



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

OCTOBER, 2013

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

TEXAS BEER JOINT SUES LOCAL CHURCH OVER LIGHTNING STRIKE!

A bar called Drummond's (in Mt Vernon, Texas) began construction on an expansion of their building, hoping to "grow" their business.

In response, the local Southern Baptist Church started a campaign to block the bar from expanding - petitions, prayers, etc. About a week before the bar's grand re-opening, a bolt of lightning struck the bar and burned it to the ground!

Afterward, the church folks were rather smug - bragging about "the power of prayer". The angry bar owner eventually sued the church on grounds that the church ... "was ultimately responsible for the demise of his building, through direct actions or indirect means."

Of course, the church vehemently denied all responsibility or any connection to the building's demise.



The judge read carefully through the plaintiff's complaint and the defendant's reply. He then opened the hearing by say-

ing: "I don't know how I'm going to decide this, but it appears from the paperwork that what we have here is a bar owner who now believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that does not."

NO LICENSE NEEDED

My neighbour was working in his yard when he was startled by a late model car that came



crashing through his hedge and ended up in his front lawn. He rushed to help an elderly lady driver out of the car and sat her down on a lawn chair.

He said with excitement, "You appear quite elderly to be driving." "Well, yes, I am," she replied proudly. "I'll be 97 next month, and I am now old enough that I don't even need a driver's license anymore." "The last time I went to my doctor, he examined me and asked if I still had a driver's license. I told him yes, and handed it to him. He took scissors out of the drawer, cut the license into pieces, and threw them in the waste basket, saying, 'You won't need this anymore,' so I thanked him and left!"

◇ Received from Mary Noland

AIRPORT GARAGE

Wayne was returning home from a business trip, bags in

hand, and slowly making his way



to his vehicle in the crowded airport garage. Suddenly a large dark car screeched to a stop in front of Wayne, and the driver pointed menacingly at him. "Get in," the driver ordered. "I'll take you to your car."

Startled, Wayne took a step backward. "Ah ... no thanks," he answered. "I can get there myself."

"No!" the man barked back as he threw open his passenger side door. "Get In!"

Wayne's eyes now darted around the garage, hoping to find a security guard.

Just then, the driver's face softened. "Please," he said, "I've been driving up and down for two hours. I can't find a space to park and I want yours."

◇ Received from James Sparks

FINDING THE VISION

Have you consider what's God's vision is for our church to reach those who are lost and bound for Hell?

I encourage you to join with me in prayer as we seek God's vision for our church and the property on Leonard Road. To reach God's vision we will need; **Faith, Courage & Determination.**

Pastor Lloyd

MAGNOLIAS

I was getting ready for my daughter's June wedding which was taking place in a church about forty miles away, and felt loaded with responsibilities as I watched my budget dwindle: So many details, so many bills, and so little time.

My son Jack said he would walk his younger sister down the aisle, taking the place of his dad who had died a few years before. He teased Patsy, saying he'd wanted to give her away since she was about three years old!

To save money, I gathered blossoms from several friends who had large magnolia trees. Their luscious, creamy-white blooms and slick green leaves would make beautiful arrangements against the rich dark wood inside the church.

The big day arrived - the busiest day of my life - and while her bridesmaids helped Patsy to dress, her fiancé Tim walked with me to the sanctuary to do a final check. When we opened the door and felt a rush of hot air, I almost fainted; and then I saw them - all the beautiful white flowers were black; Funeral



black. An electrical storm during the night had knocked out the air conditioning system, and on that hot summer day, the flowers had wilted and died.

I panicked, knowing I didn't have time to drive back to our hometown, gather more flowers, and return in time for the wedding and I certainly didn't have extra money to buy a new set from the florist in town.

Tim turned to me. 'Edna, can you get more flowers? I'll throw away these dead ones and put fresh flowers in these arrangements.'

I mumbled, 'Sure,' as he be-bopped down the hall to put on his cuff links.

Alone in the large sanctuary, I looked up at the dark wooden beams in the arched ceiling. 'Lord,' I prayed, 'please help me. I don't know anyone in this town. Help me find someone willing to give me flowers - in a hurry!' I scurried out praying for the blessing of white magnolias.

As I left the church, I saw magnolia trees in the distance. I approached a house... no dog in sight... knocked on the door and an older man answered. So far, so good. No shotgun. When I stated my plea the man beamed... 'I'd be happy to!'

He climbed a stepladder and cut large boughs and handed them down to me. Minutes later, as I lifted the last armload into my car trunk, I said, 'Sir, you've made the mother of a bride happy today.'

No, Ma'am,' he said. 'You don't understand what's happening here.'

'What?' I asked.

'You see, my wife of sixty-seven years died on Monday. On Tuesday I received friends at the funeral home, and on Wednesday... He paused. I saw tears welling up in his eyes. 'On Wednesday I buried her.' He looked away. 'On Thursday most of my out-of-town relatives went back home, and on Friday - yesterday - my children left.'

I nodded.

'This morning,' he continued, 'I was sitting in my den crying out loud. I miss her so much. For the last sixteen years, as her health got worse, she needed me. But now nobody needs me. This morning I cried, 'Who needs an eighty-six-year-old wore-out

man? Nobody!' I began to cry loud-er. 'Nobody needs me!'

About that time, you knocked, and said, 'Sir, I need you.'



I stood with my mouth open. He asked, 'Are you an angel? I assured him I was no angel.

He smiled. 'Do you know what I was thinking when I handed you those magnolias?'

'No.'

'I decided I'm needed. My flowers are needed. Why, I might have a flower ministry! I could give them to everyone! Some caskets at the funeral home have no flowers. People need flowers at times like that and I have lots of them. They're all over the backyard! I can give them to hospitals, churches - all sorts of places. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to serve the Lord until the day He calls me home!'

I drove back to the church, filled with wonder.

On Patsy's wedding day, if anyone had asked me to encourage someone who was hurting, I would have said, 'Forget it! It's my only daughter's wedding, for goodness' sake! There is no way I can minister to anyone today.'

But God found a way: Through dead flowers. 'Life is not the way it's supposed to be. It's the way it is. The way you cope with it is what makes the difference.'

If you have missed knowing me, you have missed nothing.

If you have missed some of my emails, you may have missed a laugh.

But, if you have missed knowing God you have missed everything in the world!!!

He can be your everything! May God's blessings be upon you.

◇ Received from Katie Jackson

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

MONDAYS

LADIES BIBLE STUDY
2:00 PM — 3:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
6:00 PM

BIBLE STUDY
6:30 PM

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1st

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th

ANNUAL CHURCH BUSINESS
MEETING
FOLLOW 11:00 AM WORSHIP

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
6:00 PM

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16th

SENIORS ON THE GO
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17th

AMERICAN LEGION
6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

**SUNDAY - TUESDAY
OCTOBER 13th - 15th**

PASTOR'S RETREAT
@
LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON

THE GAME

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves children with learning disabilities, the father of one of the students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question: When not interfered with by outside influences, everything nature does, is done with perfection.

Yet my son, Shay, cannot learn

things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do. Where is the natural order of things in my son?'

The audience was stilled by the query. The father continued. 'I believe that when a child like Shay, who was mentally and physically disabled comes into the world, an opportunity to realize true human nature presents itself, and it comes in the way other people treat that child.'

Then he told the following story:

Shay and I had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, 'Do you think they'll let me play?' I knew that most of the boys would not want someone like Shay on their team, but as a father I also understood that if my son were allowed to play, it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging and some confidence to be accepted by others in spite of his handicaps.



* *Stories continues on page 4*

ANNUAL CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING

On Sunday, October 13 we will be holding our Annual Church Business Meeting following the 11:00 am Worship Service. In this meeting we will be voting on our budget for the coming year and electing people to service in various positions: three members to the Church Council, Sunday School Superintendent and Assistant Sunday School Superintendent, Head Usher and our PNA representative.

We encourage everyone who considers the Onalaska First Church of God as their home church to attend this meeting.

If you have accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, are the age of eighteen or older and have attended the Onalaska First Church of God for the past six months you are eligible to vote in this meeting.



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THE GAME

I approached one of the boys on the field and asked (not expecting much) if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance and said, 'We're losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him in to bat in the ninth inning.'

Shay struggled over to the team's bench and, with a broad smile, put on a team shirt. I watched with a small tear in my eye and warmth in my heart. The boys saw my joy at my son being accepted.

In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. In the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the right field. Even though no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be in the game and on the field, grinning from ear to ear as I waved to him from the stands.

In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again. Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base and Shay was scheduled to be next at bat.

At this juncture, do they let Shay bat and give away their chance to win the game? Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball.

However, as Shay stepped up to the Plate, the pitcher, recognizing that the other team was putting winning aside for this moment in Shay's life, moved in a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least make contact.

The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. The pitcher again took a few steps

forward to toss the ball softly towards Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball right back to the pitcher. The game would now be over.

The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could have easily thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have been the end of the game. Instead, the pitcher threw the ball right over the first baseman's head, out of



reach of all team mates.

Everyone from the stands and both teams started yelling, 'Shay, run to first! Run to first!' Never in his life had Shay ever run that far, but he made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled.

Everyone yelled, 'Run to second, run to second!' Catching his breath, Shay awkwardly ran towards second, gleaming and struggling to make it to the base.

By the time Shay rounded towards second base, the right fielder had the ball. The smallest guy on their team who now had his first chance to be the hero for his team. He could have thrown the ball to the second-baseman for the tag, but he understood the pitcher's intentions so he, too, intentionally threw the ball high and far over the third-baseman's head.

Shay ran toward third base deliriously as the runners ahead of him circled the bases toward home. All were screaming, 'Shay, Shay, Shay, all the Way Shay'

Shay reached third base because the opposing shortstop ran to help him by turning him in the direction of third base, and shouted, 'Run to third! Shay, run to third!' As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams, and the spectators, were on their feet screaming, 'Shay, run home! Run home!' Shay ran to home, stepped on the plate, and was cheered as the hero who hit the grand slam and won the game for his team.

'That day', said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, 'the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of true love and humanity into this world'.

Shay didn't make it to another summer. He died that winter, having never forgotten being the hero and making me so happy, and coming home and seeing his Mother tearfully embrace her little hero of the day!

A wise man once said every society is judged by how it treats its least fortunate amongst them.

◇ *Received from Jim Sparks*

Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on.

Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.

The second mouse gets the cheese.

Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.

Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once.

We could learn a lot from crayons. Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names and all are different colors, but they all have to live in the same box.

A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.

Q
U
I
Z



The answer to last month's quiz is found in the 23rd chapter of the book of Acts. The high priest, Ananias commanded one that stood by to smite the Apostle Paul on the mouth.

This month we will have a crossword puzzle, please let me know which you prefer.

Here are the clues for the crossword puzzle that you will find on the next page.

ACROSS

- 1 Who was the wife of Ananias?
Acts 5:1
- 5 He provided timber of cedars to help build David's house.
I Chronicles 14:1
- 8 Ezekiel was by what river?
Ezekiel 1:1
- 9 What is the name of Ruth's son?
Ruth 4:21
- 11 He wanted his head to be what?
Jeremiah 9:1
- 12 The kind of tree Nathanael was sitting under.
John 1:48
- 15 They were not to do what?
Luke 18:1
- 17 We are comforted in what?
I Corinthians 1:4
- 19 What are those who do His commandments?
Revelation 22:14
- 21 To whom was said, "Not by might, nor by power?"
Zachariah 4:6
- 23 Bildad was a ...
Job 25:1
- 27 What are we to keep with all diligence?
Proverbs 4:23
- 29 They are in the midst of the valley of ...
Isaiah 41:18

- 30 Who put a nail through his head?
Judges 4:21
- 31 They will be shaken.
Haggai 2:6
- 32 Jesus was a prophet of ...
Matthew 21:11
- 33 Two men were on their way to where?
Luke 24:13
- 34 What kind of lips do they speak with?
Psalms 12:2
- 35 We shall be also in the likeness of what?
Romans 6:5

DOWN

- 1 Two trumpets were made of what?
Numbers 10:2
- 2 Woman who was desired by Pharaoh.
Genesis 12:11,15
- 3 What fell into the water?
2 Kings 6:5
- 4 Who told Nehemiah of the condition of the Jews left in Jerusalem?
Nehemiah 1:2
- 6 Who stole a Babylonish garment?
Joshua 7:21
- 7 A fire will be kindled in the houses of the gods of ...
Jeremiah 43:12
- 10 He will bind up that which is ...
Ezekiel 34:16
- 13 What was Shadrack's Hebrew's name.
Daniel 1:7
- 14 He was envious when he saw what of the wicked?
Psalms 73:3
- 16 We are surrounded by what?
Hebrews 12:1
- 18 What is the sin of witchcraft?
I Samuel 15:23
- 20 What are sometimes removed?
Job 24:2
- 22 He took seven what ...
Mark 8:6
- 24 Who waketh but in vain.
Psalms 127:1
- 25 What is dried up?
Joel 1:12
- 26 Who is not above his master?
Luke 6:40
- 28 Nicodemus was what of the Jews?
John 3:1

WHO AM I?

Years ago, when our daughters were very young, we'd drop them off at our church's children's chapel on Sundays before the eleven o'clock service.

One Sunday, just as I was about

to open the door to the small chapel, the minister 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 minister 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 lots of guidance.

Then the minister put his hands out to the side, palms up in a dra-



matic 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 minister, obviously caught by surprise, said to the boy, "Well, then, who am I?"

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

◇ Received from Jim Sparks

