



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



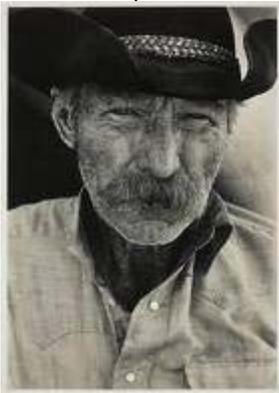
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NOVEMBER, 2010

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

## A COWBOY IN CHURCH

One Sunday morning an old cowboy entered a church just before services were to begin. Although the old man and his clothes were spotlessly clean, he wore jeans, a denim shirt and boots that were very worn and ragged. In his hand he carried a worn out old hat and an equally well read Bible. The church he entered was in a very upscale and exclusive part of the city. It was



the largest and most beautiful church the old cowboy had ever seen. The people of the congregation were all

dressed with expensive clothes and jewelry.

As the cowboy took a seat, the others moved away from him. No one greeted, spoke to, or welcomed him. They were all appalled by his appearance and did not attempt to hide it. As the old cowboy was leaving the church, the preacher approached him and asked the cowboy to do him a favor:

"Before you come back here again, have a talk with God and ask him what he thinks would be appropriate attire for worship in church. The old cowboy assured the preacher he would.

The next Sunday, he showed back up for the services wearing the same ragged jeans, shirt, boots, and hat. Once again he was completely shunned and ignored. The preacher approached the cowboy and said, "I thought I asked you to speak to God before you came back to our church."

"I did," replied the old cowboy.

"If you spoke to God, what did he tell you the proper attire should be for worshiping here?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sir, God told me that He didn't have a clue what I should wear. He said He'd never been in this church."

◆ Received from Lee Rosson

## BEING THANKFUL FOR THE FLEAS



In her book, *The Hiding Place*, Corrie ten Boom tells about an incident that taught her the principle of giving thanks in all

things. It was during World War II. Corrie and her sister, Betsy, had been harboring Jewish people in their home, so they were arrested and imprisoned at Ravensbruck Camp.

The barracks was extremely crowded and infested with



fleas. One morning they read in their tattered Bible from 1 Thessalonians the reminder to rejoice in all things.

Betsy said, "Corrie, we've got to give thanks for this barracks and even for these fleas."

Corrie replied, "No way am I going to thank God for fleas." But Betsy was persuasive, and they did thank God even for the fleas.

During the months that followed, they found that their barracks was left relatively free, and they could do Bible study, talk openly, and even pray in the barracks. It was their only place of refuge. Several months later they learned that the reason the guards never entered their barracks was because of those blasted fleas.

Citation: John Yates, "An Attitude of Gratitude," Preaching Today, Tape No. 110.

**FREEDOM ISN'T FREE**

Author Unknown

*I watched the flag pass by one  
day...  
It fluttered in the breeze.  
A young Marine saluted it,  
And then he stood at ease.*

*I looked at him in uniform;  
so young, so tall, so proud.  
With hair cut square and eyes  
alert,  
he'd stand out in any crowd.*



*I thought how many men like  
him  
had fallen through the years.  
How many died on foreign soil;  
how many mothers' tears?*

*How many pilots' planes shot  
down?  
How many died at sea?  
How many foxholes were  
soldiers' graves?  
**No, freedom isn't free.***

*I heard the sound of Taps one  
night,  
when everything was still.  
I listened to the bugler play  
And felt a sudden chill.*

*I wondered just how many times  
That Taps had meant 'Amen.'  
When a flag had draped a  
coffin  
of a brother or a friend.*

*I thought of all the children,  
of the mothers and the wives,  
of fathers, sons and husbands  
With interrupted lives.*

*I thought about a graveyard  
At the bottom of the sea.  
Of unmarked graves in Arlington  
**No, freedom isn't free.***

**VETERAN'S DAY NOVEMBER 11**

*Remember to thank a veteran of  
yesterday  
For the freedom you enjoy  
today.*

**SHINING SHOES**

Back in the late 1800's, a large group of European pastors came to one of D. L. Moody's Northfield Bible Conferences in Massachusetts. Following the European custom of the time, each guest put his shoes outside his room to be cleaned by the hall servants overnight. But, of course, this was America and there were no hall servants.

Walking the dormitory halls that night, Moody saw the shoes and determined not to embarrass his brothers. He mentioned the need to some ministerial students who were there, but met with only silence or pious excuses.

Moody returned to the dorm, gathered up the shoes, and, alone in his room, the famous evangelist began to clean and polish the shoes.

Only the unexpected arrival of a friend in the midst of the work

revealed the secret. When the foreign visitors opened their doors the next morning, their shoes were shined. They never knew by whom. Moody told no one, but his friend told a few people, and during the rest of the conference, different men volunteered to shine the shoes in secret.

I'm humbled. How about you?

Many of us want to be great ministers for the Lord. We want our names and our works to be remembered. But, let's never forget the true ministry of the Lord. Not only would have Jesus shined those shoes in secret, but He would have returned to wash their feet too!

Have you been asking the Lord to use you? Here you have it! Shine some one's dingy shoes, give a gift to someone in need, love on someone hard to love... but don't tell the world. Do it in secret!

You can be sure that the Lord sees these things! And, He will open up more opportunities for you to do even greater things for Him!

***Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. John 13:13-15***

◆ Received from Joe Downs

**OLD FARMER'S ADVICE:**

If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop diggin'.

Forgive your enemies; it messes up their heads.

# ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

## SUNDAYS

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

## MONDAYS

WOMEN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT  
BIBLE STUDY  
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL  
2:00 PM

## TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING  
6:00 PM

## WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY  
7:00 PM

## THURSDAYS

THE BEATITUDES  
BIBLE STUDY  
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL  
7:00 PM

## NOVEMBER 8 — 12

### COFFEE STOP AT NORTHBOUND TOUTLE

BRING COOKIES AND OTHER KINDS  
OF GOODIES

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7 WILL BE  
COOKIE SUDAY.

## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
9:00 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON  
12:00 NOON

## FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT  
We need sandwiches & cookies  
For the youth

Bring to the church by  
3:00 PM

## Community Events

### WEDNESDAY, 17th

SENIORS ON THE GO  
12:00 NOON

### THURSDAY, 18th

AMERICAN LEGION  
6:00 PM

### WHAT IF THERE ISN'T ANYMORE?

One day a woman's husband died, and on that clear, cold morning, in the warmth of their bedroom, the wife was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't "anymore".

No more hugs, no more special moments to celebrate together, no more phone calls just to chat, no more "just one minute."

Sometimes, what we care about the most gets all used

up and goes away, never to return before we can say goodbye, say "I love you."

So while we have it, its best we love it, care for it, fix it when it's broken and heal it when it's sick.

This is true for marriage ... and old cars ... and children with bad report cards, and dogs with bad hips, and aging parents and grandparents. We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it.

Some things we keep -- like a best friend who moved away or a sister-in-law after divorce. There are just some things that make us happy, no matter what.

Life is important, like people we know who are special ... And so, we keep them close!

Suppose one morning you never wake up, do all your friends know you love them? Let every one of your friends know you love them. Even if you think they don't love you back. And just in case I'm gone tomorrow.

Live today because tomorrow is not promised.

**James 4:14 (NLT) *How do you know what will happen tomorrow? For your life is like the morning fog—it's here a little while, then it's gone.***

◆ Received from Katie Jackson

## SEVENTH ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

Once again we will be having our Annual Thanksgiving Dinner on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. Kathleen and I will provide the Turkey and Ham and the rest will be potluck. Everyone is invited to join together with other members of

our church and community for a time of special celebration of all the blessings we have received this past year.



## WHAT HAPPENS IN HEAVEN WHEN WE PRAY?

I dreamt that I went to Heaven and an angel was showing me around. We walked side-by-side inside a large workroom filled with angels. My angel guide stopped in front of the first section and said, "This is the Receiving Section. Here, all petitions to God said in prayer are received".



I looked around in this area, and it was terribly busy with so many angels sorting out petitions written on voluminous paper sheets and scraps from people all over the world.

Then we moved on down a long corridor until we reached the second section. The angel then said to me, "This is the Packaging and Delivery Section. Here, the graces and blessings the people asked for are processed and delivered to the living persons who asked for them." I noticed again how busy it was there. There were many angels working hard at that station, since so many blessings had been requested and were being packaged for delivery to Earth.

Finally at the farthest end of

the long corridor we stopped at the door of a very small station. To my great surprise, only one angel was seated there, idly doing nothing. "This is the Acknowledgment Section, my angel friend quietly admitted to me. He seemed embarrassed." How is it that there is no work going on here? I asked. "So sad," the angel sighed. "After people receive the blessings that they asked for, very few send back acknowledgments"

"How does one acknowledge God's blessings?" I asked. "Simple," the angel answered. Just say, "Thank you, Lord." "What blessings should they acknowledge?" I asked. "If you have food in the refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof overhead and a place to sleep you are richer than 75% of this world. If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish, you are among the top 8% of the world's wealthy."

"If you woke up this morning with more health than illness, you are more blessed than the many who will not even survive this day.

"If you have never experienced the fear in battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture, or the pangs of starvation, you are ahead of 700 million people in the world."

"If you can attend a church without the fear of harassment, arrest, torture or death you are envied by, and more blessed than, three billion people in the world."

"If your parents are still alive

and still married...you are very rare." "If you can hold your head up and smile, you are not the norm, you're unique to all those in doubt and despair."

Ok, what now? How can I start? If you can read this message, you just received a double blessing in that someone was thinking of you as very special and you are more blessed than over two billion people in the world who cannot read at all.

When was the last time you stopped and took time to thank God for all the blessing He has given you?

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*

### THREE DOLLARS WORTH OF GOD

I would like to buy \$3 worth of God, please, not enough to explode



my soul or disturb my sleep but just enough to equal a cup of warm milk or a snooze in the sunshine. I don't want enough of him to make me love a black man or pick beets with a migrant. I want ecstasy, not transformation; I want the warmth of the womb, not a new birth. I want a pound of the Eternal in a paper sack. I would like to buy \$3 worth of God, please.

◆ *Citation: Wilbur Rees, Leadership, Vol. 4, no. 1*

Q  
U  
I  
Z



The answer to last month's quiz is found in the 4 chapter of I Samuel. The name of the one who was born that day was Ichabod. I goofed in asking for the name of the four that died that day as the name of Ichabod's mother is not given. The name of the other three are; Hophni, Phinehas and Eli.

I am not sure who all came up with the correct answer but I know Pastor Hossler and my sister, Katie were able to answer the quiz.

If you had the correct answer and I forgot, please let me know so the candy bars will not melt in my hands.

Here is this month's quiz.

*I was a servant; he was a prince*

*Together we made a team  
It matter not that we were just two*

*For God was on the scene*

*We climb up the hill  
Upon our hands and knees  
God gave to us the victory  
As easy as you please.*

*Now my name you'll never find  
But my prince's name will be there*

*And if you can tell his name  
You'll be given a candy bar  
with care.*

## THE PASSING OF THE HILLS



Bob Hill and his new wife Betty were vacationing in Europe...as it happens, near Transylvania. They were driving in a rental car along a rather deserted highway. It was late and raining very hard. Bob could barely see the road in front of the car. Suddenly, the car skids out of control! Bob attempts to control the car, but to no avail! The car swerves and smashes into a tree.

Moments later, Bob shakes his head to clear the fog. Dazed, he looks over at the passenger seat and sees his wife unconscious, with her head bleeding! Despite the rain and unfamiliar countryside, Bob knows he has to get her medical assistance. Bob carefully picks his wife up and begins trudging down the road. After a short while, he sees a light. He heads towards the light, which is coming from a large, old house. He approaches the door and knocks.

A minute passes. A small, hunched man opens the door. Bob immediately blurts, "Hello, my name is Bob Hill, and this is my wife Betty. We've been in a terrible accident, and my wife has been seriously hurt. Can I please use your phone?" "I'm sorry," replied the hunchback, "but we don't have a phone. My master is a doctor; come in, and I will get him!" Bob brings his wife in.

An older man comes down the stairs. "I'm afraid my assistant may have misled you. I am not a medical doctor; I am a scien-

tist. However, it is many miles to the nearest clinic, and I have had a basic medical training. I will see what I can do. Igor, bring them down to the laboratory."

With that, Igor picks up Betty and carries her downstairs, with Bob following closely. Igor places Betty on a table in the lab. Bob collapses from exhaustion and his own injuries, so Igor places Bob on an adjoining table.

After a brief examination, Igor's master looks worried. "Things are serious, Igor. Prepare a transfusion." Igor and his master work feverishly, but to no avail. Bob and Betty Hill are no more.

The Hills' deaths upset Igor's master greatly. Wearily, he climbs the steps to his conservatory, which houses his grand piano. For it is here that he has always found solace. He begins to play, and a stirring, almost haunting melody fills the house.

Meanwhile, Igor is still in the lab tidying up. His eyes catch movement, and he notices the fingers on Betty's hand twitch, keeping time to the haunting piano music. Stunned, he watches as Bob's arm begins to rise, marking the beat! He is further amazed as Betty and Bob both sit up straight! Unable to contain himself, he dashes up the stairs to the conservatory. He bursts in and shouts to his master: "Master, Master! The Hills are alive with the sound of music!"