



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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AN INVASION FROM HEAVEN

*Will You not revive us again,
that Your people may rejoice in
You? - (Psalm 85:6)*

What does the word "revival" mean? We can gain a better understanding of this word by looking at its close relative, "revive." To revive something means to bring it back to life again. We could just as easily use the word "restoration" in its place. To restore something is to return it to its original state.

Revival is kind of a church word. By that I mean, the secular culture doesn't need revival; they need evangelism. Here's the interesting thing: evangelism doesn't necessarily produce revival, but revival always produces evangelism. Whenever there has been a spiritual awakening, there has been an evangelistic thrust that has come as a result. When God's people are awakened, when they are restored, when they are revived, then they go out and start doing what they should have been doing all along, which is proclaiming the gospel.

One author wrote that revival is "an extraordinary movement of the Holy Spirit, producing extraordinary results." Another said, "Revival is a community saturated with God." And A. W. Tozer defined revival as "that which changes the moral climate of a community." When we pray for a revival, we are praying for a res-

toration.

In Psalm 85 we find this prayer for revival: "Will You not revive us again, that Your people may rejoice in You?" (verse 6).

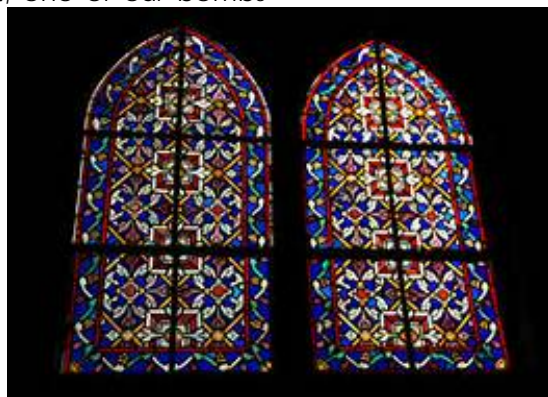
A revival is an invasion from heaven. It is when God is at work and we can't explain it. That is what I want to see again—a time in which Christians are saying, "We don't know how this started or entirely what is going on. All we know is that people are packing out our churches. People are coming to Christ. People are praying."

We need revival, and the world needs the gospel. Let's pray that God will revive us.

⇒ **Used by permission from
Harvest Ministries with
Greg Laurie, PO Box 4000,
Riverside, CA 92514.**

3 STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

During World War II our bombers wreaked havoc over Europe to help bring an end to the war. In a small village near an industrial plant, one of our bombs fell off-course and destroyed the village cathedral. After the war, the people of the village gathered any items that they had of any value and gave them to the pastor to sell, in order to buy materials to rebuild their place of worship. A year passed and the pas-



tor hired an architect to draw up the plans for the new building. After the drawings were completed and the townspeople had given to the pastor everything but the bare necessities that they needed to live on, a contractor was hired to rebuild the cathedral.

The contractor was given a strict time frame in which to complete the building. He had no trouble finding brick masons, stonecutters, carpenters and other craftsmen to work on the project. He needed three stained glass artisans to complete the project on time, but could only find two in postwar Europe. One day a disheveled-looking little man came to the contractor and said he was a stained glass artisan and had heard the contractor needed a third worker. The contractor scoffed at the little man with tattered clothes, unkempt hair and a rough face covered with stubble of a beard: "You? You are a stained glass artisan?" "Yes," replied the

little man with a smile. "Not only that, I will work for three meals a day and a place to sleep at night. When my window is finished and if you

and the towns people approve of it, then pay me the same rate

(continued on page 2)

(3 Stained Glass Windows)

of pay that you are paying the other two artisans." The contractor felt like he could not lose and agreed to the man's requests. As the little man was leaving, he asked for one more item. Could you put a curtain around the window where I will be working? I don't like people watching me work. Sure, okay, replied the contractor. He asked the man's name, but he said his name was not important.

Months went by and the building rose from the ashes. Every morning the little man would speak to the other two stained glass men and then quietly go behind his curtain to work. As the contractor's deadline neared, he grew more and more nervous about what the window would look like or if it would even be finished on time. Finally the day came for the townspeople to inspect their new cathedral. The contractor showed off the fine woodwork, the precision cut stones, the glistening marble and then moved over to the first two stained glass windows. The beauty of their new church home astounded the people. A quiet hush fell over the building as they approached the curtain covering the third window. All they heard was the tapping of a hammer. The contractor barked out, Are you finished yet? The little man tapped his hammer one

last time and said, "Sure, take the curtain down!"

There before the people was the most magnificent, most wonderful, most elegant and most beautiful



stained glass window anyone had ever seen. Tears welled up in their eyes as they admired the craftsmanship and the pure beauty of the glass used to make the window. The contractor was relieved to see the astonishing work. He asked the little man for his name again. Yet once more, the little man said his name was not important. Then the contractor asked him if he could at least tell them where he got the glass to make the window. It was far superior to all the glass in the other two windows. "Sure," replied the little man. "Every morning as I talked to the other two workers, I would reach down into their trash barrels and take out the broken, unwanted pieces of glass, I used those discarded pieces to make my window."

That is just a story, but it is a story that has a lot of meaning to me. It is my story; it is the story of some of you and it's a story that someday will have meaning for others of you. It is a story that tells how God, working through others, can take whatever you have become and make you whole again. It does not matter how shattered, broken or discarded you feel, nor does it matter what sins you have committed. He can put you back together in a far superior manner than you alone can.

So who are you in the story? Are you feeling like a discarded piece of glass that will never amount to anything? Perhaps you are the skeptical contractor, not believing that something can be made of what seems to be nothing? Maybe you are one of the townspeople, giving all you can to help rebuild other people's lives. Perhaps you are like the other two stained glass artisans. Your life is acceptable, but maybe you have become complacent.

You stopped striving to be the very best. Maybe you are the almost-completed window and God is taping the final pieces into place, crafting you even more into the image of the greatest Masterpiece ever, Jesus. I don't know who you are, but I do know that if you will let Him, God is not going to stop working on you and He will never give up on you until you become all that He intends for you to become.

DECLINE

I notice some things about our country that disturb me. Read to the end of this brief discourse and you will understand.

1. **The undermining of the dignity and sanctity of the home, which is the basis for human society.**
2. **Higher and higher taxes, the spending of public money for free bread and circuses for the populace.**
3. **The mad craze for pleasure, with sports and plays becoming more exciting, more brutal, and more immoral.**
4. **The building of great armaments, when the real enemy is within—decay of individual responsibility.**
5. **The decay of religion, whose leaders lost touch with life and their power to guide.**

This list was written in 1788 By Edward Gibbon. He was citing the five primary reasons for "The Decline And Fall of the Roman Empire". Think about it!



ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

**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, MARCH 15th

**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, MARCH 16th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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SUNDAY, MARCH 30th

POT LUCK SUNDAY

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 1st

SCRAP BOOKING: 10:00 AM

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TUESDAYS

AL-ANON: 6:00 PM

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MONDAY, MARCH 10th

TEA & PRAISE HERE: 10:00 AM

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, MARCH 20th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

PNA ROUNDTABLES

The PNA is currently 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. Take note of the following dates and locations: **March 1st** – Edmonds, WA (Northwest Washington), **March 8th** – Lacey, WA (Southwest Washington), **March 15th** – Richland, WA (Central Washington, Northeastern Oregon), **April 12th** – Spokane, WA (Eastern Washington, Northern Idaho).

BACKPACK/SNACK PROGRAM

The Onalaska School District is beginning a Backpack/Snack Program. The plan is to give every child in need, a bag of food to help feed them during the weekend.

This would be a good outreach program for our church to show the love of Jesus to our community.

Here is a list of some of the items that we can provide.

- ◇ **Top Ramen**
- ◇ **Del Monte Fruit cup**
- ◇ **Pudding cups**
- ◇ **Jell-O cups**
- ◇ **Instant Mac n Cheese**
- ◇ **Austin's cracker**
- ◇ **Quaker Instant Oatmeal**
- ◇ **Carnation Instant Breakfast drink mix**
- ◇ **Annie's homegrown cracker/cookies**
- ◇ **Capri Sun Juice**
- ◇ **Nutrigrain Breakfast Bars**

Matthew 10:42 (KJV) *And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones ... verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.*

SPECIAL THANKS

Kathleen and I would like to express our deepest thanks to those who helped make it possible for us to attend the LCMN Prayer Retreat at Cannon Beach Christian Conference Center in Cannon Beach, Oregon. It was a blessed time of prayer, reflection and relaxation with fellow minister of Lewis County. The weather was mixed, on Tuesday it rained all day, but on Wednesday it was gorgeous. It was so nice I told Kathleen to go fly a kite and she did, two in fact.

Thanks again for making it possible for us to attend.



DIRTY LAUNDRY

A young couple moved into a new neighborhood. The next morning while they were eating breakfast, the young woman saw her neighbor hanging the wash



outside. 'That laundry is not very clean,' she said. 'She doesn't know how to wash correctly. Perhaps she needs better laundry soap.'

Her husband looked on, but remained silent. Every time her neighbor would hang her wash to dry, the young woman would make the same comments. About one month later, the woman was surprised to see a nice clean wash on the line and said to her husband: 'Look, she has learned how to wash correctly. I wonder who taught her this.'

The husband said, 'I got up early this morning and washed our windows.'

And so it is with life. What we see when watching others depends on the purity of the window through which we look.

CHICKEN FEATHERS

A woman repeated a bit of gossip about a neighbor. Within a few days the whole community knew the story. The person it concerned was deeply hurt and offended. Later the woman responsible for spreading the rumor learned that it was completely untrue.

She was very sorry and went to a wise old sage to find out what she could do to repair the damage. "Go to the marketplace," he said, "and purchase a chicken, and have it killed. Then on your way home, pluck its feathers and

drop them one by one along the road."

Although surprised by this advice, the woman did what she was



told. The next day the wise man said, "Now go and collect all those feathers you dropped yesterday and bring them back to me." The woman followed the same road, but the wind had blown the feathers all away. After searching for hours, she returned with only three in her hand.

"You see," said the old sage, "it's easy to drop them, but it's impossible to get them back. So it is with gossip. It doesn't take much to spread a rumor, but once you do, you can never completely undo the wrong."

⇒ Received from Joe & Freda Downs

I CAN SLEEP WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Years ago, a farmer owned land along the Atlantic seacoast. He constantly advertised for hired hands. Most people were reluctant to work on farms along the Atlantic. They dreaded the awful storms that raged across the Atlantic, wreaking havoc on the buildings and crops. As the farmer interviewed applicants for the job, he received a steady stream of refusals.

Finally, a short, thin man, well past middle age, approached the farmer. "Are you a good farm hand?" the farmer asked him. "Well, I can sleep when the wind blows," answered the little man.

Although puzzled by this answer, the farmer, desperate for help, hired him. The little man worked well around the farm,

busy from dawn to dusk, and the farmer felt satisfied with the man's work. Then one night the wind howled loudly in from offshore. Jumping out of bed, the farmer grabbed a lantern and rushed next door to the hired hand's sleeping quarters. He shook the little man and yelled, "Get up! A storm is coming! Tie things down before they blow away!" The little man rolled over in bed and said firmly, "No sir. I told you, I can sleep when the wind blows."

Enraged by the response, the farmer was tempted to fire him on the spot. Instead, he hurried outside to prepare for the storm. To his amazement, he discovered that all of the haystacks had been covered with tarpaulins. The cows were in the barn, the chickens were in the coops, and the doors were barred. The shutters were tightly secured. Everything was tied down.



Nothing could blow away. The farmer then understood what his hired hand meant, so he returned to his bed to also sleep while the wind blew.

When you're prepared, spiritually, mentally, and physically, you have nothing to fear. Can you sleep when the wind blows through your life? The hired hand in the story was able to sleep because he had secured the farm against the storm. We secure ourselves against the storms of life by grounding ourselves in the Word of God. We don't need to understand, we just need to hold His hand to have peace in the middle of storms.

⇒ Joe & Freda Downs



QUIZ

*No one was able to come up with the answer to last month's quiz, which was: **Besides those who were resurrected at Jesus' crucifixion there were nine other resurrections who were they? Some have names and some do not.***

The nine resurrections were:

1. The son of the widow of Zarephath. 1 Kings 17:22
2. The Son of the Shunammite women. 2 Kings 4:35
3. Dead man at the touch of Elisha's bones. 2 Kings 13:21
4. Jairus daughter Matt. 9:25
5. The son of the widow of Nain. Luke 7:15
6. Lazarus. John 11:14
7. Dorcas. Acts 9:40
8. Eutychus who fell out of the window. Acts 20:10
9. Jesus. In all four Gospels'.

"DOGS WELCOME"

A man wrote a letter to a small hotel in a Midwest town he planned to visit on his vacation.

He wrote: I would very much like to bring my dog with me. He is well-groomed and very well behaved. Would you be willing to permit me to keep him in my Room with me at night?"

An immediate reply came from the hotel owner, who wrote: SIR: "I've been operating this hotel for many years. In all that time, I've never had a dog steal towels, bedclothes, silverware or steal pictures off the walls or use them as a coloring book. I've never had to evict a dog in the middle of the night for being drunk and disorderly. And I've never

had a dog run out on a hotel bill. Yes, indeed, your dog is welcome at my hotel. And, if your dog will vouch for you, you're welcome to stay here, too."

FOUR WORMS

A minister decided that a visual demonstration would add emphasis to his Sunday sermon.

Four worms were placed into four separate jars. The first worm was put into a container of alcohol. The second worm was put into a container of cigarette smoke. The third worm was put into a container of chocolate syrup.



The fourth worm was put into a container of good clean soil.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Minister reported the following results:

The first worm in alcohol ... **Dead.**

The second worm in cigarette smoke ... **Dead.**

Third worm in chocolate syrup ... **Dead.**

Fourth worm in good clean soil ... **Alive.**

So the Minister asked the congregation, "What did you learn from this demonstration?"

A lady that was sitting in the back, quickly raised her hand and said, "As long as you drink, smoke and eat chocolate, you won't have worms!"

That pretty much ended the service!

⇒ Received from Joe Downs

THE VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN

A little old lady answered a knock on the door one day, only to be confronted by a well-dressed young man carrying a vacuum cleaner.

"Good morning," said the young

man. "If I could take a couple of minutes of your time, I would like to demonstrate the very latest in high-powered vacuum cleaners."

"Go away!" said the old lady. "I haven't got any money!" and she proceeded to close the door.

Quick as a flash, the young man wedged his foot in the door and pushed it wide open. "Don't be too hasty!" he said. "Not until you have at least seen my demonstration." And with that, he emptied a bucket of dirt onto her hallway carpet. "If this vacuum cleaner does not remove all traces of this dirt from your carpet, Madam, I will personally eat the remainder."



The little old lady turned and began to walk away.

"Where are you going," asked the salesman.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to get a spoon, and I hope you've got a good appetite, because the electricity was cut off this morning."

LIKE MOM

As Barb was getting to know David and his family, she was very impressed by how much his parents loved each other.

"They're so thoughtful," Barb said. "Why, your dad even brings your mom a cup of hot coffee in bed every morning."

After a time, Barb and David were engaged, and then married. On the way from the wedding to the reception, Barb again remarked on David's loving parents, and even the coffee in bed.

"Tell me," she said, "does it run in the family?"

"It sure does," replied David. "And I take after my mom."

