



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

JULY, 2011

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

"MIKE MONSOOR"



April 5th, 1981 ~ September 29th, 2009

Mike Monsoor was Awarded "The Congressional Medal Of Honor" for giving his life in Iraq, as he jumped on, and covered with his body, a live hand grenade, saving the lives of a large group of navy Seals that was passing by!

During Mike Monsoor's funeral, at Ft. Rosecrans national cemetery, in San Diego, California, the six pallbearers removed the rosewood casket from the hearse, and lined up on each side of Mike Monsoor's casket, were his family members, friends, fellow sailors, and well-wishers. The column of people continued



from the hearse, all the way to the grave site.

During the funeral, as the coffin was moving from the hearse to the grave site, Navy SEALS were lined up forming a column of twos on both sides of the pallbearer's route, with the coffin moving up the center. As the coffin passed each SEAL, they slapped down the gold Trident each had removed from his own uniform and deeply embedded it into the wooden coffin. For nearly 30 minutes the slaps were audible from across the cemetery as nearly every SEAL on the west coast repeated the ceremony.

Now for those, who don't know what a trident pin is, here is the definition! After one completes the basic Navy SEALS program which lasts for three weeks, and is followed by seal qualification training, which is 15 more weeks of training, necessary to continue improving basic skills and to learn new tactics and techniques, required for an assignment to a navy seal platoon. After successful completion, trainees are given their naval enlisted code, and are awarded the navy seal trident pin. With this gold pin they are now officially Navy SEALS!

The display moved many attending the funeral, including U.S. President George W. Bush,

who spoke about the incident later during a speech stating: "The procession went on nearly half an hour, and when it was all over, the simple wooden coffin had become a gold-plated memorial to a hero who will never be forgotten."

Lonely? Yes, sometimes when the night is dark
And silence wraps the spirit in its gloom;
But then His angels, watching ever nigh,
Supply the place of friendships room.

Tired? Yes, often when day is done,
And sun rays sink behind the distant west;
But then my Savior walks beside; and He
Can give the wearied heart its rest.

Afraid? Oh yes, when mountain paths are steep,
Too steep for feet unused to rugged ways;
But then His promise cheers me, and the fear
Is turned to joyful hymns of praise.

So on I press, the loneliness and fear
But bind me closer to the love divine;
Within the deepest darkness faith can see;
And so I pray: "Thy will, not mine."

THE BARBER SHOP.

A man went to a barbershop to have his hair cut and his beard trimmed. As the barber began to work, they began to have a good conversation. They talked about so many things and various subjects.

When they eventually touched on the subject of God, the barber said: 'I don't believe that God exists.'

'Why do you say that?' asked the customer.

'Well, you just have to go out in



the street to realize that God doesn't exist. Tell me, if God exists, would there be so many sick people? Would there be abandoned children? If God existed, there would be neither suffering nor pain. I can't imagine a loving God who would allow all of these things.'

The customer thought for a moment, but didn't respond because he didn't want to start an argument.

The barber finished his job and the customer left the shop.

Just after he left the barbershop, he saw a man in the street with long, stringy, dirty hair and an untrimmed beard. He looked dirty and unkempt. The customer turned back and entered the barbershop again and he said to the barber: 'You know what? Barbers do not exist.'

'How can you say that?' asked the surprised barber. 'I am here, and I am a barber.

And I just worked on you!'

'No!' the customer exclaimed. 'Barbers don't exist because if they did, there would be no people with dirty long hair and untrimmed beards, like that man outside.'

'Ah, but barbers do exist! That's what happens when people do not come to me.'

'Exactly!' affirmed the customer. 'That's the point! God, too, does exist! That's what happens when people do not go to Him and don't look to Him for help. That's why there's so much pain and suffering in the world.'

◆ Received from Mary Noland

MOWING GRASS

I hope the picture will go through for you - of this Army soldier in Iraq with his tiny 'plot' of grass in front of his tent. Here is a soldier stationed in Iraq, stationed in a big sand box. He asked his wife to send him dirt (U.S. Soil), fertilizer, and some grass seed so that he can have the sweet aroma, and feel the grass grow beneath his feet. When the men of the squadron have a mission that they are going on, they take turns walking through the grass and the American soil -- to bring them good luck.

If you notice, he is even cutting the grass with a pair of scissors. Sometimes we are in such a hurry that we don't stop and think about the little



things that we take for granted.

Upon receiving this, say a little prayer for our soldiers that give and give (and give up) so unselfishly for us.

"Lord, hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us, bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need."

Received from Mary Noland

FRIENDS

They love you, but they are not your lover.

They care for you, but they are not from your family.

They are ready to share your pain, but they are not in your blood relation.

They are.....FRIENDS!

A True friend...

Scolds like a **DAD**.

Cares like a **MOM**.

Teases like a **SISTER**.

Supports like a **BROTHER**.

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

MONDAYS

"JACOB'S DOZEN"
 IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL
 2:00 PM

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 6:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY
 7:00 PM

MONDAY JULY 4th

CHURCH PICNIC
 @
 THE MASSEY'S
 747 DEGLER ROAD
 880-8287

SATURDAY, JULY 9th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 9:00 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
 12:00 NOON

SUNDAY, JULY 10th

REST HOME SUNDAY

FRIDAY, JULY 15th

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT

SUNDAY, JULY 31st

POT LUCK
 FOLLOWING THE MORNING SERVICE

COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, JULY 21st

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

JULY 17th - 19th

SENIOR ADULT CAMP
 with
 LOU FOLTZ GUEST SPEAKER
 @
 DOUBLE K CHRISTIAN RETREAT CENTER

Senior adults are invited to a few days of inspiration and encouragement at our Senior Adult Camp.

JULY 19th - 23rd

CLIMB '11
 With
 JIM LYON GUEST SPEAKER
 @
 DOUBLE K CHRISTIAN RETREAT CENTER

Climb '11 is an event for the entire family, one that provides our churches a unique opportunity for renewal, fellowship and recreation. Special attention is given to the equipping and strengthening of church leaders.

For further information please contact the Church office.

It's said that Abraham Lincoln once sized up the case of a prospective client as follows: "You have a good case, technically, but in terms of justice and equity, it's got problems. So you'll have to look for another lawyer to handle the case, because the whole time I'd be up there talking to the jury, I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar!' and I might just forget myself and say it out loud."

SEND A KID TO CAMP



Our Youth are seeking raise the finances to go to Summer Camp by selling See's Candy Bars, washing cars and hiring out to do odd jobs. Each camper needs to raise \$ 295.00. We welcome your support for our youth by

purchasing a See's Candy Bar for \$ 2 or hiring our kids to do some work for you. If you wish to sponsor or help sponsor a youth it would be greatly appreciated. There are scholarships available for those who are unable to pay the full amount. Thank you for your support.



I'M A LITTLE TEA CUP

There was a couple who took a trip to England to shop in a beautiful antique store to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary? They both liked antiques and pottery, and especially teacups? Spotting an exceptional cup, they asked "May we see that?? We've never seen a cup quite so beautiful."

As the lady handed it to them, suddenly the teacup spoke, "You don't understand. I have not always been a teacup. There was a time when I was just a lump of red clay. My master took me and rolled me pounded and patted me over and over and I yelled out, "Don't do that."

"I don't like it!" "Let me alone," but he only smiled, and gently said; "Not yet!"

Then WHAM! I was placed on a spinning wheel and suddenly I was spun around

and around and around. "Stop it! I'm getting so dizzy!? I'm going to be sick!" I screamed. But the master only nodded and said, quietly; 'Not yet.'

He spun me and poked and prodded and bent me out of shape to suit himself and then he put me in the oven. I never felt such heat. I yelled and knocked and pounded at the door. "Help! Get me out of here!" I could see him through

the opening and I could read his lips as he shook his head from side to side, 'Not yet'.

When I thought I couldn't bear it another minute, the door opened. He carefully took me out and put me on the shelf, and I began to cool. Oh, that felt so good! "Ah, this is much better," I thought. But, after I cooled he picked me up and he brushed and painted me all over the fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag. 'Oh, please, Stop it, Stop, I cried. He only shook his head and said. 'Not yet!'

Then suddenly he put me back in to the oven. Only it was not like the first one. This was twice as hot and I just knew I would suffocate. I begged. I pleaded. I screamed. I cried I was con-

vinced I would never make it. I was ready to give up. Just then the door opened and he took me out and again placed me

on the shelf, where I cooled and waited and waited, wondering "What's he going to do to me next?"

An hour later he handed me a mirror and said 'Look at yourself.' And I did. I said, That's not me; that couldn't be me. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful!!!

Quietly he spoke: "I want you to remember, then," he said, 'I know it hurt to be

rolled and pounded and patted, but had I just left you alone, you'd have dried up. I know it made you dizzy to spin around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I know it hurt and it was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened. You would not have had any color in your life. If I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't have survived for long because the hardness would not have held. Now you are a finished product. Now you are what I had in mind when I first began with you."

The moral of this story is this: God knows what He's doing for each of us. He is the potter, and we are His clay. He will mold us and make us and expose us to just enough pressures of just the right kinds that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfill His good, pleasing and perfect will.

So when life seems hard, and you are being pounded and patted and pushed almost beyond endurance; when your world seems to be spinning out of control; when you feel like you are in a fiery furnace of trials; when life seems to "stink", try this.

Brew a cup of your favorite tea in your prettiest tea cup, sit down and think on this story and then, have a little talk with the Potter.

Received from James Sparks



Q
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Z



We had several who were able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. My sister Katie from Scottsdale, my wife Kathleen, Ruth Bushnell and Kevin Massey all received a candy bar. There were several others who got it half right.

The answer was **Peter** and **Gamaliel** and the account is found in the fifth chapter of Acts verses 17-40.

Here is this month's quiz.

The king had died I'm sad to say,

I sent my men, my regrets to pay.

The king was my friend, I loved him so,

I wanted his son my grief to know.

And so they went my message to bare

To let him know his grief I did share.

But his son listened to the wrong advice

And treated my men not very nice.

He sent them away in shame that day

And in another city I had them stay

But when the king's son found he was despised in my sight.

He got some help and came to fight.

He sent two armies against me to fight

And so I had to answer with all my might.

So I sent my general to fight for me

He fought real well and won the victory.

Now there are four names that you must know

If in your hand you want a candy bar to go.

So put on your thinking caps real tight

And search the Scripture with all your might.

Now tell me my name if you think you can

The name of my general a mighty man.

The name of the king and his son you must know

If into your hand a candy bar would go.

THE LOAN

A Cowboy from Big Timber, Montana, walked into a bank in New York City and asked for the loan officer. He told the loan officer that he was going to Paris for an international rodeo for two weeks and needed to borrow \$5,000 and that he was not a depositor of the bank.

The bank officer told him that the bank would need some form of security for the loan, so the Cowboy handed over the keys to a new Ferrari. The car was parked on the street in front

of the bank. The Cowboy produced the title and everything checked out. The loan officer agreed to hold the car as collateral for the loan and apologized for having to charge 12% interest.

Later, the bank's president and its officers all enjoyed a good laugh at the Cowboy from Montana for using a \$250,000 Ferrari as collateral for a \$5,000 loan. An employee of the bank then drove the Ferrari into the bank's private underground garage and parked it.

Two weeks later, the Cowboy returned, repaid the \$5,000 and the interest of \$23.07. The loan officer said, "Sir, we are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked you out on Dunn & Bradstreet and found that you are a highly sophisticated investor and multimillionaire with real estate and financial interests all over the world. Your investments include a large number of wind turbines around Big Timber, Montana. What puzzles us is - why would you bother to borrow \$5,000?"

The good ol' Montana boy replied, "Where else in New York City can I park my car for two weeks for only \$23.07 and expect it to be there when I return?"

Don't mess with Cowboys.

◆ Received from Jerry Phillips

