



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

SEPTEMBER, 2006

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

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE

A group of alumni, highly established in their careers, got together to visit their old university professor. Conversation soon turned into complaints about stress in work and life.

Offering his guests coffee, the professor went to the kitchen and returned with a large pot of coffee and an assortment of cups - porcelain, plastic, glass,



crystal, some plain looking, some expensive, some exquisite - telling them to

help themselves to the coffee.

All the students had a cup of coffee in hand, the professor said: "If you noticed, all the nice looking expensive cups were taken up, leaving behind the plain and cheap ones. While it may be normal to want only the best for yourselves, that is often the source of your problems and stress.

Be assured that the cup itself adds no quality to the coffee in most cases just more expensive and in some cases even hides what we drink.

What all of you really wanted was coffee, not the cup, but you consciously went for the best cups... And then began eyeing

each other's cups.

Now consider this: Life is the coffee, and the jobs, money and position in society are the cups. They are just tools to hold and contain Life, and the type of cup we have does not define, nor change the quality of Life we live. Sometimes, by concentrating only on the cup, we fail to enjoy the coffee God has provided us."

God brews the coffee, not the cups.....enjoy your coffee!

◆ *Received from Joe & Freda Downs*

STICKS AND STONES

Author Unknown

Bill was a big, awkward, homely guy. He dressed oddly with ill-fitting clothes. There were several fellows who thought it smart to make fun of him. One day one fellow noticed a small tear in his shirt and gave it a small rip. Another worker in the factory added his bit, and before long there was quite a ribbon dangling. Bill went on about his work and as he passed too near a moving belt the shirt strip was sucked into the machinery. In a split second the sleeve and Bill were in trouble. Alarms were sounded, switches pulled, and trouble was avoided.

The foreman, however, aware of what had happened, summoned the men and related this story:

"In my younger days I worked

in a small factory. That's when I first met Mike. He was big and witty, was always making jokes, and playing little pranks. Mike was a leader. Then there was Pete who was a follower. He always went along with Mike. And then there was a man named Jake. He was a little older than the rest of us - quiet, harmless, apart. He always ate his lunch by himself. He wore the same patched trousers for three years straight. He never entered into the games we played at noon, wrestling, horse shoes and such. He appeared to be indifferent, always sitting quietly alone under a tree instead. Jake was a natural target for practical jokes. He might find a live frog in his dinner pail or a dead rodent in his hat. But he always took it in good humor.

Then one fall when things were slack, Mike took off a few days to go hunting. Pete went along, of course and they promised all of us that if they got anything they'd bring us each a piece. So we were all quite excited when we heard that they'd returned and that Mike had got a really big buck. We heard more than that. Pete could never keep anything to himself, and it leaked out that they had a real whopper to play on Jake. Mike had cut up the critter and had made a nice package for each of us. And, for the laugh, for the joke of it, he had saved the ears, the tail, the hoofs - it would be so funny when Jake unwrapped them.

Continued on page 4

A WONDERFUL DOG STORY

Mary and her husband, Jim, had a dog named Lucky. Lucky was a real character. Whenever Mary and Jim had company come for a weekend visit, they would warn their friends to not leave their luggage open because Lucky would help himself to whatever struck his fancy. Inevitably someone would forget and something would come up missing.



Mary or Jim would go to Lucky's toy box in the basement and there the treasure would be, amid all of Lucky's favorite toys. Lucky always stashed his finds in his toy box and he was very particular that his toys stay in the box.

It happened that Mary found out she had breast cancer. Something told her she was going to die of this disease...she was just sure it was fatal. She scheduled the double mastectomy, fear riding on her shoulders. The night before she was to go to the hospital she cuddled with Lucky. A thought struck her...what would happen to Lucky? Even though the three-year-old dog liked Jim, he was Mary's dog through and through. If I die, Lucky will be abandoned, Mary thought. He won't understand that I didn't want to leave him. The thought made her sadder than thinking of her own death.

The double mastectomy was harder on Mary than her doctors had anticipated, and Mary was hospitalized for over two weeks. Jim took Lucky for his evening walk faithfully; but the dog just drooped, whining and miserable. Finally the day came for Mary to leave the hospital. When she arrived home,

Mary was so exhausted she couldn't even make it up the steps to her bedroom. Jim made his wife comfortable on the couch and left her to nap. Lucky stood watching Mary, but he didn't come to her when she called. It made Mary sad but sleep soon overcame her and she dozed.

When Mary woke for a second she couldn't understand what was wrong. She couldn't move her head, and her body felt heavy and hot. Panic soon gave way to laughter, when Mary realized the problem. She was covered, literally blanketed, in every treasure Lucky owned! While she had slept, the sorrowing dog had made trip after trip to the basement and back, bringing his beloved mistress his favorite things in life from his toy box! He had covered her with his love.

Mary forgot about dying. Instead, she and Lucky began living again, walking further and further together every night. It's been 12 years now and Mary is still cancer-free. Lucky? He continues to steal treasures and stash them in his toy box, but Mary remains his greatest treasure!

Received from Kathleen Mulkins

CLAY BALLS

A man was exploring caves by the seashore. In one of the caves he found a canvas bag with a bunch of hardened clay balls. It was like someone had rolled clay balls and left them out in the sun to bake.

They didn't look like much, but they intrigued the man, so he took the bag out of the cave with him. As he strolled along the beach, he would throw the clay balls one at a

time out into the ocean as far as he could.

He thought little about it, until he dropped one of the clay balls and it cracked open on a rock. Inside was a beautiful, precious stone!

Excited, the man started breaking open the remaining clay balls. Each contained a similar treasure. He found thousands of dollars worth of jewels in the 20 or so clay balls he had left. Then it struck him.

He had been on the beach a long time. He had thrown maybe 50 or 60 of the clay balls with their hidden treasure into the ocean waves. Instead of thousands of dollars in treasure, he could have taken home tens of thousands, but he had just thrown it away!

It's like that with people.

We look at someone, maybe even ourselves, and we see the external clay vessel. It doesn't look like much from the outside. It isn't always beautiful or sparkling, so we discount it.

We see that person as less important than someone more beautiful or stylish or well known or wealthy. But we have not taken the time to find the treasure hidden inside that person.

There is a treasure in each and every one of us. If we take the time to get to know that person, and if we ask God to show us that person the way He sees them, then the clay begins to peel away and the brilliant gem begins to shine forth.

May we not come to the end of our lives and find out that we have thrown away a fortune in friendships because the gems were hidden in bits of clay. May we see the people in our world as God sees them.

◆ *Received from Ruth Bushnell*



ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

~

EVENING SING & PRAISE
SERVICE
6:00 PM

~

WEDNESDAYS

SUP & STUDY

We will gather at **6:30 PM** for a light supper and then at **7:00 PM** we will have a Bible Study.

This year we will be doing studies on different characters in the Bible. The life of Moses will be our first study.

~

THURSDAYS

PRAYER & VISITATION
6:30 PM

2nd and 4th Thursdays of every month

~

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7
6:00 PM

~

WCG LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9
12:00 NOON

~

MEN'S BREAKFAST

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16
7:00 AM

~

SOMMA FOOD BASKET SUNDAY

SUNDAY MORNING,
SEPTEMBER 17
11:00 AM

~

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TEA & PRAISE

MONDAY
SEPTEMBER 11
10:00 AM

~

SENIORS ON THE GO

WEDNESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 20
12:00 NOON

~

PNA EVENTS

WOMEN'S RETREAT

FRIDAY & SATURDAY,
SEPTEMBER 15 & 16

AT

DOUBLE K CHRISTIAN
CENTER

"SUSAN WYANT"

GUEST SPEAKER

CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING

On Sunday, October 8 following our Morning Worship Service we will be conducting our Annual Church Business Meeting. During this meeting we will be taking a survey that is required by the grant we received from the Lilly Foundation allowing our pastor to participate in the **SHAPE** program. **Sustaining Health and Pastoral Excellence.**

We will also be electing new officers. There are two positions on the Church Council, Sunday School Superintendent, Assistant Sunday School Superintendent, Head Usher, PNA Representative and Alternant.

If you would like to fulfill any of these positions, please contact a member of the Nominating Committee.

The Budget for 2007 will also be presented for our approval.

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

GOSPEL HOEDOWN



The Onalaska Fourth Annual Gospel Hoedown, sponsored by the churches of Onalaska, is scheduled for Monday, September 4th in Carlisle Park from 12:00 noon until 4:00 pm. Many of Onalaska churches get together to help raise money for a worthwhile **COMMUNITY** project;

none of the money raised goes to any of the churches. In the past we have raised money for the **ONALASKA CANCER GROUP**, the **ONALASKA COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION**, the **ONALASKA FIRE DEPARTMENT**, and for **KIDS WHO COULD NOT PARTICIPATE IN AFTER-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES DUE TO LACK OF FUNDS** (the levy failed that year). This year we will be raising money for the **SOMMA FOOD BANK**. We need people to provide pies for the pie auction. We will be serving Hamburgers & Hot Dogs and having a picnic potluck.

STICKS & STONES

Continued from page 1

Mike distributed his packages during the noon hour. We each got a nice piece, opened it, and thanked him. The biggest package of all he saved until last. It was for Jake. Pete was all but bursting; and Mike looked very smug. Like always, Jake sat by himself; he was on the far side of the big table. Mike pushed the package over to where he could reach it; and we all sat and waited. Jake was never one to say much. You might never know that he was around for all the talking he did. In three years he'd never said a hundred words. So we were all quite astounded with what happened next. He took the package firmly in his grip and rose slowly to his feet.

He smiled broadly at Mike - and it was then we noticed that his eyes were glistening. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down for a moment and then he got control of himself. 'I knew you wouldn't forget me,' he said gratefully; 'I knew you'd come through! You're big and you're playful, but I knew all along that you had a good heart.' He swallowed again, and then took in the rest of us. 'I know I haven't seemed too chummy with you men; but I never meant to be rude.

You see, I've got nine kids at home - and a wife that's been an invalid - bedfast now for four years she ain't ever going to get any better. And sometimes when she's real bad off, I have to sit up all night to take care of her. And most of my wages have had to go for doctors and medicine. The kids do all they can to help out,

but at times it's been hard to keep food in their mouths. Maybe you think it's funny that I go off by myself to eat my dinner.

Well, I guess I've been a little ashamed, because I don't always have anything between my sandwich. Or like today - maybe there's only a raw turnip in my pail. But I want you to know that this meat really means a lot to me. Maybe more than to anybody here because tonight my kids", he wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, "tonight my kids will have a really.' He tugged at the string.

We'd been watching Jake so intently we hadn't paid much notice to Mike and Pete. But we all noticed them now, because they both dove at once to try to grab the package. But they were too late. Jake had broken the wrapper and was already surveying his present. He examined each hoof, each ear, and then he held up the tail. It wiggled limply. It should have been so funny, but nobody laughed - nobody at all. But the hardest part was when Jake looked up and said 'Thank you' while trying to smile.

Silently one by one each man moved forward carrying his package and quietly placed it in front of Jake for they had suddenly realized how little their own gift had really meant to them ... until now ..."

This was where the foreman left the story and the men. He didn't need to say anymore; but it was gratifying to notice that as each man ate his lunch that day, they shared part with Bill and one fellow even took off his shirt and gave it to him.

◆ *Received from Ruth Bushnell*

I WONDER

Jeanne Hossler

Sometime ago I read in **Ezekiel 3:15** these words "**...and I sat where they sat.**" And I began to wonder: What if I sat where one of our missionaries sits—one who had left everything to follow Christ among a people whose language he doesn't know, whose customs and morals are different, and who have yet to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ? I wonder—would I pray more frequently and earnestly if I "sat where they sat"?

What if I sat in the seat of the child in Africa who is orphaned because of **AIDS**, and who doesn't know what, or if he will eat, or where he will sleep? I wonder—would I forego my favorite dessert of some other luxury in order to give money that he might have the necessities of life?

I wonder—if I sat in the seat of my pastor and saw the burdens he carries, the awesome responsibility that rests on his shoulders, would I remember to hold him up in prayer, and speak a word of encouragement now and then?

And what about our council members, who spend agonizing hours seeking to come up with the right decisions? Would I be more consistent in praying for strength and wisdom for them? (God forbid that I "**Sit in the seat of the scornful!**")

If I sat in the seat of the Sunday School teacher, would I seek out ways to lighten their loads?

If I sat in the seat of the custodians, would I be more careful about leaving "stuff" lying around for them to pick up?

I wonder!

◆ *Received from Capital Letters
Olympia/Lacy Church of God*



The quiz last month was answered by those of distance. The first one to come up with the correct answer (**Zechariah, chapter 2 & 6**), was Lynette Storm from Winlock. Close behind was Paul Mobley, from Yakima, and my brother Jim, from Scottsdale. I hope someone from our church can be first to answer this month's quiz.

*He was running afraid for his life,
He was doing his best to avoid
any strife.*

*He needed something good to
eat,
So he lied his need to meet.*

*When he arrived there was no
sword in his hand,
But when he left he was an armed
man.*

*The sword he took was wrapped
in a cloth,
It had been there some time so it
wouldn't be lost.*

*He hoped no one saw him so he
could be safe,
But I saw him there, I recognized
his face.*

*The king was mad as mad could
be,
For from his hands he did flee.*

*I told the king where he had been,
For a prize I thought that I would
win.*

*Its not always good to please the
king,
For the next thing I did was an
awful thing.*

*More than eighty-five lives I did
take
Oxen, and asses, and sheep
could not escape.
They all had to die by the word of
the king,
Who was filled with hatred, jeal-
ously and other awful things.*

*If a candy bar you would like to win,
You must know the names of these
three men.*

*The name of the man who did flee,
The name of the king and then the
name of me.*

LETTER FROM A FARM KID

AT SAN DIEGO MARINE CORPS
RECRUIT TRAINING

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am well. Hope you are. Tell Brother Walt and Brother Elmer the Marine Corps beats working for old man Minch by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before all of the places are filled.

I was restless at first because you got to stay in bed till nearly 6 a.m. but I am getting so I like to sleep late. Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot, and shine some things. No hogs to slop, feed to pitch, mash to mix, wood to split, fire to lay. Practically nothing.

Men got to shave but it is not so bad, there's warm water. Breakfast is strong on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc., but kind of weak on chops, potatoes, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie and other regular food, but tell Walt and Elmer you can always sit by the two city boys that live on coffee. Their food plus yours holds you until noon when you get fed again. It's no wonder these city boys can't walk much.

We go on "route marches," which the platoon sergeant says are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, it's not my place to tell him different. A "route march" is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys get sore feet and we all ride back in trucks.



The country is nice but awful flat. The sergeant is like a school teacher. He nags a lot. The Captain is like the school board. Majors and colonels just ride around and frown. They don't bother you none.

This next will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep getting medals for shooting. I don't know why. The bulls-eye is near as big as a chipmunk head and don't move, and it ain't shooting at you like the Higgett boys at home. All you got to do is lie there all comfortable and hit it. You don't even load your own cartridges. They come in boxes.

Then we have what they call hand-to-hand combat training. You get to wrestle with them city boys. I have to be real careful though, they break real easy. It ain't like fighting with that ole bull at home. I'm about the best they got in this except for that Tug Jordan from over in Silver Lake. I only beat him once. He joined up the same time as me, but I'm only 5'6" and 130 pounds and he's 6'8" and near 300 pounds dry.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join before other fellers get onto this setup and come stampeding in.

Your loving daughter,
Alice

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

