



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

NOVEMBER, 2014

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

PAO, SENHOR?

Max Lucado
From "No Wonder They Call Him
Savior"

He couldn't have been over six years old. Dirty face, bare feet, torn T-shirt, matted hair, He wasn't too different from



the other hundred thousand or so street orphans that roam Rio de Janeiro,

I was walking to get a cup of coffee at a nearby café when he came up behind me. With my thoughts between the task I had just finished and the class I was about to teach, I scarcely felt the tap, tap, tap on my hand. I stopped and turned. Seeing no one, I continued on my way. I'd only taken a few steps, however, when I felt another insistent tap, tap, tap. This time I stopped and looked downward. There he stood. His eyes were whiter because of his grubby cheeks and coal-black hair.

"Pao, Senhor?" ("Bread, sir")
Living in Brazil, one has daily

opportunities to buy a candy bar or sandwich for these little outcasts. It's the least one can do. I told him to come with me and we entered the sidewalk café. "Coffee for me and something tasty for my little friend." The boy ran to the pastry counter and made his choice. Normally, these youngsters take food and scamper back out into the street without a word. But this little fellow surprised me.

The café consisted of a long bar: one end for pastries and the other for coffee. As the boy was making his choice, I went to the other end of the bar and began drinking my coffee. Just as I was getting my derailed train of thought back on track, I saw him again. He was standing in the café entrance, on tiptoe, bread in hand, looking in at the people. "What's he doing?" I thought.

Then he saw me and scurried in my direction. He came and stood in front of me about eye-level with my belt buckle. The little Brazilian orphan looked up at the big American missionary, smiled a smile that would have stolen your heart and said, "Obrigado." ("Thank you.") Then, nervously scratching the back of his

ankle with his big toe, he added, "*Muito* obrigado." ("Thank you *very much*.")

All of a sudden, I had a crazy craving to buy him the whole restaurant.

But before I could say anything, he turned and scampered out the door.

As I write this, I'm still standing at the coffee bar, my coffee is cold, and I'm late for class. But I feel the sensation that I felt half an hour ago. And I'm pondering this question: If I am so moved by a street orphan who says thank you for a piece of bread, how much more is God moved when I pause to thank Him — really thank Him — for saving my soul?

I ASKED GOD TO BLESS YOU

Author unknown

I asked the Lord to bless you
As I prayed for you today
To guide you and protect you
As you go along your way....

His love is always with you
His promises are true,
And when we give him all our
cares
You know he will see us through

So when the road you're
traveling on
Seems difficult at best
Just remember I'm here praying
And God will do the rest.

THE NEST

There was a farmer who had a pile of wood on his farm, and one day, a bird came to the pile of wood and built its nest



there. The farmer saw this nest and destroyed it. The next day, the same bird came back to the pile of wood and built its nest again, wondering why the farmer would destroy his nest. Once again, the farmer saw the nest and once again destroyed it. The bird came on the third day and was really frustrated that the farmer had destroyed its nest, but didn't give up and built it again in the pile of wood. Again the farmer destroyed it.

By now, the bird decided to go to the rose bush near the wood pile to build its nest and was surprised when the farmer did not destroy this one constructed within the rose bush. The bird did not know what the farmer knew.

The woodpile was going to be burned and the farmer didn't want the bird's nest to be destroyed in the fire.

This is just like our Heavenly Father who will continue to destroy our nests over and over again because He knows what's best for us. We don't understand and we don't al-

ways like it, but He knows that by destroying our little nests, our lives will become better and more fruitful. He knows that we don't have a clue as to what we are doing, where we are going or what we really want, and that we will continue to build our little nests in places that are about to go up in smoke.

So, He continues to intervene and save us from ourselves even though He knows we can't figure out at the time, why our nests are constantly being destroyed. Eventually, we move on and try another location until we stumble upon the rosebush. That's when the



Lord leaves us in peace, but not before then.

◆ *Received from Jim Sparks*

SEPARATING THE GUILTY FROM THE INNOCENT

One of the greatest preachers who ever lived, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, called the "prince of preachers," loved to tell this story: It seems there was a duke who once boarded a galley ship and went below to talk to the convicts manning the oars. When he asked several of them what their crimes were,

almost every man claimed that he was innocent, blaming someone else, or even accused the judge of taking a bribe.

There was one young man whose reply was different. He said, "I deserve to be here, sir. I stole some money. No one is at fault but me. I am guilty."



When the duke heard this he shouted, "You scoundrel, you! What are you doing here among all these honest men? Get out of their company at once!" The duke ordered the young prisoner to be released.

So, the young man was set free, while the rest of the prisoners were left to continue to tug at the oars. The key to his freedom was his admission of guilt.

This is a picture of salvation. Until one is willing to admit, "I am a sinner in need of salvation," one cannot experience freedom from guilt and condemnation.

If you have never said, "I'm guilty," then I encourage you to do so now. Accept Jesus as your Savior and place your trust in Him. You can replace sin's guilt and power with the joy of forgiveness and freedom. Then, encourage someone you know to do the same.

- *Received from Jim Sparks*

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

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TUESDAYS

PRAYER TABLE @ BRENDA'S 6:00 PM

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WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

~
BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

~
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th

MEN'S BREAKFAST: 8:00 AM
LISA'S DINNER

~
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

~
LADIES LUNCHEON: 1100 AM

~
COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 AM
MORTON CHURCH OF GOD

~
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON
MED-A-CARE & SUPPLEMENTS

~
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

You may have a hard time avoiding reminders of God on the highways these days. Billboards bearing "messages from God" have appeared in 40 states since last year. The arch one-liners were commissioned anonymously and conceived by Charley Robb, former creative director for the Smith Agency in Fort Lauderdale. Although some have criticized the

signs as being too flippant, Robb said, "There's no downside to what we're selling here." Some sample messages, each signed simply "God":

- ◆ Let's meet at my house Sunday before the game.
- ◆ *Loved the wedding. Invite me to the marriage.*
- ◆ Will the road you're on get you to my place?
- ◆ *That "Love thy neighbor" thing - I meant it.*
- ◆ Do you have any idea where you're going?
- ◆ *Need a marriage counselor? I'm available.*
- ◆ Follow me.
- ◆ *Keep using my name in vain, I'll make rush hour longer.*
- ◆ I don't question your existence.
- ◆ *What part of "thou shalt not" didn't you understand?*
- ◆ We need to talk.
- ◆ *Don't make me come down there.*
- ◆ I love you ... I love you ... I love you.
- Tom Kuntz in *New York Times*

A.S.A.P.

Author Unknown

Ever wonder about the abbreviation A.S.A.P.? Generally we think of it in terms of even more hurry and stress in our lives. Maybe if we think of this abbreviation in a different manner, we will begin to find a new way to deal with those rough days along the way.

There's work to do, deadlines to meet;

*You've got no time to spare,
But as you hurry and scurry-*
ASAP - ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

*In the midst of family chaos,
"Quality time" is rare.
Do your best; let God do the rest-*
ASAP - ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

*It may seem like our worries
Are more than you can bare.
Slow down and take a breather-*
ASAP - ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

*God knows how stressful life is;
He wants to ease our cares,
And He'll respond*
A.S.A.P. -ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER

THANKSGIVING DINNER

For the past eleven years we have invited those who would like to join with others for the Thanksgiving Dinner here in our Fellowship Hall. The turkey and ham will be provided and the rest is potluck. If you would like to join



us we would truly enjoy sharing our time and fellowship with you. Just let us know how many will be coming so we can make sure we will have enough to eat.



I was a young turkey,
new to the coop,
My big brother Joe
took me out on the stoop,

Then he sat me right down,
and he spoke really slow,
And he told me there's some-
thing
that I had to know;

His look and his tone
I will always remember,
When he told me of horrors
of..... (gulp) Black November;

"Come about August,
now listen to me,
Each day you'll get six meals
instead of just three,

"And soon you'll be thick,
where once you were thin,
And you'll grow a big rubber
thing
under your chin;

"And then on a morning,
when you're warm in your
bed,
In bursts the farmer,
and hacks off your head;

"He'll pluck out your feathers
so you're bald 'n pink, And
scoop out your insides--
You'll be left in the sink;

"And then comes the worst
part"
he said--and not bluffing,

"He'll spread out your cheeks
and pack you with stuffing".

Well, the rest of his words
were too grim to repeat,
I sat on the stoop
like a winged piece of meat,

And thought on the spot
to avoid being cooked,
I'd have to lay low
and remain overlooked;

I began a new diet
of nuts and granola,
High-roughage salads,
juice and diet cola;

And as they ate pastries,
chocolates and crepes,
I stayed in my room
doing Jane Fonda tapes;

I maintained my weight
of two pounds and a half,
And tried not to notice
when the bigger birds
laughed;

But 'twas I who was laughed,
(though under my breath)
As they chomped and they
chewed,
ever closer to death;

And sure enough when
Black November rolled
'round,

I was the last turkey
left in the compound;
So now I'm a pet
in the farmer's wife's lap;
I haven't a worry,
so I eat and I nap;

She held me today,
while sewing and humming,
And smiled as she said:
"Christmas is coming..."

Submitted by Katie Jackson

"ONE"

~~ AUTHOR ANONYMOUS~~

*One song can spark a
moment,
One flower can wake
the dream.
One tree can start a
forest,
One bird can herald
spring.*

*One smile begins a
friendship,
One handclasp lifts a
soul.
One star can guide a
ship at sea,
One word can frame the
goal.*

*One vote can change a
nation,
One sunbeam lights a
room.
One candle wipes out
darkness,
One laugh will conquer
gloom.*

*One step must start
each journey,
One word must start
each prayer.
One hope will raise
our spirits,
One touch can show you
care.*

*One voice can speak
with wisdom,
One heart can know
what's true.
One life can make the
difference,
You see it's up to
YOU!!!*

Q
U
I
Z



So far as I know, no one has found all the books of the Bible hid in last month's quiz. Here is the quiz for this month.

*I stood before him and you can quote.
I said that God would break the yoke.
I said in two years this would be done.
And God would return the kings own son.*



*I broke his yoke to make it so,
But he told me the answer was no.
That God would not do as I had said,
He further said, that in a year I would be dead.*

*Within a year I met my doom,
As he had said within that room.
I had lied and falsely cried
And for this sin I had to die.*

*Now tell me my name if you think you can
And the name of the one I tried to slam.
And if do as you well know,
A candy bar to you will go.*



Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighborhood.

They parked their truck at one end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house an older woman was looking out her kitchen window watching the two men as they checked her gas meter.

Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger coworker to a foot race down the alley and back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one.



As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them.

They stopped and asked her what was wrong.

Gasping for breath, she replied, "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figure I'd better run too!"

LEARNING TO COUNT

- Count your blessings instead of your crosses.*
- Count your gains instead of your losses.*
- Count your joys instead of your woes.*
- Count your friends instead of your foes.*
- Count your smiles instead of your tears.*
- Count your courage instead of your fears.*
- Count your full years instead of your lean.*
- Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.*
- Count your health instead of your wealth.*
- Count on God instead of yourself.*

I have no respect for justice. I maim without killing. I break hearts and ruin lives: I am cunning and malicious and gather strength with age.

The more I am quoted, the more I am believed. I flourish at every level of society.

My victims are helpless. They cannot protect themselves against me because I have no name and no face.

To track me down is impossible. The harder you try, the more elusive I become. I am nobody's friend.

Once I tarnish a reputation, it is never the same. I topple governments and ruin marriages. I ruin careers and cause sleepless nights, heartache and indigestion. I spurn suspicion and generate grief. I make innocent people cry in their pillows.

Even my name hisses...

I AM CALLED GOSSIP.