



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[www.onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://www.onalaskachurchofgod.com)

DECEMBER, 2010

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

## A SAVIOR IS BORN

Mary Warner

For unto us this day was born,  
 Unto the lost and the forlorn,  
 A Savior which is Christ the  
 Lord,  
 To pay what we could not af-  
 ford,  
 And this shall be a sign to you,  
 A baby who is pure and true,  
 Wrapped in swaddling  
 clothes,  
 Lying in sweet repose,  
 So lovely the Christ child  
 sleeps,  
 God's wondrous promises He  
 keeps,  
 The wise men traveled from  
 afar,  
 Following the eastern star,  
 The shepherds too arrived to  
 see,  
 The gift of all eternity,  
 Such treasure wrapped in  
 flesh behold,  
 Worth much more than any  
 gold,  
 Glory to God the angels sang,  
 Oh how their lovely voices  
 rang,  
 Peace on earth good will to  
 men,



*Grace born and found in Him,  
 Mercy streams from Holy light,  
 Shining through the darkest  
 night,*

*A Savior is born a gift given,  
 Our one way ticket into  
 heaven,*

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Gladly sing,  
 The manger of Bethlehem,  
 Held our King.*

## MISUSE OF SOAP

At their school carnival, our kids won four free goldfish (lucky us!), so out I went Saturday morning to find an aquarium.



The first few I priced ranged from \$40 to \$70. Then I spotted it right in the aisle: a discarded 10-gallon display tank, complete with gravel and filter for a mere five bucks. Sold! Of course, it was nasty dirty, but the savings made the two hours of clean-up a breeze.

Those four new fish looked great in their new home, at least for the first day. But by Sunday one had died. Too bad, but three remained. Monday morning revealed a second casualty, and by Monday night a third goldfish had gone belly up. We called

in an expert member of our church who has a 30-gallon tank. It didn't take him long to discover the problem: I had washed the tank with soap, an absolute no-no. My uninformed efforts had destroyed the very lives I was trying to protect.

Sometimes in our zeal to clean up our own lives or the lives of others, we unfortunately use "killer soaps" -- condemnation, criticism, nagging, fits of temper. We think we're doing right, but our harsh, self-righteous treatment is more than they can bear.

◆ Citation: Richard L. Dunagin, Denton, Texas. *Leadership*, Vol. 6, no. 3.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

Minnie Haskins

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown," and he replied, "Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way."

**Proverbs 3:5-6** *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. [6] In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.*

## THE U IN JESUS

Before **U** were thought of or time  
had begun,  
God stuck **U** in the name of His  
Son.

And each time **U** pray, you'll see  
it's true,  
You can't spell out Jes**U**s and  
not include **U**.

You're a pretty big part of His  
wonderful name,  
For **U**; He was born; that's why  
He came.

And His great love for **U** is the  
reason He died.  
It even takes **U** to spell cr**U**cified.

Isn't it thrilling and splendidly  
grand  
He rose from the dead, with **U** in  
His plan?

The stones split away, the gold  
tr**U**mpet blew,  
and this word res**U**rrection is  
spelled with a **U**.

When Jes**U**s left earth at His  
**U**pward ascension,  
He felt there was one thing He  
just had to mention.

"Go into the world and tell them  
it's true  
That I love them all - Just like I  
love **U**."

So many great people are  
spelled with a **U**;  
Don't they have a right to know  
Jes**U**s too?

It all depends now on what **U** will  
do,  
He'd like them to know, but it all  
starts with **U**.

◆ Received from Mary Noland

## CALL HOME

Out of parental concern  
and a desire to teach our  
young son responsibility, we  
require him to phone home  
when he arrives at his friend's  
house a few blocks away. He  
began to forget, however as  
he grew more confident in his



ability to  
get there  
without  
disaster  
befalling  
him. The  
first time  
he forgot, I called to be sure  
he had arrived. We told him  
the next time it happened, he  
would have to come home.

A few days later, however,  
the telephone again lay  
silent, and I knew if he was  
going to learn he would have  
to be punished. But I did not  
want to punish him! I went to  
the telephone, regretting that  
his great time would have to  
be spoiled by his lack of  
contact with his father. As I  
dialed, I prayed for wisdom.  
"Treat him like I treat you," the  
Lord seemed to say. With  
that, as the telephone rang  
one time, I hung up. A few  
seconds later the phone  
rang, and it was my son.

"I'm here, Dad!"

"What took you so long to  
call?" I asked.

"We started playing and I  
forgot. But Dad, I heard the  
phone ring once and I  
remembered."

"I'm glad you remembered,"  
I said. "Have fun."

How often do we think of  
God as One who waits to  
punish us when we step out

of line? I wonder how often he  
rings just once, hoping we will  
phone home.

◆ Citation: Dennis Miller, Antioch, Illinois.  
*Leadership*, Vol. 6, no. 2.

## POWER IN THE NAME

I was traveling from Boston to  
Denver, and the departure area  
for my flight was buzzing with  
stern-looking men in dark suits  
talking into their lapels. I asked a  
flight attendant what was  
happening. She replied, "Just  
wait. You'll see."

After we settled into our  
economy-class seats, two of the  
dark-suited men arrived in first  
class, followed by former  
President  
G e r a l d  
Ford. I sat a  
few rows  
away! I  
thought,



*I've never  
met a President before. I'll go  
introduce myself.*

But then I wondered, *Why  
would he want to meet me?* I  
didn't even vote for him!

Then I remembered that  
during my years in seminary, I  
had met President Ford's son,  
Mike. So I marched toward first  
class. Before the Secret Service  
men could stop me, I spoke  
boldly: "President Ford, I just  
wanted to meet you. I know  
your son, Mike."

We talked briefly, mostly about  
Mike. Mike's name gave me  
"authority" to approach the  
President.

◆ Citation: Paul Borthwick, "In Jesus'  
Name, Amen," *Christian Reader*  
(January/February 2001), p. 30-31

# 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

~  
**DECEMBER 6 — 10**

**COFFEE STOP  
 AT NORTHBOUND TOUTLE**

BRING COOKIES AND OTHER KINDS  
 OF GOODIES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, WILL BE  
 COOKIE SUDAY.

~  
**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11**

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
 9:00 AM

~  
 LADIES LUNCHEON  
 12:00 NOON

~  
**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12**

WCG'S CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY  
 OFFERING

~  
**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17**

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT

~  
**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19th**

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM  
 &  
 CHRISTMAS POTLUCK DINNER

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24th**

CHRISTMAS EVE  
 COMMUNION & CANDLE LIGHT  
 SERVICE  
 6:00 PM

~  
**COMMUNITY  
 EVENTS**

**WEDNESDAY, 15th**

SENIORS ON THE GO  
 12:00 NOON

~  
**THURSDAY, 16th**

AMERICAN LEGION  
 6:00 PM

~  
**CHRISTIAN NEW  
 YEAR'S**

*How can I use the New Year  
 To better serve my Lord?  
 I'll read my Bible every day,  
 And be more in accord.*

*I'll find new ways to serve others;  
 I'll love my neighbor, too.  
 I'll focus on "give" instead of  
 "get"  
 In everything I do.*

*I'll forgive the people I'm mad  
 at;  
 Angry feelings I'll discard;  
 I'll try to love my enemies,  
 Even though it's hard.*

*In the new year, I'll lift people  
 up,  
 Instead of putting them down.  
 I'll fill my heart with love and joy,  
 And never wear a frown.*

*I'll let go of my worries;  
 I'll put it all in His hands;  
 I'll repent and try to sin less,  
 And obey all His commands.*

*These new year's resolutions  
 Are difficult, at best,  
 But there's something I can do  
 each day  
 That will put my soul at rest:*

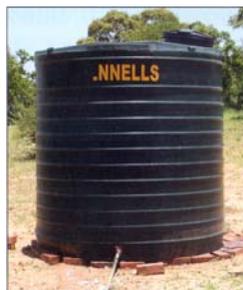
*I'll love my Lord with all my  
 heart,  
 With all my mind and soul,  
 And if I do that essential thing,  
 All the rest will be in control.*

## MISSION OUT REACH

Part of our mission outreach is supporting Horizon International and its ministry "creating a world of hope for African AIDS orphans."

One of the orphans who has graduated, Adam Kamunde, is now a pastor of a small congregation near Harare, Zimbabwe.

They have sent us a catalog with many different items that are needed to minister to not only the spiritual needs, but the physical needs as well.



The ladies of our WCG have chosen to give \$ 200.00 towards a Water Storage Tank that will provide an uninterrupted supply for watering gardens. The total cost is \$980.00. If you would like to help, please mark your gift, "Water Tank". Thank you and God bless you!

## TRUE STORY OF RUDOLPH

A man named Bob May, depressed and brokenhearted, stared out his drafty apartment window into the chilling December night.

His 4-year-old daughter Barbara sat on his lap quietly sobbing. Bob's wife, Evelyn, was dying of cancer. Little Barbara couldn't understand why her mommy could never come

home. Barbara looked up into her dad's eyes and asked, "Why isn't Mommy just like everybody else's Mommy?" Bob's jaw tightened and his eyes welled with tears.

Her question brought waves of grief, but also of anger. It had been the story of Bob's life. Life always had to be different for Bob.

Small when he was a kid, Bob was often bullied by other boys. He was too little at the time to compete in sports. He was often called names he'd rather not remember. From childhood, Bob was different and never seemed to fit in. Bob did complete college, married his loving wife and was grateful to get his job as a copywriter at Montgomery Ward during the Great Depression. Then he was blessed with his little girl. But it was all short-lived. Evelyn's bout with cancer

stripped them of all their savings and now Bob and his daughter were forced to live in a two-room apartment in the Chicago slums.

Evelyn died just days before Christmas in 1938.



Bob struggled to give hope to his child, for whom he couldn't even afford to buy a Christmas gift. But if he couldn't buy a gift, he was determined to make one—a story-book! Bob had cre-

ated an animal character in his own mind and told the animal's story to little Barbara to give her comfort and hope. Again and again Bob told the story, embellishing it more with each telling. Who was the character? What was the story all about? The story Bob May created was his own autobiography in fable form. The character he created was a misfit outcast like he was. The name of the character? A little reindeer named Rudolph, with a big shiny nose. Bob finished the book just in time to give it to his little girl on Christmas Day. But the story doesn't end there.

The general manager of Montgomery Ward caught wind of the little storybook and offered Bob May a nominal fee to purchase the rights to print the book. Wards

went on to print, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and distribute it to children visiting Santa Claus in their stores. By 1946 Wards had printed and distributed more than six million copies of Rudolph. That same year, a major publisher wanted to purchase the rights from Wards to print an updated version of the book. In an unprecedented gesture of kindness, the CEO of Wards returned all rights back to Bob May. The book became a best seller. Many toy and marketing deals followed and Bob May, now remarried with a growing family, became wealthy from the story he created to comfort his grieving daughter. But the story doesn't end there either.

Bob's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, made a song adaptation to Rudolph. Though the song was turned down by such popular vocalists as Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, it was recorded by the singing cowboy, Gene Autry. "**Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer**" was released in 1949 and became a phenomenal success, selling more records than any other Christmas song, with the exception of "White Christmas."

The gift of love that Bob May created for his daughter so long ago kept on returning back to bless him again and again. And Bob May learned the lesson, just like his dear friend Rudolph, that being different isn't so bad. In fact, being different can be a blessing. Now you know!

◆ Submitted by Ruth Bushnell

Q  
U  
I  
Z



If I remember correctly, the only ones to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz was my sister, Katie and my wife Kathleen. If I missed you, please let me know. The answer is found in the fourteenth chapter of I Samuel and is Jonathan and his armor bearer.

Here is the quiz for this month.

*I should have listened to God's Word*

*I should have obeyed all I heard.*

*My heart was hard as a rock,  
The evil I did I would not stop.*

*And so when the gates came  
tumbling down*

*I did my best to get out of town.*

*I didn't get far I'm sad to say,  
They caught me quick before I got away.*

*They put me in irons and chains  
And brought me before he who reigns.*

*I didn't know what my fate  
would be*

*But I never thought he would  
do this to me.*

*My eyes beheld an awful sight  
All my nobles were killed that night*

*I watched them kill my sons  
that day,*

*Before the led me blindly  
away.*

*Now tell me the name of the  
king that day,  
That took me o so far away,  
And tell me my name if you  
think you can.  
And a candy bar will be placed  
within your hand.*

## 'T WAS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the day after Christmas,  
and all through the house,  
Every creature was hurting---  
even the mouse.

The toys were all broken, their  
batteries dead;  
Santa passed out, with some ice  
on his head.

Wrapping and ribbons just cov-  
ered the floor;  
While Upstairs the family contin-  
ued to snore.

And I in my T-shirt, new Reeboks  
and jeans,  
Went into the kitchen and  
started to clean.

When out on the lawn there  
arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the sink to see  
what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a  
flash,  
Tore open the curtains, and  
threw up the sash.

When what to my wondering  
eyes should appear,  
But a little white truck, with an  
oversized mirror.

The driver was smiling, so lively  
and grand;

The patch on his jacket said  
"U.S. POSTMAN."

With a handful of bills, he  
grinned like a fox;  
Then quickly he stuffed them  
into our mailbox.

Bill after bill, after bill, they still  
came;  
Whistling and shouting he  
called them by name:



"Now **Kohl's**, now **Macy's**, now  
**Penney's** and **Sears**;  
Here's **Wal-Mart's** and **Target's**  
and **Old Navy's** -- all here!!

To the tip or your limit, every  
store, every mall;  
Now charge away - charge  
away - charge away all!"

He whooped and he whistled  
as he finished his work;  
He filled up the box, and then  
turned with a jerk.

He sprang to his truck and he  
drove down the road,  
Driving much faster with just  
half a load.

Then I heard him exclaim with  
great holiday cheer,  
**"ENJOY WHAT YOU  
GOT ... YOU'LL BE PAYING ALL  
YEAR!"**