



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

FEBRUARY, 2014

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

SUPERMAN WHO?

Daily Encounter:

*A Week-day Devotional by
Richard (Dick) Innes of ACTS International*

Friday, October 14, 2011

"When Jesus saw Nathanael approaching, he said of him, 'Here is a true Israelite, in whom there is nothing false.'" John 1:47 (NIV)

I read how Ray, an energetic three-year-old, liked to play being Superman. Each morning he would have his mother pin a bath towel to the back of his T-shirt and off he'd go imagining he was wearing the magic blue and red cape pretending he was Superman. In his mind he came to believe he was Superman.



Then came kindergarten. When the teacher asked Ray for his name, he replied, "Superman." Trying to hide her amusement she asked again, "I need to know your real name." Again he replied in all sincerity, "Superman."

The teacher, still trying to hide her amusement, got down to Ray's level and, looking squarely into Ray's eyes, said quite firmly, "I need to know your real name. What is it?"

Little Ray looked around the room, making sure no one was listening and, leaning close to the teacher, whispered in her ear, "I'm Clark Kent."

We smile at a child's innocence

and make-believe world. But in reality some of us, afraid of being known for who we truly are, have hidden

behind a pretend-mask for so long that we have come to believe that the role we play is the real us. In doing so, we fail to realize that the loneliness we struggle with is caused by our living in a make-believe world, neither knowing who we are or being known for who we are. For we can only ever be loved and connected to other loving people to the degree that we are known. Masks can't be loved. Only real people can be loved.

Let's learn to be like Nathaniel about whom Jesus said when he first saw him, "Here comes a man in whom there is nothing false." Or in our language, "Here comes an honest man."

Suggested prayer, "Dear God, please help me to see any areas of my life where I am hiding or whatever things in my life I am hiding from. Help me to be honest with myself, with you, and with at least one trusted and loving friend. Help me to be real so I can truly love and be loved. Thank you for hearing and answering my prayer. Gratefully in Jesus' name, amen."

⇒ *Received from Jim Sparks*

DANCING WITH GOD

When I meditated on the word Guidance, I kept seeing "dance" at the end of the word. I remember reading that doing God's will is a lot like dancing.

When two people try to lead, nothing feels right. The move-

ment doesn't flow with the music, and everything is quite uncomfortable and jerky. When one person realizes that, and lets the other lead, both bodies begin to flow with the music. One gives gentle cues, per-



haps with a nudge to the back or by pressing lightly in one direction or another. It's as if two become one body,

moving beautifully. The dance takes surrender, willingness, and attentiveness from one person and gentle guidance and skill from the other.

My eyes drew back to the word Guidance. When I saw "G": I thought of God, followed by "U" and "I". "God, "U" and "I" dance." God, you, and I dance. As I lowered my head, I became willing to trust that I would get guidance about my life. Once again, I became willing to let God lead. My prayer for you today is that God's blessings and mercies are upon you on this day and everyday. May you abide in God, as God abides in you. Dance together with God, trusting God to lead and to guide you through each season of your life.

⇒ *Received from Kathleen Mulkins*

A FATHER'S HAND

~ Author Unknown ~

My son Gilbert was eight years old and had been in Cub Scouts only a short time. During one of his meetings he was handed a sheet of paper, a block of wood and four tires and told to return home and give all to "dad."

That was not an easy task for Gilbert to do. Dad was not receptive to doing things with his son. But Gilbert tried. Dad read the paper and scoffed at the idea of making a pine wood derby car with his young, eager son.

The block of wood remained untouched as the weeks passed. Finally, mom stepped in to see if I could figure this all out. The project began. Having no carpentry skills, I decided it would be best if I simply read the directions and let Gilbert do the work. And he did. I read aloud the measurements, the rules of what we could do and what we couldn't do.

Within days his block of wood was turning into a pine wood derby car. A little lopsided, but looking great (at least through the eyes of mom). Gilbert had not seen any of the other kids cars and was feeling pretty proud of his "Blue Lightning," the pride that comes with knowing you did something on your own.

Then the big night came. With his blue pine wood derby in his hand and pride in his heart we headed to the big race. Once there my little one's pride turned to humility. Gilbert's car was obviously the only car made entirely on his own. All the other cars were a father-son partnership, with cool paint jobs and sleek body styles made for speed.

A few of the boys giggled, as they looked at Gilbert's, lopsided,

wobbly, unattractive vehicle. To add to the humility, Gilbert was the only boy without a man at his side. A couple of the boys who were from single parent homes at least had an uncle or grandfather by their side, Gilbert had "mom."

As the race began it was done in elimination fashion. You kept racing as long as you were the winner. One by one the cars raced down the finely sanded ramp. Finally it was between Gilbert and the sleekest, fastest looking car there. As the last race was about to begin, my wide-eyed, shy, eight year old ask if they could stop the race for a minute, because he wanted to pray.

The race stopped.

Gilbert hit his knees clutching his funny looking block of wood between his hands. With a wrinkled brow he set to converse with his Father. He prayed in earnest for a very long minute and a half. Then he stood, smile on his face and announced, 'Okay, I am ready.'

As the crowd cheered, a boy named Tommy stood with his father as their car sped down the ramp. Gilbert stood with his

Father within his heart and watched his block of wood wobble down the ramp with surprisingly great speed and rushed over the finish line a fraction of a second before Tommy's car.

Gilbert leaped into the air with a loud "Thank you" as the crowd roared in approval. The Scout Master came up to Gilbert with microphone in hand and asked the obvious question, "So you prayed to win, huh, Gilbert?" To which my young son answered, "Oh, no sir. That wouldn't be fair

to ask God to help you beat someone else. I just asked Him to make it so I don't cry when I lose."

Children seem to have wisdom far beyond us. Gilbert didn't ask God to win the race; he didn't ask God to fix the outcome. Gilbert asked God to give him strength in the outcome. When Gilbert first saw the other cars he didn't cry out to God, "No fair, they had a fathers help." No, he went to his Father for strength.

Perhaps we spend too much of our prayer time asking God to rig the race, to make us number one, or too much time asking God to remove us from the struggle, when we should be seeking God's strength to get through the struggle. *"I can do everything through Him who gives me strength."* **Phillipians 4:13**

Gilbert's simple prayer spoke volumes to those present that night. He never doubted that God would indeed answer his request. He didn't pray to win, thus hurt someone else; he prayed that God supply the grace to lose with dignity. Gilbert, by his stopping the race to speak to his Father also showed the crowd that he wasn't there without a "dad," but His Father was most definitely there with him. Yes, Gilbert walked away a winner that night, with his Father at his side.

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"I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day; I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way."

⇒ Edgar A. Guest, Christian Reader, Vol. 33, no. 2

This saying of Edgar A. Guest reminds me of when I was Stationed in Germany, my wife and I were driving in the countryside looking for a place to eat. When we asked a farmer where we might find a place, his son jumped on his bike and lead us to a wonderful place to have lunch.

Pastor Lloyd

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

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BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st

OUTREACH COMMITTEE
10:00 AM

Anyone who is interested in help planning potential ideas on how our church can reach our community for Christ is welcome.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8th

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, FEBRUARY 16th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st

SCRAP BOOKING: 10:00 AM

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TUESDAYS

AL-ANON: 6:00 PM

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

PRAYER RETREAT

FEBRUARY 10—13

Pastor and Kathleen will be joining other Pastor and wives for a time of prayer and fellowship. This event is sponsored by the Lewis County Ministerial Network (LCMN). The Prayer Retreat will be meeting at Cannon Beach Christian Conference Center.

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PNA EVENTS

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

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PNA ROUNDTABLES

This year the PNA is going through a process of reviewing and updating the vision for our district. In addition to a prayer focus and engaged discussions

the Board of Directors is seeking input from people across the PNA through four regional Roundtable events this spring. We will be inviting pastors and church members from each of our congregations to attend the Roundtable nearest them. During the event we will have a time of prayer and guided discussion to best determine how the PNA can best serve our churches and leaders.

More details will be available soon, but take note of the following dates and locations: **March 1st** - Edmonds, WA (Northwest Washington), **March 8th** - Olympia/Lacey, (Southwest Washington), **March 15th** - Richland, WA (Central Washington, Northeastern Oregon), **April 12th** - Spokane, WA (Eastern Washington, Northern Idaho).

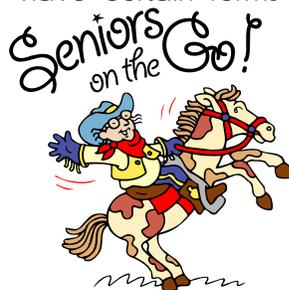


Edna Pinkerton, age 97 playing the offertory. What a blessing she is to our church.

Elva Smoots turned 100 January, 3rd she now lives in Stilwell, OK.

SENIORS ON THE GO

SENIOR ON THE GO will be meeting at the Onalaska First Church of God's Fellowship Hall on Wednesday, February 19, 2014 at 12:00 noon for their monthly potluck. The guest speaker will be Diane Hurlley from the Morton Hospital. She will be sharing on the need to have certain forms on hand in case of a medical emergency.



These forms are; the **PHYSICIAN ORDERS FOR LIFE-SUSTAINING TREATMENT**, a **WASHINGTON CURABLE POWER OF ATTORNEY FOR HEALTH CARE** and a **WASHINGTON HEALTH CARE DIRECTIVE**. These forms will enable the family to make medical decision when the patient is unable to so themselves. You make call the church office 978-4161 if you have any questions.

GOD'S SIGNAL LIGHT

Dr. James Dobson relates a story of an elderly woman named Stella Thornhope who was struggling with her first Christmas alone. Her husband had died just a few months prior through a slow developing cancer. Now, several days before Christmas, she was almost snowed in by a brutal weather system. She felt terribly alone—so much so she decided she was not going to decorate for Christmas.

Late that afternoon the doorbell rang, and there was a delivery boy with a box. He said, "Mrs. Thornhope?" She nodded. He said, "Would you sign here?" She invited him to step inside and closed the door to get away from the cold. She signed the paper and said, "What's in the box?" The young man laughed and opened up the flap, and inside was a little puppy, a golden Labrador Retriever. The delivery boy picked up the squirming pup and explained, "This is for you, Ma'am. He's six weeks old, completely housebroken." The young puppy began to wiggle in happiness at being released from captivity.

"Who sent this?" Mrs. Thornhope asked.

The young man set the animal down and handed her an envelope and said, "It's all explained here in this envelope, Ma'am. The dog was bought last July while its mother was still pregnant. It was meant to be a Christmas gift to you." The young man then handed her a book, *How to Care for Your Labrador Retriever*.

In desperation she again asked, "Who sent me this puppy?"

As the young man turned to leave, he said, "Your husband, Ma'am. Merry Christmas."

She opened up the letter from her husband. He had written it three weeks before he died and left it with the kennel owners to be delivered with the puppy as his

last Christmas gift to her. The letter was full of love and encouragement and admonishments to be strong. He vowed that he was waiting for the day when she would join him. He had sent her this young animal to keep her company until then.

She wiped away the tears, put the letter down, and then remembering the puppy at her feet, she picked up that golden furry ball and held it to her neck. Then she looked out the window at the lights that outlined the neighbor's house, and she heard



from the radio in the kitchen the strains of "Joy to the World,

the Lord has Come." Suddenly Stella felt the most amazing sensation of peace washing over her. Her heart felt a joy and a wonder greater than the grief and loneliness.

"Little fella," she said to the dog, "It's just you and me. But you know what? There's a box down in the basement I'll bet you'd like. It's got a little Christmas tree in it and some decorations and some lights that are going to impress you. And there's a manger scene down there. Let's go get it."

God has a way of sending a signal of light to remind us life is stronger than death. Light is more powerful than darkness. God is more powerful than Satan. Good will overcome evil.

"The people walking in darkness have seen a great light," the prophet said. "On those living in the land of the shadow of death, a light has dawned" **Matthew 4:16.**

⇒ Citation: Robert Russell, writer and pastor, Preaching Today #195

THE HOLY ALPHABET

Although things are not perfect

Because of trial or pain

Continue in thanksgiving

Do not begin to blame

Even when the times are hard

Fierce winds are bound to blow

God is forever able

Hold on to what you know

Imagine life without His love

Joy would cease to be

Keep thanking Him for all the things

Love imparts to thee

Move out of "Camp Complaining"

No weapon that is known

On earth can yield the power

Praise can do alone

Quit looking at the future

Redeem the time at hand

Start every day with worship

To "thank" is a command

Until we see Him coming

Victorious in the sky

We'll run the race with gratitude

Xalting God most high

Yes, there'll be good times and yes some will be bad, But...

Zion waits in glory...where none are ever sad!

⇒ Received from Katie Jackson

~

"I AM Too blessed to be stressed!"

"The shortest distance between a problem and a solution is the distance between your knees and the floor."

"The one who kneels to the Lord can stand up to anything."

Q
U
I
Z



Last month no one came up with the correct answer to the quiz, which was King Herod. The story is found in the 12 chapter of Acts.

This month the quiz is a little different. Here it is.

Besides those who were resurrected at Jesus' crucifixion there were nine other resurrections who were they. Some have names and some do not.

NOTHING WORKS

I was enjoying the second week of a two-week vacation the same way I had enjoyed the first week: by doing as little as possible.

I ignored my wife's not-so-subtle hints about completing certain jobs around the house, but I didn't realize how



much this bothered her until the clothes dryer refused to work, the iron shorted, and the sewing machine motor burned out in the middle of a seam. The final straw came when she plugged in the vacuum cleaner and nothing happened.

She looked so stricken that I had to offer some consolation. "That's okay, honey," I said. "You still have me."

She looked up at me with tears in her eyes. "Yes," she wailed, "but you don't work either!"

⇒ Received from James Sparks

BANKING WOES

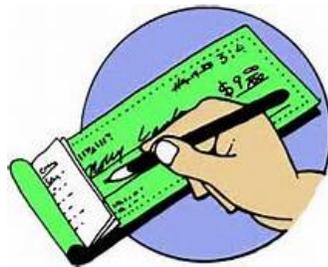
The girl came running in tears to her father. "Dad, you gave me some terrible financial advice!" she cried.

"I did? What did I tell you?" said the dad.

"You told me to put my money in that big bank, and now that big bank is in trouble."

"What are you talking about? That's one of the largest banks in the world," he said. "Surely there must be some mistake."

"I don't think so," she sniffed. "They just returned one of my checks with a note saying, 'Insufficient Funds.'"



FORGETTING SOMETHING

A man was on his way home with a new car, which was absorbing all his attention, when it struck him that he had forgotten something.

Twice he stopped, counted his parcels, searched his pockets, but finally decided he had everything with him. Yet the feeling persisted.

When he reached home his daughter ran out, stopped short, and cried: "Daddy, where's Mommy?"



LOST KEYS

Several days ago as I left a meeting at a hotel. I desperately gave myself a personal TSA pat down. I was looking for my keys. They were not in my pockets. A quick search in the meeting room revealed nothing. Suddenly I realized I must have left them in the car.

Frantically, I headed for the parking lot. My husband has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition. My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them. His theory is that the car will be stolen. As I burst through the door, I came to a terrifying conclusion. His theory was right. The parking lot was empty.

I immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen.

By then I had to made the most difficult call of all. I waited several minutes and then I call my husband. "Honey," I stammered; (I always call him "honey" in times like these.) "I left my keys in the car and it's been stolen."

There was a period of silence. I



thought the call had been dropped, but then I heard his voice. "Are you kidding me" he barked, "I dropped you off!"

Now it was my time to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Well, come and get me."

He retorted, "I will, as soon as I convince this Police Officer I didn't steal your car."

⇒ Received from Jim Sparks