



# 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**

This poem was written by Judge Roy Moore. Judge Moore was recently sued by the ACLU for displaying the Ten Commandments in his courtroom. After a lengthy appeal process the case has been dismissed and the Ten Commandments remain on display.

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

*by Judge Roy Moore*

*America the Beautiful, or so you  
used to be.*

*Land of the Pilgrims' pride, I'm  
glad they'll never see  
Babies piled in dumpsters, Abor-  
tion on demand,  
Oh, sweet land of liberty, your  
house is built on sand.*

*Our children wander aimlessly,  
poisoned by cocaine,  
Choosing to indulge their lusts,  
when God has said abstain.  
From sea to shining sea, our  
Nation turns away  
From the teaching of God's love  
and a need to always pray.*

*So many worldly pastors tell lies  
about our Rock,  
Saying God is going broke so  
they can fleece the flock.  
We've kept God in our temples,  
how callous we have grown,  
When earth is but His footstool  
and Heaven is His throne.  
We've voted in a government  
that's rotting at the core,  
Appointing Godless Judges who  
throw reason out the door,  
Too soft to place a killer in a well  
deserved tomb,*



*But brave enough to kill a baby  
before he leaves the womb.*

*You think that God's not angry  
that our land's a moral slum?  
How much longer will He wait  
before His judgment comes?  
How are we to face our God  
from Whom we cannot hide?  
What then is left for us to do, but  
stem this evil tide?*

*If we who are His children will  
humbly turn and pray,  
Seek His holy face and mend our  
evil way,  
Then God will hear from Heaven  
and forgive us of our sins,  
He'll heal our sickly land and  
those who live within.*

*But America the Beautiful if you  
don't, then you will see,  
A sad but Holy God withdraw His  
hand from thee.*

THIS IS A POWERFUL POEM. I don't think I have ever read anything more apropos as to what is going on right in front of our face - and what are WE doing about it? America, face exactly what you have become. Each and every-one of us is AMERICA. We each represent the best of what we

are, and, if we do nothing about it, each of us represents the worst of what we are.

- **Justice** ~ When you get what you deserve.
- **Mercy** ~ When you don't get what you deserve.
- **Grace** ~ When you get what you don't deserve.

- Submitted by Joe & Freda Downs

## APATHY

I suppose that the worst thing we can do with our lives is actively pursue wickedness: oppression, rape, hatred--they are hideous. But doing things that don't matter is nearly as bad. God created us as wonderful beings, capable of loving, caring, growing. And what do we do most of the time? Nothing. We're intended to grow into "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." We're meant to be like trees planted by rivers of water, like redwoods. We're intended to treat others as we'd like to be treated ourselves. But instead we go about our daily routines, rarely asking whether what we're doing matters. Most of the time, we're redwoods transplanting ourselves to the desert.

The price of  
apathy towards  
public affairs  
is to be ruled  
by evil men

*Plato*

## STUFF

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

When we come into this world we don't have any stuff but come naked, and we are a little angry about being disturbed and taken from such a nice warm place. Now our parents knew we were not going to have any stuff so they bought us some stuff and put it in a special room to hold our stuff. As we grew older we got a lot more stuff and needed dressers and closets and places to store our stuff. When we went to school we needed to get school stuff and now we have two places to keep our stuff.

Sometimes if our stuff got broken, we would get new stuff. When we got to be teenagers we got jobs and had money so we could get more stuff and we got a lot of stuff. Some of our stuff, by that time, was old, too small or broken, and so we got rid of some stuff but quickly replaced it with more stuff.

Then I got married and brought stuff together with another person's and got more stuff. As I grew older, I got better and better jobs and promotions, and boy, could I buy stuff. I got cars and boats and lake cabins and more places to put stuff.

When I retired from the office the gang at work gave me stuff to remember them by. As I grew older my house and cabin at the lake were filled with stuff but it seemed I could always find room for more stuff.

Oh, I had some beautiful stuff and I even used banks and things to store some of my stuff. I had red stuff and green stuff and big stuff and small stuff. I had stuff in the garage, the bedrooms the living and dining rooms and lots of places.

I gave my kids stuff and then got more stuff. My kids and even their kids gave me more stuff and we

found lots of occasions to celebrate by giving even more stuff.

Then one day, much to my surprise, I died and I didn't need any more stuff...and now, someone else has to get rid of all my stuff.

◇ SUBMITTED BY RUBY FORD

## "A STORY OF ENCOURAGEMENT"

BY PBN

Once upon a time two brothers who lived on adjoining farms fell into conflict. It was the first serious rift in 40 years of farming side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labor and goods as needed without a hitch. Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small misunderstanding and it grew into a major difference, and finally it exploded into an exchange of bitter words followed by weeks of silence.

One morning there was a knock on John's door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter's toolbox.

"I'm looking for a few days work," he said. "Perhaps you would have a few small jobs here and there. Could I help you?"

"Yes," said the older brother. "I do have a job for you. Look across the creek at that farm. That's my neighbor, in fact, it's my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us and he took his bulldozer to the river levee and now there is a creek between us."

"Well, he may have done this to spite me, but I'll go him one better. See that pile of lumber curing by the barn? I want you to build me a fence -- an 8-foot fence -- so I won't need to see his place anymore. Cool him down, anyhow."

The carpenter said, "I think I understand the situation. Show

me the nails and the post-hole digger and I'll be able to do a job that pleases you."

The older brother had to go to town for supplies, so he helped the carpenter get the materials ready and then he was off for the day.

The carpenter worked hard all that day measuring, sawing, nailing. About sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job.

The farmer's eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped.

There was no fence there at all. It was a bridge -- a bridge stretching from one side of the creek to the other! A fine piece of work, handrails and all -- and the neighbor, his younger brother, was coming across, his hand outstretched.



"You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I've said and done."

The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge, and then they met in the middle, taking each other's hand. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox on his shoulder.

"No, wait! Stay a few days. I've a lot of other projects for you," said the older brother.

"I'd love to stay on," the carpenter said, "but, I have many more bridges to build."

***Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called sons of God. (Matthew 5:9)***

◇ Received from James C Sparks

# 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

~  
**SATURDAY, JULY 12th**

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

~  
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
9:30 AM

~  
LADIES LUNCHEON  
11:00 AM

~  
**FRIDAY & SATURDAY  
JULY 25th & 26th**

RUMMAGE SALE

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**COMMUNITY EVENTS**

**TUESDAYS**

AL-ANON: 6:00 PM

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**WEDNESDAY, JULY 16th**

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

~  
**THURSDAY, JULY 17th**

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

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**PNA EVENTS**

**JULY 13th - 17th**

FAMILY CAMP @ DOUBLE K

~  
**JULY 18th**

PASTOR'S DAY @ DOUBLE K

**JULY 24 - 27th**

JUNIOR CAMP @ DOUBLE K

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**JULY 28th - AUGUST 3rd**

JUNIOR HIGH CAMP & DOUBLE K

~  
**AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
BARREL**

On the front porch of his little country store in Illinois, a small businessman stood with his partner. Business was all gone, and the partner asked, "How much longer can we keep this going?" The owner answered, "It looks as if our business has just about winked out." Then he continued, "You know, I wouldn't mind so much if I could just do what I want to do. I want to study law. I wouldn't mind so much if we could sell everything we've got and pay all our bills and have just enough left over to buy one book--Blackstone's Commentary on English Law, but I guess I can't."

At that moment a strange-looking wagon came up the road. The driver drove it up close to the store porch, then looked at the owner and said, "I'm trying to move my family out west, and I'm out of money. I've got a good barrel here that I could sell for fifty cents."

The businessman's eyes went along the wagon and came to the wife looking at him pleadingly, her face thin and emaciated. He slipped his hand into his pocket and took out, according to him, "the last fifty cents I had" and said, "I reckon I could use a good barrel."

All day long the barrel sat on the porch of that store. The partner kept chiding the owner about it. Late in the evening the businessman walked out and

l o o k e d  
down into  
the barrel.  
He saw  
something  
in the bot-  
tom of it,  
papers that  
he hadn't  
n o t i c e d



before. His long arms went down into the barrel and, as he fumbled around, he hit something solid. He pulled out a book and stood dumbfounded: it was Blackstone's Commentary on English Law. That businessman was Abraham Lincoln.

~  
**IN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE,  
THERE IS GOD**

In the classic Broadway production *Raisin in the Sun*, an African-American mother struggles to keep two adult children on track. In one memorable scene, the mother is confronted by her daughter's angry skepticism.

The daughter states in defiance, "Mama, you don't understand. It's all a matter of ideas, and God is one idea I just don't accept. There is simply no God."

With dignity and strength, the mother says, "I want you to repeat this after me, in my mother's house there is still God."

After a long pause, the daughter honors her mother's affirmation of faith. Slowly, quietly, she says, "In my mother's house there is still God."



The passing on of cherished devotion to God begins in each household.

## THE OFFERING

Here is a story, reported to be true, about a nine-year-old boy who lived in a rural town in Tennessee. His house was in a poor area of the community. A church there had a bus ministry that came knocking on his door one Saturday afternoon. The child came to answer the door and greeted the bus pastor.

The bus pastor asked if his parents were home and the small boy told him that his parents take off every weekend and leave him at home to take care of his little brother.

The bus pastor could not believe what the child said and asked him to repeat it. The youngster gave the same answer and the bus pastor asked to come in and talk with him. They went into the living room and sat down on an old couch with the foam and springs exposed. The bus pastor asked the child, "Where do you go to church?"

The young boy surprised the visitor by replying, "I've never been to church in my whole life." The bus pastor thought to himself about the fact that his church was less than three miles from the child's house.

"Are you sure you have never been to church?" he asked again.

"I'm sure I haven't," came his answer.

Then the bus pastor said, "Well, son, more important than going to church, have you ever heard the greatest love story ever told?" and then he proceeded to share the gospel with this little nine-year-old boy.

The young lad's heart began to be tenderized and at the end of the bus pastor's story, the bus pastor asked if the boy wanted to receive this free gift from God.

The youngster exclaimed, "OF COURSE!"

The child and the bus pastor got on their knees and the lad invited Jesus into his little heart and received the free gift of salvation.

They both stood up and the bus pastor asked if he could pick the child up for church the next morning.

"Sure," the nine year old replied.

The bus pastor got to the house early the next morning and found the lights off. He let himself in, snaked his way through the house, and found the little boy asleep in his bed. He woke up the little boy and his brother and helped get them dressed. They got on the bus and ate a doughnut for breakfast on their way to church.

Keep in mind that this boy had never been to church before. The church was a real big one. The little child just sat there, clueless of what was going on. A few minutes into the service, these tall unhappy guys walked down to the front and picked up some wooden plates.

One of the men prayed and the child, with utter fascination, watched them walk up and down the aisles. He still did not know what was going on.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, it hit the child what was taking place. These people must be giving money to Jesus. He then reflected on the free gift of life he had received just twenty-four hours earlier. He immediately searched his pockets, front and back, and could not find a thing to give Jesus.

By this time the offering plate was being passed down his aisle and, with a broken heart, he just grabbed the plate and held on to it. He finally let go and watched it pass on down the aisle. He turned around to see it passed down the aisle behind him. And then his eyes remained

glued on the plate as it was passed back and forth, back and forth all the way to the rear of the sanctuary.

Then he had an idea. This little nine-year-old boy, in front of God and everybody, got up out of his seat. He walked about eight rows back, grabbed the usher by the coat, and asked to hold the plate one more time. Then he did the most astounding thing:



He took the plate, sat it on the carpeted church floor, and stepped into the center of it. As he stood there, he lifted his little head up and said, "Jesus, I don't have anything to give you today, but just me. I give you me!"

*Submitted by Jim Sparks*

## "ELIZABETH, WHAT WILL YOU DO IF I END UP LIKE GRANDDADDY SOMEDAY?"



Watching my father slowly deteriorate from an incurable disease has been a painful process--one that has raised many such difficult questions in my mind. When I posed this particular question to my 15-year-old daughter, her response gave me even more to think about.

"I don't know, Dad," she answered after a moment. "But I'm watching you to find out."

*Stephen E. Freed, Christian Reader, Vol. 35, no. 2.*

Q  
U  
I  
Z



The answer to last month's quiz is found in the third chapter of Daniel. The three who stood their ground were: Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. The one who had the heat turned on was Nebuchadnezzar.

I am a shamed to say someone gave me the right answer but I can't remember who it was. Please for give me for my forgetfulness.

Here is this month's quiz.

*There was a name we couldn't say  
And so we died that bloody day.  
We tried and tried with all our might  
But that name would not come out right.*

*We tried to say we were someone else  
But our mouth betrayed ourselves.  
And when we tried to get across  
It was that word that brought the loss.*

*Now tell us who we were that night  
And with whom we had the fight  
And say that word if you think you can  
If you're first a candy bar will be in your hand.*

**OUR NEW HOME**

Just wanted to let you know that we are moving, No, No, No. we are not leaving the Church we have bought a home and are in the process of moving. Our new address is 371 Dluhosh Road, Onalaska, WA 98570. For the past forty years I have lived in church hous-

ing and as I am getting closer to retirement we thought it might be best to find a place we could move to so **THAT WHEN I DO RETIRE, IN ABOUT 4 OR 5 YEARS**, we will not have to look for some place and



maybe be forced to move into something we really would not want to. Also, if something happen to me, Kathleen will have a place to live.

The home we bought is on about 3.7 acres, it is a 3 bedroom mobile that had been recently remodeled. There is about 1 acre of cleared land; the rest is in trees and brush. There are several things we have to do before we can actually move



in, so our moving is a slow process. We can use all the help we can get.

Please keep us in prayer as my health will not allow me to do very much without stopping to catch my breath. I don't move very fast so it's hard to catch my breath. Kathleen is working still and can only do a little each day. We are hoping to be moved by the end of July.

Thank you for your prayers and

come by and see us sometime.  
Love, Lloyd & Kathleen

**GOD IS AN ARMS LENGTH AWAY**

*William Frey, retired Episcopal bishop from Colorado, told the following story in a message on the power of God at work in us:*

When I was a younger man, I volunteered to read to a degree student named John who was blind. One day I asked him, "How did you lose your sight?"

"A chemical explosion," John said, "at the age of thirteen."

"How did that make you feel?" I asked.

"Life was over. I felt helpless. I hated God," John responded. "For the first six months I did nothing to improve my lot in life. I would eat all my meals alone in my room. One day my father entered my room and said, 'John, winter's coming and the storm windows need to be up—that's your job. I want those hung by the time I get back this evening or else!'"

"Then he turned, walked out of the room and slammed the door. I got so angry. I thought Who does he think I am? I'm blind! I was so angry I decided to do it. I felt my way to the garage, found the windows, located the necessary tools, found the ladder, all the while muttering under my breath, 'I'll show them. I'll fall, then they'll have a blind and paralyzed son!'"

John continued, "I got the windows up. I found out later that never at any moment was my father more than four or five feet away from my side."

