



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

JANUARY 2014

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

FAITHFUL IN USING YOUR GIFTS

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God" 1 Peter 4:10.

In her book, Today's Good Word, Ethel B. Sutton tells of a young British soldier who was blinded in battle. He was an accomplished musician and spent much of his time in the hospital playing the piano for the wounded. He always put his heart into his playing, hoping the music would encourage the men. One



day when he finished a number, someone clapped energetically. The soldier asked, "Who are you?" He was astonished when the man replied, "I am your king!" The king had come to encourage those who had been wounded for their country. Without realizing it, this young man had been using his talent to entertain the king.

Peter says, "Each has received a gift." It may not seem like much when compared with what others may possess, but utilize it "in serving one another." When it is

used, we may be sure there is always an audience of at least one--our Lord. Do what you can. You may not get much attention. You may not win an award--you may not be mentioned in the bulletin, but God notices it.

When Jesus was teaching in the temple, he went and sat opposite of the treasury and watched the people as they contributed their money (**Mark 12:41-44**). There was one who caught the eye of Jesus but she wasn't noticed by anyone else. The reason, her gift was too small; but in the eyes of Jesus, it was bigger than all the others.

When you use your gift faithfully --whether it is an encouraging word, a pat on the back, visiting the lonely, generous giving of money, making a phone call, providing transportation--whatever it may be, remember, you're playing for the King.

NAILS IN THE FENCE

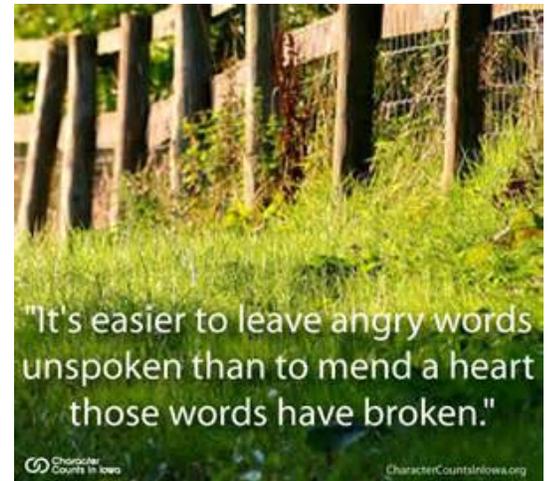
There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His Father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence. Finally the day came

when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper. The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out.

It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wound is still there." A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one. Friends are very rare jewels, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share words of praise and they always want to open their hearts to us."

Please forgive me for the holes in my fence.

Received from Jannell Skinner



THE TOOTHLESS GRIN

Written by Sharon Palmer

I was doing some last-minute Christmas shopping in a toy store and decided to look at Barbie dolls for my nieces. A nicely dressed little girl was excitedly looking through the Barbie dolls as well, with a roll of money clamped tightly in her little hand. When she came upon a Barbie she liked, she would turn and ask her father if she had enough money to buy it.

He usually said "yes," but she would keep looking and keep going through their ritual of "do I have enough?" As she was looking, a little boy wandered in across the aisle and started sorting through the Pokémon toys. He was dressed neatly, but in clothes that were obviously rather worn,



and wearing a jacket that was probably a couple of sizes too small. He too had money in his hand, but it looked to be no more than five dollars or so at the most. He was with his father as well, and kept picking up the Pokémon video toys. Each time he picked one up and looked at his father, his father shook his head, "No."

The little girl had apparently chosen her Barbie, a beautifully dressed, glamorous doll that would have been the envy of every little girl on the block. However, she had stopped and was watching the interchange between the little boy and his father. Rather dejectedly, the boy had given up on the video games and

had chosen what looked like a book of stickers instead. He and his father then started walking through another aisle of the store.

The little girl put her Barbie back on the shelf, and ran over to the Pokémon games. She excitedly picked up one that was lying on top of the other toys, and raced toward the check-out, after speaking with her father. I picked up my purchases and got in line behind them. Then, much to the little girl's obvious delight, the little boy and his father got in line behind me.

After the toy was paid for and bagged, the little girl handed it back to the cashier and whispered something in her ear. The cashier smiled and put the package under the counter.

I paid for my purchases and was rearranging things in my purse when the little boy came up to the cashier. The cashier rang up his purchases and then said, "Congratulations, you are my hundredth customer today, and you win a prize!" With that, she handed the little boy the Pokémon game, and he could only stare in disbelief. It was, he said, exactly what he had wanted!

The little girl and her father had been standing at the doorway during all of this, and I saw the biggest, prettiest, toothless grin on that little girl that I have ever seen in my life. Then they walked out the door, and I followed close behind them. As I walked back to my car in amazement over what I had just witnessed, I heard the father ask his daughter why she had done that. I'll never forget what she said to him.

"Daddy, didn't Nana and Paw-Paw want me to buy something that would make me happy?"

He said, "Of course they did, honey."

To which the little girl replied, "Well, I just did!"

With that, she giggled and started skipping toward their car.

Her toothless grin said it all. Apparently, she had decided on the answer to her own question of, "Do I have enough?"

I feel very privileged to have witnessed the true spirit of Christmas in that toy store, in the form of a little girl who understands more about the reason for the season than most adults I know!

◆ Received from Jim Sparks



LEAVING THE HOSPITAL

Hospital regulations require a wheel chair for patients being discharged. However, while working as a student nurse, I found one elderly gentleman already dressed and sitting on the b e d

with a suitcase at his f e e t , who insisted he d i d n ' t n e e d my help to leave the hospital.



After a chat about rules being rules, he reluctantly let me wheel him to the elevator. On the way down I asked him if his wife was meeting him. 'I don't know,' he said. 'She's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of her hospital gown.'

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

YOUTH WINTER CAMP

FEBRUARY 15-17

Youth Winter Camp will be held at Double K Christian Retreat Center, this time in cooperation with Next Step Fellowship in Kent. The cost is \$90.00.

Contact the Church office for further details. (360) 978-4161

FREEDOM

"Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it was once like in the United States where men were free."

--Ronald Reagan

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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WEDNESDAYS

JANUARY 8th 15th 22nd 29th

SOUP & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

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BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th

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

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

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LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th

SCRAP BOOKING: 10:00 AM

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TUESDAYS

AL-ANON: 6:00 PM

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

GUEST: Dan Schaefer
Advance Planning Specialist

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 16th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

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I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not sure.

PNA NEWS

DOUBLE K ANNOUNCES NEW DIRECTOR

Double K Christian Retreat Center is pleased to announce that **Ed**



Cogar has been appointed as their new Executive Director, effective February 2014. His wife, Jan, will provide administrative support for the camp.

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NORTHWEST PASTOR'S DAY

BOTHELL, WASHINGTON

JANUARY 30, 2014

GUEST SPEAKER:

DAVID KINNAMAN

SPECIAL THANKS

As we seek to reach community, sharing the every Thanksgiving and vide dinners and gifts struggling with the cost work of love by the la- with some



out into our com- Love of Jesus Christ, Christmas we pro- for families who are of living. This is a dies in our church very special help.



The American Legion, "Richard Emigh Post 508", the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 12012 and the Blue Knights (retired motorcycle police) have stepped in and helped us with cash donations and the delivering of the meals and gifts.



GRANDPA'S HANDS

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I



sat, I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK.

He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained to him.

"Have you ever looked at your hands," he asked. "I mean really looked at your hands?"

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making. Grandpa smiled and related this story: "Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled, and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They put food in my

mouth and clothes on my back.

- ◇ *As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer.*
- ◇ *They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots.*
- ◇ *They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my new-born son.*
- ◇ *Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special.*
- ◇ *They trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle.*
- ◇ *They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body.*
- ◇ *They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day, when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer.*
- ◇ *These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life.*
- ◇ *But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home.*
- ◇ *And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."*

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home.

When my hands are hurt or sore I think of Grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

Received from Joe Downs

FROM ORDINARY TO GREAT

Charles Stanley

Anyone who studies God's ways soon realizes they are quite different from man's. Worldly wisdom says that extraordinary people and abundant resources are needed for great tasks, yet the Lord often chooses the small and insignificant to achieve His purposes on earth.

For example, Christ selected a rather unimpressive group of men as disciples, yet after being filled with the Spirit, they "turned the world upside down." During His ministry on earth, Jesus fed thousands with a child's meager lunch, and He viewed the widow's two small coins as a greater offering than all the other generous donations (John 6:5-12; Luke 21:2-3).

God specializes in using people who aren't naturally qualified to accomplish His tasks. Moses was a verbally impaired 80-year-old shepherd who liberated a nation. After Gideon hid from the enemy, God made him a valiant warrior. David was the overlooked youngest son who killed a giant with a small stone and became Israel's greatest king.

God isn't looking for impressive people; He wants willing ones who will bow the knee in humble submission. Being weak and ordinary doesn't make you useless. Rather, it positions you for a demonstration of divine power in your life. He takes insignificant ones and delights in making them great.

Have you ever considered that your lack of ability, talent, or skill is the ideal setting for a great display of Christ's power and glory? If you are willing to submit to His leading and venture into the scary yet rewarding territory of faith and obedience, He will do great things in and through you.

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TRADING PLACES

Lisa was out driving her car and while stopped at a red light, the car just died. It was a busy intersection and the traffic behind her was starting to pile up. The guy in the car directly behind her was honking his horn continuously as Lisa continued to try getting the car to start up again.

Finally Lisa got out of her car and approached the guy in the car behind her. "I can't seem to



get my car started," Lisa said, smiling. "Would you be a sweetheart and go and see if you can get it started for me? I'll stay here in your car and lean on your horn for you."

PRAYER POSITIONS

Three preachers sat discussing the best positions for prayer, while a telephone repairman worked nearby.



"Kneeling is definitely best," claimed one.

"No," another contended. "I get the best results standing with my hands outstretched to Heaven."

"You're both wrong," the third insisted. "The most effective prayer position is lying prostrate, face down on the floor."

The repairman could contain himself no longer. "Hey, fellas," he interrupted, "the best prayin' I ever did was hangin' upside down from a telephone pole."

Here is the Bible Quiz. I hope you can solve it.

*I was mad at them and wanted them dead
It would not have been hard for people did just what I said.
But they came and made friends with my man
And offered to me a repentant hand*

*So I stood and told them just what I thought
And with their praise my forgiveness they bought.
They said wonderful words that filled my heart with pride
And because of this I had to die.*

*Because my glory I refused to share
I was forced to die in total despair.
So my friends this lesson you must learn
If you are praised, the praise to God you must turn.*

*Now my name is found within the book
All you have to do is look.
If you are able to turn it in
A candy bar you will win.*

OUTRUNNING THE BEAR

Two friends are hiking in the woods when they come upon a menacing-looking bear walking directly toward them. When one fellow starts to slowly remove his backpack, the other whispers, "What are you gonna do?"

"I'm going to run for it," was his

reply.

"But you can't outrun a bear," his pal protested.

"I don't have to outrun the bear. I just have to outrun you."

4 EXPECTANT FATHERS

Four expectant fathers were in a Minnesota hospital waiting room while their wives were in labor.

The nurse comes in and tells the first man, "Congratulations, You're the father of twins."

"What a coincidence!" the man exclaims. "I work for the Minnesota Twins baseball team!"



The nurse returns a short while lat-

er and tells the second man, "You are the father of triplets."

"Wow, what a coincidence!" he replies. "I work for the 3M Corporation."

When the nurse comes again, she tells the third man that his wife has given birth to quadruplets.

Another coincidence!" he tells her. "I work for the Four Seasons Hotel!"

At this point, the fourth guy faints. When he comes to, the others ask him what was wrong.

He moans, "I work for Seven-Eleven!"