



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

FEBRUARY, 2013

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

CAB DRIVER

A true story from the pages of the England's Manchester Evening Times:

Last Wednesday a passenger in a taxi heading for Salford station leaned over to ask the driver a question and gently tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention.

The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb and stopped just inches from a large plate window.

For a few moments everything was silent in the cab. Then, the shaking driver said "Are you OK? I'm so sorry, but you scared the daylights out of me."

The badly shaken passenger apologized to the driver and said, "I didn't realize that a mere tap on the shoulder would startle someone so badly."

The driver replied, "No, no, I'm the one who is sorry, it's entirely my fault. Today is my very first day driving a cab.

I've been driving a hearse for 25 years."

⇒ *Received from Joe Downs*



BUZZARD, BAT & BUMBLEBEE

If you put a buzzard in a pen that is 6 feet by 8 feet and is entirely open at the Top, the bird, in spite of its ability to fly, will be an absolute prisoner. The reason is that a buzzard always begins a flight from the ground with a run of 10 to 12 feet.

Without space to run, as is its habit, it will not even attempt to fly, but will remain a prisoner for life in a small jail with no top.

The ordinary bat that flies around at night, a remarkable nimble creature in the air, cannot take off from a level place. If it is placed on the



floor or flat ground, all it can do is shuffle about helplessly and, no doubt, painfully, until it reaches some slight elevation from which it can throw itself into the air. Then, it takes off like a flash.

A bumblebee, if dropped in-

to an open tumbler, will be there until it dies, unless it is taken out. It never sees the means of escape at the top, but persists in trying to find some way out through the sides at the bottom. It will seek a way where none exists, until it completely destroys itself.

In many ways, we are like the buzzard, the bat, & the bumblebee. We struggle about with all our problems and frustrations, never realizing that all we have to do is look up!

That's the answer, the escape route and the solution to any problem, just look up!

Sorrow looks back, worry looks around, but faith looks up!

DID YOU KNOW?

Take your bananas apart when you get home from the store. If you leave them connected at the stem, they ripen faster.

Store your opened chunks of cheese in aluminum foil. It will stay fresh much longer and not mold!





A PRAYER

Dear Lord, I thank you for this day. I thank You for my being able to see and to hear this morning. I'm blessed because You are a forgiving God and an understanding God. You have done so much for me and You keep on blessing me. Forgive me this day for everything I have done, said or thought that was not pleasing to you. I ask now for Your forgiveness.

Please keep me safe from all danger and harm. Help me to start this day with a new attitude and plenty of gratitude. Let me make the best of each day to clear my mind so that I can hear from You.

Let me not whine and whimper over things I have no control over. Let me continue to see sin through God's eyes and acknowledge it as evil. And when I sin, let me repent, and confess with my mouth my wrongdoing, and receive the forgiveness of God.

And when this world closes in on me, let me remember Jesus' example -- to slip away and find a quiet place to pray. It's the best response when I'm pushed beyond my limits. I know that when I can't pray, You listen to my heart. Continue to use me to do Your will.

Continue to bless me that I may be a blessing to others. Keep me strong that I may help the weak. Keep me uplifted that I may have words of encouragement for others. I pray for those who are lost and can't find their way. I pray for those who are misjudged and misunderstood. I pray for those who don't know You intimately. I pray for those who don't believe. But I thank you that I believe.

I believe that God changes people and God changes things. I pray for all my sisters and brothers. For every family member in their households. I pray for peace, love and joy in their homes that they are out of debt and all their needs are met.

I pray that every eye that reads this knows there is no problem, circumstance, or situation greater than God. Every battle is in Your hands for You to fight. I pray that these words be received into the hearts of every eye that sees them and every mouth that confesses them willingly.

This is my prayer.

In Jesus' Name,
Amen.

James Sparks

YOU ARE GOD'S MASTER PIECE

Michelangelo, the great artist, said, "I saw the angel in the marble and chiseled until I set it free." That, my friend, is what God wants to do for you and me. Every one of us



has gifts, abilities, and talents that God wants us to see, develop, and use in some way (large or small) for the betterment of others and

the enrichment of mankind. Remember that God has a place for you and what you have to offer—no matter how small or large your giftedness may be—in his work in your world. There are no exceptions to this rule!

~

JUST THINK

You're here not by chance,
But by God's choosing.
His hand formed you
And made you the person you
are.

He compares you to no one
else
You are one of a kind.
You lack nothing that His grace
can't give you.

He has allowed you to be here
At this time in history
To fulfill His special purpose
For this generation.

⇒ Received from Ginger Burton

Psalm 139:14 (NLT) Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex! Your workmanship is marvelous—and how well I know it. How precious are your thoughts about me, O God! They are innumerable!

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

**MORNING WORSHIP 8:15 AM
& 11:00 AM**

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

MONDAYS

LADIES BIBLE STUDY
2:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
6:00 PM

BIBLE STUDY
6:30 PM

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
6:00 PM

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd

SCRAP BOOKING
10:00 AM

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11th

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

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY

20th

SENIORS ON THE GO
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st

AMERICAN LEGION
6:00 PM

DEAD TO SELF

A young monk came one day to his father superior and asked "Father what is it to be dead to self?" The Father replied "I cannot explain it now; but I have a duty for you to perform. Brother Martin died last week and is buried in the churchyard of our order. Go to his grave standing close beside it. Repeat in a loud voice all the good things you ever heard of him. After this, say all the flattering things you can invent; and attribute to him every saintly grace and virtue, without regard to the truth; and report to me the result."



The young monk went to do his bidding, wondering what all this could mean. Soon he returned and the father asked him what had transpired. "Why, Nothing," replied the young man. "I did as you told me and that was all." "Did Brother Martin make no reply?" said the superior. "Of course he did not, for he was dead," said the

young monk. The elder shook his head thoughtfully, saying: "That is very strange. Go again tomorrow at the same hour, and repeat at the graveside all the evil you ever heard concerning Brother Martin. Add to that the worst slander and calumny your mind can imagine and report the result to me."

Again the young man obeyed and brought back the same report. He had heaped unlimited abuse on the head of Brother Martin and yet had received no reply. "From Brother Martin you may learn," said the father.

"What is it to be dead to self. Neither flattery nor abuse has moved him, for he is dead. So the disciple who is dead to self will be insensible to

these things, hearing neither the voice of praise nor retaliation but all the personal feeling will be lost in the service of Christ."

➔ Received from Jay Warner

**VALENTINE
BANQUET**

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th
3:00 pm**



FAITH THAT MOVE FOG

A Christian steamship captain, a contemporary of George Mueller, once told of an experience involving Mueller's great faith.

While sailing off the coast of Newfoundland in extremely heavy fog, Mueller came to him and said, "Captain, I need to tell you that I must be in Quebec on Saturday after-



noon."

The captain told him that it was simply not possible, due to the weather conditions. Mueller said, "Very well, if your ship cannot take me, God will find some other way, for I have never missed an engagement in fifty-seven years. Let's go down to the chartroom to pray."

Again, the captain protested, saying, "Mr. Mueller, do you realize how dense the fog is?"

"No," replied Mueller, "my eye is not on the dense fog but on the living God, who controls every circumstance of my life."

The captain then told how Mueller knelt down and prayed one of the simplest prayers he'd ever heard. When he finished, the captain himself

started to pray. But to his surprise, Mueller put his hand on the captain's shoulder and told him not to pray.

"First," he said, "you do not believe God will answer, and second, I believe He has. Consequently, there is no need whatsoever for you to pray about it. Captain, I have known my Lord for fifty-seven years, and there has never been even a single day that I have failed to get an audience with the King. Get up, Captain, and open the door, and you will see that the fog is gone."

The captain got up, opened the door, and sure enough, the fog was gone. And George Mueller made his appointment for Saturday afternoon in Quebec.

⇒ L.B. Cowman, *Streams In The Desert*, edited by James Reimann, published by Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan; (pgs. 314 & 315).

COLLISION COURSE

Two battleships assigned to the training squadron had been at sea on maneuvers in heavy weather for several days. I was serving on the lead battleship and was on watch on the bridge as night fell. The visibility was poor with patchy fog, so the captain remained on the bridge keeping an eye on all activities.

Shortly after dark, the lookout on the wing reported, "Light, bearing on the starboard bow."

"Is it steady or moving astern?" the captain called



out.

The lookout replied, "Steady, Captain," which meant we were on a dangerous collision course with that ship.

The captain then called to the signalman, "Signal that ship: 'We are on a collision course, advise you change course twenty degrees.'"

Back came the signal, "Advisable for you to change course twenty degrees."

The captain said, "Send: 'I'm a captain, change course twenty degrees.'"

"I'm a seaman second-class," came the reply. "You had better change course twenty degrees."

By that time the captain was furious.



He spat out, "Send: 'I'm a battleship. Change course twenty

degrees.'"

Back came the flashing light, "I'm a lighthouse."

We changed course.

⇒ Source: *In the Eye of the Storm* by Max Lucado, Word Publishing, 1991, p. 153 — 10,000 Sermon Illustrations

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Z



Boy did I goof up last month. When I mentioned those who were able to come up with the correct answer to the December quiz I fail to mention Jean Harris. Jean was my neighbor's in Yesler Terrace where I grew up, and a classmate in High School. Sorry Jean I will try and make sure it doesn't happen again.

This month only my sister, Katie Jackson was able to come up with the correct answer. The answer is Caleb who asked for his mountain, he gave his daughter, Achsah to Othniel. The story is found in the 1st chapter of Judges.

Here is this month's quiz.

*They wanted him dead
I'm sad to say
And so I helped him
Get away.*

*My heart it was
So filled with fright
But yet I helped
Him get away that night.*

*I helped him out
The window you know
My heart was filled
With love it's so.*

*I lied and told them he was
sick
I fooled them with a very
good trick.
But they came back the very
same day.
And know that I had helped*

him get a way.

*Now its my name you need to
say
The name of the one who got
away
And the name of the one who
wanted him dead
Their in the Book that I hope
you've read.*

WHO AM I?

One Sunday, just as I was about to open the door to the small chapel, the pastor came rushing up in full vestments. He said he had an emergency and asked if I'd speak to the children at their story time. He said the subject was the Twenty-third Psalm.

But just as I was about to get up from the back row and talk about the good shepherd, the Pastor burst into the room and signaled to me that he would be able to do the story time after all.

He told the children about sheep, that they weren't smart and needed lots of guidance, and that a shepherd's job was to stay close to the sheep, protect them from wild animals and keep them from wandering off and doing dumb things that would get them hurt or killed.

He pointed to the little children in the room and said that they were the sheep and needed lost of guidance.

Then the pastor put his hands out to the side, palms up in a dramatic gesture, and with raised eyebrows said to the children, "If you are the sheep then who is the shepherd?" He was pretty obviously indicating himself.

A silence of a few seconds

followed. Then a young visitor said, "Jesus, Jesus is the shepherd.

The young pastor, obviously caught by surprise, said to the boy, "Well, then, who am I?"

The little boy frowned thoughtfully and said with a shrug, "I guess you must be a sheep dog."

⇒ Received from James Sparks

THREE CHOCALATE BARS

Larry and Terry entered a chocolate store. As they were busy looking, Larry stole 3 chocolate bars. As they left the store, Larry said to the Terry: "Man I'm the best thief, I stole 3 chocolates and no one saw me. You can't beat that."

Terry replied: "You want to see something better? Let's go back to the shop and I'll show you what real stealing is all about."



So they went to the counter and Terry said to the

Shopkeeper: "Do you want to see magic?" The Shopkeeper replied: "Yes."

Terry said: "Give me one chocolate bar." The Shopkeeper gave him one, and he ate it. Then Terry asked for a second bar, and he ate that as well. He asked for the third, and finished that one too.

The shopkeeper asked: "But where's the magic?" Terry replied: "Check in my friend's pocket, and you'll find all three bars.

⇒ Received from Mary Noland