



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

THE WINTER BOOTS

(Anyone who has ever dressed a child will love this)

Did you hear about the teacher who was helping one of her reception class pupils put on his boots?

He asked for help and she could see why. Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on. By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat. She almost cried when the little boy said, 'Teacher, they're on the wrong feet.' She looked, and sure enough, they were.

It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as, together, they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the correct feet.

He then announced, 'These aren't my boots.' She bit her tongue, rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so?' like she wanted to. Once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet. No sooner had they got the boots off when he said, 'They're my brother's boots. My Mum made me wear 'em.'

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But she mus-



tered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again. Helping him into his coat, she asked, 'Now, where are your mittens?'

He said, 'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots.'

She will be eligible for parole in three years.

⇒ Received from Suzie Bergfalk

IT'S JUST A QUARTER

Several years ago, a preacher from out-of-state accepted a call to a church in Houston, Texas. Some weeks after he arrived, he had an occasion to ride the bus from his home to the down-



town area. When he sat down, he discovered that the driver had accidentally given him a quarter too much change. As he considered what to do, he thought to himself, 'You'd better give the quarter back. It would be wrong to keep it.' Then he thought, 'Oh, forget it, it's only a quarter. Who would worry about this little amount? Anyway, the bus company gets too much fare; they will never miss it. Accept it as a 'gift from God' and keep quiet.'

When his stop came, he paused momentarily at the door, and then he handed the quarter to the driver and said, 'Here, you gave me too much change.'

The driver, with a smile, replied,

'Aren't you the new preacher in town?'

'Yes' he replied.

'Well, I have been thinking a lot lately about going somewhere to worship. I just wanted to see what you would do if I gave you too much change. I'll see you at church on Sunday.'

When the preacher stepped off of the bus, he literally grabbed the nearest light pole, held on, and said, 'Oh God, I almost sold your Son for a quarter.'

Our lives are the only Bible some people will ever read. This is a really scary example of how much people watch us as Christians, and will put us to the test! Always be on guard -- and remember -- You carry the name of Christ on your shoulders when you call yourself 'Christian.'

⇒ Received from Doris Anderson by way of Kathleen Mulkins

BE ON WATCH

Watch your thoughts;
They become words.

Watch your words;
They become actions.

Watch your actions;
They become habits.

Watch your habits;
They become character.

Watch your character;
It becomes your destiny.

Proverbs 4:23 (NLT) *Guard your heart above all else, for it determines the course of your life.*

STORY NUMBER ONE

Many years ago, Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the windy city in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder. Capone had a lawyer nicknamed 'Easy Eddie.' He was Capone's lawyer for a good reason. Eddie was very good! In fact, Eddie's skill at legal maneuvering kept Big Al out of jail for a long time. To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the money big but Eddie got special dividends as well. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion with live-in help and all the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago City block. Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocity that went on around him.

Eddie did have one soft spot, however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object. And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong. Eddie wanted his son to be a better man than he was. Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things he couldn't give his son; he couldn't pass on a good name or a good example. One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Easy Eddie wanted to rectify wrongs he had done. He decided he would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al 'Scarface' Capone, clean up his tarnished name, and offer his son some semblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against The Mob, and he knew that the cost would be great. So, he testified. Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of

gunfire on a lonely Chicago Street. But in his eyes, he had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer, at the greatest price he could ever pay. Police removed from his pockets a rosary, a crucifix, a religious medalion, and a poem clipped from a magazine.

The poem read: *"The clock of life is wound but once, and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop, at late or early hour. Now is the only time you own. Live, love, toil with a will. Place no faith in time. For the clock may soon be still."*

STORY NUMBER TWO

World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare. He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific.



One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.

As he was returning to the mother ship, he saw something that turned his blood cold; a squadron of Japanese aircraft was speeding its way toward the American fleet. The American fighters were away on a sortie, and the fleet was all but defenseless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He must

somehow divert them from the fleet. Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dived into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted 50 calibers blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch weaved in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent.

Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dived at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hope of damaging as many enemy planes as possible, rendering them unfit to fly. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction. Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier.

Upon arrival, he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the gun-camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft. This took place on February 20, 1942, and for that action Butch became the Navy's first Ace of W.W.II, and the first Naval Aviator to win the Congressional Medal of Honour.

A year later Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. His home town would not allow the memory of this WW II hero to fade, and today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

So, the next time you find yourself at O'Hare International, give some thought to visiting Butch's memorial displaying his statue and his Medal of Honour. It's located between Terminals 1 and 2.

SO WHAT DO THESE TWO STORIES HAVE TO DO WITH EACH OTHER?

Butch O'Hare was 'Easy Eddie's' son.

Received from John Lackey

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

~
WEDNESDAYS

SOUP & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

~
BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

~
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th

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

~
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

~
VALENTINE LUNCHEON: 1100 AM

~
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~
COMMUNITY EVENTS

SCRAP BOOKING

FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH
10:00 AM

~
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7th

LEWIS COUNTY GOSPEL CONCERT
CHEHALIS SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
6:00 PM

~
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9th

TEA & PRAISE
ONALASKA SEVENTH-DAY
ADVENTIST CHURCH
10:00 AM

~
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON
MAJOR MIKE KORHNEN
GUEST SPEAKER

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

~
PNA EVENTS

**FRIDAY - MONDAY
FEBRUARY 13th - 16th**

YOUTH WINTER RETREAT
@
DOUBLE K RETREAT CENTER

~
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13th

MORTON FIRST CHURCH OF GOD
ANNUAL VALENTINE TEA
11:00 AM

**CONVICT'S
MEDITATION**

By Ralph Wayland Eidsmoe
*It is written in stories that a con-
vict is hard*
That he spends his whole life
without tears
*But writers can't capture out mo-
ments alone*
While remembering our hopes
and our fears

As I sit here in sorrow, my life
thrown away,
*I think of my mother, now with-
ered and gray*
I think of the sorrow and the
years that were spent
In raising a son that she hoped
would repent.

"Dear God", she would pray, as
she did every night
"Please show my boy the way
which is right.
Please show him the way and
the light, oh dear God,
Lest through the valley of death
he should trod

And not be prepared on that

judgment day,
Let not his soul be cast away".
This soul is crying as I sit here today
In the depths of despair, for here I
must stay.

A convict in prison, a soul lost at
sea,
Just remembering the past and my
dear mother's plea.
Now you've heard the story of the
convict who cried
Though the tear drops that fall may
just fall inside.

But please don't be bitter against
men such as I
For even a convict in sorrow can
cry.

SUPERMAN

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."

⇒ Daily Encounter: A Week-day Devotional by Richard (Dick) Innes of ACTS International...Friday, October 14, 2011



PAY BACK TIME

"Good morning!" said a woman as she walked up to the man sitting on the ground.

The man slowly looked up.

This was a woman clearly accustomed to the finer things of life. Her coat was new.. She looked like she had never missed a meal in her life....

His first thought was that she wanted to make fun of him, like so many others had done before.. "Leave me alone," he growled....

To his amazement, the woman continued standing. She was smiling -- her even white teeth displayed in dazzling rows. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No," he answered sarcastically. "I've just come from dining with the president. Now go away."

The woman's smile became even broader. Suddenly the man felt a gentle hand under his arm.

"What are you doing, lady?" the man asked angrily. "I said to leave me alone.

Just then a policeman came up. "Is there any problem, ma'am?" he asked.

"No problem here, officer," the woman answered. "I'm just trying to get this man to his feet. Will you help me?"

The officer scratched his head. "That's old Jack. He's been a fixture around here for a couple of years. What do you want with him?"

"See that cafeteria over there?" she asked. "I'm going to get him something to eat and get him out of the cold for a while."

"Are you crazy, lady?" the homeless man resisted. "I don't want to go in there!" Then he felt strong hands grab his other arm and lift him up. "Let me go, officer. I didn't

do anything."

"This is a good deal for you, Jack" the officer answered. "Don't blow it." Finally, and with some difficulty, the woman and the police officer got Jack into the cafeteria and sat him at a table in a remote corner. It was the middle of the morning, so most of the breakfast crowd had already left and the lunch bunch had not yet arrived...

The manager strode across the cafeteria and stood by his table. "What's going on here, officer?" he asked. "What is all this, is this man in trouble?"

"This lady brought this man in here to be fed," the policeman answered.

"Not in here!" the manager replied angrily. "Having a person like that here is bad for business."

Old Jack smiled a toothless grin. "See, lady. I told you so. Now if you'll let me go. I didn't want to come here in the first place."

The woman turned to the cafeteria manager and smiled, "Sir, are you familiar with Eddy and Associates, the banking firm down the street?"

"Of course I am," the manager answered impatiently. "They hold their weekly meetings in one of my banquet

rooms."

"And do you make a godly amount of money providing food at these weekly meetings?"

"What business is that of yours?"

I, sir am Penelope Eddy, president and CEO of the company."

"Oh."

The woman smiled again. "I thought that might make a difference." She glanced at the cop who was busy stifling a giggle. "Would you like to join us in a

cup of coffee and a meal, officer?"

"No thanks, ma'am." the officer replied. "I'm on duty."

"Then, perhaps, a cup of coffee to go?"

"Yes, ma'am. That would be very nice."

The cafeteria manager turned on his heel, "I'll get your coffee for you right away, officer."

The officer watched him walk away. "You certainly put him in his place," he said.

"That was not my intent. Believe it or not, I have a reason for all this."

She sat down at the table across from her amazed dinner guest. She stared at him intently. "Jack, do you remember me?"

Old Jack searched her face with his old, rheumy eyes. "I think so -- I mean you do look familiar."

"I'm a little older perhaps," she said. "Maybe I've even filled out more than in my younger days when you worked here, and I came through that very door, cold and hungry."

"Ma'am?" the officer said questioningly. He couldn't believe that such a magnificently turned out woman could ever have been hungry.

"I was just out of college," the woman began. "I had come to the city looking for a job, but I couldn't find anything. Finally I was down to my last few cents and had been kicked out of my apartment. I walked the streets for days. It was February and I was cold and nearly starving. I saw this place and walked in on the off chance that I could get something to eat."

Jack lit up with a smile. "Now I remember." he said. "I was behind the serving counter. You came up and asked me if you could work for something to eat. I said that it was against company policy."



Continued on page 5

PAY BACK TIME

"I know," the woman continued. "Then you made me the biggest roast beef sandwich that I had ever seen, gave me a cup of coffee, and told me to go over to a corner table and enjoy it. I was afraid that you would get into trouble. Then, when I looked over and saw you put the price of my food in the cash register, I knew then that everything would be all right."

"So you started your own business?" Old Jack said.

"I got a job that very afternoon. I worked my way up. Eventually I started my own business that, with the help of God, I prospered." She opened her purse and pulled out a business card. "When you are finished here, I want you to pay a visit to a Mr. Lyons. He's the personnel director



of my company. I'll go talk to him now and I'm certain he'll find some-

thing for you to do around the office." She smiled. "I think he might even find the funds to give you a little advance so that you can buy some clothes and get a place to live until you get on your feet. If you ever need anything, my door is always open to you."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "How can I ever thank you?" he said.

"Don't thank me," the woman answered. "To God goes the glory. Thank Jesus. He led me to you."

Outside the cafeteria, the officer and the woman paused at the entrance before going their separate ways.

"Thank you for all your help, officer," she said.

"On the contrary, Ms. Eddy," he answered. "Thank you. I saw a

miracle today; something that I will never forget. And thank you for the coffee."

⇒ Received from Kathleen Mulkins

Ecclesiastes 11:1 (TLB) *Give generously, for your gifts will return to you later.*

TIME GETS BETTER WITH AGE

At 5 I've learned that I like my teacher because she cries when we sing "Silent Night."

At 7 I've learned that our dog doesn't want to eat my broccoli either.

At 9 I've learned that when I wave to people in the country, they stop what they are doing and wave back.

At 12 I've learned that just when I get my room the way I like it, Mom makes me clean it up again.

At 14 I've learned that if you want to cheer yourself up, you should try cheering someone else up.

At 15 I've learned that although it's hard to admit it, I'm secretly glad my parents are strict with me.

At 24 I've learned that silent company is often more healing than words of advice.

At 26 I've learned that brushing my child's hair is one of life's great pleasures.

At 29 I've learned that wherever I go, the world's worst drivers have followed me there.

At 30 I've learned that if someone says something unkind about me, I must live so that no one will believe it.

At 42 I've learned that there are people who love you dearly but just don't know how to show it.

At 44 I've learned that you can make someone's day by simply sending them a little note.

At 46 I've learned that the greater a person's sense of guilt, the greater his or her need to cast blame on others.

At 47 I've learned that children and grandparents are natural allies.

At 48 I've learned that no matter what happens, or how bad it seems today, life does go on and it will be better tomorrow.

At 49 I've learned that singing "Amazing Grace" can lift my spirits for hours.

At 50 I've learned that motel mattresses are better on the side away from the phone.

At 51 I've learned that you can tell a lot about a man by the way he handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.

At 52 I've learned that keeping a vegetable garden is worth a medicine cabinet full of pills.

At 53 I've learned that regardless of your relationship with your parents, you miss them terribly after they die.

At 58 I've learned that making a living is not the same thing as making a life.

At 61 I've learned that if you want to do something positive for your children, work to improve your marriage.

At 62 I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance.

At 64 I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back.

At 65 I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But if you focus on your family, the needs of others, your work, meeting new people, and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you.

At 66 I've learned that whenever I decide something with kindness, I usually make the right decision.

At 72 I've learned that everyone can use a prayer.

At 82 I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one.