



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

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

## AMERICAN FLAG OF FLOWERS

Between the fields where the flag is planted, there are 9+ miles of flower fields that go all the way to the ocean. The flowers are grown by seed companies. It's a beautiful place, close to Vandenberg AFB.

Check out the dimensions of the flag. The 2002 Floral Flag is 740 feet long and 390 feet wide and maintains the proper Flag dimensions, as described in Executive Order #10834. This Flag is 6.65 acres and is the first Floral Flag to be planted with 5 pointed Stars, comprised of White Larkspur. Each Star is 24 feet in diameter; each Stripe is 30 feet wide. This Flag is estimated to contain more than 400,000 Larkspur plants, with 4-5 flower stems each, for a total of more than 2 million flowers. You can drive by this flag on V Street south of Ocean Ave. in Lompoc, CA.

- ◆ Aerial photo courtesy of Bill Morson
- ◆ Received from Katie Jackson



## "Thanks? For What?"

By Bob Perks

It's not an easy task to find yourself heading into the holidays when there's little joy in your life.

It had been a bad year. One that would be remembered for the loss of two loved ones. A year that saw financial despair and job loss.

Then there were the health issues. Not everyday concerns

but life threatening attacks.

Nothing, but nothing went right.

Still, the family gathered as always for the Thanksgiving Day feast. They came from all around the country to share once more in what was always a beautiful family tradition.

The setting was the same as always at Grandma's house. Aunt Ester would bring her famous sweet potatoes. Uncle Joe would play

the piano in the great room. Mom would set the table while Dad...well Dad would watch football.

Aunts and Uncles, brothers and sisters would hug that warm loving embrace that says it's been much too long.

Or would they?

"It's really not the same without her here," someone said. Uncle Peter pretended not to hear it and continued on with an almost believable smile on his face.

"Do you remember when George would tell that funny story about his first Thanksgiving turkey?"

"It was really not that funny, but to hear George tell it. You laughed because of him!"

There was an uneasy silence in the room.

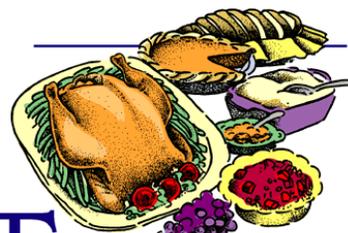
"Time for dinner!" Grandma announced.

One by one each of them took their place at the table. There was an awkward moment when they discovered the two empty seats where they always sat.

"Maybe it's time for Sissy and Jack to move up to the big table." Someone said.

"Yes, come sit here next to me," Uncle Peter motioned. "I could use some company right now."

"Okay, everyone bow your heads for Grace," Grandma told them.



## Thanksgiving

*Continued on page 4*

# LOST GLASSES

**AUTHOR UNKNOWN**

My Mother's father worked as a carpenter. On this particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to orphanages in China.

On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what had happened; the glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut.

His brand new glasses were heading for China!

The Great Depression was at its height and Grandpa had six children. He had spent \$20 for those glasses that very morning. He was upset by the thought of having to buy another pair. "It's not fair," he told God as he drove home in frustration. "I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to your work, and now this."

Months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the United States. He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China, so he came to speak one Sunday at my grandfather's small church in Chicago. The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting the orphanage. "But most of all," he said, "I must thank you for the glasses you sent last year. You see, the Communists had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses. I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply

no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my coworkers and I were much in prayer about this.

Then your crates arrived. When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top. The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in. Then, still gripped with the wonder of it all, he continued: "Folks, when I tried on the glasses, it was as though they had been custom made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that."

The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas. But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way. There are times we want to blame God instead of thanking him!

I have to remember this in these times of trial with my own family. May GOD bless you and don't forget to look for the mistake that God changes into a miracle.

Now "isn't" that just like God to do something like that?

◆ Received from Susan Olsen

## THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

The road to success is not straight. There is a curve called Failure, a loop called Confusion,



speed bumps called Friends, red lights called Enemies, caution lights called Family. You will have flats called Jobs. But, if you have a spare called Determination, an engine called Perseverance, insurance called Faith, a driver called Jesus, you will make it to a place called Success.

**PHILIPPIANS 4:13 (NLT)** *For I can do everything with the help of Christ who gives me the strength I need.*

◆ Received from David Chilson & Ruth Bushnell

## "THE WATCHER"

Margaret Widdemer

*She always learned to watch for us,  
Anxious if we were late,  
In winter by the window,  
In summer by the gate;*

*And though we mocked her tenderly,  
Who has such foolish care,  
The long way home would seem more safe  
Because she waited there.*

*Her thoughts were all so full of us,  
She never could forget!  
And so I think that where she is  
She must be watching yet,*

*Waiting till we come home to her,  
Anxious if we are late –  
Watching from, Heaven's window,  
Leaning from Heaven's gate.*

# ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

## SUNDAYS

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

~  
EVENING SING & PRAISE  
SERVICE  
6:00 PM

## WEDNESDAYS

MEN'S BREAKFAST  
@  
THE BURGER BAR 6:00 AM

~  
SOUP & BREAD  
6:00 PM  
BIBLE STUDY  
7:00 PM

## THURSDAYS

BIBLE STUDY AT ELVA'S  
1:00 PM

## THURSDAYS & FRIDAYS

KID'S CLUB  
3:30 PM — 4:30 PM

## WCG LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12  
12:00 NOON

## HOLIDAY FEAST

On December 11, following the morning service we will be having our Holiday Feast. The meal will be potluck. Please plan on coming and sharing the wonderful meal with our church family.



## CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5  
10:00 AM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

### TEA & PRAISE

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14  
SHOESTRING COMMUNITY  
CHURCH  
10:00 AM

### SENIORS ON THE GO POTLUCK

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16  
12:00 NOON

### THANKSGIVING EVE SERVICE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23  
Stay tuned for further details.

## THE FAMILY BIBLE

A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages.

Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it closely. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages.



"Momma, look what I found" the boy called out.

"What have you got there, dear?" the mother asked.

With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adams's underwear!"



• Received from Eva Dean Stone

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

Pastor & Kathleen would like to invite you join them for a Thanksgiving Dinner on Thanksgiving day in the Church's Fellowship Hall at 1:00 PM. This dinner is open to anyone who wishes to join with others for a great time celebrating the blessings of God. If you would like to join us and others for this dinner, please let either Pastor Mulkins or Kathleen know. To help us know how many to prepare for, we will have a sign up sheet in the back of the church. We will also make available a list of items from which you can choose to bring and add to this delicious meal.



## "Thanks? For What?"

By Bob Perks

*Continued from page 1*

"Lord, we are gathered here once again in thanks for all your blessings. We are grateful to you for the bounty of this feast and for the family we share it with. Amen."

It was now the tradition of this family to take the time to share one thing they were each thankful for from the past year.

"Who would like to go first?" Grandma asked.

There was silence. An uncomfortable moment that most everyone dreaded this year.

"Come, now. Who will start?"

Jack, now the youngest one there at the grown up table rose to his feet and tried to slip away.

Jack had lost his mother just a few weeks earlier after a long struggle with cancer.

"Jack, you have not asked to be excused," Grandma said sharply.

"Perhaps you would like to begin?"

Oh, this was a tough moment. Grandma deserved the respect of a young man, but stirred in him a fire that only youth enjoy.

"Thanks? For what?" he said sharply.

"Thanks for taking my mom? Thanks for Uncle Dan losing his job and having to sell his house? Thanks for the cancer that has taken all too many lives?" he said with anger in his voice.

"Thanks for what?"

Most of the adults sat quietly with their heads lowered. Some struggled to hold back tears. It was a difficult time and no one there went unaffected by the loss

and tragedies of this past year.

Then suddenly a small voice could be heard.

"Thanks for the love."

Heads raised slowly. Looking around the room to see who had spoken, you could hear the rattle of the dishes and the scraping of the chairs against the floor as some repositioned themselves to get a better look.



"Who said that?" Grandma said softly.

Nervously the young child raised his hand and could barely be seen in the far corner of the room.

It was the children's table, occupied this year by only two. The others had been promoted to fill the vacancies at the adult table.

"Jacob, please stand up," Grandma urged.

"Tell us again. What are you thankful for this Thanksgiving?"

"I am thankful for the love. You can lose a job. God can call all of us home. What will always remain is the love. The love. I'm thankful for the love."

The stillness in the room was unsettling.

"I'm thankful for you Jacob," someone said.

"Well, I'm thankful for...ever having your mom in my

life. Even if only for such a brief time," Jack's father said.

"I'm thankful for the memories," someone else added.

"I'm thankful for the chance to start over with a new career," Uncle Dan said.

"I'm thankful for cranberry sauce!" the little child yelled out.

Everyone was laughing. Jack returned to his seat as he listened to the others announce what they were thankful for.

"My golf score!"

"My new dress."

"My trip to the Grand Canyon last summer with our neighbors. It was awesome!"

Finally it went full circle right back to Jack.

There was a sudden hush in the room as everyone waited to see if he would join in.

Then looking up, with tears in his eyes Jack said, "Thanks for being my Mom!"

Family rushed to his side and surrounding him they hugged, kissed and held his hands.

"Let's eat!" Grandma said.

The young man in the corner whispered, "See, God? Thanks for the love."

May this holiday season bathe you in His Love.

I am thankful for yours!

♦ *"I believe in you!"*

**Bob Perks**

**Bob@BobPerks.com**

**IF GOD BRINGS YOU TO IT,  
HE WILL BRING YOU  
THROUGH IT.**

Happy moments, praise God.  
Difficult moments, seek God.  
Quiet moments, worship God.  
Painful moments, trust God.  
Every moment, thank God.

♦ *Received from Steve Sumsky*

The answer to last month's quiz was **Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednegon** and **Melzar** the prince of the eunuchs. This story is found in the first chapter of the book of Daniel.



Here is the quiz for this month.

*His name is hard to say  
Off you're tongue it must roll  
His name is found within the Book  
He lived a long, long time ago.*

*He was sent upon a mission  
He was given a task to do.  
He was met with many problems  
But he had the faith to see it through.*

*He was a descendent of David  
He was of royal seed  
He was born in captivity  
But for this task he was freed*

*He had no problem with money  
For it was all supplied  
There were those who shouted for joy  
And there were those who wept and cried.*

*It took them many, many years  
Before they finished their task  
For there were those who stopped them  
When with a petition they did ask.*

*The petition it was granted  
The work it had to cease  
But they kept their faith in God  
They knew their needs He'd meet.*

*So after many years of struggles  
They were able to finish the task  
A candy bar can be in your hands  
Its only for one name I ask.*

*So tell me the name  
Of this one so long ago  
I know it find it  
If you know just where to go.*

## I'M SORRY MOM!

Late one Saturday evening, I was awakened by the ringing of my phone.

In a sleepy, grumpy voice, I said, "Hello." The party on the other end of the line paused for a moment before rushing breathlessly into a lengthy speech.



"Mom, this is Susan and I'm sorry I woke you up, but I had to call because I'm going to be a little late getting home. See, Dad's

car has a flat but it's not my fault. Honest! I don't know what happened. The tire just went flat while we were inside the theater. Please don't be mad, okay?"

Since I don't have any daughters, I knew the person had misdialed.

"I'm sorry, dear," I replied, "but I have to tell you you've reached the wrong number. I don't have a daughter named Susan. In fact, I don't have any daughter at all."

A pause.

"Gosh, Mom," came the young woman's quavering voice, "I didn't think you'd be this mad."

◆ Received for Jim Sparks

## "Squawks"

Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by US Air Force pilots and the replies from the maintenance crews. "Squawks" are problem listings that pilots generally leave for maintenance crews to fix before the next flight.

**(P)=PROBLEM (S)=SOLUTION**

- (P) Left inside main tire almost needs replacement
- (S) Almost replaced left inside main tire
- (P) Test flight OK, except auto land very rough,
- (S) Auto land not installed on this aircraft
- (P) #2 Propeller seeping prop fluid,
- (S) #2 Propeller seepage normal - #1 #3 and #4 propellers lack normal seepage
- (P) Something loose in cockpit
- (S) Something tightened in cockpit
- (P) Evidence of leak on right main landing gear
- (S) Evidence removed
- (P) DME volume unbelievably loud
- (S) Volume set to more believable level
- (P) Dead bugs on windshield
- (S) Live bugs on order
- (P) Autopilot in altitude hold mode produces a 200 fpm descent
- (S) Cannot reproduce problem on ground



- (P) IFF inoperative
- (S) IFF always inoperative in OFF mode
- (P) Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick
- (S) That's what they're there for
- (P) Number three engine missing
- (S) Engine found on right wing after brief search
- (P) Aircraft handles funny
- (S) Aircraft warned to straighten up, "fly right" and be serious