



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://onalaskachurchofgod.com)

SEPTEMBER 2004

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

## SECOND ANNUAL HOEDOWN



Our Second Annual Hoedown will be held on Monday, September 6 at Carlisle Park. The Hoedown began about four years ago when we invited the Bloom family from Oregon to come and share their music with us. It was held in our parking lot. It was to be a church social but people kept stopping by and it ended as a community gathering.

Last year we decided to set it up as a community event to honor our community. It was a way we thought we could give back to the community for all the ways they have been a blessing to our church. We invited other churches to join us but because we had not spoken to them about the Hoedown we were not too sure what kind of response we would achieve. Well, as you know the response was overwhelming. Almost every church in our community took part and the pastors were very cooperative in some of the things we had



planned.

We invited each church to bring some music. Because we did not know what music the local churches would be able to provide, we also invited a quartet from the Olympia/Lacey Church of God to come and help us out as well as Dave & Joan Anderson from Seattle. The other churches responded so well that we had to cut short some of the music they had planned. **Isn't God great.**

I informed the local pastors that there would be an opportunity for people to buy water balloons to throw at the pastor of their choice. I was overwhelmed at the positive attitude of all the pastors. Each pastor took part and we had a great time getting all wet.

But not only did we get water balloons thrown at us, people bid on whip cream pies to put in our faces. Again all the pastors were willing to get a pie in the face and everyone did but Joe May of Richland Valley Church. This year we plan on making sure he is not forgotten.

Not only was there great music and a lot of fun with the pastors, we



had great food as well. There were hamburgers, Kilbasa Dogs provided and people brought salad, hot dishes and desserts.

This was a fund raising event for the community. Last year we raised \$ 1,500.00 for the Onalaska Community Association and the Onalaska Cancer Support Group. This year the money is going to the Onalaska Schools for programs that are not able to be funded because of the levy failure.

Hamburgers & Kilbasa Dogs will be provided, we are asking everyone to bring a picnic potluck to share. We are hoping that there will be 300 to 500 people there this year. Last year we had between three and four hundred people, many who just happened to see it going on and stopped by to see what was happening.

The hoedown will begin at **12:00 noon and will go until 4:00 PM.**

We need help setting up and taking down. If you have any questions or you know of a music group that might be willing to join



us or are willing to help out in any way, please contact Pastor Mulkins.

## GOD STILL ANSWERS WHEN WE CALL

There is a family that lives near me in Fort Payne. Their little boy, 6, has a tumor in his brain that is very rare and without treatment will kill him. But the only doctor in the world that has experience in treating it lives in Asia. The family, their friends, their church all prayed for God's compassion as this little boy grew sicker and sicker. The family cannot afford to take the boy to Asia for the surgery. As a matter of fact, they couldn't afford the surgery if the doctor were in the US. The prayers asked God to prevent him from suffering as he died from this tumor.

Well, the dad works at a local Ford dealership, selling cars and trucks. A very nicely dressed man stopped at the car lot last week. The dad talked to him. The customer said that he didn't need a car. He certainly could afford as many cars as he wanted, but he didn't need one. Actually, he wasn't real sure why he had even stopped. The dad suggested they go into his office and talk while they looked over brochures.

As they sat down, the dad introduced himself to the customer. The customer's last name was the very same last name of the doctor in Asia that could operate on the little boy. The dad fell to his knees, praying and weeping. He couldn't believe that there in his office was someone with the very same name as the doctor. Maybe it was a family member, the doctor's brother. Maybe he could arrange for the doctor to help his son.

The rest of the staff of the Ford dealership began gathering around to see

what was happening. The customer was more than a little surprised by the reaction he had gotten to his name. As the story was told about the little boy, the customer began to understand much more.

You see...the customer was not a family member of the doctor. He was the doctor. He was moving from Asia to practice medicine in the US. Actually at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, which is only 2 hours from our little town. He promised that as soon as he completes his move from Asia to the US, that he would perform the surgery on the little boy, free of charge.

Now. Why would a man from Asia, that is a very successful, wealthy doctor moving to Birmingham, Alabama, stop at a Ford dealership in Fort Payne, Alabama? There is only one reason. The only reason for anything at all. God still answers when we call.

◆ *Received from James Sparks*

## THE WOODEN BOWL

A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law, and four-year old grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together at the table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass, milk spilled on the tablecloth. The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about Grandfather," said the son. "I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor." So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner. Since

Grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl. When the family glanced in Grandfather's direction, sometimes he had a tear in his eye as he sat alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food. The four-year-old watched it all in silence. One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat your food from when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work.

The words so struck the parents that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done. That evening the husband took Grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table. For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled.

Children are remarkably perceptive. Their eyes ever observe, their ears ever listen, and their minds ever process the messages they absorb. If they see us patiently provide a happy home atmosphere for family members, they will imitate that attitude for the rest of their lives. The wise parent realizes that every day the building blocks are being laid for the child's future. Let's be wise builders and role models. Lord, we ask not that you move the mountains, but that you give us the strength to climb. "Life is about people connecting with people, and making a positive difference"

◆ *Received from Carl Anderson*



# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

## OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED SERVICES

### SUNDAYS

**SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM**

**MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM**

*Potluck First Sunday of the Month*

**KID'S CLUB 3:30—5:30 PM**

**EVENING SING**

&

**PRAISE SERVICE 6:00 PM**

*(There will be no evening service on Sunday, September 5)*

### WEDNESDAYS

**MEN'S BREAKFAST**

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**THE BURGER BAR 6:00 AM**

**SOUP & SANDWICHES 6:00 PM**

**BIBLE STUDY 7:00 PM**

*"THE PURPOSE DRIVEN LIFE"*

### THURSDAYS

**HOME BIBLE STUDY**

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**ELVA SMOOTS 10:00 AM**  
809 GISH ROAD

### SATURDAYS

**PRAYER MEETING 6:00 PM**

## CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 2004**  
5:00 PM

## WCG LADIES' LUNCHEON

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2004**  
12:00 PM

## PNA ACTIVITIES

The annual **WCG Retreat "TOGETHER WE REJOICE"** will be held at the Double K Ranch Christian Retreat Center on Friday and Saturday, September 17 & 18. The guest speaker will be Ruth Kendall, WCG Regional Director. Donna Conrad from Coeur d'Alene, will be the Worship Leader.

The cost of the retreat is \$ 45.00. You can find a registration form in the back of the church.

If you have any questions, please contact Pastor Mulkins.



Women's Fellowship

## "I LIVE ON BORROWED TIME"

Alice Hansche Mortenson

*I have been healed not instantly,  
But through a surgeon's skill;  
God often uses human hands  
To carry out His will.*

*So I shall thank Him more, not less,  
For every trying hour  
That made me draw unceasingly  
On His unfailing power.*

*I thank Him, yes, for nights of pain  
When Heaven seemed to bend  
Above my bed with songs of praise  
And God Himself would send*

*Such sweet assurance to my soul,  
Such evidence of care,  
That, though I could not see His face,  
I knew that He was there.*

*So as I rise again to serve  
And live on "borrowed time,"  
I pray that I shall not forget  
My days are His, not mine.*

◆ Received from CATHEDRAL PRESS,  
Long Prairie, MN 56347

# ANNUAL CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING

Our Annual Church Business Meeting has been changed from Sunday, October 3, 2004 to Sunday, October 10, 2004 following the Potluck.

This is a very important meeting as we will be voting on three positions for the Church Council as well as positions for Sunday School Superintendent, Head Usher and our PNA representative.

We will also be voting on our annual budget. We will seek to keep you informed on any other items that will be addressed at this meeting.

Please be in prayer for this meeting and mark you calendar so you will be able to participate.

If you are willing to serve in any of these capacities, please contact Sharon Bower.

If you have attended the Onalaska Church of God for the past six months, are 18 years of age or older and have accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, you are eligible to vote in this meeting.



## FROM THE BOG TO THE...

This is the kind of story that Paul Harvey tells. He may have told this one.

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings... An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" the nobleman asked.

"Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of." And that he did. Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best



schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same noble-

man's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia.

What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name?

Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said: What goes around comes around.

♦ *Received from Katie Jackson*

## THERE IS A REASON FOR THE PROBLEM

Don't worry if you have problems! Which is easy to say until you are in the midst of a really big one, I know. But the only people I am aware of who don't have troubles are gathered in little neighborhoods. Most communities have at least one. We call them cemeteries. If you're breathing, you have difficulties. It's the way of life. And believe it or not, most of your problems may actually be good for you! Let me explain.

Maybe you have seen the Great Barrier Reef, stretching some 1,800



miles from New Guinea to Australia. Tour guides regularly take visitors to view the reef. On one tour, the guide was asked an interesting question. "I notice that the lagoon side of the reef looks pale and lifeless, while the ocean side is vibrant and colorful," a traveler observed. "Why is this?"

The guide gave an interesting an-

swer: "The coral around the lagoon side is in still water, with no challenge for its survival. It dies early. The coral on the ocean side is constantly being tested by wind, waves, storms – surges of power. It has to fight for survival every day of its life. As it is challenged and tested it changes and adapts. It grows healthy. It grows strong. And it reproduces." Then he added this telling note: "That's the way it is with every living organism."

That's how it is with people. Challenged and tested, we come alive! Like coral pounded by the sea, we grow. Physical demands can cause us to grow stronger. Mental and emotional stress can produce tough-mindedness and resiliency. Spiritual testing can produce strength of character and faithfulness. So, you have problems -- no problem! Just tell yourself, "There I grow again!"

♦ *Received from Larry & Pam Schmidt*

## THE VOICE OF INNOCENCE

While walking through the woods one day, I was surprised to hear a child's voice. I followed the sound, trying in vain to understand the child's words.

When I spotted a boy perched on a rock, I realized why his words had made no sense: He was repeating the alphabet. "Why are you saying your ABC's so many times?" I asked him.

The child replied, "I'm saying my prayers."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Prayers? All I hear is the alphabet.

"Patiently the child explained, "Well, I don't know all the words, so I give God the letters. He knows what I'm trying to say.

♦ *Received from Saundra January*



## GEESE & SWANS

Sandy

Where we live, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, the gentle waters run in and out like fingers slimming at the tips. They curl into the smaller creeks and coves like tender palms.

The Canadian geese know this place, as do the white swans and the ducks who ride an inch above the waves of Chesapeake Bay as they skim their way into harbor in the autumn. By the thousands they come home for the winter. The swans move toward the shores in a stately glide, their tall heads proud and unafraid.

They lower their long necks deep into the water, where their strong beaks dig through the river bottoms for food. And there is, between the arrogant swans and the prolific geese, an indifference, almost a disdain.

Once or twice each year, snow and sleet move into the area. When this happens, if the river is at its narrowest, or the creek shallow there is a freeze which hardens the water to ice.

It was on such a morning near Oxford, Maryland, that a friend of mine set the breakfast table beside the huge window, which overlooked the Tred Avon River. Across the river, beyond the dock, the snow laced the rim of the shore in white. For a moment she stood quietly, looking at what the night storm had painted.

Sudden she leaned forward and peered close to the frosted window. "It really is" she cried out loud. "There is a goose out there!" She reached to the bookcase and pulled out a pair of binoculars. Into their sights came the figure of a large Canadian goose, very still, its wings folded tight to its sides, its feet frozen to the ice.

Then from the dark skies, she saw a line of swans. They moved in their own singular formation, graceful, intrepid, and free. They crossed from the west of the broad creek high above the house, moving steadily to the east.

As my friend watched, the leader swung to the right, then the white string of birds became a white circle. It floated from the top of the sky downward.

At last, as easy as feathers coming to earth, the circle landed on the ice.

My friend was on her feet now, with one unbelieving hand against her mouth.

As the swans surrounded the frozen goose, she feared what life he still had might be pecked out by those great swan bills.

Instead, amazingly instead, those bills began to work on the ice. The long necks were lifted and curved down, again and again; it went on for a long time. At last, the goose was rimmed by a narrow margin of ice instead of the entire creek. The swans rose again, following the leader, and hovered in that circle, awaiting the results of their labors.

The goose's head lifted. Its body pulled. Then the goose was free and standing on the ice. He was moving his big, webbed feet slowly. And the swans stood in the air watching. Then, as if he had cried "I cannot fly!", four of the swans came down around him. Their powerful beaks scraped the goose's wings from top to bottom, scuttled under its wings and rose up its body, chipping off and melting the ice held in its feathers.

Slowly, as if testing, the goose spread its wings as far as they would go, brought them together, accordion-like, and spread again.

When at last the wings reached their fullest, the four swans took off and

joined the hovering group. They resumed their eastward journey, in perfect formation, to their secret destination.

Behind them, rising with incredible speed and joy, the goose moved into the sky. He followed them, flapping double time, until he caught up, until he joined the last end of the line, like a small child at the end of a crack-the-whip of older boys.

My friend watched them until they disappeared over the tips of the farthest trees. Only then, in the dusk which was suddenly deep, did she realize that tears were running down her cheeks and had been for how long she did not know.

This is a true story. It happened. I do not try to interpret it. I just think of it in the bad moments, and from it comes only one hopeful question: "If so for birds, why not for man?"

◆ Received from Jude Cooper



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*I want to tell you a very strange tale,  
I was created to pay the bail.  
Into my mouth something very  
strange came.  
And ever since that day I've never  
been the same.*

*God sent me on a mission I'm glad to  
say.*

*And through my help we saved the  
day.*

*Now my name you'll never see,  
Even if you look in a sycamore tree.*

*My story you will find within the  
Book.*

*All you need to do is to take a look.  
And if you're quick and very fast,  
A candy bar will be yours at last.*