



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

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

THE WINDOW

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back.

The men talked for hours on end.

They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation. Every afternoon, when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those one hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside.

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color and a fine view of the city skyline

could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite details, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine this picturesque scene.

One warm afternoon, the man by the window described a parade passing by. Although the other man could not hear the band - he could see it in his mind's eye as the gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive words.



Days, weeks and months passed. One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep.

She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the real world outside. He strained to slowly turn to look out the window besides the bed. It faced a blank wall...

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his de-

ceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window.

The nurse responded that the man was blind and could not even see the wall. She said, 'Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you.'

Epilogue:

There is tremendous happiness in making others happy, despite our own situations.

Shared grief is half the sorrow, but happiness when shared, is doubled.

If you want to feel rich, just count all the things you have that money can't buy.

'Today is a gift, that is why it is called The Present.'

◆ Received from Mary Nolan

HANDBOOK FOR 2010

Health

1. Drink plenty of water.
2. Eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince, and dinner like a beggar.
3. Eat more food that grows on trees and plants and eat less food that is manufactured in plants.
4. Live with the 3 E's - Energy, Enthusiasm and Empathy.
5. Make time to pray.
6. Play more games.
7. Read more books than you did in 2009.
8. Sit in silence for at least 10 minutes each day.
9. Sleep for 7 hours.
10. Take a 10 to 30 minute walk daily, and while you walk smile.

THE PICKLE JAR

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar.

As a small boy I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar and admire the copper and silver circles that glistened like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed

between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back.'

Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. 'These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me.'

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice

cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. 'When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again.' He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. 'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.' No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.



To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the my beans to make the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom determined than already covered with coins. I ever to make a way walked over to the pickle jar, dug out for me. 'When you finish college, Son,' he told me, his eyes glistening, 'You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words, and never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues

far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy... In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. I know it has yours as well. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for Good in others.

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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SATURDAYS

YOUTH SERVICE
 6:00 PM

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SATURDAY, FEB. 6th

MEN'S BREAKFAST
 8:00 AM

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MONDAY, FEB. 8th & 22nd

"PATHS OUT OF POVERTY"
 7:00 PM

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SATURDAY, FEB. 13th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

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 VALENTINE LUNCHEON
 1:00 PM

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FRIDAY, FEB. 26th

GAME NIGHT
 6:30 PM

**COMMUNITY
 EVENTS**

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 7:00 PM

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17th

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, FEB. 18th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

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SATURDAY, FEB. 20th

SCRAP BOOKING
 10:00 AM

VALENTINE LUNCHEON



We will be holding our Valentine Luncheon on Saturday, February 13 in our fellowship hall. It will begin at 1:00 PM. We need to have you sign up so we can know how many lunches to prepare. Call pastor Esther at 880-8287.

LAWN WORKER NEEDED

Because of health issues, Stan and Ruth will no longer be able to keep the church grounds up. We need someone who would be willing to mow and trim the church lawn when needed. If you are willing to provide this need, please contact either Pastor Mulkins, or Tim Timmreck.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE THE NEWSLETTER BY E-MAIL?

If it would be more convenient for you to receive our newsletter by e-mail please send us your e-mail address.



REMEMBER IN PRAYER

We have several in our church who are unable to attend because of health issues and I would like to encourage you to remember them in prayer and send them a card or call them on the phone and let them know you are thinking of them.

- ◆ Bob Myhre
- ◆ Barbara Dawson
- ◆ Katherine Davis
- ◆ Mary Lindau
- ◆ Betty Lorraine

Remember those who are able to attend but are battling with serious health issues.

- ◆ Stan Bushnell
- ◆ Ed Privette
- ◆ Gene Thayer
- ◆ Fay Nederlander

SARA TUCHOLSKY

May 01, 2008
Portland, Ore. (AP)

With two runners on base and a strike against her, Sara Tucholsky of Western Oregon University uncorked her best swing and did something she had never done, in high school or college. Her first home run cleared the center-field fence.

But it appeared to be the shortest of dreams come true when she missed first base, started back to tag it and collapsed with a knee injury.

She crawled back to first but could do no more. The first-base coach said she would be called out if her teammates tried to help her. Or, the umpire said, a pinch runner could be called in, and the homer would count as a single.

Then, members of the Central Washington University softball team stunned spectators by carrying Tucholsky around the bases Saturday so the three-run homer would count – an act that contributed to their own elimination from the playoffs.

Central Washington first baseman Mallory Holtman, the career home run leader in the Great Northwest Athletic Conference, asked the umpire if she and her teammates could help Tucholsky.

The umpire said there was no rule against it.

So Holtman and shortstop Liz Wallace put their arms under Tucholsky's legs, and she put her arms over their shoulders. The

three headed around the base paths, stopping to let Tucholsky touch each base with her good leg.

"The only thing I remember is that Mallory asked me which leg was the one that hurt," Tucholsky said. "I told her it was my right leg and she said, 'OK, we're going to drop you down gently and you need to touch it with your left leg,' and I said 'OK, thank you very much.'"

"She said, 'You deserve it, you hit it over the fence,' and we all kind of just laughed."

"We started laughing when we touched second base," Holtman said. "I said, 'I wonder what this must look like to other people.'"

"We didn't know that she was a senior or that this was her first home run," Wallace said Wednesday. "That

makes the story more touching than it was. We just wanted to help her."

Holtman said she and Wallace weren't thinking about the playoff spot, and didn't consider the gesture something others wouldn't do.

As for Tucholsky, the 5-foot-2 right fielder was focused on her pain.

"I really didn't say too much. I was trying to breathe," she told The Associated Press in a telephone interview Wednesday.

"I didn't realize what was going on until I had time to sit down and let the pain relax a little bit," she said. "Then I realized the extent of what I actually did."

"I hope I would do the same

for her in the same situation," Tucholsky added.

As the trio reached home plate, Tucholsky said, the entire Western Oregon team was in tears.

Central Washington coach Gary Frederick, a 14-year coaching veteran, called the act of sportsmanship "unbelievable."

For Western Oregon coach Pam Knox, the gesture resolved the dilemma Tucholsky's injury presented.

"She was going to kill me if we sub and take (the home run) away. But at the same time I was concerned for her. I didn't know what to do," Knox said.

Tucholsky's injury is a possible torn ligament that will sideline her for the rest of the season, and she plans to graduate in the spring with a degree in business. Her home run sent Western Oregon to a 4-2 victory, ending Central Washington's chances of winning the conference and advancing to the playoffs.

"In the end, it is not about winning and losing so much," Holtman said. "It was about this girl. She hit it over the fence and was in pain, and she deserved a home run."

Handbook for 2010

Society:

1. Call your family often.
2. Each day give something good to others.
3. Forgive everyone for everything.
4. Spend time with people over the age of 70 and under the age of 6.
5. Try to make at least three people smile each day.
6. What other people think of you is none of your business.
7. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends will stay in touch.



Q
U
I
Z



Last month my brother Jim from Mount Vernon, Washington, and our sister Katie from Scottsdale Arizona, came up with the correct answer to the quiz, but Phillip Massey was the one who won the candy bar. The answer was five-fold: Elijah, Ahab, Jezebel and Obadiah and the story is found in the 18 chapter of 1 Kings.

Here is this month's quiz.

When I had heard what they had done

*I just couldn't believe my ears
Why did they treat the man of
God this way*

Didn't they for God have fears.

*Why did they do this cruel thing
To the one who preached God's
Word?*

*They were going to let him die
Just like a starving bird.*

*And so I went and told the king
Of the evil deed they had done.
The king gave me many men
To get him out, not just one.*

*And so we used some rotten rags
And a rope as you well know
To get him out and save his life
For the Book has told you so.*

*Now tell me my name and the
man I saved
And the name of the king if you
think you can.*

*And if you're first and live real
close
A candy bar will be placed into
your hand.*

A LITTLE BOY AND THE PREACHER

A little boy was waiting for his mother to come out of the grocery store. As he waited, he was approached by a man called Terry who asked, "Son, can you tell me where the Post Office is?"

The little boy replied, "Sure! Just go straight down this street a couple blocks and turn to your right."

Terry thanked the boy kindly and said, "I'm the new pastor in town. I'd like for you to come to church on Sunday, I'll show you how to get to Heaven."

The little boy replied with a chuckle. "Awww, come on... You don't even know the way to the Post Office!"

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

THE PARROT

A young man named John received a parrot as a gift. The parrot had a bad attitude and an even worse vocabulary.



Every word out of the bird's mouth was rude, obnoxious

and laced with profanity. John tried and tried to change the bird's attitude by consistently saying only polite words, playing soft music and anything else he could think of to 'clean up' the bird's vocabulary.

Finally, John was fed up and he yelled at the parrot. The parrot yelled back. John shook the parrot and the parrot got angrier and

even ruder. John, in desperation, threw up his hand, grabbed the bird and put him in the freezer. For a few minutes the parrot squawked and kicked and screamed.

Then suddenly there was total quiet. Not a peep was heard for over a minute.

Fearing that he'd hurt the parrot, John quickly opened the door to the freezer. The parrot calmly stepped out onto John's outstretched arms and said "I believe I may have offended you with my rude language and actions. I'm sincerely remorseful for my inappropriate transgressions and I fully intend to do everything I can to correct my rude and unforgivable behavior."

John was stunned at the change in the bird's attitude.

As he was about to ask the parrot what had made such a dramatic change in his behavior, the bird spoke-up, very softly, "May I inquire as to what the turkey did?"

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

WOMEN'S REVENGE

'Cash, check or charge?' I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase.



As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

'So, do you always carry your TV remote?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, 'but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally.'

◆ Received from Mary Noland