



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[www.onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://www.onalaskachurchofgod.com)

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

## GRACE

This month I am sharing different articles that demonstrate God's Grace. So often people think that it is through their good deeds, hard work and giving that will allow them to enter heaven. But the Word of God tells us that none of these will earn us one second in heaven. We are saved by Grace and Grace alone. It does not matter how sinful we may be, God's Grace will change us into saints. It doesn't matter how good we are, we only enter heaven by Grace and Grace alone. **Ephesians 2:8-9 (GW)** *God saved you through faith as an act of kindness. You had nothing to do with it. Being saved is a gift from God. It's not the result of anything you've done, so no one can brag about it.*

If you know anyone who has not experienced the Saving Grace of Jesus Christ, prayerfully consider sharing this Newsletter with them. If you need more copies please let me know.

May God richly bless you and keep you safe in His love.

Pastor Lloyd

## THE LITTLE GIRL SHOPLIFTER

An acquaintance called with what he said was an embarrassing request: His little girl had been caught shoplifting from our church bookstore, and he wanted to know if I would represent the church so she could come

and apologize. He said he wanted to use this incident as a teaching moment. I agreed—but I had a much bigger lesson in mind.

The next day, the parents and their eight-year-old daughter trooped into my office and sat down. "Tell me what happened," I said to the little girl as gently as I could.

"Well," she said as she started to snifle, "I saw a book that I really wanted, but I didn't have any money..." Now tears



formed in her eyes and spilled down her cheeks. I handed her a tissue. "So I put the book under my coat and took it. I knew it was wrong. I knew I shouldn't do it, but I did. And I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. Honest!"

"I'm so glad you're willing to admit what you did and say you're sorry," I told her. "That's very brave, and it's the right thing to do. But what do you think an appropriate punishment would be?"

She shrugged. I thought for a moment before saying, "I understand the book cost five dollars. I think it would be fair if you paid the bookstore five dollars, plus three times that amount, which would make the total twenty dollars. Do you think that would be fair?"

She nodded sadly. "Yes," she murmured. She could see the fairness in that. But now there was fear in her eyes. Twenty dollars is a mountain of money for a

little kid. Where would she ever come up with that amount of cash?

I wanted to use this moment to teach her something about Jesus. So I opened my desk drawer, removed my checkbook, and wrote out a check on my personal account for the full amount. I tore off the check and held it out

to her. Her mouth dropped open. "I'm going to pay your penalty so you don't have to. Do you know why I'd do that?" Bewildered, she

shook her head. "Because I love you. Because I care about you. Because you are valuable to me. And please remember this: That's how Jesus feels about you too. Except even more."

At that moment, she reached out and accepted my gift. I wish I could find the words to describe the look of absolute relief and joy and wonder that blossomed on her face. She was almost giddy with gratitude.

*Citation: Lee Strobel and Gary Poole, Experiencing the Passion of Jesus, (Zondervan, 2004); submitted by Van Morris, Mt. Washington, Kentucky*

**AMAZING GRACE HOW SWEET  
THE SOUND  
THAT SAVED A WRETCH LIKE  
ME  
I ONCE WAS LOST BUT NOW AM  
FOUND  
WAS BLIND BUT NOW I SEE**

*John Newton*

## THE PROFESSOR TOOK THE TEST:

In the spring of 2002, I left work early so I could have some uninterrupted study time before my final exam in the Youth Ministry class at Hannibal-LaGrange College in Missouri. When I got to class, everybody was doing their last-minute studying. The teacher came in and said he would review with us before the test. Most of his review came right from the study guide, but there were some things he was reviewing that I had never heard. When questioned about it, he said they were in the book and we were responsible for everything in the book. We couldn't argue with that.



Finally it was time to take the test. "Leave them face down on the desk until everyone has one, and I'll tell you to start," our professor, Dr. Tom Hufty, instructed.

When we turned them over, to my astonishment every answer on the test was filled in. My name was even written on the exam in red ink. The bottom of the last page said: "This is the end of the exam. All the answers on your test are correct. You will receive an A on the final exam. The reason you passed the test is because the creator of the test took it for you. All the work you did in preparation for this test did not help you get the A. You have just experienced...grace."

Dr. Hufty then went around the room and asked each student



individually, "What is your grade? Do you deserve the grade you are receiving? How much did all your studying for this exam help you achieve your final grade?"

Then he said, "Some things you learn from lectures, some things you learn from research, but some things you can only learn from experience. You've just experienced grace. One hundred years from now, if you know Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, your name will be written down in a book, and you will have had nothing to do with writing it there. That will be the ultimate grace experience."

*Citation: Denise Banderman, Hannibal, Missouri*

## FILL IN THE BLANKS

Recently I witnessed an unusual accountability partnership at my church.

In an effort to break his habit of using profanity, Paul started meeting with another guy from church, and they set up an aggressive plan for holiness. Each Sunday, Paul would report to William how many times he cussed during the week, and he'd put \$5 in the offering plate for each incident. The first week cost Paul \$100. Although following



weeks improved somewhat, he wasn't having the success he wanted and was losing a lot of hard-earned cash.

After the fourth week, William told Paul he had unilaterally changed the deal for the coming week, but he wouldn't tell Paul how. Paul wanted to know,

but all William would say was, "Trust me. It will cost you both less and more."

The following Sunday before worship, Paul was looking a bit down, obviously having failed again. William put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Paul, this will cost you both less and more. It's called grace." At that he took out a check made out to the church, dated and signed by William. Only the amount was blank. "Your sin still costs, but for you it's free. Just fill in the numbers. And next week there will be more grace."

That first week of grace cost William \$55, but the second only cost him \$20. There was no third week. It cost Paul too much to fill in those checks, so he quit using profanity.

*Citation: Bill White, Paramount, California*

Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.

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

The second mouse gets the cheese.

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

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.

◇ *Received from Joe Downs*



# ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

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**WEDNESDAYS**

SALAD & SANDWICHES  
5:45 PM

~  
BIBLE STUDY  
6:15 PM

~  
**MONDAY, JUNE 9th**

CAROL HAUN'S  
MEMORIAL SERVICE: 11:00 AM  
CATTERMOLE FUNERAL HOME  
WINLOCK

~  
**SATURDAY, JUNE 14th**

ALL CHURCH BREAKFAST  
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL  
8:00 AM

**SPECIAL GUEST:  
JOHN HADALLER  
"STORIES OF WWII"**

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
9:30 AM

~  
LADIES LUNCHEON  
12:00 NOON

~  
**SUNDAY, JUNE 15th**

FATHER'S DAY

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**SATURDAY, JUNE 21st**

B-B-Q: 11:00 AM

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**SUNDAY, JUNE 29th**

POT LUCK FOLLOWING 11:00 AM  
SERVICE

~  
SINGSPIRATION: 6:00 PM  
NAPAVINE ASSEMBLY OF GOD

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

### TUESDAYS

AL-ANON: 6:00 PM

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**SATURDAY, JUNE 7th**

SCRAP BOOKING: 10:00 AM

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**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18th**

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00  
NOON

~  
**THURSDAY, JUNE 19th**

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

## NATIONAL EVENTS

### JUNE 23rd—26th

CHURCH OF GOD CONVENTION  
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

## HORSE WHISPERER

In the movie, "*The Horse Whisperer*", Tom Booker, played by actor Robert Redford, employs his special gift of "gentling" horses.

A tense, New York magazine editor can't believe her eyes as she witnesses the gradual transformation of her daughter's horse from traumatized to



tamed. In one telling scene, the horse, frightened by the editor's ringing cell phone, gallops off into the far end of a large pasture. Booker walks into the pasture and sits down, where he waits for what appears to be

hours. The horse, drawn by its curiosity, inches closer and closer. Finally, it cautiously approaches close enough to touch the "whisperer," and allows itself to be led back to the safety of its stall.

That's the way it is with God, as he "gentles" the untamed or traumatized people who run from him.

◇ Citation: Clark Cothorn, author and pastor, Tecumseh, Michigan

## THE POWER OF A HUG

Greg Norman intimidates most other professional golfers with his ice-cold stoicism. He learned his hard-nosed tactics from his father. "I used to see my father, getting off a plane or something, and I'd want to hug him," he recalled once. "But he'd only shake my hand." Commenting on his aloofness going into the 1996 Masters golf tournament, Norman snorted, "Nobody really knows me out here."

After leading golf's most prestigious event from the start, Norman blew a six-shot lead in the last round, losing to rival Nick Faldo.

Rick Reilly writes, "Now, as Faldo made one last thrust into Norman's heart with a 15-foot birdie putt on the 72nd hole, the two of them came toward



each other, Norman trying to smile, looking for a handshake and finding himself in the warmest embrace instead.

"As they held that hug, held it even as both of them cried, Norman changed just a little. 'I wasn't crying because I'd lost,' Norman said the next day. 'I've lost a lot of golf tournaments before. I'll lose a lot more. I cried because I'd never felt that from another man before. I've never had a hug like that in my life.'"

◇ Citation: *Sports Illustrated* (12/30/96).  
*Leadership*, Vol. 17, no.

## GOD WANTS US TO SCORE A TOUCHDOWN

*Sports Illustrated* columnist Rick Reilly called it the "Play of the Year." A local newspaper called it "the touchdown heard around the world." Sports shows everywhere told the story.

Jake Porter, 17, a member of the Northwest High football team in McDermott, Ohio, was born with chromosomal fragile X syndrome, a common cause of mental retardation. He couldn't read. He could barely write his name. But he loved football, and he faithfully attended every practice.

Northwest coach Dave Frantz wanted to do something special for Jake. So before a game against Waverly High in the fall of 2002, Frantz called his friend Derek Dewitt, the head coach at Waverly. Frantz suggested that both teams allow Jake to run one play at the end of the game, assuming the game wasn't on the line. Jake would get the ball and take a knee, and the game would end.

So, with Waverly leading 42-0 and five seconds left in the game, Frantz called a timeout. Jake trotted out to the huddle, and the two coaches met at midfield. *Sports Illustrated's* Reilly picks up the story:

Fans could see there was a disagreement. Dewitt was shaking his head and waving his arms.

After a ref stepped in, play resumed and Jake got the ball. He started to genuflect, as he'd practiced all week. Teammates stopped him and told him to run, but Jake started going in the wrong direction. The back judge rerouted him toward the line of scrimmage.

Suddenly, the Waverly defense parted like peasants for the king and urged him to go on his grin-

ning sprint to the end zone. Imagine having 21 teammates on the field. In the stands mothers cried and fathers roared. Players on both sidelines held their helmets to the sky and whooped.

Apparently when the coaches met before the big play, Frantz had reminded Dewitt of the plan, that Jake would simply take a knee. But Dewitt wasn't satisfied. He said, "No, I want him to score." Frantz objected, but Dewitt insisted.

Dewitt called his defense over and said, "They're going to give the ball to number 45. Do not touch him! Open up a hole and let him score! Understand?"



Jake had the run of his life, scoring the touchdown heard round the world, on the Play of the Year. All because of Dewitt's unselfish decision: "I want him to score."

Like coach Dewitt, God has high purposes for each of us. God wants us not just to get the ball and touch a knee to the ground. He wants us to score a touchdown.

*Citation:* Mark Moring, Elburn, Illinois; sources: *Sports Illustrated* (11-18-02), *The Herald-Dispatch*, Huntington, W.Va. (11-10-02)

**God had a purpose for your life even before you were born.**

## STRESS MANAGEMENT

A young lady confidently walked around the room while leading and explaining stress management to an audience with a raised glass of water. Everyone knew she was going to ask the ultimate question, 'half empty



or half full?'... She fooled them all... "How heavy is this glass of water?" she inquired with a smile. Answers called out ranged from 8 oz. To 20 oz.

She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, that's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my right arm.

If I hold it for a day, you'll have to call an ambulance. In each case it's the same weight, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes." She continued, "And that's the way it is with stress. If we carry our burdens all the time, sooner or later, as the burden becomes increasingly heavy, we won't be able to carry on."

"As with the glass of water, you have to put it down for a while and rest before holding it again. When we're refreshed, we can carry on with the burden - holding stress longer and better each time practiced. So, as early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night... Pick them up tomorrow.

◇ Received from Joe Downs

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The answer to last month's quiz is found in the 17th chapter of Matthew. It was the Démoniac Son. It is also found in the 9th chapter of Mark.

My sister Katie Jackson was the only one who came up with the correct answer.

Lets see how well you do on this one.

*Some like it hot  
Some like it cold  
Some refuse to do  
As they are told.*

*When the heat is on  
Some melt and run away  
While others take the heat  
And in the heat they stay.*

*Name those who took the heat,  
And stayed their ground  
And the name of the one  
Who had the heat turned on.*

~

## SENIOR DISCOUNT

\$5.37! That's what the kid behind the counter at Taco Bell said to me. I dug into my pocket and pulled out some lint and two dimes and something that used to be a Jolly Rancher.

Having already handed the kid a five-spot, I started to head back out to the truck to grab some change

when the kid with the Elmo hairdo said the hardest



thing anyone has ever said to me. He said, "It's OK. I'll just give you the senior citizen discount."

I turned to see who he was talking to and then heard the sound of change hitting the counter in front of me. "Only \$4.68" he said cheerfully.

I stood there stupefied. I am 56, not even 60 yet? A mere child! Senior citizen?

I took my burrito and walked out to the truck wondering what was wrong with Elmo.

Was he blind? As I sat in the truck, my blood began to boil. Old? Me?

I'll show him, I thought. I opened the door and headed back inside. I strode to the counter, and there he was waiting with a smile.

Before I could say a word, he held up something and jingled it in front of me, like I could be that easily distracted! What am I now, a toddler?

"Dude! Can't get too far without your car keys, eh?"

I stared with utter disdain at the keys. I began to rationalize in my mind!

"Leaving keys behind hardly makes a man elderly! It could happen to anyone!"

I turned and headed back to the truck. I slipped the key into the ignition, but it wouldn't turn. What now? I checked my keys and tried another. Still nothing. That's when I noticed the purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror. I had no purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror. Then, a few other objects came into focus: The car seat in the back seat. Happy Meal toys spread all over the floorboard, a partially eaten dough nut on the dashboard.

Faster than you can say ginkgo-biloba, I flew out of the alien vehicle.

Moments later I was speeding out

of the parking lot, relieved to finally be leaving this nightmarish stop in my life. That is when I felt it, deep in the bowels of my stomach: hunger! My stomach growled and churned, and I reached to grab my burrito, only it was nowhere to be found.

I swung the truck around, gathered my courage, and strode back into the restaurant one final time. There Elmo stood, draped in youth and black nail polish. All I could think was, "What is the world coming to?"

All I could say was, "Did I leave my food and drink in here"? At this point I was ready to ask a Boy Scout to help me back to my vehicle, and then go straight home and apply for Social Security benefits. Elmo had no clue. I walked back out to the truck, and suddenly a young lad came up and tugged on my jeans to get my attention. He was holding up a drink and a bag. His mother explained, "I think you left this in my truck by mistake."



I took the food and drink from the little boy and sheepishly apologized. His mother offered these kind words: "It's OK. My grandfather does stuff like this all the time."

All of this is to explain how I got a ticket doing 85 in a 40 mph zone. Yessss, I was racing some punk kid in a Toyota Prius. And no, I told the officer, I'm not too old to be driving this fast. As I walked in the front door, my wife met me halfway down the hall. I handed her a bag of cold food and a \$300 speeding ticket. I promptly sat in my rocking chair and covered up my legs with a blanket.

The good news was that I had successfully found my way home.

◇ Received from Pat Mulkins