



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

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JUNE 2004

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

SATAN'S MEETING

Satan called a worldwide convention of demons. In his opening address he said, "We can't keep Christians from going to church. We can't keep them from reading their Bibles and we can't even keep them from forming an intimate relationship with their Savior."

"Once they gain that connection with Jesus, our power over them is broken. So let them go to their churches; let them have their covered dish dinners, but steal their time, so they don't have time to. This is what I want you to do," said the devil. "Distract them from gaining hold of their Savior and maintaining that vital connection throughout their day!" "How shall we do this?" his demons shouted.

"Keep them busy in the nonessentials of life and invent innumerable schemes to occupy their minds," he answered. Tempt them to spend, spend, spend and borrow, borrow, borrow. Persuade the wives to go to work for long hours and the husbands to work 6-7 days a week, 10-12 hours each day so they can afford their empty lifestyles. Keep them from spending time with their children. As their families fragment, soon, their homes will offer no escape from the pressures of work!

Over stimulate their minds so that they cannot hear the still, small

voice. Entice them to play the radio and cassette player whenever they drive...to keep the TV, VCR, CD's and their PC's going constantly in their home and see to it that every store and restaurant in the world plays non-biblical music constantly. This will jam their minds and break that union with Christ. Fill their coffee tables with magazines. Invade their driving moments with billboards. Flood their mailboxes with junk mail, mail



order catalogs, sweepstakes and every kind of newsletter and promotional offering free products, services and false hopes.

Keep skinny, beautiful models on the magazines and TV so their husbands will believe that outward beauty is what's important, and they'll become dissatisfied with their wives. Keep the wives too tired to love their husbands at night. Give them headaches, too! If they don't give their husbands the love they need, they will begin to look elsewhere. THAT will fragment their families quickly!

Give them Santa Claus to distract them from teaching their children the real meaning of Christmas. Give them an Easter Bunny so they won't talk about His resurrection and power over sin and death. Even in their recreation, let them be excessive.... Have them return from their recreation exhausted. Keep them too busy to go

out in nature and reflect on God's creation.

Send them to amusement parks, sporting events, plays, concerts and movies instead. Keep them busy, busy, busy! And when they meet for spiritual fellowship, let them leave with troubled consciences.

Crowd their lives with so many good causes; they have no time to seek power from Jesus. Soon they will be working in their own strength ... sacrificing their health and family for the good of the cause."

"It will work! It will work!" It was quite a plan! The demons went eagerly to their assignments causing Christians everywhere to have little time for their God or their families, to have no time to tell others about the power of Jesus to change their lives.

I guess the question is, has the devil been successful at his scheme? Does being "too busy" mean: Being under Satan's Yoke? You be the judge.

❖ Received from Bob & Reva Sparks

AS WE AWAIT THE RETURN OF THE LORD, WE MUST:

*Stand on the Word
Believe in God's power
Rely on the Holy Spirit
Practice tough faith
Order our priorities
Keep an eternal perspective
Stand for righteousness
Persist in prayer
Surrender in worship
Cling to hope
And, live looking for Jesus.*

◆ Received from Hiswillministry.org

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A PRAYER

Dear Lord, I thank You for this day. I thank You for my being able to see and to hear this morning. I'm blessed because You are a forgiving God and an understanding God. You have done so much for me and You keep on blessing me. Forgive me this day for everything I have done, said or thought that was not pleasing to you. I ask now for Your forgiveness. Please keep me safe from all danger and harm. Help me to start this day with a new attitude and plenty of gratitude. Let me make the best of each and every day to clear my mind so that I can hear from You. Please broaden my mind that I can accept all things. Let me not whine and whimper over things I have no control over.

Let me continue to see sin through God's eyes and acknowledge it as evil. And when I sin, let me repent, and confess with my mouth my wrongdoing, and receive the forgiveness of God.

And when this world closes in on me, let me remember Jesus' example to slip away and find a quiet place to pray. It's the best response when I'm pushed beyond my limits. I know that when I can't pray, You listen to my heart. Continue to use me to do Your will.

Continue to bless me that I may be a blessing to others. Keep me strong that I may help the weak. Keep me uplifted that I may have words of encouragement for others. I pray for those that are lost and can't find their way. I pray for those that are misjudged and misunderstood. I pray for those who don't know You intimately. I pray for those that don't believe, but I thank you that I believe. I believe that God changes people and God changes things. I pray for all my sisters and brothers. I pray for each and every family member and



all in their households. I pray for peace, love and joy in their homes that they are out of debt and all their needs are met. I pray that every eye that reads this knows there is no problem, circumstance, or situation greater than God. Every battle is in Your hands for You to fight. I pray that these words be received into the hearts of every eye that sees them and every mouth that confesses them willingly.

This is my prayer.
In Jesus' Name, Amen.

*Received from Claire Johnson
Newman Grove, Nebraska*

MAIL CALL

by
Roger Dean Kiser

"OK men, listen up! I want each of you to sit down this evening and write a letter home. I know that each of you will be telling your family how much you love the United States Army. Is that fully understood?" said Sergeant O'Rourke, the leader of our squad.

"YES SIR!" screamed the entire platoon of men.

"DISMISSED!" he screamed out loud.

There were soldiers running in every direction heading back to their individual barracks.

I was fifteen years old and this was my third week of basic training at Fort Gordon, Georgia. I generally stayed in the barracks when "mail call" was announced. Why would I go running like a maniac when the mail arrived? I mean, I didn't have a family and I was very sure that the orphanage in Jacksonville, Florida, was not going to be sending me any good will wishes.



I would sit on my bunk and shine my boots trying not to notice the commotion when the other men would receive handfuls of mail and packages from home. I do have to admit that it bothered me a little bit when I would see them eating cookies, which their parents had sent them. But, there was nothing that I could do, so I just tried not to think about it much.

After showering I dressed and headed over to the PX Store. I purchased a coke and a package of cheese crackers and I sat down at one of the small tables. As I finished my Coca-Cola, I started to get up from the table when Sergeant O'Rourke came walking into the PX.

"What are you doing in here soldier?" screamed the Sergeant.

"I was drinking a Coke," I told him.

"Hit the deck and give me twenty-five!" he ordered.

I hit the floor and started counting out the push-ups, as I performed them.

"Why aren't you in the barracks writing to your family as I instructed?" he yelled at me.

"I don't have a family, Sir," I said as I continued to do my push-ups.

"I don't give a rats tail if you have a family or not. I told you to write home," he said.

"But I don't have a home, Sir," I told him again.

"Then where did you come here from, soldier?" he questioned.

"I came from the orphanage, Sir," I said.

"You get back over to the barracks, right now. You write me a letter and you bring it to me!" he screamed out at me.

"But who do I write it too?" I asked.

"I don't care if you write to Santa Claus. You write a letter and you have it to me by 1800 hours."

"Yes Sir!" I said, as I got up off the

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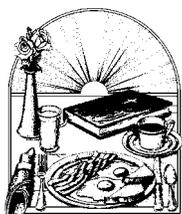
ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

KID'S AFTER-SCHOOL CLUB meets every Tuesday afternoon, until school is over, in our Fellowship Hall. It begins at 3:30 and ends at 4:30.



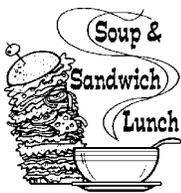
Ruth Bushnell leads Kid's Club and is doing a great job. Please hold Kid's Club up in prayer as most of the kids who attend do not go to church any where and this is the only Biblical training they receive.

MEN'S BREAKFAST begins at 6:00 AM every Wednesday morning. We meet with other men of our community for a time of fellowship and devotion at the Logger Burger Bar. Come and join us.



MEN'S BREAKFAST

SOUP, SANDWICH & STUDY is held every Wednesday evening starting at 6:00 PM and ending at 8:00 PM in the Church Fellowship Hall. We have a baby sitter for those who have small children. We are studying the book "The Purpose Driven Life" by Rick Warren. Come and join us for some great food and a wonderful time studying God's plan for our lives.



A **HOME BIBLE STUDY** group meets every Thursday morning in the home of Elva Smoots 809 Gish Road. They begin at 10:00 AM and it lasts about one hour. Stan



Bushnell is leading the study on the Gospel of Luke.

PRAYER MEETING begins at 6:00 PM every Saturday. We gather for a time of prayer and praise. It is prayer and only prayer that will move the hand of God. We need more to come and join us as we seek God's will for our church and our own individual lives.

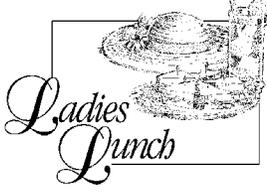


Our **SUNDAYS** begin with **SUNDAY SCHOOL** at 9:45 AM, **MORNING WORSHIP** at 11:00 AM and evening **SING & PRAISE** at 6:00 PM. Our potluck for this month



will be on June 6.

WCG LUNCHEON will be in our Fellowship Hall on Saturday, June 12 at 12:00 Noon. All the ladies of the church are invited to come and be a part of this important arm of our church.



COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

The Onalaska Class of 2004 will hold their Baccalaureate service at the Community Presbyterian Church on Tuesday, June 8 at 7:00 PM. The reception following the Baccalaureate is

sponsored by the area churches. We need to provide cookies for



this event. Please let Nina Banks know if you are willing to help.

The Napavine Class of 2004 will be holding their graduation ceremonies on Saturday, June 5 at 4:00 PM in the Napavine Gym.

The Onalaska Class of 2004 will be holding their graduation ceremonies on Friday, June 11 at the High School Gym. It begins at 7:00 PM.



We have four graduates in our church this year. Two from Napavine, **Kim and Kyla Groves** and two from Onalaska, **Alida Bower and Noni Nederlander**. We will be honoring our graduates on Sunday, June 6 following the Morning Service.

Seniors on the Go potluck will be held on Wednesday, June 16 at 12:00 noon in our Fellowship Hall.



POTLUCK DINNER FOR SENIORS

The Community **VBS** will begin on Monday, June 28 and will end on Friday, July 2. This VBS is sponsored by the area churches and it will be held at the Community Presbyterian Church from 8:30 to Noon.



MAIL CALL floor.

I walked back to my barracks and I borrowed a tablet and a pencil from one of the men in my squad. I sat down on my bunk and I wrote the following letter:

Dear Santa Claus,

I am now living at Fort Gordon. I am in the Army now. The Army is my new home. I am learning a lot about how to win a war. I can shoot and I can run real fast. I am making my very own money and I am going to be a real soldier someday.

Roger Dean Kiser

I took the letter and I placed it in an envelope and I sealed it. I walked over to the Orderly Room and I asked to see the Sergeant. I was told that he was not in the office and that I should place the letter on his desk. I placed the sealed envelope on the corner of his desk and I returned to my barracks.

At nine o'clock, the lights were turned out and everyone went to bed. I thought about how hard life was in the Army. I said a prayer asking God to help me keep up with all the other men as we trained.

Just as I was about to fall asleep the lights came on.

"Where is that little idiot?" asked Sergeant O'Rourke, as he came walking between the bunks.

I sat up in my bed and I watched the Sergeant as he stomped down the aisle and stopped at the foot of my bunk. The other men also sat up but remained perfectly quiet.

"What is this?" asked the Sergeant, as he shook the letter that I had written.

"It's the letter that you told me to write."

"Read this letter out loud," he instructed, as he threw the letter on my bed.

Slowly, I picked up the letter and I began to read it.



The entire barracks began to laugh and whistle as loud as they could.

"SHUT UP!" yelled Sergeant O'Rourke. The barracks became perfectly quiet. "You think I'm an idiot?" asked the Sergeant.

"No Sir, Sergeant O'Rourke, Sir," I told him. The large

man reached down and he grabbed my footlocker and he turned it upside down. The contents spilled all over the floor.

"But I only wrote what you told me to write," I said to him.

"I told you to write home," he said.

"No Sir, Sergeant. I told you that I didn't have any family and you told me to write to Santa Claus. That's why I don't get no mail here 'cause I don't got no home," I said.

All the men in the barracks began to look at one another. One of the men sitting on the side of his bed began to laugh. "Santa Claus?" he said as he laughed out loud. Everyone began to stare at him and he stopped laughing.

"Clean up this mess and report to me in the morning!" the Sergeant yelled. As the Sergeant left the barracks he turned out the light leaving me to pack my footlocker in the dark.

About a week later I was shocked

to hear my name called out for mail call.

"KISER! KISER! KISER!" yelled out the man, as he sat three packages aside.

Over the next three weeks, I received seven more packages of cookies, and hard candy in the mail.

I never knew whom they came from. There was no return address on the packages. I could only guess that they came from some of the families of the men in my platoon. Maybe even from Sergeant O'Rourke himself.

That night, after sharing the cookies and candy with all the other men, I laid in my bunk bed and smiled. At that moment in time, all I knew for sure was that the world was a wonderful place.

Roger Dean Kiser
trampolineon@webtv.net

TELL THEM YOU CARE

by
Lt. Col. James T. Patterson

I recently decided to visit some of the veterans in several nursing homes.

I was especially interested in doing this since my dad is a veteran of World War II and I am a reservist in the United States Air Force. I thought the visits would be nice, but I was not prepared for what occurred.

I guess I thought these veterans

were regularly remembered, especially on holidays like Memorial Day, July 4th, and Veterans Day, but unfortunately that is not the case.



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These men and women who brought peace to the world and then quietly came home and rebuilt the nation, have virtually been forgotten and unappreciated. What they did is the platform upon which this nation so proudly stands, yet fewer and fewer of our population understand the sacrifices and commitment these people made.

I wore my uniform when I visited these veterans. I had no idea how much that symbol would mean to these noble warriors. I visited one man who hadn't spoken in four months. I was told he probably wouldn't acknowledge my visit. When I walked into the room, he saw the uniform and sat straight up in bed, eyes bright and attentive.

I told him I wanted to express my appreciation for what he had done. I told him how honored I was to be in the presence of someone who had done so much for the peace of this world and the growth of this nation. I said I wanted to give him a miniature flag as an expression of my gratitude.

He took the flag and held it to his lips and sobbed. He held my hand and said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you." These were the first words he had uttered in months.

There was not a dry eye in the room. In one nursing home, we had the Honor Guard from Dyess Air Force Base present the colors before the veterans. As the Guard entered the room, these wonderful men, with tears streaming down their cheeks, placed their hands over their hearts and pledged allegiance to the flag that they loved.

In two other homes, we had been

given a new flag from the U.S. Senator. We brought the veterans outside to view the flying of the new colors. When I gave the command to "Present Arms," these veterans who were stooped with age, stood as tall as they could and saluted. As the National Anthem was sung, tears flowed with grateful appreciation.

I proudly cried with these soldiers of the past. I was honored to talk with men who landed at Normandy, fought in North Africa, Sicily, Guadalcanal and the Battle of the Bulge. I visited with men who survived the attack at Pearl Harbor and three years in a Japanese prisoner of war camp. These quiet heroes cried and shared their cherished memories with me.

Over and over, they and their families told me how much my visit and my simple expression of respect had meant to these men of history. Never have I felt so humble and yet so proud and lifted up as I did in the presence of these veterans.

Today, the veterans of World War II are dying at a rate of 1000 a day. Soon, they'll be gone. For you active duty military and reservists, I implore you to put on your uniform and go visit any and all veterans you know. I encourage everyone not to waste another day, but rather, sit by the side of these honorable men and women. Hear their stories. Tell them you care. Learn from them.

It will be more rewarding than anything you have imagined.

♦ -- Lt. Col. James T. Patterson, USAFR
james.patterson @ hq.transcom.mil



They
served
our
country

MURPHY'S OTHER LAWS

1. Everyone has a photographic memory. Some just don't have film.
2. He who laughs last, thinks slowest.
3. A day without sunshine is like, well, night.
4. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
5. Back up my hard drive? How do I put it in reverse?
6. I just got lost in thought. It was unfamiliar territory.
7. Seen it all, done it all. Can't remember most of it.

QUIZ

I didn't have a quiz last month so there is no winner. I am going to do it a little different this time. This quiz will be much easier and I am hoping that more will participate and come up with the correct answer. There will be a candy bar for everyone who can come up with the correct answer by Sunday, June 13, 2004.



Some like it hot
Some like it cold
Some refuse to do
As they are told.

When the heat is on
Some melt and run away
While others take the heat
And in the heat they stay.

Name those who took the heat,
And stayed their ground
And the name of the one
Who had the heat turned on.