



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[www.onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://www.onalaskachurchofgod.com)

NOVEMBER, 2012

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

## REGGIE



I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people

who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes and a sealed letter from his previous owner.

See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that. "Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice."

To Whomever Gets My Dog:

Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner. I'm not

even happy writing it. He knew something was different. So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls. The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hoards them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. He hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after them, so be careful. Don't do it by any roads.

Next, the commands he's learned. Reggie knows the obvious ones ---"sit," "stay," "come," and "heel."

He knows hand signals, too: He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, regular store-bought stuff; the shelter has the brand.

He's up on his shots. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him in the car. I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. It's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially.

And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you...His name's not Reggie. He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn't bear to

give them his real name. But if someone is reading this ... well it means that his new owner should know his real name. His real name is "Tank." Because, that is what I drive.

I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. You see, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with ... and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone call to the shelter ... in the "event" ... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my CO is a dog-guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family. And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family, too, and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me.

If I have to give up Tank to keep those terrible people from coming to the US I am glad to have done so. He is my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

CONTINUED ON PG. 4 see Reggie

## A FEW GOOD MEN

This is little-known story from the Pentagon on 09/11/2001:

During a visit with a fellow chaplain, who happened to be assigned to the Pentagon, I had a chance to hear a first-hand account of an incident that happened right after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon. The chaplain told me what happened at a day care center near where the impact occurred. This day care had many children, including infants who were in heavy cribs. The day care supervisor, looking at all the children they needed to evacuate, was in a panic over what they could do. There were many children, mostly toddlers, as well as the infants that would need to be taken out with the cribs.

There was no time to try to bundle them into carriers and strollers. Just then a young Marine came running into the center and asked what they needed. After hearing what the center director was trying to do, he ran back out into the hallway and disappeared. The director thought, 'well, there we are—on our own.'

About 2 minutes later, that Marine returned with 40 other Marines in tow. Each of them grabbed a crib with a child, and the rest started gathering up toddlers. The director and her staff then helped them take all the children out of the center and down toward the park near the Potomac and the Pentagon. Once they got about 3/4 of a mile outside the building, the Marines stopped in the park, and then did a fabulous thing, they formed a circle with the cribs, which were



quite sturdy and heavy, like the covered wagons in the Old West. Inside this circle of cribs, they put the toddlers, to keep them from wandering off. Outside this circle were the 40 Marines, forming a perimeter around the children and waiting for instructions. There they remained until the parents could be notified and come get their children.

The chaplain then said, "I don't think any of us saw nor heard of this on any of the news stories of the day. It was an incredible story of our men there. There wasn't a dry eye in the room. The thought of those Marines and what they did and how fast they reacted; could we expect any less from them? It was one of the most touching stories from the Pentagon.

Remember Ronald Reagan's great compliment: "Most of us wonder if our lives made any difference. Marines don't have that problem."

## JUST STAY

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

"Your son is here," she said to the old man.

She had to repeat the words several times before the patient's eyes opened.

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Marine standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Marine could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Marine sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding



the old man's hand and offering him words of love and

strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital - the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The Marine released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her.

"Who was that man?" he asked.

The nurse was startled, "He was your father," she answered.

"No, he wasn't," the Marine replied. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son just wasn't here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed." I came here tonight to find a Mr. William Grey. His Son was Killed in Iraq today, and I was sent to inform him. What was this Gentleman's Name?

The Nurse with Tears in Her Eyes Answered, Mr. William Grey.

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st**

EARLY WORSHIP 8:15 AM  
 SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM  
 MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM  
 SUNDAY EVENING 5:00 PM

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**MONDAYS**

LADIES BIBLE STUDY  
 2:00 PM

~  
**TUESDAYS**

AL-ANON MEETING  
 6:00 PM

~  
**WEDNESDAYS**

SOUP & SANDWICHES  
 6:00 PM

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 BIBLE STUDY  
 6:30 PM

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**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th**

LADIES LUNCHEON  
 12:00 NOON

*Please note the change of day*

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**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10th**

MEN'S BREAKFAST  
 AT  
 KIMBERLY'S CAFÉ  
 8:00 AM

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 CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
 9:30 AM

~  
**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18th**

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd**

THANKSGIVING DINNER  
 1:00 PM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd**

SCRAP BOOKING  
 10:00 AM

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**THURSDAYS, NOVEMBER 8th & 29th**

HAM RADIO CLASS  
 7:00 PM

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**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12th**

TEA & PRAISE  
 @  
 ONALASKA SEVENTH DAY  
 ADVENTIST CHURCH  
 10:00 AM

~  
**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15th**

AMERICAN LEGION  
 6:00 P.M.

SENIORS ON THE GO  
 12:00 NOON

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**PNA EVENTS**

THANKSGIVING OFFERING  
 NOVEMBER 18th

*This offering will go to help the PNA with its ministries to and for the churches and Double K Christian Retreat Center.*

~  
**BUILDING PROJECT ON LEONARD ROAD**

I am sorry to announce that we were advised by the Engineer that to build on this property would require us to install a 10,000 gallon holding tank and that it would have to be pumped out at the cost of about \$1,000. a time. The cost of this does not make the building on Leonard Road feasible at this time. Please hold us in prayer as we seek God's will in this matter.

## **ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER**

Our Annual Thanksgiving Dinner will be held on Thursday, November 22nd in the Churches Fellowship Hall at 1:00 pm. The turkey and ham will be provided, the rest of the meal will be potluck. We will be sending around the clipboard for sign up to know how many will be coming and what they will be bringing. If you are unable to sign the clipboard, you can call us at (360) 978-4161 and let us know how many are coming and what you will be bringing.



## REMEMBERING

Ron Clarke of Tasmania tells the following story about the devastating Irish famine (1845-1849) that wiped out a million people some 150 years ago when many thousands left Ireland for the New World, or Australia and New Zealand searching for a new life.

"One of these was a penniless boy who hid as a stowaway on an immigrant ship bound for America. In the mid-Atlantic the ship



began to sink, but there was enough time to get everybody into life-boats. Deep down in the bowels of the ship the boy wondered why the ship had stopped and as he emerged from his hiding place there was no-one around. He came up on deck just as the captain was about to step into the last seat of the last life-boat. In the highest tradition of the sea, the captain stepped back and put the boy in his place, and as the life-boat was pushed off, he said to the lad: 'Never forget what has been done for you.'

"As the life-boat pulled away, the lad could see the captain standing on the deck, and that vision never left him. He became a successful businessman in the New World, and when people asked him about the secret of his achievement, he always told the story of the captain giving his life for him, and how he was urged to never forget what had been

done for him. 'Whenever I get discouraged and feel negatively about myself,' he said, 'I recall the vision of what has been done for me, and it gives me new courage to keep on keeping on to be worthy of such a price.'

To sacrifice one's own life for that of another is without doubt the supreme sacrifice. But that is exactly what Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Creator of the universe, did for you and me when he left the ivory palaces of Heaven, laying aside his external robes of deity, and came to earth as a man to pay the just penalty for your sins and mine through his death by crucifixion on the insufferably cruel Roman cross. Romans 5:6-8 reminds us, "For when we were still without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet perhaps for a good man someone would even dare to die. But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us."

May we never forget the overwhelming sacrifice that Jesus paid for you and me! And because Christ gave his life to die in our place, with God's help, may we give our life to live for him always in all ways.

Suggested prayer: "Dear God, how can I ever thank you enough for dying in my place on the cross at Calvary to pay the just penalty for all my sins, so that I can be freely forgiven and receive your gift of eternal life in your Heaven? Help me always to live a life that is well-pleasing and honoring to you. And help me to be 'as Jesus' in some way to every life I touch, and grant that they, seeing Jesus in me, will want you to be in their life too. Thank you for hearing and answering my prayer. Gratefully in Jesus' name, amen."

### REGGIE:

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight - every night - from me.

Thank you,  
Paul Mallory

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure, I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog.

"Hey, Tank," I said quietly.

The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

"C'mere boy."

He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted; searching for the name he hadn't heard in months. "Tank," I whispered. His tail swished.

I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

"It's me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me." Tank reached up and licked my cheek.

"So what da ya say we play some ball?" His ears perked again.

"Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?"

Tank tore from my hands and disappeared into the next room. And when he came back, he had **three** tennis balls in his mouth.



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Z



The only ones to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz was my sister, Katie Jackson and Bernice Lax. The answer is Elisha was the prophet, Benhadad was the king and Hazael was the one sent to Elisha. The story is found in the 8th chapter of 2 Kings.

Here is this month's quiz.

*There is a story of a man  
His story is so sad  
He did a very terrible thing  
And mad his father mad.*

*He didn't want to see him dead  
In his heart there was some good  
He thought to rescue him from  
death  
But he was taken before he  
could.*

*He was older than the rest  
Yet his blessing he did lose  
For the sin that he did  
For the choice he did chose.*

*New tell me his name if you think  
you can.*

*And the name of the one he tried  
to save.*

*And if you're right you know  
A candy bar will come your way.*

**SUNDAY SERVICE**



A minister was planning a wedding at the close of the Sunday morning service.

After the benediction he had planned to call the couple down to be married for a brief ceremony before the congregation.

For the life of him, he couldn't think of the names of those who were to be married.

"Will those wanting to get married please come to the front?" he requested.

Immediately, nine single ladies, three widows, four widowers, and six single men stepped to the front.

**FLYING HOME**

A student was heading home for the holidays. When she got to the airline counter, she presented her ticket to New York. As she gave the agent her luggage, she made the remark, "I'd like you to send my green suitcase to Hawaii and my red suitcase to London."

The confused agent said, "I'm sorry, but we can't do that."

"Really? I am so relieved to hear you say that, because that's exactly what you did to my luggage last year!"

◇ Received from Jim Sparks



**LEROY**

Uncle Leroy got a job down at the Broom Factory.

On his first day the straw boss (Floor supervisor) calls o' Leroy into his little office and says, "You the new man huh? What is yer name?"

Leroy replied "Leroy"  
The straw boss says "I don't call anyone by first names. It breeds familiarity and that leads to breakdown in my Authority. I refer to all



employees by last names; Now what is Your Last Name!"

Leroy sort of smiles and says, "Its Darling - Leroy Darling!"

The Straw Boss said "Now Leroy the next thing..."

◇ Received from Jim Sparks

**GO SOAK YOUR FEET**

A New York retail clerk was suffering from aching feet. "It's all those years of standing," his doctor declared. "You need a vacation. Go to Miami, soak your feet in the ocean and you'll feel better."

When the man got to Florida, he went into a hardware store, bought two large buckets and headed for the beach.

"How much for two buckets of that seawater?" he asked the lifeguard.

"A dollar a bucket," the fellow replied with a straight face.

The clerk paid him, filled his buckets, went to his hotel room and soaked his feet. They felt so much better he decided to repeat the treatment that afternoon. Again he handed the lifeguard two dollars.



The young man took the money and said, "Help yourself."

The clerk started for the water, and then stopped in amazement. The tide was out.

"Wow," he said, turning to the lifeguard. "How many buckets have you sold today?!"

**I'M NOT ASHAMED**

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me! I want people to know why I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.