



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

MAY, 2011

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

THE YELLOW SHIRT

The yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mom intended to give away.



'You're not taking that old thing, are you?' Mom said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt. 'I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!'

'It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class, Mom. Thanks!' I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt became a part of my college wardrobe. I loved it.

After graduation, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new apartment and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mom and the rest of my fam-

ily, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois, but, that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant, 25 years earlier.

That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mom. When Mom wrote to thank me for her 'real' gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again.

The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mom and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we uncrated the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The shirt!

And so the pattern was set.

On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mom and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed now while re-finishing furniture. The walnut

stains added character.

In 1975 my husband and I divorced. With my three children, I prepared to move back to Illinois. As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job. I paged through the Bible, looking for comfort. In Ephesians, I read, *'So use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up.'*

I tried to picture myself wearing God's armor, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armor? My courage was renewed.

Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer.

Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet.

Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words 'I BE-LONG TO PAT.'

Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe

Continued on page 2

and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, **I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER.** But I didn't stop there. I zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Arlington, VA. We enclosed an official looking letter from 'The Institute for the Destitute,' announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds.

I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head. It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: 'Read **John 14:27-29.** I love you both, Mother.'

That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found the verses: *'I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives.. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love*



me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me.'

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't, because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art. And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.

◆ Received from Joe Downs

MY KIND OF TEACHER

A former Sergeant, having served his time with the Marine Corps, took a new job as a school teacher; but just before the school year started he injured his back. He was required to wear a plaster cast around the upper part of his body. Fortunately, the cast fit under his shirt and wasn't noticeable. On the first day of class, he found himself assigned to the toughest stu-

dents in the school.

The smart-alecky punks, having already heard the new teacher was a former Marine, were leery of him and decided to see how tough he really was,



before trying any pranks. Walking confidently into the rowdy classroom, the new teacher opened the window wide and sat down at his desk. When a strong breeze made his tie flap, he picked up a stapler and promptly stapled the tie to his chest.

...Dead silence...

He had no trouble with discipline that year.

◆ Received from Joe Downs

A MOTHERS WORK

by Os Hillman
Friday, May 01 2009

One of the great tragedies of society today is the minimizing of the work performed daily by stay-at-home moms. Women who decide to stay home to raise their kids are a rare breed indeed. They must overcome the stigma of comparison to others who pursue careers outside the home. They fail to get the feelings of accomplishment that can come from a career. They are the unseen missionaries of our day. There will be a special reward for these selfless servants.

"Reprinted by permission from the author. Os Hillman is an international speaker and author of more than 8 books on workplace calling. To learn more, visit

<http://www.MarketplaceLeaders.org>

ONALASKA'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

SATURDAY, MAY 7

WOMEN APPRECIATION
 BANQUET
 4:00 PM

SATURDAY, MAY 14

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
 12:00 NOON

SUNDAY, MAY 8th

MOTHER'S DAY
 REST HOME SUNDAY

FRIDAY, MAY 20th

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT

SATURDAY, MAY 21ST

LINNIE DOYLE CONCERT
 6:00 PM

Please bring finger food for fellow-
 ship and refreshments following the
 concert.

SUNDAY, MAY 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

SATURDAY, MAY 28th

TREE TRIMMING BRIGADE
 AT THE PARSONAGE
 10:00 AM

COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, MAY 9th

TEA & PRAISE
 @
 WINLOCK SEVENTH-DAY
 ADVENTIST CHURCH
 2660 Hwy. 603
 10:00 AM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 19th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

SATURDAY, MAY 21st

SCRAP BOOKING
 10:00 AM

WOMEN'S APPRECIATION BANQUET

Our annual Women's Appreciation Banquet will be held in the church fellowship hall on Saturday, May 7th at 4:00 PM. Sam and Barbara Crawford, from Bellingham will provide a wonderful time of entertainment.

This banquet is open to everyone. If you would like to attend, please make reservations at 978-4161 so we can plan on how much food to prepare.



TREE TRIMMING BRIGADE

There was some concern about the six trees south of the parsonage withstanding a strong wind storm. We had the trees checked by two different experienced loggers and the both had concerns about strong winds blowing the trees over onto the parsonage. The trees were cut down and now they need to be cut up into fire wood.

We will be having a Tree Trimming Brigade on Saturday, May 28th. We need help in removing and burning the limbs not suitable for fire wood, the cutting and splitting the trees into fire wood.

We need those who have a chain saw, those who can drag limbs to the burn pile, and those who can split and stake the wood. All this fun begins at 10:00 AM. A meal will be provided.



MOTHERS

Theses answers given by 2nd grade school children to the following questions:

WHY DID GOD MAKE MOTHERS?

1. She's the only one who knows where the scotch tape is.
2. Mostly to clean the house.
3. To help us out of there when we were getting born.

HOW DID GOD MAKE MOTHERS?

1. He used dirt, just like for the rest of us.
2. Magic plus super powers and a lot of stirring.
3. God made my Mom just the same like he made me. He just used bigger parts.

WHAT INGREDIENTS ARE MOTHERS MADE OF?

1. God makes mothers out of clouds and angel hair and everything nice in the world and one dab of mean.
2. They had to get their start from men's bones. Then they mostly use string, I think.

WHY DID GOD GIVE YOU YOUR MOTHER AND NOT SOME OTHER MOM?

1. We're related.
2. God knew she likes me a lot more than other people's moms like me.

WHAT KIND OF LITTLE GIRL WAS YOUR MOM?

1. My Mom has always been my mom and none of that other stuff.
2. I don't know because I was-



n't there, but my guess would be pretty bossy.

3. They say she used to be nice.

WHAT DID MOM NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DAD BEFORE SHE MARRIED HIM?

1. His last name.
2. She had to know his background. Like is he a crook? Does he get drunk on beer?
3. Does he make at least \$800 a year? Did he say NO to drugs and YES to chores?

WHY DID YOUR MOM MARRY YOUR DAD?

1. My dad makes the best spaghetti in the world. And my Mom eats a lot.
2. She got too old to do anything else with him.
3. My grandma says that Mom didn't have her thinking cap on.

WHO'S THE BOSS AT YOUR HOUSE?

1. Mom doesn't want to be boss, but she has to because dad's such a goof ball.
2. Mom. You can tell by room inspection. She sees the stuff under the bed.

3. I guess Mom is, but only because she has a lot more to do than dad.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOMS & DADS?

1. Moms work at work and work at home and dads just go to work at work.
2. Moms know how to talk to teachers without scaring them.
3. Dads are taller & stronger, but moms have all the real power 'cause that's who you got to ask if you want to sleep over at your friend's.
4. Moms have magic; they make you feel better without medicine.

WHAT DOES YOUR MOM DO IN HER SPARE TIME?

1. Mothers don't do spare time.
2. To hear her tell it, she pays bills all day long.

WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO MAKE YOUR MOM PERFECT?

1. On the inside she's already perfect. Outside, I think some kind of plastic surgery.
2. Dye it. You know her hair. I'd dye it, maybe blue.

IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE THING ABOUT YOUR MOM, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

1. She has this weird thing about me keeping my room clean. I'd get rid of that.
2. I'd make my mom smarter. Then she would know it was my sister who did it and not me.
3. I would like for her to get rid of those invisible eyes on the back of her head.

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

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The answer to last month's quiz was Jeremiah. There were four who were able to come up with the correct answer; my wife Kathleen, Mert Horrocks, Ruth Bushnell and Kevin Massey. I am sure there would have been more had I not forgot to send out the Newsletter to those on my emailing list. I'll try hard not to do that again.

Here is this month's quiz.

*The day was hot
The air was still
The king was asleep
And easy to kill.*

*We entered his house
To complete our feat
We acted like
We were looking for wheat.*

*We sneaked into his room
And found him asleep upon his
bed*

*We smote him in the ribs
And then cut off his head.*

*We took his head
To a king that day
And thought that we
Would receive good pay.*

*The pay we received
Was not what we thought
They cut off our hands and feet
And that hurt a lot.*

*Now tells us our names
If you think you can
The names of the two kings
And a candy bar will be placed
into your hand.*

WHO BREWS THE COFFEE

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.



The wife said, 'You should do it because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee.'

The husband said, 'You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee.'

Wife replies, 'No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should brew the coffee.'

Husband replies, 'I can't believe that, show me.'

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says ... 'HEBREWS'

THE SILENT TREATMENT

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment.

Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00 AM for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to

be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, 'Please wake me at 5:00 AM.' He left it where he knew she would find it.



The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 AM and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him, when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, 'It is 5:00 AM. Wake up.'

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

◆ Received from Mary Noland

IN THE DORM

In the dorm, one of the favorite intramural sports was water fights: dousing and bombarding one another with water from squirt guns, glasses, balloons, even wastebaskets. Since each room had a sink, there was endless ammunition. The most frequent target was the resident assistant.

Approaching his room one afternoon, the resident assistant noticed his door was ajar. Looking up, he saw a pail of water balanced on the door's edge, ready to fall on him. As he took down the pail and emptied it into his sink, he thought: Those crazy guys actually thought they could fool me with that old gag! But then he noticed that "those crazy guys" had removed the drainpipe beneath his sink.

