



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

MARCH, 2015

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

PLEASE JOIN ME IN PRAISE TODAY

Father at every moment of our existence in this world, You are present to us in merciful compassion. You are the Great Physician, and there is nothing impossible for You! Your love O God reaches to the heavens, Your faithfulness to the skies, Your righteousness is like the mighty mountains and Your justice is like the great deep! Who is like You or who can do the things You do? There is none like You Almighty God, You are great and worthy of all our praise, You alone should be feared for You are above all and have created all things. We too, Father are the work of Your hands for we are



fearfully and wonderfully made! The heavens declare Your glory and the skies proclaim the work of Your hands, day after day they pour forth speech and night after night they display knowledge! O bless the Lord my soul, bless His holy Name, for He alone rides on splendor, He alone formed the seas and all they contain, He formed the earth with the sound of His voice, He formed the void of space and all the universes were crafted by His marvelous Hands. O praise the Lord all you people for

He alone is worthy. He has raised the dead to life, He has cleansed the lepers and healed the sick, He has parted the great seas, He has struck down the haughty and the proud and He gives grace to the humble! Our God is marvelous in all that He does! He taught the eagle to soar on high and He provides for all creatures great and small. I am filled with awe of You O Lord! I adore You, I worship You, I owe all of my days to Your care. You are lovely beyond description Lord Jesus, my heart does surely long for You...I desire to see You high and lifted

up in all of Your glory! Your love is life to me and I will sing Your praise all of the days of my life, no matter what troubles come my way, You are my portion and my ever present help in times of trouble! May all the earth sing Your praise and bow down low in Your marvelous presence. Amen.

This is a prayer by Mary Warner, who with her husband Jay, work in the Gas Fields of Wyoming. Please remember them in prayer as their company is closing down some of the wells and they may be out of work.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

Revelation 4:11 (KJV)

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Real life stories that teach you many things in life

1. Today, I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said, "Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile."

2. Today at 7AM, I woke up feeling ill, but decided I needed the money, so I went into work. At 3PM I got laid off. On my drive home I got a flat tire. When I went into the trunk for the spare, it was flat too. A man in a BMW pulled over, gave me a ride, we chatted, and then he offered me a job. I start tomorrow.

3. Today, in the cutest voice, my 8-year-old daughter asked me to start recycling. I chuckled and asked, "Why?" She replied, "So you can help me save the planet." I chuckled again and asked, "And why do you want to save the planet?" Because that's where I keep all my stuff," she said.

4. Today, a boy in a wheelchair saw me desperately struggling on crutches with my broken leg and offered to carry my backpack and books for me. He helped me all the way across campus to my class and as he was leaving he said, "I hope you feel better soon."

THE OLD PHONE

When I was a young boy, more years ago than I now care to remember, my father had one of the first telephones in our little village. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall, with the shiny receiver hanging on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.



My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour. Amusing myself at the work bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer. The pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked

around the house, sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver and held it to my ear. "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two, and a small clear voice spoke into my ear. "Hello, Information."

"I hurt my finger," I wailed into the phone, the tears coming readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the freezer?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where India was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet "ferret" that I had caught in the woods just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts. Then, there was the time Charlie, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child.

But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said qui-

etly: "Robby, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

"Information," said the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small village outside Cork in the south of Ireland. When I was nine years old, we moved across the Irish Sea to Liverpool. I missed my friend very much.

"Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way to a business appointment in the United States, my plane put down in Cork. I had about a half-hour or so before resuming the journey. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialled my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. "Hello, Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how do I spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

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ALASKA'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

BEING HELD AT THE PARSONAGE
221 LEONARD ROAD

~
SATURDAY, MARCH 14th

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

~
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

~
LADIES LUNCHEON: 1100 AM

~
SUNDAY, MARCH 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~
COMMUNITY EVENTS

SCRAP BOOKING

FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH
10:00 AM

~
MONDAY, MARCH 9th

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

~
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

~
THURSDAY, MARCH 19th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 14th

SOUTHWEST REGIONAL LEADERS'
GATHERING

@

OLYMPIA/LACEY CHURCH OF
GOD

9:00 AM - 12:00 PM

LISTEN TO WHAT GOD SAYS

You say: "I'm not able"
God says: I am able.

(II Corinthians 9:8) *And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:*

You say: "It's not worth it"
God says: It will be worth it.
(Roman 8:28) *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.*

You say: "I can't forgive myself".
God says: I forgive you.
(I John 1:9) *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

Romans 8:1) *There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*

You say: "I can't manage"
God says: I will supply all your needs.

(Philippians 4:19) *But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*

You say: "I'm afraid"

God says: I have not given you a spirit of fear.

(II Timothy 1:7) *For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*

(1 John 4:18) *There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.*

You say: "I'm always worried and frustrated"

God says: Cast all your cares on ME.

(Matthew 11:28) *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

(I Peter 5:7) *Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.*

You say: "I'm not smart enough"
God says: I give you wisdom.

(I Corinthians 1:30) *But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption:*

(James 1:5) *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*

You say: "I feel all alone"

God says: I will never leave you or forsake you.

(Matthew 28:20) *Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*

(Hebrews 13:5) *Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*

◇ Received from Katie Jackson





"I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I next came back over to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

The year after I was back home visiting my sister. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said: "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Robby?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you.

"She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you. The note said: 'Tell him there are other worlds to sing in.' 'He'll know what I mean.'"

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

◇ *Received from Cathy & Kathleen Mulkins*

A BABY'S HUG

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a high chair and noticed everyone was quietly sitting and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said, 'Hi.' He pounded his fat baby hands on the high chair tray. His eyes were crinkled in laughter and his mouth was bared in a toothless grin, as he wriggled and giggled with merriment.

I looked around and saw the source of his merriment. It was a man whose pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his



toes poked out of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose it looked like a road map.

We were too far from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists. 'Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster,' the man said to Erik.

My husband and I exchanged looks, 'What do we do?'

Erik continued to laugh and answer, 'Hi.'

Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby. Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, 'Do ya patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, he knows peek-a-boo.'

Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk.

My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Erik, who was running through his repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments.

We finally got through the meal and headed for the door.

My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door. 'Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik,' I prayed. As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to sidestep him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's 'pick-me-up' position. Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man.

Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love and kinship. Erik in an act of total trust, love, and submission laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain, and hard labor, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time.

I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms and his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, 'You take care of this baby.'

Somehow I managed, 'I will,' from a throat that contained a stone.

He pried Erik from his chest, lovingly and longingly, as though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, 'God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift.'

I said nothing more than a muttered thanks. With Erik in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Erik so tightly, and why I was saying, 'My God, my God, forgive me.'

I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who

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made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not. I felt it was God asking, 'Are you willing to share your son for a moment?' when He shared His for all eternity.



The ragged old man, unwittingly, had reminded me, 'To enter, we must become as little children.'

Sometimes, it takes a child to remind us of what is really important. We must always remember who we are, where we came from and, most importantly, how we feel about others. The clothes on your back or the car that you drive or the house that you live in does not define you at all; it is how you treat your fellow man that identifies who you are.

◇ Received from Marcie Eidsmoe



Q
U
I
Z

I want to tell you a very strange tail,

*I was created to pay the bail.
Into my mouth something very strange came.*

And ever since that day I've never been the same.

God sent me on a mission I'm glad to say.

And through my help we saved the day.

*Now my name you'll never see,
Even if you look in a sycamore tree.*

My story you will find within the Book.

All you need to do is to take a look.

*And if you're quick and very fast,
A candy bar will be yours at last.*

100 CAMELS

As U.S. tourists in Israel, Morris and his wife Ruth were sitting outside a Bethlehem souvenir shop, waiting for fellow tourists.

An Arab salesman approached them carrying belts. After an impassioned sales talk yielded no results, he asked where they were from.

"America," Morris replied.

Looking at Ruth's dark hair and olive skin, the Arab responded, "She's not from the States."

"Yes I am," said the wife.

He looked at her and asked, "Is he your husband?"

"Yes," she replied.

Turning to the husband, the Arab said, "I'll give you 100 camels for her."



Morris looked stunned, and there was a long silence. Finally he replied, "She's not for sale."

After the salesman left, the somewhat indignant wife asked, "Morris, what took you so long to answer?"

Morris replied, "I was trying to figure out how to get 100 camels back home."

PEANUTS

A tour bus driver is driving with a bus load of seniors down a highway when he is tapped on his shoulder by a little old lady. She offers him a handful of pe-



nuts, which he gratefully munches up.

After about 15 minutes, she taps him on his shoulder again and she hands him another handful of peanuts.

She repeats this gesture about five more times...

When she is about to hand him another batch again ...he asks the little old lady, 'Why don't you eat the peanuts yourself?'

'We can't chew them because we've got no teeth', she replied.

The puzzled driver asks, 'Why do you buy them then?'

The old lady replied, 'We just love the chocolate around them.'

DOCTOR OF CHOICE

Q: Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?

A: Your heart only good for so many beats, and that it...don't waste it on exercise. Everything wear out eventually. Speeding up heart not make you live longer; it like saying you extend life of car by driving faster. Want to live longer? Take naps.



Q: Should I cut down on meat and eat more fruits and vegetables? ;

A: You must grasp logistical efficiency. What do cow eat? Hay and corn. And what are these? Vegetables. So steak is nothing more than efficient mechanism of delivering vegetables to your system. Need grain? Eat chicken. Beef also good source of field grass (green leafy vegetable). And pork chop can give you! 100% of recommended daily allowance of vegetable product.

