



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

NOVEMBER, 2006

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

QUILT OF HOLES

Author Unknown

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls.

Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles. An Angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that is our life.

But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in everyday life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all.

I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened.

My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally the time came when each life was to be displayed,

held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth.

The others rose, each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me, and nodded for me to rise.

My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life, and laughter. But there had also been trials of illness, and death, and false accusations that took from me my world, as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again.



I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully, each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me.

And now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was.

I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at the others who stared at me with wide eyes.

Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image, the face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, "Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you."

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through.

◆ *Received from Susan Olsen*

A. S. A. P.

There's work to do, deadlines to meet;

You've got no time to spare,
But as you hurry and scurry

ASAP

ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

In the midst of family chaos,
"Quality time" is rare.

Do your best; let God do the rest

ASAP

ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER.

It may seem like your worries
Are more than you can bear.
Slow down and take a breather-

ASAP

ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

God knows how stressful life is;
He wants to ease our cares,
And He'll respond to all your needs

ASAP

ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER.

◆ *Received from Eva Dean Stone*

BIG MUD PUDDLES **AND YELLOW** **DANDELIONS**

Author Unknown



When I look at a patch of dandelions, I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over my yard. My kids see flowers for Mom and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I look at an old drunk and he smiles at me, I see a smelly, dirty person who probably wants money and I look away. My kids see someone smiling at them and they smile back.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have much rhythm so I sit self-consciously and listen. My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing out the words. If they don't know them, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it. I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk. My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it, until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I pray, I say thee and thou and grant me this, give me that. My kids say, "Hi God! Thanks for my toys and my friends. Please keep the bad dreams away tonight. Sorry, I don't want to go to Heaven yet. I would miss my Mommy and Daddy."

When I see a mud puddle I step around it. I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets. My kids sit in it. They see dams to build, rivers to



cross and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given kids to teach or to learn from? No wonder God loves the little children!!

Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.

I wish you **BIG MUD PUDDLES** and **SUNNY YELLOW DANDELIONS**

◆ Received from Susan Olsen

THE MARINE'S **FATHER**

Author Unknown

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside. "Your son is here," she said to the old man. She had to repeat the words several times before the patient's eyes opened.

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Marine standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Marine could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Marine sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man's hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital - the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The Marine released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her.

"Who was that man?" he asked.

The nurse was startled, "He was your father," she answered.

"No, he wasn't," the Marine replied. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn't here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed."

The next time someone needs you, just be there. Stay.

We are not human beings going through a temporary spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings going through a temporary human experience.

◆ Received from Kathleen Mulkins

JESUS HAD NO SERVANTS

*Jesus had no servants,
yet they called Him Master.*

*Had no degree,
yet they called Him Teacher.*

*Had no medicines,
yet they called Him Healer.*

*Had no army,
yet kings feared Him.*

*He won no military battles,
yet He conquered the world.*

*He committed no crime,
yet they crucified Him.*

*He was buried in a tomb,
yet He lives today.*

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

ALASKA'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. We are studying the life of Moses.

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4
10:00 AM

~

WCG LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11
12:00 NOON

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MEN'S BREAKFAST

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18
7:00 AM

~

FOOD BASKET SUNDAY

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19
11:00 AM

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THANKSGIVING DINNER

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23
CHURCH FELLOWSHIP HALL
1:00 PM

*Yesterday is experience,
Tomorrow is hope,
Today is getting from one to
the other.*

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TEA & PRAISE

MONDAY
NOVEMBER 13

@

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
CHURCH
11:00 AM

~

SENIORS ON THE GO

WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 15
12:00 NOON

~

AMERICAN LEGION

THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 16
7:00 PM

~

*It is not the lofty sails but
the unseen wind that
moves the ship.*

THANKSGIVING EVE SERVICE

WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 22
6:30 PM

@

COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

THE TOP TEN PREDICTIONS FOR 2007

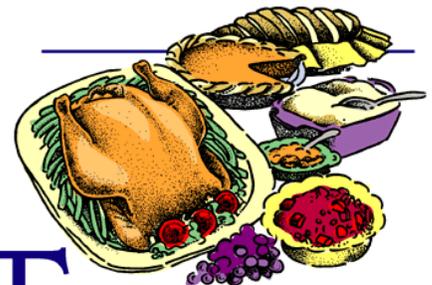
1. The Bible will still have the answers.
2. Prayer will still work.
3. The Holy Spirit will still move.
4. God will still inhabit the praises of His people.
5. There will still be God-anointed preaching.
6. There will still be singing of praise.
7. God will still pour out blessings upon His people.
8. There will still be room at the Cross.
9. Jesus will still love you.
10. Jesus will still save the lost.

God whispers in your soul and speaks to your heart. Sometimes when you don't have time to listen, He has to throw a brick at you. It's your choice: Listen to the whisper, or wait for the brick.

◆ Received from Eva Dean Stone

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH THE PASTOR

On Thanksgiving day everyone is invited to join the Pastor and his family for a Thanksgiving dinner in the Fellowship Hall. Pastor & Kathleen Mulkins will provide the turkey and ham, the remainder of the meal will be an organized potluck. If you would like to join the Pastor and his family please sign up on the sign-up sheet in the back of the church. There will be a menu posted and you can choose what you would like to bring to the dinner. The dinner will begin at 1:00 PM.



Thanksgiving

When an old lady died in the geriatric ward of a small hospital near Dundee Scotland, it was believed that she had nothing left of any value. Later, when the nurses were going through her meager possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital. One nurse took her copy to Ireland. The old lady's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the North Ireland Association for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on her simple, but eloquent, poem. And this little old Scottish lady, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this "anonymous" poem winging across the Internet:

CRABBY OLD WOMAN

*What do you see, nurses
What do you see?
What are you thinking
When you're looking At me?

A crabby old woman
Not very wise,
Uncertain of habit,
With faraway eyes?

Who dribbles her food
And makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice.
"I do wish you'd try!

Who seems not to notice
The things that you do,
And forever is losing
A stocking or shoe?

Who, resisting or not,
Lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding,
The long day to fill?

Is that what you're thinking?
Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse,
You're not looking at me.*

*I'll tell you who I am
As I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding,
As I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten
With a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters
Who love one another.

A young girl of sixteen
With wings on her feet
Dreaming that soon now
A lover she'll meet.

A bride soon at twenty,
My heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows
That I promised to keep.

At twenty-five now,
I have young of my own,
Who need me to guide
And a secure happy home.

A woman of thirty,
My young now grown fast,
Bound to each other
With ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons
Have grown and are gone,
But my man's beside me
To see I don't mourn

At fifty once more,
Babies play round my knee,
Again we know children,
My loved one and me

Dark days are upon me,
My husband is dead,
I look at the future,
I shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing
Young of their own,
And I think of the years
And the love that I've known.

I'm now an old woman
And nature is cruel;
Tis jest to make old age
Look like a fool.

The body, it crumbles,
Grace and vigor depart,
There is now a stone
Where I once had a heart.*

*But inside this old carcass
A young girl still dwells,
And now and again,
My battered heart swells.*

*I remember the joys,
I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living
Life over again.*

*I think of the years
All too few, gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact
That nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people,
Open and see,
Not a crabby old woman;
Look closer...see, ME!!*

Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within... we will all, one day, be there, too!

◆ Received from Larry & Pam Schmidt

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD



A Sunday School teacher decided to have her young class

memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible; Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the verse. Little Rick was excited about the task -- but, he just couldn't remember the Psalm. After much practice, he could barely get past the first line. On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Rickey was so nervous.

When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, "The Lord is my Shepherd, and that's all I need to know."



Paul Mobley was the first person to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz.

My brother, Jim from Scottsdale, was close behind. The answer is found in the 4, 5 and 6 chapters of I Samuel. The person who was born and his mother died, was Ichabod, grandson of the priest Eli, the secret weapon was the Ark of the Covenant, and the people slain were the Bethshemites.

Here is this month's quiz.

*My name you've read
I know you have,
Its in the Book,
But it makes me sad.*

*To think of all the places
That I have been
And all the sermons
I heard time and again.*

*To see the mighty
Works of God
In all the places
I had trod.*

*You would think that
I would know what I should do
But I left it all
Like a crazy fool.*

*I turned my back on God,
What a disgrace,
And to the world
I turned my face.*

*My death is not
Mentioned within the Book
So don't take the time
To try and look.*

*Yes I died
I know it's true
But my eternal home
Is not known to you.*

*Maybe I repented
Before that day
And God restored
Me on that way.*

*But tell me my name
If you think you can
And a candy bar
Will be placed within your hand.*

WORD SCRABBLE

Someone is deady at Scrabble

DORMITORY:

When you rearrange the letters:
DIRTY ROOM

PRESBYTERIAN:

When you rearrange the letters:
BEST IN PRAYER

ASTRONOMER:

When you rearrange the letters:
MOON STARER

DESPERATION:

When you rearrange the letters:
A ROPE ENDS IT

THE EYES:

When you rearrange the letters:
THEY SEE

GEORGE BUSH:

When you rearrange the letters:
HE BUGS GORE

THE MORSE CODE:

When you rearrange the letters:
HERE COME DOTS

SLOT MACHINES:

When you rearrange the letters:
CASH LOST IN ME

ANIMOSITY:

When you rearrange the letters:
IS NO AMITY

ELECTION RESULTS:

When you rearrange the letters:
LIES - LET'S RECOUNT

SNOOZE ALARMS:

When you rearrange the letters:
ALAS! NO MORE Z 'S

A DECIMAL POINT:

When you rearrange the letters:
IM A DOT IN PLACE

THE EARTHQUAKES:

When you rearrange the letters:
THAT QUEER SHAKE

ELEVEN PLUS TWO:

When you rearrange the letters:
TWELVE PLUS ONE

MOTHER-IN-LAW:

When you rearrange the letters:
WOMAN HITLER

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

LAWN MOWER REPAIR STORY

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the truck, the car, fishing, always something more important to me.

Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house.

I was gone only a few minutes. When I came out again I handed her a toothbrush.

"When you finish cutting the grass," I said, "you might as well sweep the sidewalk."

The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

