



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

MAY, 2010

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

GRANDMA'S HANDS

Grandma, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench... She didn't move, just sat with her head down staring at her hands.

When I sat down beside her she didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if she was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but wanting to check on her at the same time, I asked her if she was OK. She raised her head and looked at me and smiled. 'Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking,' she said in a clear voice strong.

'I didn't mean to disturb you, grandma, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK,' I explained to her.

'Have you ever looked at your hands,' she asked. 'I mean really looked at your hands?'

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point she was making.

Grandma smiled and related this story:

'Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands though wrinkled shriveled and weak have been the tools I

have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life.

'They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor.

They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child, my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They held my husband and wiped my tears when he went off to war.

'They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I



tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special.

They wrote my letters to him and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse.

'They have held my children and grandchildren, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand.

They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not

much of anything else of me works real well these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer.

'These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of life.

But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of God.'

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandma's hands and led her home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and husband I think of grandma. I know she has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*

Larry's kindergarten class was on a field trip to their local police station where they saw pictures tacked to a bulletin board of the 10 most wanted criminals. One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a



wanted person. 'Yes,' said the policeman. 'The detectives want very badly to capture him. Larry asked, "Why didn't you keep him

when you took his picture?"

AND WE THINK WE HAVE IT BAD

Life in the 1500's

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500's.

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. **Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.**

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all, the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, **"Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."**

Houses had thatched roofs - thick straw - piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying, **"It's raining cats and dogs."**

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. **That's how canopy beds came into existence.**

The floor was dirt. Only the

wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, **"Dirt poor"**.

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on they added more thresh until, when the door was opened, it would start slipping. A piece of wood was placed in the entryway. Hence the saying **"a threshold."**

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They are mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, **"Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."**

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could **"bring home the bacon..."**

They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and **chew the fat**

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years of so, **tomatoes were considered poisonous.**

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the **"upper crust"**.

Lead cups were used to drink ale

or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they woke up. **Hence the custom of "holding a wake"**

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 15 were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift) to listen for the bell. **Thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered "a dead ringer."**

And that's the truth...Now, whoever said history was boring?!!!

◆ Received from Pastor Jeanne Hossler

MY LIVING WILL

Last night, my adult kids and I were sitting in the living room and I said to them, 'I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, just pull the plug.'

They got up, unplugged the television and computer, and threw out my coke.



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 6:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY
 7:00 PM

SATURDAYS, MAY 1

ALL CHURCH BREAKFAST
 8:00 AM

BEADING
 9:00 AM

SATURDAY, MAY 8

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
 1:00 PM

COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 20

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

SATURDAY, MAY 15

SCRAP BOOKING
 10:00 AM

PNA EVENTS

There are no PNA events scheduled for the month of May but we want to make you aware of the event that is schedule in June for you to consider. This event will be held at Double K, just east of Easton, Washington. You take exit 71 on I-90, turn south and then turn left at the first intersection and follow the road to Double K. Contact the office for further details.

MEN'S RETREAT

Friday and Saturday
 June 11th & 12th



A WORD FROM PASTOR LLOYD

Have you noticed all the work that is going on with the Fellowship Hall. Roger Iverson has been doing a tremendous job. The project has



proven to be much more than we first expected. Instead of just raising the kitchen we are having to put in a complete

foundation all around. We are also having to correct some of the wiring. The cost is more than we expected but we know that God will provide what we need.

If you happen to come by and see Roger please take the time to let him know how much you appreciate what he is doing.

Remember the Scripture in **Psalm 11:3 (KJV)** *If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?*

RUMMAGE SALE



The **WCG** will be having their Annual Rummage and Bake Sale on Friday and Saturday, June 4th & 5th. If you would be willing to help set things up or help tear things down, please contact Ruth Bushnell.

The Sale on Friday will be between 10:00 am and 4:00 pm, on Saturday the sale will be between 10:00 am and 2:00 pm.

You may begin bringing items on Wednesday, June 2nd. There will be no Bible Study that Wednesday.

THE SPARROW AT STARBUCKS

*The song that silenced the
cappuccino machine*



It was chilly in Manhattan but warm inside the Starbucks shop on 51st Street and Broadway, just a skip up from Times Square. Early November weather in New York City holds only the slightest hint of the bitter chill of late December and January, but it's enough to send the masses crowding indoors to vie for available space and warmth.

For a musician, it's the most lucrative Starbucks location in the world, I'm told, and consequently, the tips can be substantial if you play your tunes right. Apparently, we were striking all the right chords that night, because our basket was almost overflowing. It was a fun, low-pressure gig - I was playing keyboard and singing backup for my friend who also added rhythm with an arsenal of percussion instruments. We mostly did pop songs from the '40s to the '90s with a few original tunes thrown in. During our emotional rendition of the classic, "If You Don't Know Me by Now," I noticed a lady sitting in one of the lounge chairs across from me. She was swaying to the beat and singing along.

After the tune was over, she approached me. "I apologize for singing along on that song. Did it bother you?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "We love it when the audience joins in. Would you like to sing up front on the next selection?"

To my delight, she accepted my invitation. "You choose," I said. "What are you in the mood to sing?"

"Well ... do you know any hymns?"

Hymns? This woman didn't know who she was dealing with. I cut my teeth on hymns. Before I was even born, I was going to church. I gave our guest singer a knowing look. "Name one."

"Oh, I don't know. There are so many good ones. You pick one."

"Okay," I replied. "How about 'His Eye is on the Sparrow'?"

My new friend was silent, her eyes averted. Then she fixed her eyes on mine again and said, "Yeah. Let's do that one."

She slowly nodded her head, put down her purse, straightened her jacket and faced the center of the shop. With my two-bar setup, she began to sing.

Why should I be discouraged?

Why should the shadows come?

The audience of coffee drinkers was transfixed. Even the gurgling noises of the cappuccino machine ceased as the employees stopped what they were doing to listen. The song rose to its conclusion.

I sing because I'm happy;

I sing because I'm free.

For His eye is on the sparrow

And I know He watches me.

When the last note was sung, the applause crescendoed to a deafening roar that would have rivaled a sold-out crowd at Carnegie Hall. Embarrassed, the woman tried to shout over the din, "Oh, y'all go back to your coffee! I didn't come in here to do a concert! I just came in here to get somethin' to drink, just like you!" But the ovation continued.

I embraced my new friend. "You, my dear, have made my whole year! That was beautiful!"

"Well, it's funny that you picked that particular hymn," she said.

"Why is that?"

"Well..." she hesitated again, "that was my daughter's favorite song."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, and then grabbed my hands. By this time, the applause had subsided and it was business as usual. "She was 16. She died of a brain tumor last week."

I said the first thing that found its way through my stunned silence. "Are you going to be okay?"

She smiled through tear-filled eyes and squeezed my hands. "I'm gonna be okay. I've just got to keep trusting the Lord and singing his songs, and everything's gonna be just fine."

She picked up her bag, gave me her card, and then she was gone.

Was it just a coincidence that we happened to be singing in that particular coffee shop on that particular November night? Coincidence that this wonderful lady just happened to walk into that particular shop? Coincidence that of all the hymns to choose from, I just happened to pick the very hymn that was the favorite of her daughter, who had died just the week before? I refuse to believe it.

God has been arranging encounters in human history since the beginning of time, and it's no stretch for me to imagine that he could reach into a coffee shop in midtown Manhattan and turn an ordinary gig into a revival. It was a great reminder that if we keep trusting him and singing his songs, everything's gonna be okay.

Q
U
I
Z



I don't remember who was first answering last month's quiz. The answer was Rachel, family idol, Laban, her father and Jacob, her husband. The answer is found in the 31 chapter of Genesis.

This month's quiz is very short and I'll try to remember who answers it.

*I threw rocks at him
And called him names
And many thought it was a
shame.*

*I thought it was great
That he had to run
Away from his home
And from his son.*

*Some wanted to kill me
But he said no.
It might be God*

Who told him to curse me so.

*Now tell me my name
And the name of the one I cursed
The name of his son
A candy bar will go to the one
that's first.*

I OWE MY MOTHER!!

1. My mother taught me **TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.** *'If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning.'*

2. My mother taught me **RELIGION.** *'You better pray that will come out of the carpet.'*

3. My mother taught me about **TIME TRAVEL.** *'If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!'*

4. My mother taught me **LOGIC.** *'Because I said so; that's why.'*

5. My mother taught me **MORE LOGIC.** *'If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me.'*

6. My mother taught me **FORE-SIGHT.** *'Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident.'*

7. My mother taught me **IRONY.** *'Keep crying and I'll give you something to cry about.'*

8. My mother taught me about the science of **OSMOSIS.** *'Shut your mouth and eat your supper.'*

9. My mother taught me about **CONTORTIONISM.** *'Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck?'*

10. My mother taught me about **STAMINA.** *'You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone.'*

11. My mother taught me about **WEATHER.** *'This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it.'*

12. My mother taught me about **HYPOCRISY.** *'If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!'*

13. My mother taught me the **CIRCLE OF LIFE.** *'I brought you into this world, and I can take you out.'*

14. My mother taught me about **BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.** *'Stop acting like your father!'*

15. My mother taught me about **ENVY.** *'There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do.'*

16. My mother taught me about **ANTICIPATION.** *'Just wait until your father gets home'*

17. My mother taught me about **RECEIVING.** *'You are going to get it when we get home!'*

18. My mother taught me **MEDICAL SCIENCE.** *'If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to freeze that way.'*

19. My mother taught me **ESP.** *'Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?'*

20. My mother taught me **HUMOR.** *'When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me.'*

21. My mother taught me **HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.** *'If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up.'*

22. My mother taught me **GENETICS.** *'You're just like your father.'*

23. My mother taught me about my **ROOTS.** *'Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?'*

24. My mother taught me **WISDOM.** *'When you get to be my age, you'll understand.'*

25. My mother taught me about **JUSTICE.** *'One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!'*

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell