



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

FEBRUARY, 2012

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

PAM'S STORY

In a recent email, I read about a woman named Pam, who knows the pain of considering abortion. More than 24 years ago, she and her husband Bob were serving as missionaries to the Philippines and praying for a fifth child. Pam contracted amoebic dysentery, an infection of the intestine caused by a parasite found in contaminated food or drink. She went into a coma and was treated with strong antibiotics before they discovered she was pregnant.

Doctors urged her to abort the baby for her own safety and told her that the medicines had caused irreversible damage to



her baby. She refused the abortion and cited her Christian faith as the reason for her hope that her son would be born without the devastating disabilities physicians predicted. Pam said the doctors didn't think of it as a life, they thought of it as a mass of fetal tissue.

While pregnant, Pam nearly lost their baby four times but refused to consider abortion. She recalled making a pledge to God with her husband: *If you will give us a son, we'll*

name him Timothy and we'll make him a preacher.

Pam ultimately spent the last two months of her pregnancy in bed and eventually gave birth to a healthy baby boy August 14, 1987. Pam's youngest son is indeed a preacher. He preaches in prisons, makes hospital visits, and serves with his father's ministry in the Philippines. He also plays football. Pam's son is Tim Tebow.

The University of Florida's star quarterback became the first sophomore in history to win college football's highest award, the Heisman Trophy. His current role as quarterback of the Denver Broncos has provided an incredible platform for Christian witness. As a result, he is being called The Mile-High Messiah.

Tim's notoriety and the family's inspiring story have given Pam numerous opportunities to speak on behalf of women's centers across the country. Pam Tebow believes that every little baby you save matters. I pray her tribe will increase!

May the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you always!

◆ I received this from several different people

IN ALL THINGS

Sarah Pinkerton Frase
Jan. 2012

In all things give God the glory.

In all things give Him the praise.

In all things give God the glory.

Let your voice to heaven raise.

In darkest hour, He'll be your guide.

In times of need, He will provide.

In time of sorrow, He'll ease your pain.

In time of loss, He'll be your gain.

In time of weakness, His strength you'll feel.

In time of sickness my Lord will heal.

In time of battle, He'll be your guard.

In victory He's your reward.

So in all things give God the glory.

In all things give Him the praise.

In all things give God the glory.

Let your voice to heaven raise.

A VALENTINE STORY

From
Wowzon.com

John Blanchard stood up from the bench, straightened his Army uniform, and studied the crowd of people making their way through Grand Central Station. He looked for the girl whose heart he knew, but whose face he didn't, the girl with the rose.

His interest in her had begun thirteen months before in a Florida library. Taking a book off the shelf he found himself intrigued, not with the words of the book, but with the notes penciled in the margin. The soft handwriting reflected a thoughtful soul and insightful mind. In the front of the book, he discovered the previous owner's name, Miss Hollis Maynell.

With time and effort he located her address. She lived in New York City. He wrote her a letter introducing himself and inviting her to correspond. The next day he was shipped overseas for service in World War II. During the next year and one month the two grew to know each other through the mail. Each letter was a seed falling on a fertile heart. A romance was budding. Blanchard requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like. When the day finally came for him to re-

turn from Europe, they scheduled their first meeting - 7:00 PM at the Grand Central Station in New York. "You'll recognize me," she wrote, "by the red rose I'll be wearing on my lapel."

So at 7:00 he was in the station looking for a girl whose heart he loved, but whose face he'd never seen. I'll let Mr. Blanchard tell you what happened: A young woman was coming toward me, her figure long and slim. Her blonde hair lay back in curls from her delicate ears; her eyes were blue as flowers. Her lips and chin had a gentle firmness, and in her pale green suit she was like spring-



time come alive. I started toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was not wearing a rose. As I moved, a small provocative smile curved her lips. "Going my way, sailor?" she murmured.

Almost uncontrollably I made one step closer to her, and then I saw Hollis Maynell. She was standing almost directly behind the girl. A woman well past 40, she had graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump, her thick-ankled feet thrust into low-heeled shoes. The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away. I felt as though I was split in two, so keen was my desire to follow her, and yet so deep was my longing for the woman whose

spirit had truly companioned me and upheld my own. And there she stood. Her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible, her gray eyes had a warm and kindly twinkle. I did not hesitate. My fingers gripped the small worn blue leather copy of the book that was to identify me to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, something perhaps even better than love, a friendship for which I had been and must ever be grateful. I squared my shoulders and saluted and held out the book to the woman, even though while I spoke I felt choked by the bitterness of my disappointment. "I'm Lieutenant John Blanchard, and you must be Miss Maynell. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?"

The woman's face broadened into a tolerant smile. "I don't know what this is about, son," she answered, "but the young lady in the green suit who just went by, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said if you were to ask me out to dinner, I should go and tell you that she is waiting for you in the big restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!"

It's not difficult to understand and admire Miss Maynell's wisdom. The true nature of a heart is seen in its response to the unattractive. "Tell me whom you love," Houssaye wrote, "And I will tell you who you are."

◆ Special thanks to Kathy Ragsdale for this submission.
February 1997

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

~
MONDAYS

LADIES BIBLE STUDY
 2:00 PM

~
TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 6:00 PM

~
WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
 6:00 PM

~
 BIBLE STUDY
 6:30 PM

~
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 7:00 PM

~
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11

VALENTINE BANQUET
 2:00 PM

~
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

**COMMUNITY
 EVENTS**

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th

SCRAP BOOKING
 10:00 AM

~
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21st

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM

**WHY DOGS LIVE
 SHORTER LIVES THAN
 HUMANS**

Being a veterinarian, I had been called to examine a



ten-year-old Irish wolfhound named Belker. The dog's owners, Ron, his wife, Lisa, and their little boy, Shane, were all very much attached to Belker and they were hoping for a miracle. I examined Belker and found he was dying of cancer. I told the family there were no miracles left for Belker, and offered to perform the euthanasia procedure for the old dog in their home.

As we made arrangements, Ron and Lisa told me they thought it would be good for

the four-year-old Shane to observe the procedure. They felt as though Shane might learn something from the experience. The next day, I felt the familiar catch in my throat as Belker's family surrounded him. Shane seemed so calm, petting the old dog for the last time, that I wondered if he understood what was going on. Within a few minutes, Belker slipped peacefully away. The little boy seemed to accept Belker's transition without any difficulty or confusion. We sat together for a while after Belker's death, wondering aloud about the sad fact that animal lives are shorter than human lives. Shane, who had been listening quietly, piped up, "I know why." Startled, we all turned to him. What came out of his mouth next stunned me. I'd never heard a more comforting explanation.

He said, "People are born so that they can learn how to live a good life like loving everybody all the time and being nice, right?" The four-year-old continued, "Well, dogs already know how to do that, so they don't have to stay as long."

Received from Mary Noland

VALENTINE BANQUET

On Saturday, February 11th at 2:00 PM, in the church fellowship hall, we will be having our Annual Valentine Banquet. The menu will consist of Prim-Rib, Baked Potatoes, Raspberry Jell-O, Green Salad, Vegetables, Rolls and Dessert. **This is NOT just for couples,**



we want everyone to come and enjoy a great time of good food and fellowship. We need to know how many are coming, so if you haven't signed up, please call the Church office at **978-4161**. We are limited in seating so please hurry.

MY OATH TO YOU

*When you are sad
I will dry your tears.
When you are scared
I will comfort your fears.*

*When you are worried
I will give you hope.
When you are confused
I will help you cope.*

*And when you are lost
And can't see the light,
I shall be your beacon
Shining ever so bright.*

*This is my oath
I pledge till the end.
Why you may ask?
Because you're my friend.
Signed: God*

◆ Received from Donna R. Ginger
Burton

HAPPY VALENTINE

There are varying opinions as to the origin of Valentine's Day. Some experts state that it originated from St. Valentine, a Roman who was martyred for refusing to give up Christianity. He died on February 14, 269 A.D., the same day that had been devoted to love lotteries. Legend also says that St. Valentine left a farewell note for the jailer's daughter, who had become his friend, and signed it "From Your Valentine". Other aspects of the story say that Saint Valentine served as a priest at the temple during the reign of Emperor Claudius. Claudius then had Valentine

jailed for defying him. In 496 A.D. Pope Gelasius set aside February 14 to honour St. Valentine.



Over time, February 14 has become the date for exchanging love messages and a celebration of St. Valentine, the patron saint of lovers. The date is marked by sending poems and simple gifts, such as flowers, to loved ones and secret loves. By far, Valentine's Day flowers are the most popular gift today.

In the United States, Miss Esther Howland is given credit for sending the first valentine cards. Commercial valentines were introduced in the 1800's and now the date is very commercialized. The town of Loveland, Colorado, does a large post office business around February 14. The spirit of good continues as valentines are sent out with sentimental verses and children exchange valentine cards at school.

WHICH SIDE OF THE STREET?

One winter morning a husband and wife in Corner Brook were listening to the radio during breakfast. They heard the announcer say, "We are going to have 8 to 10 inches of snow today. You must park your car on the even-

numbered side of the street, so the snow ploughs can get through." So the good wife went out and moved her car.

A week later while they are eating breakfast again, the radio announcer said, "We are expecting 10 to 12 inches of snow today. You must park your

car on the odd-numbered side of the street, so the snow ploughs can get through." The good wife went out and moved her car again.

The next week they are again having breakfast, when



the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 12 to 14 inches of snow today. You must park..."

Then the electric power went out. The good wife was very upset, and with a worried look on her face she said, "honey, I don't know what to do. Which side of the street do I need to park on so the snow ploughs can get through?"

With the love and understanding in his voice, that all men who are married to women exhibit, the husband replied, "Why don't you just leave it in the garage this time?"

There is a technical meteorological term for a sunny, warm day which follows two rainy days. It's called Monday.

Q
U
I
Z



Several were able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The answer was Zechariah and is found in the sixth chapter of Zechariah.

Congratulations to Katie Jackson, Jerry and Mert Horrocks, John Lax and Kathleen Mulkins.

Here is this month's quiz.

*There were many who stood
by the king's right hand,
I was one of them and was
known as a mighty man.
There were many of us who
loved our king,
Any willing to do most any
thing.*

*I fought two men from Moab
land.
And killed them both, and glad
I am.*

*For my king I was ready to die,
But instead I gave the victory
cry.*

*There's one more thing you
must know,
I killed a lion in the cold, cold
snow.*

*Now tell me my name if you
think you can
And a candy bar will end up in
your hand.*

DOG FOR SALE

A small boy was sitting beside the road with a puppy and a sign that read, "DOG FOR SALE

25 cents."

A businessman on his way to work stopped to talk with the young boy.

"Son," he said, "that's a might fine dog you got there. You need to raise the price." That night on his way home, he notice that the sign now read, "DOG FOR SALE, \$5,000.00." He smiled as he passed by.



The next morning as he walked to work he noticed that the sign was down but the boy was there. The business man stopped and asked the young boy, "Did you sell your dog for \$5,000.00" he asked.

"Well, not exactly" admitted the lad, "but I was able to trade him for two \$2,500.00 cats!"

◆ Received from Leonard Guy

MY CAR WAS STOLEN

Several days ago as I left a meeting at our church, I desperately gave myself a personal TSA pat down. I was looking for my keys. They were not in my pockets. A quick search in the meeting room revealed nothing.

Suddenly I realized, I must have left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the parking lot. My wife, Diane, has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition. My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them. Her theory is that the car will be stolen. As I burst through the doors of the church,

I came to a terrifying conclusion. Her theory was right. The parking lot was empty.

I immediately call the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen. Then I made the most difficult call of all, "Honey," I stammered. I always call her "honey" in times like these. "I left my keys in the car, and it has been stolen."



There was a period of silence. I thought the call had been dropped, but then I heard Diane's voice. "Ken" she barked, "I dropped you off!"

Now it was my time to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Well, come and get me."

Diane retorted, "I will, as soon as I convince this policeman I have not stolen your car?"



◆ Received from James Sparks

NEW HEARING AID

A man was telling his neighbor, 'I just bought a new hearing aid. It cost me four thousand dollars, but it's state of the art. It's perfect.'

'Really,' answered the neighbor. 'What kind is it?'
'Twelve thirty.'

