



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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TRUE REPENTANCE IN A NATION

TGIF Today God Is First Volume 1 by
Os Hillman
Thursday, August 25 2011

"When the king heard the words of the Law, he tore his robes." **2 Chronicles 34:19**

Josiah was a godly king in Israel. However, before he came to power, the nation had fallen into all kinds of evil. One man, Manasseh, had brought the nation to a condition of inexorable evil. God finally had enough.

2 Kings 21:12-13 *"Therefore this is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: I am going to bring such disaster on Jerusalem and Judah that the ears of everyone who hears of it will tingle. I will stretch out over Jerusalem the measuring line used against Samaria and the plumb line used against the house of Ahab. I will wipe out Jeru-*

salem as one wipes a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down".

Josiah came into power just before this judgment. He began to clean up the evil by burning all the idolatrous temples, ridding prostitution and homosexuality from the streets, and destroying occult shrines. He did this without the benefit of even reading God's Word, but through the Holy

Spirit working in his heart. Then one day the ancient Scriptures were discovered in the temple that had lain dormant for years. They had a profound impact on King Josiah.

2 Chronicles 34:19-21 *When the king heard the words of the Law, he tore his robes. He gave these orders to Hilkiah, Ahikam son of Shaphan, Abdon son of Micah, Shaphan the secretary and Asaiah the king's attendant: "Go and inquire of the Lord for me and for the remnant in Israel and Judah about what is written in this book that has been found. Great is the Lord's anger that is poured out on us because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord; they have not acted in accordance with all that is written in this book".*

Josiah was broken. He tore his robes in repentance. He fell to his

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his na-
tion. He
stood in
the gap,

and God honored Josiah; however, it wasn't enough. God still had to judge the nation for its previous wickedness under the reign of Manasseh.

2 Chronicles 34:27-28. *"Because your heart was responsive and you humbled yourself before God when you heard what He spoke against this place and its people, and because you humbled yourself before Me and*

tore your robes and wept in My presence, I have heard you, declares the Lord. Now I will gather you to your fathers, and you will be buried in peace. Your eyes will not see all the disaster I am going to bring on this place and on those who live here." ... God spared Josiah during his reign, but after he died judgment came upon the nation.

No nation is immune from God's judgment. Pray for our nation today. Pray that our nation will have a repentant heart among the leaders and the people.

***"If you take away religion
you can't hire enough
police."***

Clay Christensen
Harvard Professor

THE WISDOM OF A CHILD

A little boy was attending his first wedding. After the service, his cousin asked him,

"How many women can a man marry?"

"Sixteen," the boy responded.

His cousin was amazed that he had an answer so quickly. "How do you know that?"

"Easy," the little boy said. "All you have to do is add it up, like the pastor said, 4 better, 4 worse, 4 richer, 4 poorer."

~

A boy was watching his father, a pastor, write a sermon. "How do you know what to say?" he asked. "Why, God tells me." "Oh, then why do you keep crossing things out?"



CEMETERY WATCHMAN

My friend Kevin and I are volunteers at a National cemetery in Oklahoma and put in a few days a month in a 'slightly larger' uniform. Today had been a long, long day and I just wanted to get the day over with and go down to Smokey's and have a cold one. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time, 16:55. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates



are closed for the day. Full dress was hot in the August sun Oklahoma summertime was as bad as ever--the heat and humidity at the same level--both too high.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed; she had a cane and a sheaf of flowers--about four or five bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted, and left a slightly bitter taste: 'She's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier, my hip hurts like hell and I'm ready to get out of here right now!' But for this day, my duty was to assist anyone coming in. Kevin would lock the 'In' gate and if I could hurry the old biddy along, we might make it to Smokey's in time.

I broke post attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the

first step and the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight: middle-aged man with a small pot gut and half a limp, in marine full-dress uniform, which had lost its razor crease about thirty minutes after I began the watch at the cemetery.

I stopped in front of her, half-way up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's s quint.

"Ma'am, may I assist you in any way?"

She took long enough to answer. "Yes, son, can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days."

"My pleasure, ma'am," (Well, it wasn't too much of a lie.)

She looked again, "Marine, where were you stationed?"

"Vietnam, ma'am, Ground-pounder, 69 to 71."

She looked at me closer. "Wounded in action, I see. Well done, Marine. I'll be as quick as I can."

I lied a little bigger: "No hurry, ma'am."

She smiled and winked at me. "Son, I'm 85-years-old and I can tell a lie from a long way off. Let's get this done. Might be the last time I can do this. My name's Joanne Wieserman, and I've a few Marines I'd like to see one more time."

"Yes, ma'am, at your service."

She headed for the World War I section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the flower bunches out of my arm and laid it on top of the stone. She murmured something I couldn't quite make out... The name on the marble was Donald S. Davidson, USMC: France 1918. She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek. She put a bunch on a stone; the name was Stephen X. Davidson, USMC,

1943. She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone, Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944. She paused for a second and more tears flowed. "Two more, son, and we'll be done."

I almost didn't say anything, but, "Yes, ma'am. Take your time."

She looked confused. "Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way."

I pointed with my chin, "That way, ma'am."

"Oh!" she chuckled quietly. "Son, me and old age ain't too friendly."

She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted. She placed a bunch on Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968, and the last on Darrel Wieserman, USMC 1970. She stood there and murmured a few words I still couldn't make out and more tears flowed.

"OK, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home."

"Yes, ma'am, if I may ask, were those your kinfolk?"

She paused. "Yes, Donald Davidson was my father, Stephen was my uncle, Stanley was my husband, Larry and Darrel were our sons. All killed in action, all Marines.

She stopped! Whether she had finished, or couldn't finish, I don't know. She made her way to her car, slowly and painfully.

I waited for a polite distance to come between us and then double-timed it over to Kevin, waiting by the car. "Get to the 'Out' gate quick. I have something I've got to do."

Kevin started to say something, but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us down the service road fast. We beat her. She hadn't made it around the rotunda yet.

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ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

**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, MAY 9th

MEN'S BREAKFAST
AT LISA'S DINER
8:00 AM

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

SUNDAY, MAY 17th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, MAY 2nd

SCRAP BOOKING:
10:00 AM

MONDAY, MAY 11th

TEA & PRAISE HERE:
10:00 AM
SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST
WINLOCK

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 21st

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM
AT ETHEL GRANGE
HWY 12 & LEONARD ROAD

SUNDAY, MAY 30th

SINGSPIRATION AT NAPAVINE
ASSEMBLY
6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

MEN'S RETREAT
DOUBLE K

FRIDAY - SUNDAY MAY 29th-31st

**THE DONKEY IN
THE WELL**

Story shared by Kerwin Rae

One day a farmer's donkey fell down into a well. The animal



cried piteously for hours as the farmer tried to figure out what to do. Finally, he decided the animal was old, and the well needed to be covered up anyway; it just wasn't worth it to retrieve the donkey.

He invited all his neighbors to come over and help him. They all grabbed a shovel and began to shovel dirt into the well. At first, the donkey realized what was happening and cried horribly. Then, to everyone's amazement he quieted down.

A few shovel loads later, the farmer finally looked down the well. He was astonished at what

he saw. With each shovel of dirt that hit his back, the donkey was doing something amazing. He would shake it off and take a step up.

As the farmer's neighbors continued to shovel dirt on top of the animal, he would shake it off and take a step up.

Pretty soon, everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped up over the edge of the well and happily trotted off!

Life is going to shovel dirt on you, all kinds of dirt. The trick to getting out of the well is to shake it off and take a step up. Each of our troubles is a stepping stone. We can get out of the deepest wells just by not stopping, never giving up! Shake it off and take a step up.

Received from Joe & Freda Downs



UNCLE LEROY

Uncle Leroy got a job down at the Broom Factory.

On his first day the straw boss (Floor supervisor) calls ol' Leroy into his little office and says, "You the new man huh? What is yer name?"

Leroy replied "Leroy"

The straw boss says "I don't call anyone by first names. It breeds familiarity and that leads to breakdown in my Authority. I refer to all employees by last names; Now what is Your Last Name!"

Leroy sort of smiles and says, "Its Darling - Leroy Darling!"

The Straw Boss said "Now Leroy the next thing..."



CEMETERY WATCHMAN

"Kevin, stand at attention next to the gatepost. Follow my lead." I hurried across the drive to the other post.

When the Cadillac came puttering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: "TehenHut! Present Haaaarms!"



I have to hand it to Kevin; he never blinked an eye--full dress attention and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send-off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing duty, honor and sacrifice far beyond the realm of most.

I am not sure, but I think I saw a salute returned from that Cadillac.

Instead of The End; just think of Taps.

As a final thought on my part, let me share a favorite prayer: "Lord, keep our servicemen and women safe, whether they serve at home or overseas. Hold them in your loving hands and protect them as they protect us."

Let's all keep those currently serving and those who have gone before in our thoughts. They are the reason for the many freedoms we enjoy.

"In God We Trust."

NOBODY CAME TO JESUS DEFENSE

Mary Warner

I encourage all of you to read one of the four gospels over the weekend. Concentrate on Jesus as you do. During His trial not one person stepped forward to testify on His behalf, not one person could stand up and say what Jesus had done for them, that always makes me cry. Think of how many lives He had touched by this time in His earthly ministry and not one person could come forward on His behalf, not even His family members. Many things might have prevented them from coming forward, such as fear of their lives or what others would think of them, regardless I just find that heartbreaking. Oh, wonderful, wonderful Jesus facing the last hours of His life on earth alone, except for His Father. How can we ever explain His limitless love? I like how Anne Graham



Lotz puts it: *"He forgives and He forgets, He creates and He cleanses, He restores and He rebuilds. He heals and He helps, He reconciles and He redeems, He comforts and He carries, He lifts and He loves. He is the God of second chance, the fat chance, the slim chance, the no chance...Keep on praising Him...He discharges debtors, He delivers captives, He defends the feeble, He blesses the*

young, He serves the unfortunate, He regards the aged, He rewards the diligent He beautifies the meek."

WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED

An issue of *Our Daily Bread* shares and incident in the life of English evangelist George Whitefield (1714-1770). On one occasion Whitefield received a very critical letter accusing him of doing something wrong. His reply was brief and to the point: "I thank you heartily for your letter. As for what you and my other enemies are saying against me, I know worse things about myself than you will ever say about me. With love in Christ, George Whitefield."



Whitefield didn't defend himself. Probably because he wasn't guilty of doing the thing he was being accused of. We often get defensive when we are guilty, or if we are more concerned about our image than we are about pleasing God, or if we are insecure and need to appear "perfect" in the eyes of others.

⇒ Received from James Sparks

THE WISDOM OF A CHILD

After a church service on Sunday morning, a young boy suddenly announced to his mother, "Mom, I've decided to become a minister when I grow up." "That's okay with us, but what made you decide that?"

"Well," said the little boy, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, And I figure it will be more fun to stand up and yell, than to sit and listen."

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Last month three came up with the correct answer to the quiz. Linda Ray, Mert Horrocks and my sister, Katie.

The answer is found in the sixth chapter of Second Kings, when Elisha caused the axe head to swim.

Here is this months quiz.

*I am just a servant my job is to help this man
He may be king some day and rule this land
But today we're in a battle against the enemy strong
But he says to let go and fight with God we can be wrong*

*And so we climb the hill to fight that day
And God gave us the victory I'm so glad to say
Two against twenty the odds seem very high
But God gave the victory and all twenty had to die.*

*My name in not within the Book I'm sorry to say
But his name is there for you to find and its there to stay
Now if you find his name you'll know just who I am
And if you live real close by a candy bar will be place into your hand.*

DR. GEEZER

An old geezer, who had been a retired farmer for a long time, became very bored and decided to open a medical clinic. He put a sign up outside that said: Dr. Gee-



zers's clinic. "Get your treatment for \$500, if not cured get back \$1,000."

Doctor "Young," who was positive that this old geezer didn't know beans about

medicine, thought this would be a great opportunity to get \$1,000. So he went to Dr. Geezer's clinic.

This is what transpired.

Dr. Young: --- "Dr. Geezer, I have lost all taste in my mouth." can you please help me?

Dr. Geezer: --- "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in Dr. Young's mouth."

Dr. Young: --- Aaagh !! -- "This is Gasoline!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young gets annoyed and goes back after a couple of days figuring to recover his money.

Dr Young: "I have lost my memory, I cannot remember anything."

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Doctor Young: "Oh no you don't, -- that is Gasoline!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young (after having lost \$1000) leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

Dr. Young: "My eyesight has become weak --- I can hardly see.

Dr. Geezer: "Well, I don't have any medicine for that so -- " Here's your \$1000 back."

Dr. Young: "But this is only \$500..."

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You got your vision back! That will be \$500."

Moral of story -- Just because you're "Young" doesn't mean that you can outsmart an old "Geezer".



WHAT A HOOT

Each evening bird lover Tom stood in his backyard, hooting like an owl - and one night, an owl called back to him. For a year, the man and his feathered friend hooted back and forth. He even kept a log of the "conversation."



Just as he thought he was on the verge of a breakthrough in interspecies communication, his wife had a chat with her next door neighbor.

"My husband spends his nights ... calling out to owls," she said.

"That's odd," the neighbor replied. "So does my husband."

Then it dawned on them.

JUDGE'S TIE

At a clearance sale, the wife of a federal district court judge found a green tie that was a perfect match for one of her husband's sports jackets. Soon after, while the couple was vacationing at a resort complex to get his mind off a rather complicated cocaine conspiracy case, he noticed a small, round disc sewn into the design of the tie.

The judge showed it to a local FBI agent, who was equally suspicious that it might be a 'bug' planted by the conspiracy defendants. The agent sent the device to FBI headquarters in Washington, DC for analysis.

Two weeks later, the judge phoned the Washington office to learn the results of their tests.

"We're not sure where the disc came from," the FBI told him, "but we discovered that when you press it, it plays 'Jingle Bells.'"

