM.

Our monthly Potluck will be on April 4th following the Morning Service. Sunday



evenings we gather at 6:00 PM for the evening service. We are currently studying the Parables, with Pastor Shepherd and Pastor Mulkins sharing the teaching. Following the Sunday

evening service, the youth meet for their service led by Jeanie Gardner.

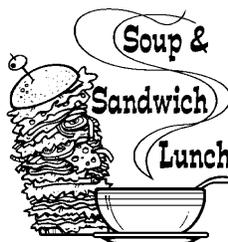
Kid's Club is every Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 - 4:40 PM. They enjoy a time of singing, Bible stories, fellowship and doing projects together. This time is led by Ruth and Stan Bushnell with the help of Pastor.



MEN'S BREAKFAST

Wednesday begins early for the men, as they meet with other men of our community for a time of fellowship and a study in God's Word. They gather at the Logger Burger Bar at 6:00 AM, and it ends at 7:00 AM.

Soup, Sandwich & Study meet on Wednesday evening at 6:00 PM. There is always good soup and delicious sandwiches and some times we have salads or other wonderful



food to share. At 7:00 PM we have a time of studying the book "The Purpose Driven Life" by Rick Warren. This has been a great success and over 30 are gathering every Wednesday evening.

On Easter Sunday, April 11 we will be blossoming the Cross following the Morning Service. I always enjoy this way of celebrating the Resurrection of Jesus. There will be no evening services on Easter.



COMMUNITY EVENTS

The Sunrise Service on Easter Morning will be held once again at the High School Football Field. We will meet with the other churches of our community to celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus. The service will begin at 7:00 AM and will be following by a breakfast at the Community Presbyterian Church.



On Wednesday, April 21 the Seniors on the Go meet in our fellowship hall for their monthly potluck. All seniors are invited to join them at 12:00 noon.

PNA ACTIVITIES

There are several PNA activities coming up in the next few months that you need to be aware of.

MEN'S RETREAT: May 14-15 at Double K. Steve Wilson a NFL referee will be the key not speaker. The cost of this retreat is \$50.00 if mailed in by May 7.

FAMILY CAMP: July 18-23 at Double K. This camp meeting is for the whole family. There will be activities for every age and great camp meeting services. The Camp Speaker will be Rev. Bob Moss with Scott Hamilton leading the worship.

JUNIOR CAMP: July 26-30 at Double K. This camp is for those who are entering the 4-6 grades. The cost of this camp is \$98.00 if mailed before June 15. If mailed following June 15 the cost is \$105.00

SENIOR HIGH & JUNIOR HIGH CAMP: August 9-13 at Double K. The Seniors & Junior High camps will meet at the same time but have different activities. Senior High camp cost is \$185.00 and the Junior High camp cost is \$ 150.00.

Please see pastor for further details and registration forms.

"A Sad Tail"

By Bob Perks
Bob@BobPerks.com

There were millions of them.
Okay, eight, maybe nine.

I looked out the window and saw this angry gang of squirrels circling the deck.

Okay, there were a bunch of squirrels around the tree looking for food.

Honestly, it looked like a scene from an Alfred Hitchcock movie. Well, that one was about birds. These are squirrels. But that's why I write. I have a great imagination.

Anyway, I decided to hang a wooden squirrel feeder on the tree next to our hot tub. At first it was wonderful watching the two squirrels that lived in the tree feed each morning. They learned to open and close the top of the feeder and sit perched on the small ledge that was attached to it.

I was proud of myself. Not only was I feeding the birds, but this year I decided to help those fluffy little creatures that have brought so much joy into my life.

But then...millions showed up.

I mean, they must have told the entire east coast there was free food available in my yard.

At first I really didn't mind it. But then I made the mistake of not filling the feeder one day. I came home and found the wooden lid destroyed. Wood chips lay on the ground at the base of the tree. The sides of the box had been chewed, too. I stood there speechless.

This is the Hitchcock part...I heard three or four of them up in the tree. They were squawking and wiggling their tails as they looked down at me.

"Where's the food? We want more food...or else!" they said.

I ran in the house.

"Oh, come on. They're harmless little furry creatures." I thought to myself.

So, I took the bag of feed and filled the box. I repaired the lid the next day and all was well.

That is until I ran out of food. The new lid was destroyed, the lid on my plastic garbage can had a hole in it big enough to fit a squirrel. The edges of the can were torn apart leaving pieces of plastic all over the driveway.

I decided it was best to just throw the food on the ground around the base of tree. I removed the front of the feeder box so they would know it was empty.

The next day I found more holes in the garbage can, ten squirrels, eight doves, six finches, two blue jays and four cardinals waiting for me.

"I can take on the birds, but the squirrels have me out numbered," I said.

I made up my mind right then and there, that I would buy metal cans, remove the squirrel feeder and only put food out when the snow is heavy or the temperatures dropped below freezing.

I was angry, hurt, and frustrated.

"I was just trying to be nice!" I yelled up the tree.

Just then, my son called me. As soon as I had the chance I began telling him this horror story. Well, my silly attempt to help out mother nature.

I stood looking out the window as we spoke.

"It is scary. Keith, really. As I'm speaking with you, I see five squirrels climbing down the big tree in front of a house down the road. They are jumping from branch to branch and they are headed this way," I said.

Suddenly, without warning, they darted across the road. A car came flying around the corner and...my heart sunk.

"Keith, one of them just got hit by a car."

I see this all the time. It's a part of

life here. Houses, trees, squirrels, cars and trucks. They just don't mix. But I can't stand to see it happen.

My heart was pounding. "Oh, God."

I said goodbye to my son and stood there looking off in the distance where the squirrel lie in the road.

I sighed.

In a last effort, a last response to life, the squirrel began wiggling it's tail in the air. I've seen it a hundred times before. I'm told they use it to signal each other or express themselves. Its little tail was waving as the others ran up a tree.

I grabbed my binoculars to see if perhaps it was just slightly injured. I'd run down there and get him off the road. It stopped moving.

It was dead.

It absolutely ruined my day.

I watched the other squirrels as they sat in the nearby tree. I wondered silly thoughts of "do they know?" "Do they realize what had happened?"

I wasn't angry at them any more. I realized that I was trying to help them by providing food. I expected that, like some fantasy scene in a Disney movie, they'd wait patiently to be fed each day as the birds sang and Bambi and Snow White played nearby.

They are animals with animal instincts. They were in search of food in a place I invited them to and when they couldn't find it, they went looking for it in my garbage.

Yes, I scattered feed at the base of the tree right afterwards. The two resident squirrels came rushing down our tree. I watched them from our rear kitchen window.

"Be safe!" I whispered to them.

One wiggled its tail.

But it was a sad tail, indeed.



♦ "I believe in you!"
Bob Perks
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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

A long time ago in China, a girl named Li-Li got married and went to live with her husband and mother-in-law. In a very short time, Li-Li found that she couldn't get along with her mother-in-law at all. Their personalities were very different, and Li-Li was angered by many of her mother-in-law's habits. In addition, she criticized Li-Li constantly.

Days passed days, and weeks passed weeks. Li-Li and her mother-in-law never stopped arguing and fighting. But what made the situation even worse was that, according to ancient Chinese tradition, Li-Li had to bow to her mother-in-law and obey her every wish. All the anger and unhappiness in the house was causing Li-Li's poor husband great distress.

Finally, Li-Li could not stand her mother-in-law's bad temper and dictatorship any longer, and she decided to do something about it. Li-Li went to see her father's good friend, Mr. Huang, who sold herbs. She told him the situation and asked if he would give her some poison so that she could solve the problem once and for all. Mr. Huang thought for a while, and finally said, "Li-Li, I will help you solve your problem, but you must listen to me and obey what I tell you." Li-Li said, "Yes, Mr. Huang, I will do whatever you tell me to do."

Mr. Huang went into the back room, and returned in a few minutes with a package of herbs. He told Li-Li, "You can't use a quick-acting poison to get rid of your mother-in-law, because that would cause people to become suspicious. Therefore, I have given you a number of herbs that will slowly build up poison in her body. Every other day

prepare some delicious meal and put a little of these herbs in her serving. Now, in order to make sure that nobody suspects you when she dies, you must be very careful to act very friendly towards her. Don't argue with her, obey her every wish, and treat her like a queen." Li-Li was so happy. She thanked Mr. Huang and hurried home to start her plot of murdering her mother-in-law.

Weeks went by, and months went by, and every other day, Li-Li served the specially treated food to her mother-in-law. She remembered what Mr. Huang had said about avoiding suspicion, so she controlled her temper, obeyed her mother-in-law, and treated her like her own mother.

After six months had passed, the whole household had changed. Li-Li had practiced controlling her temper so much that she found that she almost never got mad or upset. She hadn't had an argument with her mother-in-law in six months because she now seemed much kinder and easier to get along with. The mother-in-law's attitude toward Li-Li changed, and she began to love Li-Li like her own daughter. She kept telling friends and relatives that Li-Li was the best daughter-in-law one could ever find. Li-Li and her mother-in-law were now treating each other like a real mother and daughter. Li-Li's husband was very happy to see what was happening.

One day, Li-Li came to see Mr. Huang and asked for his help again. She said, "Dear Mr. Huang, please help me to keep the poison from killing my mother-in-law! She's changed into such a nice woman, and I love her like my own mother. I do not want her to die because of the poison I gave her."

Mr. Huang smiled and nodded his head. "Li-Li, there's nothing to worry about. I never gave you any poison. The herbs I gave you were vitamins to improve her health. The only poison was in your mind and your attitude toward her, but that has been all washed away by the love which you gave to

her."

MORAL: have you ever realized that how you treat others is exactly how they will treat you? There is a wise Chinese saying: 'The person who loves others will also be loved in return.'

♦ Sent By: Jay and Debbie
Received from jcsparks1@juno.com

Last month's quiz was won by Paul

Mobley. He was the first one to come up with the correct answer. The answer is found in the Book of



Judges, chapter 13, Manoah, and Samson were the two names I was looking for, Manoah wife and the angel are not named. Let's see how well you do this time.

*I saw him there among the crowd,
Brought by his parents who were so proud.*

*I held him in my own hands,
Yet who he was I didn't understand.*

*I knew that one day he would come,
But I didn't know that he was the one.*

*I held him high so all could see,
Yet he didn't seem so special to me.*

*Many came to me that day,
Just how many I can not say,
His mother stood close to my side,
I heard her sob, I knew she cried
When I placed him back into her arms.*

*A sense came over me of alarm.
I stood and watched them walk
away from me.
I began to wonder, "Who was he?"*

Now I know my name you can not share,

*For in the Book it isn't there.
But who am I, don't look too far.
And you might win the candy bar.*