



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

SEPTEMBER, 2013

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

THE STENCH OF SIN

And you He made alive, who were dead in trespasses and sins, in which you once walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit who now works in the sons of disobedience. - (Ephesians 2:1-2)

Years ago I had a German Shepherd named Irlo. One night when Irlo and I were out walking, we saw a cat. Now, I believe that it's a dog's right to chase a cat, so I said to Irlo, "Go get it!" As I watched him take off in pursuit, I noticed the cat had suddenly stopped. I thought, That's a pretty bold cat. But then I heard a loud pssshh! and saw Irlo racing toward

me. I looked at the cat again and realized something: It wasn't a cat at all.



Irlo had taken a direct hit of skunk spray to the face. I started running, knowing that Irlo was headed for home. I tried to outrun him, but as we got to the door, he pushed right past me into the house. Immediately the entire place reeked of skunk. It took a long time to get that smell out of the house.

That is what sin is like, too. It seems as though your whole

world is infected with the stench of sin, with no remedy in sight. You can try to escape it, but it doesn't work.

The Bible calls the devil "the god of this age" (2 Corinthians 4:4) and "the prince of the power of the air" (Ephesians 2:2). The devil is behind all the wickedness, depravity, and violence in this world. All of the horrible things you hear about are orchestrated by or motivated by Satan himself. He wants to wreak havoc. He wants to bring as much destruction as he can.

Why does the devil want our destruction? Answer: because Jesus Christ is coming back. For the devil, that is bad. But for us, that is good. And it is an incentive for us to share our faith and live a holy life.

⇒ Received from Jim Sparks

WISDOM OF THE AGED

A wise old man retired and purchased a modest home near a junior high school. He spent the first few weeks of his retirement in peace and contentment.

Then a new school year began. The very next afternoon three young boys, full of youthful, after-school enthusiasm, came down his street, beating merrily on every trash can they encountered.

The crashing percussion continued day after day, until finally the wise old man decided it was time to take some action.

The next afternoon, he walked out to meet the young percus-

sionists as they banged their way down the street. Stopping them, he said, "You kids are a lot of fun. I like to see you express your exuberance like that. In fact, I used to do the same thing when I was your age. Will you do me a favor? I'll give you each a dollar if you'll promise to come around every day and do your thing." The kids were elated and continued to do a bang-up job on the trashcans.



After a few days, the old-timer greeted the kids again, but this time he had a sad smile on his face. "This recession's really putting a big dent in my income," he told them. "From now on, I'll only be able to pay you 50 cents to beat on the cans."

The noisemakers were obviously displeased, but they accepted his offer and they continued their afternoon ruckus. A few days later, the wily retiree approached them again as they drummed their way down the street. "Look," he said, "I haven't received my Social Security check yet, so I'm not going to be able to give you more than 25 cents. Will that be okay?"

"A lousy quarter?" the drum leader exclaimed, "if you think we're going to waste our time, beating these cans around for a quarter, you're nuts! No way, mister. We quit!"

And the old man enjoyed peace and serenity for the rest of his days.

GETTING OLD

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder.

I turned around to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, 'Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?'

I laughed and enthusiastically responded, 'Of course you may!' and she gave me a giant squeeze.



'Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?' I asked.

She jokingly replied, 'I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids'

'No seriously,' I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age.

'I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!' she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake.

We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this 'time machine' as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and

she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor.

Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, 'I'll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know.'

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, 'We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing.'

There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day. You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die.

We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it!

There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up.

If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight.

Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change. Have no regrets.

The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The

only people who fear death are those with regrets.'

She concluded her speech by courageously singing 'The Rose.'

She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives. At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago.

One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep.

Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

These words have been passed along in loving memory of ROSE.

Remember, growing older is mandatory. Growing up is optional. We make a Living by what we get. We make a Life by what we give.

God promises a safe landing, not a calm passage. If God brings you to it, He will bring you through it.

'Good friends are like stars...You don't always see them, but you know they are always there.'

⇒ Received from Mary Noland

Wouldn't it be great if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes and come out wrinkle free, back to our original shape and three sizes smaller and smelling April fresh?

Hmm...I'm not sure if I actually have some free time on my hands, or if I'm just forgetting to do something.

I think more about running away not than I did as a kid, but by the time I put my teeth in, my glasses on and find my keys I forget why I'm going.

Sometimes the best way to get your husband to do something is too suggest he's too old to do it anymore!

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

MORNING WORSHIP 8:15 AM
& 11:00 AM
SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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MONDAYS

BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 9th
LADIES BIBLE STUDY
2:00 PM — 3:00 PM

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WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
6:00 PM
~
BIBLE STUDY
6:30 PM

~
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th

BUDGET PLANNING MEETING
FOLLOW 11:00 AM WORSHIP

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th

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

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

~
SEPTEMBER 22nd

LINNIE DOYLE CONCERT
11:00 AM

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
6:00 PM

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th

AMERICAN LEGION
6:00 PM

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**ONALASKA APPLE HARVEST
FESTIVAL**

OCTOBER 4th & 5th



FOG IN HOT WATER

You know the old story of how to boil a frog. You don't put him in a pot of boiling water. You drop him in the boiling water and he'll jump out before he's injured. So you put him in a pot of cold water, and he's perfectly



comfortable. Then you put him on the stove, and little by little the water gets warm. It's very pleasant at first. Then it gets to Jacuzzi level, and he begins to be a little alarmed. Finally, when it's boiling, it's too late.

Sin is like that, it begins so pleasant at first. And then it gets a little warmer and it's pleasanter yet. And one day we realize the danger: "This is going to kill me, and I haven't the strength to get out!"

⇒ Citation: Donald Hoke, "The Stockholm Syndrome," Preaching Today, Tape 30.

James 1:15 (NIV) *Then, after desire has conceived, it gives birth to sin; and sin, when it is full-grown, gives birth to death.*

ANNUAL CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING



Our Annual Business Meeting will be held on **Sunday, October 13th following the 11:00 am Worship Service.** We will be electing a Sunday School Superintendent, an Assistant Sunday School Superintendent, Head Usher, PNA Representative and Alternate Representative as well as three positions on the Church Council. If you are willing to serve in any of these positions, please contact Wally True.

JUST CHECKING IN

A minister passing through his church in the middle of the day,
Decided to pause by the altar
and see who had come to pray.
Just then the back door opened,
a man came down the aisle,
The minister frowned as he saw
the man hadn't shaved in a while.
His shirt was kind a shabby and his
coat was worn and frayed,



The man knelt, he bowed his head,
Then rose and walked away.

In the days that followed, each
noon time came this chap,
Each time he knelt just for a moment,
A lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,
with robbery a main fear,
He decided to stop the man and
ask him, "What are you doing
here?"

The old man said, he worked
down the road.

Lunch was half an hour.
Lunchtime was his prayer time,
For finding strength and power.

"I stay only moments, see, be-
cause the factory is so far away;
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
This is kind a what I say:

"I just came again to tell you, lord,
how happy I've been,
Since we found each other's

friendship and you took away
my sin.

Don't know much of how to
pray, but I think about you every
day.

So, Jesus, this is Jim checking in
today."

The minister feeling foolish, told
Jim, that was fine.

He told the man he was wel-
come To come and pray just
anytime.

Time to go, Jim smiled, said
"Thanks." He hurried to the door.
The minister knelt at the altar,
he'd never done it before.

His cold heart melted, warmed
with love, and met with Jesus
there.

As the tears flowed, in his heart,
he repeated old Jim's prayer:

"I just came again to tell you,
lord, how happy I've been,
Since we found each other's
friendship and you took away
my sin.

I don't know much of how to
pray,
but I think about you every day.
So, Jesus, this is me checking in
today"

Past noon one day, the minister
noticed that old Jim hadn't
come.

As more days passed without
Jim, he began to worry some.

At the factory, he asked about
him, learning he was ill.
The hospital staff was worried,
But he'd given them a thrill.

The week that Jim was with
them, Brought changes in the
ward.

His smiles, a joy contagious.
Changed people, were his re-
ward.

The head nurse couldn't under-
stand why Jim was so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards
came, Not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed,

He voiced the nurse's concern:
No friends came to show they
cared. He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Jim spoke
up and with a winsome smile;
"The nurse is wrong, she couldn't
know, that in here all the time
Every day at noon He's here,
the dearest friend of mine,
He sits right down, takes my hand,
this my dearest Friend of mankind.

"I just came again to tell you, Jim,
how happy I have been,
Since we found this friendship,
and I took away your sin.

I always love to hear you pray, I
think about you each day,
And so Jim, this is Jesus
checking in today."

⇒ Received from Nina Banks

WHAT IS FAITHFULNESS?

Dag Hammarskjold once wrote: "When the morning's fresh-
ness has been replaced by the
weariness of midday, when the
leg muscles quiver under the
strain, the climb seems endless,
and suddenly nothing will go quite
as you wish--it is then that you
must not hesitate." He was unwill-
ing to give up; he refused to quit!
The successful life prescribed by
Christ requires faithfulness until
death: a hand on the plow with
no looking back, steadfast perse-
verance; racing hard for the tape,
fighting the good fight of faith.
The devil loves it when we simply
relax our efforts. He has a good
day if we become discouraged.

There are temptations to over-
come, disappointments to han-
dle, personal sins that beset us,
burdens that depress us. And Sa-
tan is standing by urging that we
quit trying. But wait; Christ is pre-
sent. *"Consider Him who has en-
dured such hostility by sinners
against Himself, so that you may
not grow weary and lose
heart"* (Heb. 12:3).

Q
U
I
Z



Last month we had a crossword puzzle and I am unaware of anyone who was able to correctly fill it out. One reason was one of the answers were misspelled. This month we will have the quiz again and next month we will try a new crossword puzzle. Please let me know which you like the best.

Here is this month's quiz.

*I hit him in the mouth I'm glad to say,
I was only doing what I was told to do that day.
I asked him why he talked so bad
To the man who should have all the respect he had.
He said that he didn't understand
The one he was talking to was such a man.
But the words he said had made me mad
So when I hit him I was glad.
He turned and spoke great words that day
And turned us in two different ways.
Some said we find no fault in this man
While other his death did demand.
My name you'll never find within the Book
But his name is there all you need to do is look.
Tell the name of the one he shamed
When he called him a nasty name.
If you're the right and I hope you are
It will be your turn to win the candy bar.*

*But if you're slow or live far away
You'll just have to wait for another day.*

~

BETTER GRADES

The little boy wasn't getting good marks in school.

One day he made the teacher quite surprised. He tapped her on the shoulder and said, "I don't want to scare you, but my daddy says if I don't get better grades, somebody is going to get a spanking."



THE BAGEL STORM

It was a terrible night, blowing cold and rain in a most frightful manner. The streets were deserted and the local baker was just about to close up shop when a little man slipped through the door. He carried an umbrella, blown inside out, and was bundled in two sweaters and a thick coat. But even so he still looked wet and bedraggled.

As he unwound his scarf he said to the baker, "May I have two bagels to go, please?"



The baker said in astonishment, "Just two bagels, nothing more?"

"That's right," answered the little man. "One for me and one

for Dorothy."

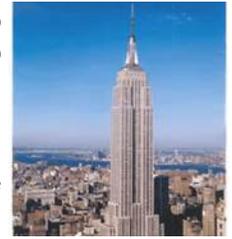
"Is Dorothy your wife?" Asked the baker.

"What," snapped the little man, "Do you think my mother would send me out on a night like this?"

SONGS, JOKES, SAD STORIES

Three men worked in the Empire State Building on the 102nd floor.

One day the elevator was out of service, so they had to walk up to their office. To pass the time, they decided that one would sing a song, one would tell a joke, and the third would tell a sad story - each taking a turn every floor until they reached the top.



Finally, as they reached the 100th floor, one man sang his last song. As they reached the 101st floor, the second guy told his last joke. As they ascended the flight to the 102nd floor, the third man said, "I forgot the key."

CHAIR PHILOSOPHY

An eccentric philosophy professor gave a one question final exam after a semester dealing with a broad array of topics. The class was already seated and ready to go when the professor picked up his chair, plopped it on his desk and wrote on the board: "using everything we have learned this semester, prove that this chair does not exist."

Fingers flew, erasers erased, notebooks were filled in furious fashion. Some students wrote over 30 pages in one hour attempting



to refute the existence of the chair. One member of the class however, was up and finished in less than a minute.

Weeks later when the grades were posted, the rest of the group wondered how he could have gotten an A when he had barely written anything at all. His answer consisted of two words: "What chair?"