



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

MARCH, 2011

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

THE LIST

One day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name.

Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers.

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" she heard whispered. "I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!" and, "I didn't know others liked me so much." were most of the comments.

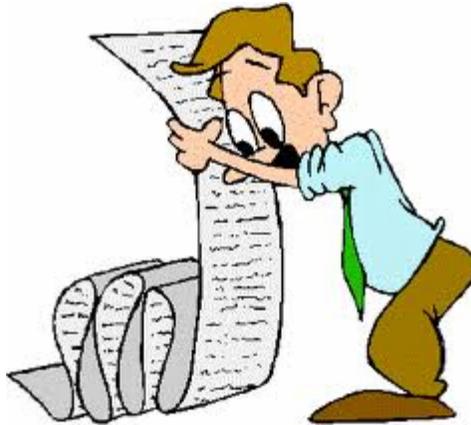
No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another.

That group of students moved on.

Several years later, one of the students was killed in Viet Nam and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He

looked so handsome, so mature.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk



by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin

As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. She nodded: "yes." Then he said: "Mark talked about you a lot."

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.

"We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and re-folded many times. The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had

said about him.

"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home."

Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album."

"I have mine too," Marilyn said "It's in my diary."

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

The density of people in society is so thick that we forget that life will end one day. And we don't know when that one day will be.

So please, tell the people you love and care for, that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

OLD FARMER'S ADVICE

The best sermons are lived, not preached.

When you wallow with pigs, expect to get dirty.

A bumble bee is considerably faster than a John Deere tractor.

THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU

BY MAX LUCADO

Un-tethered by time, God sees us all. From the backwoods of Virginia to the business district of London; from the Vikings to the astronauts, from the cave-dwellers to the kings, from the hut-builders to the finger-pointers to the rock-stackers, he sees us. Vagabonds and ragamuffins all, he saw us before we were born.

And he loves what he sees. Flooded by emotion. Overcome by pride, the Starmaker turns to us, one by one, and says, "You are my child. I love you dearly. I'm aware that someday you'll turn from me and walk away. But I want you to know, I've already provided you a way back."

And to prove it, he did something extraordinary.

Stepping from the throne, he removed his robe of light and wrapped himself in skin: pigmented, human skin. The light of the universe entered a dark, wet womb. He who angels worship nestled himself in the placenta of a peasant, was birthed into the cold night, and then slept on cow's hay.

Mary didn't know whether to give him milk or give him praise, but she gave him both since he was, as near as she could figure, hungry and holy.

Joseph didn't know whether to call him Junior or Father. But in the end called him Jesus, since that's what the angel said and since he didn't have the faintest idea what to name a God he could cradle in his

arms.

Neither Mary nor Joseph said it as bluntly as my Sara, but don't you think their heads tilted and their minds wondered, "What in the world are you doing, God?" Or, better phrased, "God, what are you doing in the world?"

"Can anything make me stop loving you?" God asks. "Watch me speak your language, sleep on your earth, and feel your hurts. Behold the maker of sight and sound as he sneezes, coughs, and blows his nose. You wonder if I understand how you feel? Look into the dancing eyes of the kid in Nazareth; that's God walking to school. Ponder the toddler at Mary's table; that's God spilling his milk.

"You wonder how long my love will last? Find your answer on a splintered cross, on a craggy hill. That's me you see up there, your maker, your God, nail-stabbed and bleeding. Covered in spit and sin-soaked. That's your sin I'm feeling. That's your death I'm dying. That's your resurrection I'm living. That's how much I love you."

*From [In the Grip of Grace](#)
Copyright 1996, Max Lucado*

FIVE FINGER PRAYER

1. Your thumb is nearest you. So begin your prayers by praying for those closest to you. They are the easiest to remember. To pray for our loved ones is, as C. S. Lewis once said, a 'sweet duty.'

2. The next finger is the pointing finger. Pray for those who teach, instruct and heal. This includes teachers, doctors, and ministers. They need support and wisdom in pointing others in the right direction. Keep them in your prayers.

3. The next finger is the tallest finger. It reminds us of our leaders. Pray for the president, leaders in business and industry, and administrators. These people shape our nation and guide public opinion. They need God's guidance.

4. The fourth finger is our ring finger. Surprising to many is the fact that this is our weakest finger, as any pianist will testify. It should remind us to pray for those who are weak, in trouble or in pain. They need your prayers day and night. You cannot pray too much for them.

5. And lastly comes our little finger - the smallest finger of all which is where we should place ourselves in relation to God and others. As the Bible says, 'The least shall be the greatest among you.' Your pinkie should remind you to pray for yourself. By the time you have prayed for the other four groups, your own needs will be put into proper perspective and you will be able to pray for yourself more effectively.

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

MONDAYS

"WOMEN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT"
 LADIES 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"
 LADIES BIBLE STUDY
 AT THE HOME OF THE MASSEY'S
 7:00 PM

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
 12:00 NOON

SUNDAY, MARCH 13th

REST HOME SERVICE
 @
 COOK'S HILL MANOR
 2:00 PM

FRIDAY, MARCH 18th

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT

Psalm 122:1

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, 14th

TEA & PRAISE
 10:00 AM

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MARCH 17th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

SATURDAY, MARCH 19th

SCRAP BOOKING

PNA EVENTS

10:00 AM
MARCH 8 - 10th

W.A.R.M.
 (WESTERN AREA REGIONAL MINISTERIUM)



THE ART OF CROCHETING



Ladies save the date of March 12 . At noon the WCG will have Chuck Gift to show us how he makes the crocheted pot holders he has given away at church. Chuck has been crocheting since he was 7 when his mom taught him. Join us for the potluck salad luncheon. Any questions call Claudia at 978-5396

FIGHT OR FLIGHT

Ephesians 6:13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Many Christians fail to recognize that we are in a spiritual war against Satan and sin. They feel that the Christian's life should be easy and free from struggles and turmoil. But Satan seeks to destroy us and attacks us in many different ways. When we find ourselves under Satan's attack we can either chose flight or fight. It is wonderful to know that we do not have to fight against Satan in our own strength but, we can call upon Jesus to come and fight for and with us.



THE COAL BASKET

The story is told of an old man who lived on a farm in the mountains of eastern Kentucky with his young grandson. Each morning, Grandpa was up early sitting at the kitchen table reading from his old worn-out Bible. His grandson who wanted to be just like him tried to imitate him in any way he could.

One day the grandson asked, "Papa, I try to read the Bible just like you but I don't understand it, and what I do understand I forget as soon as I close the book. What good does reading the Bible do?" The Grandfather quietly turned from putting coal in the stove and said, "Take this old wicker



coal basket down to the river and bring back a basket of water."

The boy did as he was told, even though all the water leaked out before he could get back to the house. The grandfather laughed and said, "You will have to move a little faster next time," and sent him back to the river with the basket to try again. This time the boy ran faster, but again the old wicker basket was empty before he returned home. Out of breath, he told his grandfather that it was "impossible to carry water in a basket," and he went to get a bucket instead. The old man said, "I don't want a bucket of wa-

ter; I want a basket of water. You can do this. You're just not trying hard enough," and he went out the door to watch the boy try again.

At this point, the boy knew it was impossible, but he wanted to show his grandfather that even if he ran as fast as he could, the water would leak out before he got far at all. The boy scooped the water and ran hard, but when he reached his grandfather the basket was again empty. Out of breath, he said, "See Papa, it's useless!"

"So you think it is useless?" The old man said, "Look at the basket."

The boy looked at the basket and for the first time he realized that the basket looked different. Instead of a dirty old wicker coal basket, it was clean.

"Son, that's what happens when you read the Bible. You might not understand or remember everything, but when you read it, it will change you from the inside out."

Moral of the wicker basket story: Take time to read a portion of God's word each day; it will affect you for good even if you don't retain a word.

Thought for Today: God's Love is like the ocean, you can see its beginnings, but not its end.

I really like this story because I don't retain things too well anymore... old age may have something to do with it but I just figure my brain just



gets overloaded! God isn't concerned about your brains anyway; He's more concerned about your heart!

♦ Received from Joe & Freda Downs

GOD IS LIKE

God is like.

BAYER ASPIRIN

He works miracles.

God is like

a **FORD**

He's got a better idea..

God is like

COKE

He's the real thing.

God is like

HALLMARK CARDS

He cares enough to send His very best.

God is like

TIDE

He gets the stains out others leave behind. ..

God is like

GENERAL ELECTRIC

He brings good things to life.

God is like

WAL-MART

He has everything.

God is like

ALKA-SELTZER

Try Him, you'll like Him

God is like

SCOTCH TAPE

You can't see Him, but you know He's there.

God is like

DIAL SOAP

Aren't you glad you have Him? Don't you wish everybody did?

In memory of Jo Ann McKnight who shared this in the 60's

Q
U
I
Z



I finally stumped everybody. No one was able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The three men are, **Noah**, **Job** and **Daniel**, the answer is found in the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel, the fourteenth and twentieth verses.

Lets see if I can do it again.

*We were very angry
We wanted to do an evil thing.
It didn't matter to us
That he was reigning our king.
He shouldn't have made us
mad
He shouldn't have made us
sore
When we do our deed
He will be no more.
But there was a problem
We're very sad to say
Another heard of our plan
And gave us away.
It was told to the king
The plans we had for him,
And when he found that is was
true
He hung us from the highest
limb.
Now tells us our names
And the one who gave away
our plan
The name of the king
And a candy bar will be
placed into thy hand.*



My Favorite Animal



O u r teacher asked us what our favorite animal

was, and I said, "Fried chicken."

She said I wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right, because everyone else in the class laughed.

My parents told me to always be truthful and honest, and I am. Fried chicken is my favorite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA. He said they love animals very much.

I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef. Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, too. Then he told me not to do it again.

The next day in class my teacher asked me what my favorite live animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, just like she'd asked the other children.



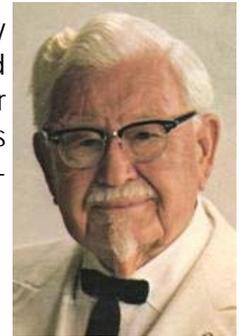
So I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken.

She sent me back to the principal's office again. He laughed, and told me not to do it again. I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am.

Today, my teacher asked us to tell her what famous person we admire most.

I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where I am now...



◆ Received from James Sparks

THE KEY TO POSSESSING INNER PEACE

1. If you can start the day without caffeine.
2. If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains.
3. If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles.
4. If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it.
5. If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time.
6. If you can take criticism and blame without resentment.
7. If you can conquer tension without medical help.
8. If you can relax without liquor.
9. If you can sleep without the aid of drugs.

...Then you are probably the family dog!

