



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

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MAY, 2013

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

MICHAEL'S SONG

Like any good mother, when Karen found out that another baby was on the way, she did what she could to help her 3-year-old son, Michael, prepare for a new sibling. They found out that the new baby was going to be a girl, and



day after day, night after night, Michael sang to his sister in Mommy's tummy. He was building a bond of love with his little sister before he even met her.

The pregnancy progressed normally for Karen, an active member of the Panther Creek United Methodist Church in Morristown, Tennessee. In time, the labor pains came. Soon it was every five minutes, every three...every minute. But serious complications arose during delivery and Karen found herself in hours of labor. Would a C-section be required? Finally, after a long struggle, Michael's little sister was born. But she was in very serious condition. With a siren howling in the night, the ambulance rushed the infant to the neonatal intensive care unit at St. Mary's Hospital, Knoxville, Tennessee. The days inched by. The little girl got worse. The pediatrician had to tell the parents,

"There is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst."

Karen and her husband contacted a local cemetery about a burial plot. They had fixed up a special room in their house for their new baby but now they found themselves having to plan for a funeral.

Michael, however, kept begging his parents to let him see his sister.

"I want to sing to her," he kept saying.

Week two in intensive care looked as if a funeral would come before the week was over. Michael kept nagging about singing to his sister, but kids are never allowed in Intensive Care. Karen made up her mind, though. She would take Michael whether they liked it or not! If he didn't see his sister right then, he may never see her alive. She dressed him in an oversized scrub suit and marched him into ICU. He looked like a walking laundry basket, but the head nurse recognized him as the mild-mannered mother glared steel-eyed right into the head nurse's face, her lips a firm line.

"He is not leaving until he sings to his sister!"

Karen towed Michael to his sister's bedside. He gazed at the tiny infant losing the battle to live. After a moment, he began to sing.

In the pure-hearted voice of a 3 year-old, Michael sang: "You are

my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray ---"

Instantly the baby girl seemed to respond. The pulse rate began to calm down and become steady.

"Keep on singing, Michael," encouraged Karen with tears in her eyes.

"You never know, dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away--"

As Michael sang to his sister, the baby's ragged, strained breathing became as smooth as a kitten's purr.

"Keep on singing, sweetheart!!!"

"The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms..."

Michael's little sister began to relax as rest, healing rest, seemed to sweep over her.

"Keep on singing, Michael." Tears had now conquered the face of the bossy head nurse. Karen glowed.

"You are my sunshine, my only Sunshine. Please don't, take my sunshine away..."

The next, day...the very next day...the little girl was well enough to go home. Woman's Day Magazine called it "The Miracle of a Brother's Song."

The medical staff just called it a miracle.

Karen called it a miracle of God's love!

Submitted by Sandra January, Delta, CO

THE PICKLE JAR

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glistened like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck. Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back.' Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. 'These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me.'

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his

change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. 'When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again.' He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. 'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.'

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar. To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me. 'When you finish college, Son,' he told me, his eyes glistening, 'You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood.

My dad was a man of few words: he never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I

told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for the GOOD in others.

⇒ *Received from Kathleen Mulkins*



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, MAY 7th

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

SATURDAY, MAY 11th

MEN'S BREAKFAST
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL
8:00 AM

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

SUNDAY, MAY 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
6:00 PM

**FIRST SATURDAY OF THE
MONTH**

SCRAP BOOKING
10:00 AM

MONDAY, MAY 13th

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15th

SENIORS ON THE GO
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 16th

AMERICAN LEGION
6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

DOUBLE K MEN'S RETREAT

Registration is now available for the Double K Men's Retreat, **May 31-June 30, 2013**. This year's theme is "Every Man - God's Man", and features Dan Aspiri, a Christian counselor, as speaker.

DOUBLE K FAMILY CAMP

Plans are well underway for this year's Family Camp, and **pre-registration is now available**. Family Camp is going through some exciting changes this year, and is now

under the direction of Double K. The event will begin on Sunday evening, July 14th and conclude Thursday evening, July 18th. All ages are invited to come for a time of refreshment and spiritual growth! (Note that a special day for senior citizens will be on Monday). Our guest speaker this year is **Jeannette Flynn**, a former PNA pastor now ministering in Florida.



JUNIOR CAMP

The 2013 PNA Junior Camp will take place this year **July 25 -28**, at Double K Christian Retreat Center. This camp is for children ages 9-11 (i.e. entering grades 4-6 in the fall). Registration information is now available for download on our website:





DON & RUTH



We are all invited to come and celebrate the marriage of Don Smoots and Ruth Bushnell. Their wedding will be on Sunday, May 12 at 2:00 pm. Because it is Mother's Day there will be no reception.

There will be a Bridal Luncheon in Ruth's honor on Tuesday, May 7th at 12:00 noon for the ladies.

The men will gather at PJ's Pizza on Saturday, May 11th at 4:00 pm. PJ's Pizza is located 1232 Alder St. just off of exit 81 and across from Peppertree West Motor Inn.

Please come and help celebrate their marriage.

THE WARRIOR

By
Larry S. Clark

*This morning my thoughts traveled along
To a place in my life where days have since gone
Beholding an image of what I used to be
As visions were stirred, and God spoke to me.*

*He showed me a Warrior, a soldier in place
Positioned by Heaven, yet I saw not the face
I watched as the Warrior fought enemies
That came from the darkness with destruction for me.*



*I saw as the Warrior would dry away tears
As all of Heavens' Angels hovered so near
I saw many wounds on the Warrior's face
Yet weapons of warfare were firmly in place.*

*I felt my heart weeping, my eyes held so much
As God let feel the Warrior's prayer touched
I thought "how familiar" the words that were prayed*

The prayers were like lightning that never would fade.

*I sad to God "Please, the Warriors' name"
He gave no reply, he chose to refrain
I asked, "Lord, who is broken that they need such prayer?"
He showed me an image of myself standing there.*

Bowed by confusion, lost and alone

*I felt prayers of the Warrior carry me home
I asked, "Please she me Lord, this Warrior so true"
I watched and I wept, for Mother, the Warrior was you.*

⇒ Received from Marcie Eidsmoe

I THREW IT OUT

---Anonymous---

Last Week I threw out Worrying, it was getting old and in the way.

It kept me from being me;
I couldn't do things my way.

I threw out those Inhibitions;
they were just crowding me out.

Made room for my New Growth,
got rid of my old dreams and doubts.

I threw out a book on MY PAST
(didn't have time to read it anyway).

Replaced it with New Goals,
started reading it today.

I threw out childhood toys
(remember how I treasured them so)?

Got me a NEW PHILOSOPHY too,
threw out the one from long ago.

Brought in some new books too,
called I CAN, I WILL, and I MUST.
Threw out I might, I think and I ought.
WOW, You should've seen the dust.

I ran across an OLD FRIEND,
haven't seen him in a while.
I believe his name is GOD,
Yes, I really like His style.

He helped me to do some cleaning
and added some things Himself.
Like PRAYER, HOPE and FAITH,
Yes, I placed them right on the shelf.

I picked up this special thing
and placed it at the front door.

I FOUND IT - its called PEACE.
Nothing gets me down anymore.

Yes, I've got my house looking nice.

Looks good around the place.

For things like Worry and Trouble
there just isn't any place.

It's good to do a little house cleaning,
get rid of the old things on the shelf.

It sure makes things brighter;
maybe you should TRY IT YOURSELF.



Q
U
I
Z



There were three who came up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. My sister Katie from Scottsdale, my brother Jim from Mount Vernon and my wife Kathleen. We kept it all in the family this month.

Here is this months quiz.

We had seven brother all
brave and bold
But of one brother his stories
you been told.

His name is found in both the
Old and the New
If you can't get the answer I'll
be surprised at you.
He had a voice that sounded
so fair
I wished I could have been
with him there.

You think cause we're sister we
don't belong
Yet we often heard him sing his
sweet songs
Not only could he sing but he
could fight just as well
In fact many of his battles the
Bible does tell.

Now tell us our names if you
think you can
And the name of our brother
who was quite the man
Its just three name we want
you to know
And a candy bar you will soon
hold.

I WANT TO BE A PREACHER

After a church service on Sunday Morning, a young boy suddenly announced to his mother, "Mom, I've decided to become a preacher when I grow up." "That's okay with us, but what made you decide that?" "Well," said the little boy, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, and I figure it will be more



fun to stand up and yell than to sit and listen."

TEXAS CRUISE

A Texas rancher, visiting a South Dakota farmer friend, asked him to show him his farm. After seeing the 1,000 acre spread, the Texan bragged that down home he could get into his car, drive all day, and by evening would not have gotten to the distant point of his ranch. The South Dakotan simply replied, "You know, I had a car like that once."



VISITING GRANDMA

Grandma, who appeared to become an ever-more intimidating personality as the years went on, was giving directions to her grown grandson who was coming to visit with his wife:

"You come to the front door of the apartment complex. I am in apartment 14T. There is a big panel at the door. With your elbow push button 14T. I will buzz

you in. Come inside, the elevator is on the right. Get in, and with your elbow hit 14. When you get out I am on the left.



With your elbow, hit my doorbell."

"Grandma, that sounds easy, but why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow?" the grandson asked. "You're not coming empty handed are you...?"

BACK SEAT

A woman was driving her old beat up car on the Highway with her 7 yr. old son, Little Johnny. She tried to keep up with traffic but they were flying by her. After getting caught in a large group of car's flying down the road she looked at her speedometer to see she was doing 15 miles over the speed limit.

Slowing down, she moved over to the side and got out of the clump that soon left her behind. She looked up and saw the flashing lights of a police car. Pulling over she waited for the officer to come up to her car.

As he did he said, "Ma'am do you know why I pulled you over?"

Little Johnny piped up from the back seat, "I do! Because you couldn't catch the other cars!"

