



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

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

SIGN DEDICATION CHANGE OF DATE



No sooner than I had written and sent out last month's Newsletter several things happen that caused me to change the date for the dedication of the Gloria Memorial Sign.

Some of Gloria's family was unable to attend on April 3 and Jerry Phillips our State Minister, retired was also unable to attend on that date. Then the final blow came. My daughter, Reva and her husband, Ron, wanted me to come to Texas and attend my granddaughter's (Regan) second birthday. They wanted me to come so they bought my ticket. How could I say no to that?

The new date for the dedication will be on Sunday, April 10 following the potluck. It will begin at 1:30 PM so that other congregations can come join us and for those who may have to travel some distances following their church services.

The Women of the Church of God are planning the service, with Carol Haun and Sharon Bower leading. Pastor Jerry Phillips will share a few words. It is to be a short service with refreshments following.

WEAR YOUR SCARS PROUDLY

*Author
Unknown*

Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house. In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went.

He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore.

His father working in the yard saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In utter fear, he ran toward the water, yelling to his son as loudly as he could.

Hearing his voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his father. It was too late. Just as he reached his father, the alligator reached him.

From the dock, the father grabbed his little boy by the arms just as the alligator snatched his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the father, but the father was much too passionate to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard his screams, raced from his truck, took aim and shot the alligator.

Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the vicious attack of the



animal. And, on his arms, were deep scratches where his father's fingernails dug into his flesh in his effort to hang on to the son he loved.

The newspaper reporter who interviewed the boy after the trauma, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his pant legs. And then, with obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too! I have them because my Dad wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, but the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds, my friend, are because God has refused to let go. In the midst of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you.

The Scripture teaches that God loves you. You are a child of God. He wants to protect you and provide for you in every way. But sometimes we foolishly wade into dangerous situations, not knowing what lies ahead. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril - and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-of-war begins - and if you have the scars of His love on your arms be very, very grateful. He did not and will not ever let you go.

God has blessed you, so that you can be a blessing to others. You just never know where a person is in his/her life and what they are going through.

Never judge another persons scars, because you don't know how they got them.

Received from Ruth Bushnell

Train of Life

~author unknown~



*Some folks ride the train of life
Looking out the rear,
Watching miles of life roll by,
And marking every year.*

*They sit in sad remembrance,
Of wasted days gone by,
And curse their life for what it was,
And hang their head and cry.*

*But I don't concern myself with that,
I took a different vent,
I look forward to what life holds,
And not what has been spent.*

*So strap me to the engine,
As securely as I can be,
I want to be out on the front,
To see what I can see.*

*I want to feel the winds of change,
Blowing in my face,
I want to see what life unfolds,
As I move from place to place.*

*I want to see what's coming up,
Not looking at the past,
Life's too short for yesterdays,
It moves along too fast.*



*So if the ride gets bumpy,
While you are looking back,
Go up front, and you may find,
Your life has jumped the track.*

*It's all right to remember,
That's part of history,
But up front's where it's happening,
There's so much mystery.*

*The enjoyment of living,
Is not where we have been,
It's looking ever forward,
To another year and ten.*



*It's searching all the byways,
Never should you refrain,
For if you want to live your life,
You gotta drive the train!*

◆ Received from Larry & Pam Schmidt

NEWS FROM OUR MISSIONARY COMMITTEE

On Sunday evening, March 20, we were privileged to meet Bruce and Katie Kniegge (ku-knee-gie) who have spent the last four years serving with Global Outreach Mission in Bolivia. Bruce is a chiropractor whom God has called; training and helping pastors reach the poor in Bolivia with the gospel of Jesus Christ. Their 30 min video presentation and time of sharing was fascinating. Besides the lovely



pictures of the gorgeous countryside their presentation clearly depicted the nationals lifestyle in both the city and small villages in outlying areas. There were thatched adobe homes with mud stoves, open air markets with makeshift shelters, electrical wiring that would give any code man a nightmare and smiles of the children.

Bruce and Katie pile into their 4 wheel drive and trailer along with a dentist, medical doctor and several nurses to the outlying villages to bring much needed medical care. They work

through the Evangelical pastors and set up temporary clinics. After the clinic has left, the door is now open for the pastor and local believers to make follow-up visits and share the gospel. One small church doubled in size this way.

They also work with several children's homes and a clinic for the poor. The children are in the homes because they are either orphans or victims of extreme poverty and abuse. Cristo Viena Girls home received a new sewing machine (looked like a 1940's model) and material for curtains. San Francisco Boys home is the only Catholic home with whom they can share the Gospel. The door was opened for the gospel through a gift of 25 pairs of tennis shoes! The Nacer Boys home is for street boys and those who deal with addiction. A new septic system was but one of many projects that has transformed the Nacer Boys home, and has the goal of being completely self supported. Gardens not only provide the food, but therapy.

Spiritual needs are also seen to, besides the physical care. Literature that helps the nationals understand how to deal with lice epidemics also deals with their spiritual life, and the love that Jesus has for them.

Dr. Kniegge also works with a Cerebral Palsy Center. There is an English speaking church they work with that has people from many different Evangelical denominations. If you would like to view the CD of the Kniegge's presentation, contact Pastor Lloyd.

Also – check out the new world map in the fellowship hall. Missionaries we know will begin being posted.

The missions committee encourages you to adopt a missionary for prayer.



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM
MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM

Potluck Sunday
April 10

EVENING SING & PRAISE
SERVICE
6:00 PM

TUESDAYS

KID'S CLUB
3:30 - 4:30 PM

WEDNESDAYS

MEN'S BREAKFAST

@

THE BURGER BAR 6:00 AM

SOUP & SANDWICHES 6:00 PM

BIBLE STUDY 7:00 PM
"THE PURPOSE DRIVEN LIFE"
& the JESUS FILM

THURSDAYS

HOME BIBLE STUDY

@

ELVA SMOOTS 1:00 PM
809 GISH ROAD

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

FRIDAY, APRIL 8
1:00 PM

WCG LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, APRIL 9
12:00 PM

*Ladies, want to have a fun time,
want to eat good salads,
want to get to know ladies in church.
WANT NO MORE!
Come to WCG's Ladies luncheon.*

*If you have any questions
please call Mert at 978-4380*

ETERNITY QUARTET

ON SUNDAY EVENING,
APRIL 17
6:00 PM

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TEA & PRAISE

MONDAY, APRIL 11
10:00 AM

RICHLAND VALLEY CHURCH

SENIOR'S ON THE GO
LUNCHEON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20
12:00 NOON

AN OPEN LETTER

I would like to express my thanks and deep appreciation to those who stepped forward in our time of finan-

cial need to help us maintain a positive balance in our general fund account.

As most of you know, I am not one who places a lot of stress on the offerings. I believe that God's people should give out of their love for Him not because they are pressured into giving.

God has truly blessed our church and we are grateful for all He has done for us. I would encourage each of us to reflect on the blessings God has given and seek ways that we can show to Him our appreciation.

I am very concerned over the decline in our attendance over the past several months. I know that there have been several families that have moved out of the area and others who have been ill and unable to come to church on a regular basis but there are others who have just stopped coming. When I speak to them they say all is fine and they will be back but they fail to come.

Time is short and we must do all we can to reach others for Jesus Christ. I would greatly appreciate any ideas that might help us to minister to those who are no longer coming and to those who do not attend any church.



WCG NEWS

WHAT: Rummage, Plant & Bake Sale

WHEN: June 3 & 4

WHERE: Fellowship Hall

WHY: To Sell Our Excess Treasures?

WHO: We Need You To Bring Your Excess Treasures and to Sign Up to Serve at the Sale



NURSERY

Have you noticed the changes in the nursery. There is new carpet, new paint and trim and even new chairs. A special thanks to the Maintenance Committee and help from, Jamie, Anthony, Jonathan and Amy. Go ahead and check it out. **These improvements were paid by the WCG & designated donations.**

ANGELS CAN BE PEOPLE

*This was written by a Hospice of Metro
Denver physician.*

I just had one of the most amazing experiences of my life, and wanted to share it with my family and dearest friends:

I was driving home from a meeting this evening about 5, stuck in traffic on Colorado Blvd., and the car started to choke and splutter and die - I barely managed to coast, into a gas station, glad only that I would not be blocking traffic and would have a somewhat warm spot to wait for the tow truck. It wouldn't even turn over. Before I could make the call, I saw a woman walking out of the "quickie mart" building, and it looked like she slipped on some ice and fell into a gas pump, so I got out to see if she was okay. When I got there, it looked more like she had been overcome by sobs than that she had fallen; she was a young woman who looked really haggard with dark circles under her eyes. She dropped something as I helped her up, and I picked it up to give it to her. It was a nickel.

At that moment, everything came into focus for me: the crying woman, the ancient Suburban crammed full of stuff with 3 kids in the back (1 in a car seat), and the gas pump reading \$4.95. I asked her if she was okay and if she needed help, and she just kept saying, "I don't want my kids to see me crying," so we stood on the other side of the pump from her car. She said she was driving to California and that things were very hard for her right now.

So I asked, "And you were praying?" That made her back away from me a little but I assured her I was not a crazy person and said, "He heard you, and He sent me."

I took out my card and swiped it

through the card reader on the pump so she could fill up her car completely, and while it was fueling walked to the next door McDonald's and bought 2 big bags of food, some gift certificates for more, and a big cup of coffee. She gave the food to the kids in the car who attacked it like wolves, and we stood by the pump eating fries and talking a little. She told me her name, and that she lived in Kansas City. Her boyfriend left 2 months ago and she had not been able to make ends meet.



She knew she wouldn't have money to pay rent Jan 1, and finally in desperation had finally called her parents, with whom she had not spoken in about 5 years. They lived in California and said she could come live with them and try to get on her feet there. So she packed up everything she owned in the car. She told the kids they were going to California for Christmas, but not that they were going to live there.

I gave her my gloves, a little hug and said a quick prayer with her for safety on the road. As I was walking over to my car, she said, "So, are you like an angel or something?" This definitely made me cry. I said, "This time of year angels are really busy, so sometimes God uses regular people." It was so incredible to be a part of someone else's miracle. And of course, you guessed it, when I got in my car it started right away and got me home with no problem. I'll put it in the shop tomorrow to check, but I suspect the mechanic won't find anything wrong.

Sometimes the angels fly close enough to you that you can hear the flutter of their wings... **PSALMS 55:22** "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."



L a s t
month no
one was
able to
come up
with the an-
swer to the
quiz. The

answer is found in 2 Samuel 3. Abner who was the leader of Saul's army left Saul's son, Ish-botheth and joined with David but Joab killed Abner because Abner had killed Joab's brother.

I will try and make this month's quiz a little easier.

*I didn't want to do it, but I was afraid
to say no,*

*So I allow them to place him in a
very dark hole.*

*I didn't want him hurt, no not one sin-
gle hair,*

*But when I went to free him I found
he wasn't there.*

*For many years I wondered just what
had happened to him*

*I knew that we had done wrong, I
knew that we had sinned.*

*Then one day I saw him, I met him
face to face*

*What we had done God used to show
to us His grace.*

*What we had done through spite and
hate*

*God revealed to us that His love was
great.*

*Now there are times the things we do
are bad*

*And we know they make the heart of
God real sad*

*But God has ways His grace to show
To wash our heart and make it white
as snow.*

*Now tell me my name if you think you
know*

*And the name of the one we tried to
hurt so long ago*

*And if you're first, you know the
game*

A candy bar you'll be able to claim.

A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

"To commemorate her 69th birthday on October 1, actress/vocalist Julie Andrews made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of the AARP. One of the musical numbers she performed was "My Favorite Things" from the legendary movie "Sound Of Music. However, the lyrics of the song were deliberately changed for the entertainment of her "blue hair" audience. Here are the lyrics she recited:

*Maalox and nose drops and needles
for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental
fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in
string,
These are a few of my favorite things.
Cadillacs, cataracts, hearing aids
and glasses,
Polident, Fixodent and false teeth in
glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches
with swings,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad
I simply remember my favorite
things,
And then I don't feel so bad.
Hot tea and crumpets, and corn pads
for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked
with onions,
Bathrobes and heat pads and hot
meals they bring,
These are a few of my favorite things.
Back pains, confused brains, and no
fear of sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair
that is thinnin',
And we won't mention our short
shrunk frames,
When we remember our favorite
things.*

*When the joints ache,
When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've
had,
And then I don't feel so bad.*

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

THE DRUG PROBLEM IN AMERICA

Author unknown

The other day, someone at a store in our town read that a methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farmhouse in the adjoining county and he asked me a rhetorical question, "Why didn't we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?"

I replied: I had a drug problem when I was young: I was drug to church on Sunday morning. I was drug to church for weddings and funerals. I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter the weather.

I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults. I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents, told a lie, brought home a bad report card, did not speak with respect, spoke ill of the teacher or the preacher, or if I didn't put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me.

I was drug to the kitchen sink to have my mouth washed out with soap if I uttered a profane word.

I was drug out to pull weeds in mom's garden and flowerbeds and cockleburs out of dad's fields.

I was drug to the homes of family, friends, and neighbors to help out some poor soul, who had no one to mow the yard, repair the clothesline, or chop some firewood and, if my mother had ever known that I took a single



dime as a tip for this kindness, she would have drug me back to the woodshed.

Those drugs are still in my veins; and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say, and think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin; and, if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America would be a better place.

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

THE COMPUTER SWALLOWED GRANDMA

Author Unknown

*The computer's swallowed grandma
Yes' honestly' its true.
She pressed 'control' and 'enter'
And disappeared from view.*

*Its devoured her completely
The thought just makes me squirm.
Maybe she's caught a virus
Or been eaten by a worm.*

*I've searched through the recycle
bin
And files of every kind.
I've even used the Internet
But nothing did I find.*

*In desperation I asked Jeeves
My searches to refine.
The reply from him was negative
Not a thing was found 'online'.*

*So, if inside your 'In Box'
My Grandma you should see.
Please 'Scan', 'Copy' and 'Paste' her
In an e-mail back to me.*

