



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

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

BURNED BISCUITS

When I was a little boy, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day at work. On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school.



I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that biscuit and eat every bite!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: "Baby, I love burned biscuits."

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned.. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your Momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides - a little burnt biscuit never hurt anyone!"

You know, life is full of imperfect things....and imperfect peo-

ple. I'm not the best housekeeper or cook. What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each other's faults - and choosing to celebrate each other's differences - is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship.

And that's my prayer for you today. That you will learn to take the good, the bad, and the ugly parts of your life and lay them at the feet of God. Because in the end, He's the only One who will be able to give you a relationship where a burnt biscuit isn't a deal-breaker!

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

GOD'S ROSEBUD

A new minister was walking with an older, more seasoned minister in the garden one day.

Feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do, he was asking the older preacher for some advice. The older preacher walked up to a rosebush and handed the young preacher a rosebud and told him to open it without tearing off any petals.

The young preacher looked in disbelief at the older preacher and was trying to figure out what a rosebud could possibly have to do with his wanting to know the will of God for his life and ministry.

But because of his great respect for the older preacher, he proceeded to try to unfold the

rose, while keeping every petal intact.. It wasn't long before he realized how impossible this was to do.

Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold the rosebud without tearing it, the older preacher began to recite the following poem...



*It is only a tiny rosebud,
A flower of God's design;
But I cannot unfold the petals
With these clumsy hands of mine.*

*The secret of unfolding flowers
Is not known to such as I..
GOD opens this flower so easily,
But in my hands they die.*

*If I cannot unfold a rosebud,
This flower of God's design,
Then how can I have the wisdom
To unfold this life of mine?*

*So I'll trust in God for leading
Each moment of my day.
I will look to God for guidance
In each step of the way.*

*The path that lies before me,
Only my Lord knows.
I'll trust God to unfold the mo-
ments,
Just as He unfolds the rose.*

◆ Received from Mary Noland

A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS POEM

Author Unknown

The embers glowed softly, and in
their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I
cherished the sight.
My wife was asleep, her head on
my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in
rest.
Outside the snow fell, a blanket of
white,
Transforming the yard to a winter
delight.

The sparkling lights in the tree I
believe,
Completed the magic that was
Christmas Eve.
My eyelids were heavy, my
breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I
would sleep.
In perfect contentment, or so it
would seem,
So I slumbered, perhaps I started
to dream.

The sound
wasn't loud,
and it wasn't
too near,
But I opened
my eyes when
it tickled my
ear.
Perhaps just a
cough, I didn't
quite know,
Then the
Sure sound of



footsteps outside in the snow.
My soul gave a tremble, I struggled
to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see
who was near.

Standing out in the cold and the
dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary
and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty
years old,
Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in
the cold.
Alone in the dark, he looked up and
smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my
wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked
without fear,
"Come in this moment, it's freezing
out here!
Put down your pack, brush the
snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold
Christmas Eve!"
For barely a moment I saw his eyes
shift,
Away from the cold and the snow
blown in drifts...

To the window that danced with a
warm fire's light
Then he sighed and he said, "Its
really all right,
I'm out here by choice. I'm here
every night.
"It's my duty to stand at the front of
the line,
That separates you from the
darkest of
times.

No one had to
ask or beg or
implore me,
I'm proud to
stand here
like my
fathers before
me.
My Gramps
died at ' Pearl
on a day in

December,"
Then he sighed, "That's a
Christmas 'Gram always
remembers."
My dad stood his watch in the
jungles of ' Nam ',
And now it is my turn and so, here I
am.
I've not seen my own son in more

than a while,
But my wife sends me pictures,
he's sure got her smile."
Then he bent and he carefully
pulled from his bag,
The red, white, and blue... an
American flag.
"I can live through the cold and the
being alone,
Away from my family, my house
and my home.

I can stand at my post through the
rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to
eat.
I can carry the weight of killing
another,
Or lay down my life with my sister
and brother..
Who stand at the front against any
and all,
To ensure for all time that this flag
will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said,
"harbor no fright,
Your family is waiting and I'll be all
right."
"But isn't there something I can do,
at the least,
"Give you money," I asked, "or
prepare you a feast?
It seems all too little for all that
you've done,
For being away from your wife and
your son."

Then his eye welled a tear that held
no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never
forget.
To fight for our rights back at home
while we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no
matter how long.
For when we come home, either
standing or dead,
To know you remember we fought
and we bled.
Is payment enough, and with that
we will trust,
That we mattered to you as you
mattered to us."

◆ *Received from Jude Cooper*

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

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WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY
 7:00 PM

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 9

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

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 LADIES LUNCHEON
 12:00 PM

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**SATURDAYS BEGINNING
 JANUARY 16**

YOUTH SERVICE
 6:00 PM

**COMMUNITY
 EVENTS**

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 7:00 PM

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 21

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

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 Remembering those who have served and those who are still serving

**A NEW YEARS
 BLESSING**

Purpose – As you complete your daily tasks, may you understand how they contribute to the larger purpose of your life. May you experience deep satisfaction as you discover and carry out your unique role. **(Psalms 25:12, 139:16; Jeremiah 29:11)**

Fulfilling Work – May you take pleasure in all your work. May every task you undertake succeed, and may you enjoy the good things your labor supplies. **(Ecclesiastes 1:24; Psalms 41:3)**

Physical Health – May you and those you love remain strong in body and free from disease. May those who suffer from injury

or illness recover quickly and completely. **(3 John 1:2; Deuteronomy 7:15; Psalms 41:3)**

Peace of Mind – May you mind and heart always be at rest. May gratitude and peace replace every anxious, fearful thought. **(2 Thesalonians 3:16; Philippians 4:6)**

Good Relationships – May you be surrounded by loving, faithful, and supportive friends. Where relationships have been broken, may you find reconciliation and forgiveness. **(Proverbs 17:17, Ecclesiastes 4:9-12; Matthew 5:23-24)**

Sufficient Resources – May you have exactly what you need for each day. May you become rich in every way so that you can share generously with others. **(Proverbs 20:8-9; Luke 11:3; 2 Corinthians 9:11)**

◆ Received from Joe Downs

Philippians 4:7 (KJV)

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

A WORD FROM OUR CHURCH COUNCIL

To Our Members,

Due to the inclement weather and low attendance of our services, finances have been also low and our general fund has become desperately in need of replenishing to adequately meet the current needs. During the board meeting on Saturday, various individuals took pay cuts to help alleviate the current financial crisis, and the budget was addressed item by item to scrutinize and discuss areas we could cut for the future.

As your chairman, I want to bring the situation to you in a timely manner, so we as a congregation can do what we can to help alleviate the situation by adding a little extra to our monthly giving.

In Christ's love,

Tim Timmreck



BILLY GRAHAM'S SUIT

Billy Graham is now 90 years old with Parkinson's disease. In January 2000, leaders in Charlotte, North Carolina, invited their favorite son, Billy Graham, to a luncheon in his honor.

Billy initially hesitated to accept the invitation because he struggles with Parkinson's disease. But the Charlotte leaders said, 'We don't expect a major address. Just come and let us honor you.' So he agreed.

After wonderful things were said about him, Dr. Graham stepped to the rostrum, looked at the crowd, and said, 'I'm reminded today of Albert Einstein, the great physicist who this month has been honored by Time magazine as the Man of the Century. Einstein was once traveling from Princeton on a train when the conductor came down the aisle, punching the tickets of every passenger. When he came to Einstein, Einstein reached in his vest pocket. He couldn't find his ticket, so he reached in his trouser pockets. It wasn't there, so he looked in his briefcase but couldn't find it. Then he looked in the seat beside him. He still couldn't find it. The conductor said, 'Dr. Einstein, I know who you are. We all know who you are. I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it.'

Einstein nodded appreciatively. The conductor continued down the aisle punching tickets. As he was ready to move to the next car, he turned around and saw the great physicist down on his hands and knees looking under his seat for his ticket.

The conductor rushed back and said, 'Dr. Einstein, "Dr. Einstein, don't worry, I know who you are

No problem. You don't need a ticket. I'm sure you bought one.'

Einstein looked at him and said, 'Young man, I too, know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going.'

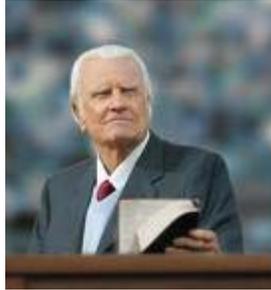
Having said that Billy Graham continued,

'See the suit I'm wearing?

It's a brand new suit. My children, and my grandchildren

are telling me I've gotten a little slovenly in my old age. I used to be a bit more fastidious. So I went out and bought a new suit for this luncheon and one more occasion. You know what that occasion is? This is the suit in which I'll be buried. But when you hear I'm dead, I don't want you to immediately remember the suit I'm wearing. I want you to remember this: I not only know who I am and I also know where I'm going.'

◆ *Received from Joe & Freda Downs*



THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS

One night in a church service a young woman felt the tug of God at her heart. She responded to God's call and accepted Jesus as her Lord and Savior. The young woman had a very rough past, involving alcohol, drugs, and prostitution. But, the change in her was evident. As time went on she became a faithful member of the church. She eventually became involved in the ministry, teaching young children.

It was not very long until this faithful young woman had caught the eye and heart of the pastor's son. The relationship grew and they began to make wedding plans. This is when the problems began.

You see, about one half of the church did not think that a woman with a past such as hers was suitable for a pastor's son. The church began to argue and fight about the matter. So they decided to have a meeting.

As the people made their arguments and tensions increased, the meeting was getting completely out of hand.

The young woman became very upset about all the things being brought up about her past. As she began to cry the pastor's son stood to speak. He could not bear the pain it was causing his wife to be.

He began to speak and his statement was this: "My fiancée's past is not what is on trial here. What you are questioning is the ability of the blood of Jesus to wash away sin. Today you have put the blood of Jesus on trial. So, does it wash away sin or not?"

The whole church began to weep as they realized that they had been slandering the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Too often, even as Christians, we bring up the past and use it as a weapon against our brothers and sisters.

Forgiveness is a very foundational part of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. If the blood of Jesus does not cleanse the other person completely then it cannot cleanse us completely. If that is the case, then we are all in a lot of trouble.

What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus! End of case!!!!

◆ *Received from Joe Downs*

Q
U
I
Z



Last month the quiz was for those 18 and younger and there were three kids who could hardly wait to give me the correct answer. I made them wait until the morning service was over so no one had an unfair advantage over the others. As soon as the service was over these three came to me and gave the correct answer. The story was found in the 15 chapter of the Gospel of Luke and was the story of the Prodigal Son.

So I owe three candy bars; one to Linda Fuss, one to Gabie Massey and one to Kevin Massey.

Here is this month's quiz.

*There was a queen who had her say,
And wanted to put all the prophets away.
But I was smart and hid each man,
So they could not be found within the land.*

*There was one prophet she really wanted dead.
She sent many out to bring back his head.
I saw him one day in the desert alone.
And I told the king just where he called home.*

*The king went out to meet him in the desert so dry.
And while he was there eight hundred fifty men had to die.*

*They prayed and they cried as hard as they could.
But when they got through their god heard not a word.*

*But the prophet of God prayed just 63 words,
Which the God of the heavens quickly heard.
God sent down the answer when the prophet did cry.
And all of the altar was quickly fried.*

*Now name me that great prophet of old.
The name of King & his queen of the story I told.
Give me my name if you think you can.
And maybe a candy bar the pastor will place in your hand.*

A boy was taking care of his baby sister while his parents went to town shopping. He decided to go fishing and he had to take her along.



"I'll never do that again!" he told his mother that evening. "I didn't catch a thing!" "Oh, next time I'm sure she'll be quiet and not scare the fish away," his mother said.

The boy said, "It wasn't that. She ate all the bait."
Received from James Sparks

HOW DO YOU WANT YOUR EGGS

We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the 'Seniors' Special was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$2.99. "Sounds good," my wife said. "But I don't want the eggs."

"Then, I'll have to charge you three dollars and forty-nine cents because you're ordering a la carte," the waitress warned her.

"You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?" my wife asked incredulously.

"Yes!" stated the waitress. "I'll take the special then," my wife said.

"How do you want your eggs?" the waitress asked.

"Raw and in the shell unbroken," my wife replied. She took the two eggs home and baked a cake.

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*

FORGETTER BE FORGOTTEN?

*My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke
For when I'm 'here' I'm wondering
If I really should be 'there'
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!*

*Of times I walk into a room,
Say 'what am I here for?'
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.
At times I put something away
Where it is safe, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!*

*When shopping I may see some-one,
Say 'Hi' and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, 'who the **** was that?*

*Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.*

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*