



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

APRIL, 2012

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

MY ROCK AND MY FORTRESS

*Written by
Mary Warner*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who strengthens me,
All the problems in this world
will flee,*

*No matter what tempest
rages, or storms I see,
I can do all things through
Christ, who strengthens me,*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who gives me hope,
When I falter and I fail, and I
cannot cope,
When I am at the last thread
of my rope,
I can do all things through
Christ, who gives me hope,*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who is my light,
As I stumble through the
blackest night,
As my heart feels overcome
with fright,
I can do all things through
Christ, who is my light,*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who is my guide,
My deepest fears I will not
hide,
I seek shelter at His strong
side,
I can do all things through
Christ, who is my guide,*

*I can do all
things through
Christ, who
holds my
hand,
With Him, I
know I can
make a
stand,
For my life, I*

*know that He has a plan,
I can do all things through
Christ, who holds my hand,*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who will not sway,
He is the God of tomorrow, the
God of today,
With Him I can face whatever
comes my way,
I can do all things through
Christ, who will not sway.*

*I can do all things through
Christ, who makes me strong,
He will hold me close where I
belong,
In my weary heart, he will put
a song,
I can do all things through
Christ, who makes me strong.*



res and fret and pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond my recall. It was mine; it is God's.

The other day that I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond my mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday. Tomorrow is God's day; it will be mine.

There is left, then, for myself but one day in the week - Today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day; any man can resist the temptation of today. It is only when we willfully add the burden of these two awful eternities - Yesterday and Tomorrow - such burdens as only the Mighty God can sustain - that we break down.

It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse of what happened Yesterday and fear of what Tomorrow might bring. These are God's Days ... Leave them to Him. What day are you living in?

◆ *Received from James Sparks*

GOD'S DAYS

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry -- two carefree days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with its ca-

YESTERDAY	TODAY	TOMORROW
Belongs to God	Is ours	Belongs to God

BUILDING GREAT CATHEDRALS

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not



to compare and feel sorry for myself as I looked down at my out-of-style dress; it was the only thing I could find that was clean. My unwashed hair was pulled up in a banana clip and I was afraid I could actually smell peanut butter in it. I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, 'I brought you this.'

It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: 'To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees.'

In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after

which I could pattern my work. No one can say who built the great cathedrals - we have no record of their names. These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished.

They made great sacrifices and expected no credit.

The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, 'Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof? No one will ever see it.'

And the workman replied, 'Because God sees.'

I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, 'I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become.'

At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction.

But it is not a disease that is erasing my life.

It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness.

It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride.

I keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on. The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, 'My mom gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table.' That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, 'You're gonna love it there.'



As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

◆ *Received from Joe & Freda Downs*

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM
MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM

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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

~
THURSDAYS

KIDS CLUB
3:30 - 4:30

~
SUNDAY, APRIL 1st

MISSIONARIES TO NEW ZEALAND
DOUG & DANETTE BEISLEY
11:00 AM
POTLUCK TO FOLLOW

~
FRIDAY, APRIL 13th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
7:00 PM

~
SATURDAY, APRIL 14th

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 PM

~
SUNDAY, APRIL 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

SATURDAY, APRIL 21st

MEN'S BREAKFAST
AT
KIMBERLY ELLEN'S
8:00 AM
~
BUILDING COMMITTEE
MEETING
FOR A TIME OF PRAYER
10:00 AM

**COMMUNITY
EVENTS**

~
SATURDAY, APRIL 7th

SCRAP BOOKING
10:00 AM

~
MONDAY, APRIL 9th

TEA & PRAISE
At
SALKUM CHURCH OF THE
BRETHERN
10:00 AM

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO
12:00 NOON
SHERIFF MANSFIELD
12:00 PM

~
THURSDAY, APRIL 19th

AMERICAN LEGION
6:00 PM

**PNA
EVENTS**

WARM

The annual **Western Area Regional Ministerium** (western minister's meeting) of the **Church of God** will be held in Portland, Oregon, **April 17-19, 2012**. This is an excellent opportunity for inspiration, learning, fellowship and rejuvenation. This year's guests include Michael Frost, a leading voice in the missional church movement.

DOUG & DANETTE BEISLEY



On Sunday, April 1st Doug and Danette Beisley, return missionaries to New Zealand will be with us to share their ministry. Doug and Danette have served with Global Missions for the past eight years and are now are beginning a new adventure in their service to the

Lord. We have helped support their ministry for the past six years and are looking forward to their visit.

Because of this special event, we will be having a Potluck following the morning service.

Please come and greet the Beisley's, welcoming them to Onalaska.

THREE TREES

Catherine McCafferty

Once there were three trees on a hill in the woods.

They were discussing their hopes and dreams when the first tree said, "Someday I hope to be a great treasure chest. I could be filled with gold, silver and precious gems. I could be decorated with an intricate carving and everyone would see the beauty."

Then the second tree said, "Someday I will be a mighty ship... I will take Kings and Queens across the waters and sail to the corners of the world. People will feel safe in me because of the strength of my hull."

Finally the third tree said, "I want to grow to be the tallest and straightest Tree in the forest. People will see me on top of the hill, look up to my branches, and think of the heavens and God and how close to them I am reaching. I will be the greatest tree of all time and people will always remember me."

After a few years of praying that their dreams would come true, a group of woodsmen came upon the trees. When one came to the first tree he said, "This looks like a strong tree, I think I should be able to sell the wood to a carpenter", and he began cutting it down. The tree was happy, because he knew the carpenter would make him into a treasure chest.

At the second tree the woodsman said, "This looks like

a strong tree. I will be able to sell it to the shipyard." The second tree was happy because he knew he was on his way to becoming a mighty ship.

When the woodsmen came upon the third tree, the tree was frightened because he knew that if they cut him down his dreams would not come true.

One of the men said, "I don't need anything special from my tree, I'll take this one," and he cut it down.

When the first tree arrived at the carpenters, he was made into a feed box for animals. He was then placed in a barn and filled with hay. This was not at all what he had prayed for.

The second tree was cut and made into a small fishing boat. His dreams of being a mighty ship and carrying Kings had come to an end.

The third tree was cut into large pieces, and left alone in the dark.

The years went by, and the trees forgot about their dreams.

Then one day, a man and woman came to the barn. She gave birth and they placed the baby in the hay in the feed box that was made from the first tree. The man wished that he could have made a crib for the baby, but this manger would have to do. The tree could feel the importance of this event and knew that it had held the greatest treasure of all time.

Years later, a group of men got in the fishing boat made from the second tree. One of

them was tired and went to sleep. While they were out on the water, a great storm arose and the tree didn't think it was strong enough to keep the men safe. The men woke the sleeping man, and he stood and said "Peace be still" and the storm stopped. At this time, the tree knew that it had carried the King of Kings in its boat.

Finally, someone came and got the third tree. It was carried through the streets as the people mocked the man who was carrying it. When they came to a stop, the man was nailed to the tree and raised in the air to die at the top of a hill. When Sunday came, the tree came to realize that it was strong enough to stand at the top of the hill and be as close to God as was possible, because Jesus had been crucified on it.

The moral of this story is that when things don't seem to be going your way, always know that God has a plan for you. If you place your trust in Him, God will give you great gifts.

Each of the trees got what they wanted, just not in the way they had imagined...

We don't always know what God's plans are for us. We just know that His Ways are not our ways, but His ways are always best.

◆ *Received from James Sparks*



Picture by Mary Warner

Q
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Z



Last month there were several who were able to come up with the answer to the quiz. Both my brother, Jim Mulkins, and my sister Katie Jackson, as well as, Pastor Jeanne Hossler, Mert Horrocks, Bernice Lax, and Kathleen Mulkins.

The answer, Balak & Balaam, is found in the 22nd, 23rd and 24th chapters of the book of Numbers.

Here is this month's quiz. I hope it will be a little more difficult.

*He came to me in need of rest,
I tried to help, I did my best.
I gave him all the food I had
And for this he was very glad.*

*He had no weapon in his
hand,
So I gave him the finest in the
land.*

*He thanked me for all I did
And then he went away and
hid.*

*What I did was very good
I did exactly what I should
I knew I had done the right
thing,
But it just brought me sorrow
and great pain.*

*I had to die for what I did
And others could no longer
live.
Now tell me my name and the
one I helped
And a candy bar will be for
yourself.*

THE SHOEBOX

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a



shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about. For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.

In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside.

She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box. When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totaling \$95,000.

He asked her about the contents.

'When we were to be married,' she said, 'my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue. She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll.'

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only two precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with

Happiness.

'Honey,' he said, 'that explains the doll, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?'

'Oh,' she said, 'that's the money I made from selling the dolls.'

*Dear Lord, I pray for Wisdom
to understand my man; love to
forgive him; and patience for
his moods; because Lord, if I
pray for strength, I'll beat him
to death, because I don't have
time to crochet.*

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

THE ROSE

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen. The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, 'Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly.'

The other man said, 'What is the name of the restaurant?'

The first man thought and thought and finally said, 'What is the name of that flower you give to someone you love? You know, the one that's red and has thorns.'

'Do you mean a rose?'

'Yes, that's the one,' replied the man. He then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, 'Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?'

