



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

JUNE, 2015

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

A GIRL WITH AN APPLE

(This is a true story and you can find out more by Googling Herman Rosenblat. He was Bar Mitzvahed at age 75)

August 1942. Piotrkow, Poland.

The sky was gloomy that morning as we waited anxiously. All the men, women and children of Piotrkow's Jewish ghetto had been herded into a square. Word had gotten around that we were being moved.

My father had only recently died from typhus, which had run rampant through the crowded ghetto. My greatest fear was that our family would be separated.

'Whatever you do,' Isidore, my eldest brother, whispered to me, 'don't tell them your age. Say you're sixteen. I was tall for a boy of 11, so I could pull it off. That way I might be deemed valuable as a worker.'

An SS man approached me, boots clicking against the cobblestones. He looked me up and down, and then asked my age.

'Sixteen,' I said. He directed me to the left, where my three brothers and other healthy young men already stood.

My mother was motioned to the right with the other women, children, sick and elderly people. I whispered to Isidore, 'Why?'

He didn't answer. I ran to Mama's side and said I wanted



to stay with her. 'No,' she said sternly. 'Get away. Don't be a nuisance. Go with your brothers.' She had never spoken so harshly before. But I understood: She was protecting me. She loved me so much that, just this once, she pretended not to. It was the last I ever saw of her.

My brothers and I were transported in a cattle car to Germany. We arrived at the Buchenwald concentration camp one night later and were led into a crowded barrack. The next day, we were issued uniforms and identification numbers. 'Don't call me Herman anymore.' I said to my brothers. 'Call me 94983.' I was put to work in the camp's crematorium, loading the dead into a hand-cranked elevator. I, too, felt dead. Hardened, I had become a number.

Soon, my brothers and I were sent to Schlieben, one of Buchenwald's sub-camps near Berlin.

One morning I thought I heard my mother's voice. 'Son,' she said softly but clearly, I am going to send you an angel.' Then I woke up. Just a dream. A beautiful dream. But in this place there could be no angels. There was only work. And hunger. And fear.

A couple of days later, I was walking around the camp, around the barracks, near the barbed-wire fence



where the guards could not easily see. I was alone. On the other side of the fence, I spotted someone: a little girl with light, almost luminous curls. She was half-hidden behind a birch tree. I glanced around to make sure no one saw me. I called to her softly in German. 'Do you have something to eat?' She didn't understand. I inched closer to the fence and repeated the question in Polish.

She stepped forward. I was thin and gaunt, with rags wrapped around my feet, but the girl looked unafraid. In her eyes, I saw life. She pulled an apple from her woolen



jacket and threw it over the fence. I grabbed the fruit and, as I started to run away, I heard her say faintly, 'I'll see you tomorrow.'

I returned to the same spot by the fence at the same time every day. She was always there with something for me to eat - a hunk of bread or, better yet, an apple. We didn't dare speak or linger. To be caught would mean death for us both. I didn't know anything about her, just a kind farm girl, except that she understood Polish. What was her name? Why was she risking her life for me?

Continued on next page

Hope was in such short supply, and this girl on the other side of the fence gave me some, as nourishing in its way as the bread and apples.

Nearly seven months later, my brothers and I were crammed into a coal car and shipped to Theresienstadt camp in Czechoslovakia.

'Don't return,' I told the girl that day. 'We're leaving.' I turned toward the barracks and didn't look back, didn't even say good-bye to the little girl whose name I'd never learned, the girl with the apples.

We were in Theresienstadt for three months. The war was winding down and Allied forces were closing in, yet my fate seemed sealed. On May 10, 1945, I was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at 10:00 AM. In the quiet of dawn, I tried to prepare myself. So many times death seemed ready to claim me, but somehow I'd survived. Now, it was over. I thought of my parents. At least, I thought, we will be reunited.

But at 8 A.M. there was a commotion. I heard shouts, and saw people running every which way through camp. I caught up with my brothers. Russian troops had liberated the camp! The gates swung open. Everyone was running, so I did too. Amazingly, all of my brothers had survived;

I'm not sure how. But I knew that the girl with the apples had been the key to my survival. In a place where evil seemed triumphant, one person's goodness had saved my life, had given me hope in a place where there was none.

My mother had promised to send me an angel, and the angel had come.

Eventually I made my way to England where I was sponsored by a Jewish charity, put up in a hostel with other boys who had survived the Holocaust and trained in electronics. Then I came to America, where my brother

Sam had already moved.

I served in the U. S. Army during the Korean War, and returned to New York City after two years. By August 1957 I'd opened my own electronics repair shop. I was starting to settle in.

One day, my friend Sid who I knew from England called me. 'I've got a date. She's got a Polish friend. Let's double date.' A blind date? Nah, that wasn't for me. But Sid kept pestering me, and a few days later we headed up to the Bronx to pick up his date and her friend Roma.

I had to admit, for a blind date this wasn't so bad. Roma was a nurse at a Bronx hospital. She was kind and smart. Beautiful, too, with swirling brown curls and green, almond-shaped eyes that sparkled with life. The four of us drove out to Coney Island.

Roma was easy to talk to, easy to be with. Turned out she was wary of blind dates too! We were both just doing our friends a favor. We took a stroll on the boardwalk, enjoying the salty Atlantic breeze, and then had dinner by the shore. I couldn't remember having a better time.

We piled back into Sid's car, Roma and I sharing the backseat.

As European Jews who had survived the war, we were aware that much had been left unsaid between us. She broached the subject, 'Where were you,' she asked softly, 'during the war?'

'The camps,' I said. The terrible memories still vivid, the irreparable loss. I had tried to forget. But you can never forget.

She nodded. 'My family was hiding on a farm in Germany, not far from Berlin,' she told me. 'My father knew a

priest, and he got us Aryan papers.'

I imagined how she must have suffered too, fear, a constant companion.

And yet here we were both survivors, in a new world.

'There was a camp next to the farm.' Roma continued. 'I saw a boy there and I would throw him apples every day.'

What an amazing coincidence that she had helped some other boy. 'What did he look like?' I asked.

'He was tall, skinny, and hungry. I must have seen him every day for six months.'

My heart was racing. I couldn't believe it. This couldn't be.

'Did he tell you one day not to come back because he was leaving Schlieben?'

Roma looked at me in amazement. 'Yes!'

'That was me!'

I was ready to burst with joy and awe, flooded with emotions. I couldn't believe it! My angel. 'I'm not letting you go.' I said to Roma. And in the back of the car on that blind date, I

proposed to her. I didn't want to wait.

'You're crazy!' she said. But she invited me to meet her parents for Shabbat dinner the following week.

There was so much I looked forward to learning about Roma, but the most important things I always knew: her steadfastness, her goodness. For many months, in the worst of circumstances, she had come to the fence and given me hope. Now that I'd found her again, I could never let her go.

That day, she said yes. And I kept my word. After nearly 50 years of marriage, two children and three grandchildren, I have never let her go.



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

HELD AT THE PARSONAGE
221 LEONARD ROAD

~

TUESDAY JUNE 9th

HIGH SCHOOL BACCALAUREATE
COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH
7:00 PM

~

Please help by bringing cookies

~

SATURDAY, JUNE 13th

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

~

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

~

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

~

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~

FATHER'S DAY

~

PLEASE BRING YOUR BABY BOTTLES

~

COMMUNITY EVENTS

~

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

~

THURSDAY, JUNE 19th

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM

AT ETHEL GRANGE
HWY 12 & LEONARD ROAD

~

HE TOOK MY PLACE

"Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." **John 15:13**

According to Doug Batchelor in his book, *Broken Chains*, "There's a story about two Filipino brothers, identical twins, who lived in Manila and made their living by driving jeepneys, Filipino taxis.* Though they were twins and had similar



jobs, they lived very different lives. One was married and had children; the other was single. Then one day, the married brother accidentally struck and killed a tourist with his taxi. Accused of reckless driving, the twin was sentenced to twenty years in the notorious Manila prison—a devastating fate that would leave his wife and children without an income.

"One day, his twin came to visit him in prison. He said, 'Brother, your family desperately needs you. Put on my clothes and take my visitor's pass and I will put on your prison uniform and serve the rest of your sen-

tence. Go to your family.' So, while the guards were not looking, the twins exchanged clothes, and the married brother walked out of the prison unchallenged. Do you think the twin who was freed could ever stop thinking about the sacrifice that his brother made in trading places with him?"²

Though having limitations it is still a powerful illustration of what Jesus Christ did for you and me at Easter time 2,000 years ago when he exchanged places with you and me and died in our place on the cross of Calvary. He did this out of his great love for us to pay the penalty for all of our sins, so we could be freely forgiven by God and receive his gift of eternal life in Heaven to be with him forever.

If you have never thanked Jesus for dying in your place to pay the penalty for your sins and accepted God's gift of forgiveness and eternal life, I urge you to do this today.

For help please go to <http://tinyurl.com/8glq9>

⇒ From a website called "Daily Encounter"

MARRIAGE WAKEUP COFFEE

As Barb was getting to know David and his family, she was very impressed by how much his parents loved each other.

"They're so thoughtful," Barb said. "Why, your dad even brings your mom a cup of hot coffee in bed every morning."

After a time, Barb and David were engaged, and then married. On the way from the wedding to the reception, Barb again remarked on David's loving parents, and even the coffee in bed.

"Tell me," she said, "does it run in the family?"

"It sure does," replied David. "And I take after my mom."

MISSING WIFE

A husband went to the sheriff's department to report that his wife was missing.

Husband: I've lost my wife. She went shopping yesterday and has not come home.

Sergeant: What is her height?

Husband: Gee, I really never noticed. Maybe about 5 feet tall.

Sergeant: Build?

Husband: Not slim, not really fat.

Sergeant: Color of eyes?

Husband: Never noticed.

Sergeant: Color of hair?

Husband: Changes a couple times a year--maybe red.

Sergeant: What was she wearing?

Husband: Could have been a skirt or shorts. I don't remember exactly.

Sergeant: Did she go in a car?

Husband: No, she went in my truck.

Sergeant: What kind of truck was it?

Husband: Brand new Ford F-150 King Ranch 4 X 4 with Eco-boost 5.0 L V8 engine, special ordered with manual transmission. It has a custom matching white cover for the bed. Custom leather seats, DVD with Navigation, 21 channel CB radio, 6 cup holders, 4 power outlets, custom "Bubba" floor mats, trailering package with gold balls hanging from the hitch. Put on special alloy wheels and off road Michelins. Wife put a small scratch on the driver's door.

At this point the husband started tearing up and almost cried.

Sergeant: Don't worry, Bubba. We'll find your truck.

Received from Suzi Bergfalk



LOVING THE CHURCH

Some people who claim to be Christians actually will say, "You know, I love the Lord. I just don't love the church."

Sorry, but that is impossible, because **1 John 5:1** says, "Everyone who believes that Jesus is the Christ has become a child of God. And everyone who loves the Father loves his children, too."

When I become friends with someone (and I have friends that I have known for 25 or 30 years), I become friends with their kids, too. If I love them, my love extends to their family. In a way, their kids become like nieces and nephews to me.

In the same way, when we love God, we also will love His children. And if you don't love His children, then one has to question how much you really love God.



As a pastor, I have had people disagree with me on certain things, and I don't take offense to that. But it is a different matter altogether when it comes to my wife. A surefire way to offend me is to insult her. I take that personally.

The church is the bride of Christ. We belong to Him, and He loves us. In fact, the apostle Paul used that analogy in **Ephesians 5: 25-26** when he wrote,

"For husbands, this means love your wives, just as Christ loved the church. He gave up his life for her to make her holy and clean, washed by the cleansing of God's word". It is popular today to criticize the church. But understand this: When you insult the church, you are speaking critically of someone whom Jesus loves; His Bride.

Some people claim to be Christians, yet they don't attend church. But if you are a Christian, then you will long to be with God's people.

STILL WAITING

After waiting more than an hour and a half for her date, Sarah decided she had been stood up.

Exasperated, she changed from her dinner dress into pajamas and slippers, fixed some popcorn and hot chocolate, and resigned herself to an evening of TV.

No sooner had she flopped down in front of the TV when the doorbell rang. Her dad went to the door, and there stood her date.

He took one look at Sarah on the couch and gasped. "I'm two hours late and she's still not ready?"

PANTS MATH



Teacher: Joey, if you put your hand in one pants pocket and found 75 cents, then you put your other hand in your other pants pocket and found 50 cents, what would you have?

Joey: I'd have somebody else's pants on!

Q
U
I
Z



Last month's quiz was way to easy. Several people had the answer right away.

My sister Katie Jackson from Scottsdale was the quickest, with Kellie Gardner and Ruth Bushnell close behind.

The answer is found in the fourteenth chapter of I Samuel. It was Jonathan, the son of King Saul and his armour bearer.

Here is this month's quiz.

*My name you'll never find in the
Book
No matter how long or how hard
you look
It's not there I'm glad to say
Because of my sin I died that day
I cried against the altar you know
And said that it would have to go
It split into and I am glad
But the king was very mad
He reached out to get a hold of
me
But God smote his hand you see
He asked me to pray and restore
his hand
I did as he asked for it was ac-
cording to God's plan*

*God told me to go home a
another way
For in that place I could not stay
God told me not a reward to take
Nor dink some water or eat some
cake
But a prophet lied and took me to
his place
Because I disobeyed God's judg-
ment I must face
Now my name I know you cannot
say
But tell me how I died that day*

A CHILD'S EXAMPLE

Five-year-olds seemingly ask questions non-stop. Sometimes, those queries make their parents uncomfortable—*what happens when we die, how do babies get into mommy's tummy, why are we driving so fast that policeman behind us wants us to pull over?* But when that parent can give a direct answer, it can make a huge difference to someone in need.

Thus, when 5-year-old Josiah Duncan recently spotted a man outside a Waffle House restaurant in Prattville, Ala., with only a bag and a bike, he asked his mother, Ava Faulk, a question about him. Faulk told her son that he was homeless, and Duncan asked what that meant.

After she explained it, though, Duncan—apparently troubled by the idea that this man had no food to eat—had a request for his mom. Buy this man a meal, he told her.

"The man came in and sat down, and nobody really waited on him," Faulk explained. "So Josiah jumped up and asked him if he needed a menu because you can't order without one."

The man insisted on a cheap hamburger to start, but he was assured he could have anything he wanted. He got the works.

"Can I have bacon?" Faulk remembers him asking, "And I told



him get as much bacon you want." Before the man could take the first bite, Josiah insisted on doing something.

"I wanted to say the blessing with

him," Duncan said.



When the pre-meal blessing was complete, there apparently wasn't a dry eye in the place. And Josiah's actions filled his mother with pride.

"You never know who the angel on Earth is, and when the opportunity comes you should never walk away from it," Faulk told the TV station. "Watching my son touch the 11 people in that Waffle House tonight will be forever one of the greatest accomplishments as a parent I'll ever get to witness."

Matthew 18:4 *Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.*

WARNING

A man is lying on the operating table, about to be operated on by his son, the surgeon. The father says, "Son, think of it this way: If anything happens to me, your mother is coming to live with you."

HOUSE POINTS

"This house," said the real estate salesman "has both its good points and its bad points. To show you I'm honest, I'm going to tell you about both.

The disadvantages are that there is a chemical plant one block south and a slaughterhouse a block north."

"What are the advantages?" inquired the prospective buyer.

"The advantage is that you can always tell which way the wind is blowing."