



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

OCTOBER, 2009

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

THE PENCIL

In the beginning, the pencil Maker spoke to the pencil saying. "There are five things you need to know before I send you out into the world. Always remember them and you will become the best pencil you can be."



1. *You will be able to do many things, but only if you allow yourself to be held in someone's hand.*
2. *You will experience a painful sharpening from time to time, but this is required if you want to become a better pencil.*
3. *You have the ability to correct any mistake you might make.*
4. *The most important part of you will always be what's inside.*
5. *No matter what the condition, you must continue to write. You must always leave a clear, legible mark no matter how difficult the situation.*

Your life is like a pencil:

1. *You will be able to do many great things, but only if you allow yourself to be held in God's hand, and allow others human*

beings to access you for the many gifts you possess.

2. *You will experience a painful sharpening from time to time, by going through various problems, but you'll need it to become a stronger person.*

3. *You will be able to correct mistakes you might make or grow through them.*

4. *The most important part of you will always be what's on the inside.*

5. *On every surface you walk, you must leave your mark. No matter what the situation, you must continue to serve God in everything.*

Everyone is like a pencil created by the Maker for a unique and special purpose.

By understanding and remember let us proceed with our life on this earth having a meaningful purpose in our hearts and a relationship with God daily.

**YOU WERE MADE TO DO
GREAT THINGS!!!**

IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL IT'S OVER

On my way home one day, I stopped to watch a Little League base ball game that was being played in a park near my



home. As I sat down behind the bench on the first-base line, I asked one of the boys what the score was 'We're behind 14 to nothing,' he answered with a smile.

'Really,' I said. 'I have to say you don't look very discouraged.'

'Discouraged?' the boy asked with a puzzled look on his face... 'Why should we be discouraged? We haven't been up to bat yet.'

THE BEST PART

Whenever I'm disappointed with my spot in life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott.

Jamie was trying out for a part in the school play. His mother



told me that he'd set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be

chosen.

On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement. 'Guess what, mom,' he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me... 'I've been chosen to clap and cheer.'

Psalm 62:8 (KJV)

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us. Selah.

SANCTUARY

I stand with an unimpressive steeple, quiet and sturdy, as others seek comfort in me.

My white paint peeling and cracking seems to be held on only by will. Weathered from the years, a weakened frame allows the slightest of breezes to poke gently at the ones I protect. I sit upon a

humble yard, with its carved sign inviting all to worship. The lush green grass seems crowded by the



company of a mere six-foot cross. A sidewalk protects me from the water pooling in a simple gravel-parking strip. Its cracked worn surface is testament of our years together.

My protector leads way to where a tightly woven rope blows in the breeze. Two children gather here, under my archway. Eagerly wrapping their tiny hands around the knotted end of the rope, they pull with all their might. A great brass bell pulls back, sounding its chime. The ring echoes through the narrow streets of my quiet town, bringing playful children to my squeaking doors.

Old doors reluctantly open to reveal a slight musty odor, one cannot escape. Thin, rough brown carpet is trampled upon as coats are hung on my dull, loose brass hooks. A loud ringing from the yellowed rotary phone brings thundering footsteps through my small hallway. Walls vibrate with the sound of music, yet all that can be heard is the jiggling of a toilet handle. While children laugh, and adults embrace in greeting, the entry wall is littered with yet another news bulletin. Oak pews settle under the weight of a small congregation. Tattered red fabric comforts all as they stretch for the hymnbooks, resting in pew backs

just out of their reach. As two more rush in, my attendance sign is updated to show thirty-four are at church this day. Lit from behind, the cross at the head of the room shines beautifully. A painting of Jesus, who appears to be looking at you wherever you sit, hangs high from an arch. My alter, worn from tense elbows and hopeful tears, looks up to a great man and his pulpit.

Children gather, sitting on worn carpet, to sing along with an old piano that sets upon my stage. A puppet show, given from a cleverly converted closet, teaches of biblical times to the young. As children's footsteps race up my creaking stairs, a great commanding voice bounces high among the rafters. The squeaking of fragile ceiling tiles settles as the children become entranced with their lessons. Sunlight filters through my rippled yellow windows, reflecting a warm glow throughout the adult service.

At the end of each Sunday, my coat hooks empty, my pews become lonely, and the happy chatter is gone. Their remains one man. He shuts down my lights, sweeps my great protector, and locks my rickety doors. Just before driving off, as always, he glances back appreciatively upon my unassuming sturdiness.

Purpose: To inform people about my church

Audience: Lloyd and Gloria, my congregation

Coral Anderson
Writing 121-15
Descriptive Essay
January 24, 2002

Coral Anderson attended our church in the 1980 with Reva while attending Onalaska High School.

A CHILD'S HEART

A doctor on the pediatric ward, before listening to the little ones chests, would plug the stethoscope into their ears and let them listen to their own hearts. Their eyes would always light up with awe, but he never got a response equal to four-year old David's comment.

Gently he tucked the stethoscope into his ears and placed the disk over his heart.

'Listen', he said 'What do you suppose that is?'

He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled line and looked up as if lost in the mystery of the strange tap - tap - tapping deep in his chest.

Then his face broke out in a wondrous grin and he asked, "Is that Jesus knocking on my door?"



KEYS FOR LIVING

Sorrow looks back, worry looks around, and faith looks up.

A successful marriage isn't finding the right person-it's being the right person.

To forgive is to set the prisoner free, and then discover the prisoner was you.

You have to wonder about some humans, they think God is dead and Elvis is alive!

You'll notice that a turtle only makes progress when it sticks out its neck.

The mighty oak tree was once a little nut that held its ground.

The best way to get even is to forget.

◆ *Received from Joe Downs*

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM
MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM
EVENING WORSHIP 5:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

GRIEF SUPPORT GROUP
 MEET AT THE MASSEY'S
 10:00 AM
 OCTOBER 14th & 28th

BIBLE STUDY
 7:00 PM

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3

MEN'S BREAKFAST
 8:00 AM

APPLE FESTIVAL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

MEN'S APPRECIATION DINNER
 4:00 PM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11th

ANNUAL CHURCH
 BUSINESS MEETING
 FOLLOWING
 MORNING SERVICE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th

BIBLE SMUGGLE
 @
 THE MASSEY'S
 7:00 PM

THURSDAY — SUNDAY
OCTOBER 22nd — 24th

A STUDY OF THE TABERNACLE
 7:00 PM

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th

ALL CHURCH GAME NIGHT
 6:30 PM

SATURDAY, OCTOBER
31ST

HARVEST CELEBRATION

COMMUNITY
EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16th

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

THINGS I HAVE
LEARNED

On a positive note, I've learned that, no matter what

happens, how bad it seems today, life does go on, and that God is with you regardless of the circumstances.

I've learned that making a "living" is not the same thing as making a "life."

I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance.

I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back.

I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But if you focus on your family, your friends, the needs of others, your work and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you.

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one.

I've learned that God accepts all who will come to Him.

I've learned that I still have a lot to learn!

ANNUAL MEETING



On Sunday, October 11th following the Morning Service we will have our Annual Church Business Meeting. This meeting is open to all who wish to attend. We will be electing Council Members, Sunday School Superintendent, and Head Usher. We will also be voting on accep-

tance of the budget for next year. There is a copy of the proposed budget on the wall in the overflow room.

You may vote in this meeting, if you have accepted Jesus Christ as your LORD and Personal Savior, and have worshipped regularly with this congregation for a period of at least six (6) months immediately preceding this meeting; if you have lived during this period of six months in harmony with the statement of faith of the ONALASKA FIRST CHURCH OF GOD and in harmony with the General Assembly of the Church of God, Anderson, Indiana, and are eighteen (18) years of age or older.

THE KOHLS SHOPPING TRIP

(This is just too funny! This could only be true; you simply can't make this stuff up! Oh, for you who don't know this: Kohl's is a department store.)

Clutching their Kohl's shopping bags, Ellen and Kay woefully gazed down at a dead cat in the mall parking lot. Obviously a recent hit... no flies, no smell. What business could that poor kitty



have had here?' murmured Ellen. 'Come on, Ellen, let's just go..'

But Ellen had already grabbed her shopping bag and was explaining, 'I'll just put my things in your bag, and then I'll use this tissue.' She dumped her purchases into Kay's bag and then used the tissue paper to cradle and lower the former feline into her own Kohl's bag and cover it. They continued the short trek to the car in silence, stashing their goods in the trunk. But it occurred to both of them that if they left Ellen's burial bag in the trunk, warmed by the Texas sunshine while they ate, Kay's Lumina would soon lose that new-car smell.

They decided to leave the bag on top of the trunk, and they headed over to K & W Cafeteria. After they went through the serving line, they sat down at a window table. They had a view of Kay's Chevy with the Kohl's bag still on the trunk. BUT not for long!

As they ate, they noticed a

woman in a red gingham shirt stroll by their car. She looked quickly this way and that, and then took the Kohl's bag without breaking stride. She quickly walked out of their line of vision.

Kay and Ellen shot each other a wide-eyed look of amazement. It all happened so fast that neither of them could think how to respond. 'Can you imagine?' finally sputtered Ellen. The nerve of that woman!

Kay sympathized with Ellen, but inwardly a laugh was building as she thought about the grand surprise awaiting the female thief. Just when she thought she'd have to giggle into her napkin, she noticed Ellen's eyes freeze in the direction of the serving line. Following her gaze, Kay recognized the woman in the red gingham shirt with the Kohl's bag hanging from her arm. She was brazenly pushing her tray toward the cashier. Helplessly they watched the scene unfold: After leaving the register, the woman settled at a table across from theirs, put the bag on an empty chair and began to eat. After a few bites of baked whitefish and green beans, she casually lifted the bag into her lap to survey her treasure. Looking from side to side, but not far enough to notice her rapt audience three tables over, she pulled out the tissue paper and peered into the bag. Her eyes widened, and she began to make a sort of gasping noise. The noise grew. The bag slid from her lap as she sank to the floor, wheezing and clutching her upper chest. The beverage cart attendant quickly recognized a customer in trouble and sent the busboy to call 911, while she administered the Heimlich maneuver.

A crowd quickly gathered that

did not include Ellen and Kay, who remained riveted to their chairs for seven whole minutes until the ambulance arrived. In a matter of minutes, the woman with the red gingham shirt emerged from the crowd, still gasping, and securely strapped on a gurney. Two well-trained EMS volunteers steered her to the waiting ambulance, while a third scooped up her belongings. The last they saw of the distressed cat-burglar was as she disappeared behind the ambulance doors... the Kohl's Bag perched on her stomach!!

God does take care of those who do bad things! (AND once in awhile... He allows us to witness it!)

THE BIBLE ACCORDING TO YOU

*There's a sweet old story
translated for man,
But write in the long, long ago -
The Gospel according to Mark,
Luke and John,
Of Christ and His mission below.
Men read and admire the Gospel
of Christ
With its love so unfailing and true;
But what do they say, and what
do they think
of the Gospel according to you?
'Tis a wonderful story, that Gospel
of love,
as it shines in the Christ life
divine;
And, oh, that the truth might be
told again
In the story of your life and mine.
You are writing each day a letter
to men;
Take care that the writing is true;
'Tis the only Gospel that some
men will read -
That Gospel according to you.*

-Anonymous

Q
U
I
Z



Last month there was a tie for being first in finding the correct answer to the quiz. Both Kevin Massey and Linda Osborn were able to come up with the right answer. There were several others who also found the solution to my quiz.

The answer is found in the ninth chapter of Second Samuel. I use the King James translation of the Bible so the answer found in the King James version is, the two runners were, Ahimaaz, and Cushie. They were sent to David by Joab. In other translations Cushie was not named as Cushie, I accepted their answer.

Here is this month's quiz.

*We all dug ditches just like he said,
If we hadn't dug ditches we all would be dead.
So we dug the ditches deep into the ground
But not a drop of water could there be found.
But in the morning the sun shone so bright
It look like blood what a horrible sight.
The enemy thought that we were all dead
Just because the water looked blood red.
The enemy came looking for an easy win.
But God gave us the victory we totally whipped them.
We won the war on that fateful day.
When we did just as the prophet did say.*

*Now if you want the candy bar to be in your hand,
Tell me the name of the prophet who gave them the plan.
The name of the two kings written in the book,
Its OK if you have to look.*

THE PURINA DIET

Yesterday I was buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for Toot, the wonder dog, at Wal-Mart and was about to check out. A woman behind me asked if I had a dog. On impulse on this stupid question, I told her that No, I didn't have a dog, but I was starting the Purina Diet again.

Although I probably shouldn't, because I'd ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms.



I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pants pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry and that the food is nutritionally complete so I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in the line was by now enthralled with my story.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me.

I told her No, I stepped off a curb to sniff noses with an Irish Setter and a car hit us both.

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack, he was laughing so hard!

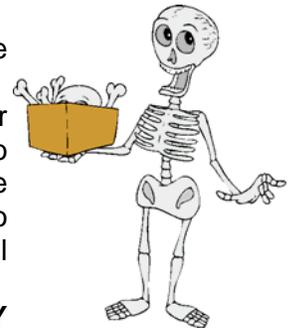
Wal-Mart won't let me shop there anymore!

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

BONES FOUND IN CHURCH

The **WISHBONE CHURCH MEMBER**. These members are too lazy to work. They always wish their church would grow, but want someone else to do the work.

The **FUNNY BONE CHURCH MEMBER**. Always getting their feelings hurt. The preacher must pamper and be to these people to come to church all the time.



The **DRY BONE CHURCH MEMBER**. Never say amen or show emotion. These are the same ones who will shout to the top of their lungs when their grandson hits the T-ball.

The **HIP-BONE CHURCH MEMBER**. Touchy about their giving. Their religion does not even reach their back pockets.

The **JAW-BONE CHURCH MEMBER**. Always think they are God's chosen one to tell the bad news. Would never take time out of their life to tell the good news.

The **KNEE-BONE CHURCH MEMBER**. This is the Wednesday night crowd. The praying type. The ones who will pay the price on their knees for revival. The ones who are the faithful ones to Christ and to the church.

The **BACK-BONE CHURCH MEMBERS**. Christians with real convictions, like the three Hebrew children, who will stand true to the end.

◆ Received from Joe Downs