



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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OCTOBER, 2015

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

THE POISON OF SUSPICION

Morning Muse - by David Arnold

For 30 years, he worked as a Soviet spy, betraying British secrets to the KGB. For this, H.A.R. (Kim) Philby has been called "the Napoleon of deception, the greatest mole of them all." A New York Times editorial said of Philby, and his fellow double-agents, "Beyond information, their greatest service to Moscow was to spread the poison of suspicion, setting ally against ally."

According to **Psalm 15:3 (NLT)**, one sign of a true follower of Christ is *Those who refuse to gossip or harm their neighbors or speak evil of their friends.* The word used here comes from a root signifying foot, and denotes a person who goes from place to place, speaking things he should not. A word from this root signifies spies, speaking of those who pry into secrets about others, and oftentimes represent them in a false light. Spurgeon said, "Such are ranked among the worst of men, and are very unfit to be in the society of saints, or in a church of Christ."



1 Timothy 5:13 (GW) *At the same time, they learn to go around from house to house since they have nothing else to do. Not only this, but they also gossip and get involved in other people's business, saying things they shouldn't say.*

John Wesley told that, at Epworth, on one occasion, a wagon load of Methodists were brought before the magistrates. "What have they done?" asked the magistrate. That was a point the prosecution had not considered. Then, one said, "Please, sir, they converted my wife. Before she went among them, she had such a tongue! But now she is as quiet as a lamb."

"Take them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the parish!"

"The tale-bearer carries the devil in his tongue, and the tale-hearer carries the devil in his ear."

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SECOND GLANCE

A wise man wished to discourage his sons from making rash judgments. At his command, the eldest made a winter journey to see a mango tree. During the spring, he sent the next oldest son on the same errand. Summer followed, and the third son went. When the youngest boy had returned from his autumn visit, the wise man called them together.

"Describe the tree," he said to them. The first said it looked like a burnt stump.

The second disagreed, describing it as lovely in lacy green.

The third declared its blossoms were as beautiful as the rose. The

fourth said all were wrong, "Its fruit was like a pear." "Each one of you is right," said the wise father, "for each of you saw it in a different season."

The lesson for them was that when we view another's actions, we are to withhold judgment until we are certain we've seen "the tree in all its seasons."

1 Corinthians 13:4 reminds us that *"love is very patient and kind."*

The "philosophy of the second glance" is a glance of love and kindness.

Instead of jumping to conclusions and becoming judgmental of other's actions, it gives the other person the benefit of the doubt. Someone has stated, "Think of your own sins and you will be more understanding of the sins of others."

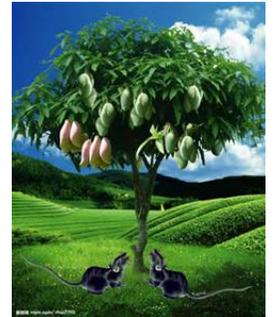
"In men whom men condemn as ill

*I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine*

*I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line*

Between the two, when God has not."

◆ Received from Jim Sparks



BIKE RIDE WITH GOD

When I first met Christ
It seemed as though life was rather like a bike ride,
But it was a tandem bike,
And I noticed that Christ
Was in the back helping me pedal.



I don't know just when it was that
He suggested we change places,
But life has not been the same since.

When I had control, I knew the way,
It was rather boring, but predictable...
It was the shortest distance
between two points.

But when He took the lead,
He knew delightful long cuts,
Up mountains, and through rocky places,
At breakneck speeds,
It was all I could do to hang on!
Even though it looked like madness,

He said "PEDAL"

I worried and was anxious and asked,
"Where are you taking me?"
He laughed and didn't answer,
And I started to learn to trust.

I forgot my boring life
And entered into the adventure.
And when I'd say, "I'm scared,"
He'd lean back and touch my hand.

He took me to people with gifts that I needed.
Gifts of healing, acceptance, and joy.
He said, "Give the gifts away;
They're extra baggage, too much weight."

So I did, I gave them to the people we met,
And I found that in giving I received,
And still our burden was light.

I did not trust Him, at first, In control of my life.
I thought He'd wreck it;
But He knows bike secrets,
Knows how to make it bend to take sharp corners,
Knows how to jump to clear high rocks,
Knows how to fly to shorten scary passages.

And I am learning to shut up and pedal in the strangest places,
And I'm beginning to enjoy the view
And the cool breeze on my face
With my delightful constant companion, Jesus Christ.

And when I'm sure I just can't do anymore,
He just smiles and says... "PEDAL"

KEEP THE FORK

There was a woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and had been given three months to live. So as she was getting her things "in order", she contacted her pastor and had him come to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in. The woman

also requested to be buried with her favorite Bible. Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to leave when the woman suddenly remembered something very important to her.

"Wait, there's one more thing," she said excitedly. "What's that?" came the pastor's reply. "This is very important," the woman continued. "I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand." The pastor stood looking at the woman, not knowing quite what to say. "That surprises you, doesn't it?" the woman asked.

"Well, to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request," said the pastor.

The woman explained. "In all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I always remember that when the dishes of the main courses were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, "Keep Your Fork"



It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming...like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something wonderful, and with substance! So, I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder "What's with the fork?" Then I want you to tell them: "Keep Your Fork" The best is yet to come."

Matthew 25:34 *Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:*

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

TUESDAYS

PRAYER TABLE
6:00 - 7:00 PM

WEDNESDAYS

SALAD & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

HELD AT 221 LEONARD ROAD

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
12:00 NOON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11th

ANNUAL CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING
FOLLOWING 11:00 AM SERVICE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12th

TEA & PRAISE
10:00 AM
SALKUM CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15th

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM

COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH
288 CARLISLE AV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21st

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

PNA EVENTS

SOUTHWEST REGIONAL LEADERS'
GATHERING:
OLYMPIA/LACY CHURCH OF
GOD
9:00 AM

SAD NEWS

Please join me in remembering a great icon of the entertainment community. The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a yeast infection and trauma complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.



Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch. The grave site was piled high with flours.

Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded. Born and bread in Minnesota, Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times, he still was a crusty old man and was considered a positive roll model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife Play Dough, three children: John Dough, Jane Dough and Dosey Dough, plus they had one in the oven. He is also survived by his elderly father, Pop Tart.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes.

If this made you smile for even a brief second, please rise to the occasion and take time to pass it on and share that smile with someone else that may be having a crummy day and kneads a lift.

◇ Received from Ruth Bushnell

CHURCH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING



Our Annual Business Meeting will be held on Sunday, October 11, 2015 following the 11:00 am Morning Worship Service. We will be electing members to the Church Council and voting on the Annual Budget.

If you eighteen years of age or older, have accepted Jesus Christ as your Savior and have worshipped at the Onalaska First Church of God for the past six months, you are able to vote in this meeting.

THE SEED

A successful Christian businessman was growing old and knew it was time to choose a successor to take over the business. Instead of choosing one of his directors or his children, he decided to do something different.

He called all the young executives in his company together. He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next CEO, and I have decided to choose one of you. The young executives were shocked, but the boss continued. "I am going to give each one of you a SEED today - one very special SEED. I want you to plant the seed, water it, and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from the seed I have given you. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next CEO."

One man, named Jim, was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly, told his wife the story. She helped him get a



pot, soil and compost and he planted the seed. Everyday, he would water it and watch to see if it had grown. After About three weeks, some of the other executives began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow. Jim kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew.

Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks went by, still nothing. By now, others were talking about

their plants, but Jim didn't have a plant and he felt like a failure. Six months went by--still nothing in Jim's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Jim didn't say anything to his colleagues, however. He just kept watering and fertilizing the soil - He so wanted the seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the young executives of the company brought their plants to the CEO for inspection. Jim told his wife that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But she asked him to be honest about what happened. Jim felt sick at his stomach, it was going to be the most embarrassing moment of his life, but he knew his wife was right. He took his empty pot to the boardroom. When Jim arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other executives. They were beautiful--in all shapes and sizes. Jim put his empty pot on the floor and many of his colleagues laughed, a few felt sorry for him!



When the CEO arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted his young executives. Jim just tried to hide in the back. "My, what great plants, trees, and flowers you have grown," said the CEO. "Today one of you will be appointed the next CEO!" All of a sudden, the CEO spotted Jim at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered the financial director to bring him to the front. Jim was terrified. He thought, "The CEO knows I'm a

failure! Maybe he will have me fired!"

When Jim got to the front, the CEO asked him what had happened to his seed - Jim told him the story.

The CEO asked everyone to sit down except Jim. He looked at Jim, and then announced to the young executives, "Behold your next Chief Executive! His name is Jim!" Jim couldn't believe it. "Jim couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new CEO?" the others said?

Then the CEO said, "One year ago today, I gave everyone in this room a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds; they were dead - it was not possible for them to grow. All of you, except Jim, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Jim was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new Chief Executive!"

- ◆ If you plant honesty, you will reap trust
- ◆ If you plant goodness, you will reap friends
- ◆ If you plant humility, you will reap greatness
- ◆ If you plant perseverance, you will reap contentment
- ◆ If you plant consideration, you will reap perspective
- ◆ If you plant hard work, you will reap success
- ◆ If you plant forgiveness, you will reap reconciliation
- ◆ If you plant faith in Christ, you will reap a harvest

So, be careful what you plant now; it will determine what you will reap later.

◇ Received from Jim Sparks

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Z



The first one to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz was Mert Horrocks, the second was my sister Katie Jackson. The answer is Ezekiel and the story is found in the fourth chapter of Ezekiel.

Here is this month's quiz.

*This is what I saw that day,
When God told me to look that way.*

*One was good and one was bad
And what God told me made me sad.*

*One stood for those whom God
would bless
If only they would stand the test.
He would bless them where they went
Then bring them back from where
they were sent*

*The other stood for wicked men
Who sinned time and time again
Judgment would come on every one
For all the sin that they had done.*

*The contents of one was oh so sweet
Their the kind you'd love to eat.
The other one were not that way
They were the kind you'd throw away.*

*Now tell me what I saw that day
And my name can you say
And if you're right, I know you are
Come and get your candy bar*

Knowledge knows a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom doesn't put it in a fruit salad.



CHEVROLET AVALANCHE!

A sixteen year-old boy came home with a new Chevrolet Avalanche with his bike in the back.



His parents began to yell and scream, 'Where did you get that truck???!'!

He calmly told them, 'I bought it today.'

'With what money?' demanded his parents. They knew what a Chevrolet Avalanche cost.

'Well,' said the boy, 'this one cost me just fifteen dollars.' So the parents began to yell even louder. 'Who would sell a truck like that for fifteen dollars?' they said.

'It was the lady up the street,' said the boy. I don't know her name-they just moved in. She saw me ride past on my bike and asked me if I wanted to buy a Chevrolet Avalanche for fifteen dollars.'

'Oh my Goodness!,' moaned the mother, 'she must be a child abuser. Who knows what she will do next? John, you go right up there and see what's going on.' So the boy's father walked up the street to the house where the lady lived and found her out in the yard calmly planting petunias!

He introduced himself as the father of the boy to whom she had sold a new Chevrolet Avalanche for fifteen dollars and demanded to know why she did it.

'Well,' she said, 'this morning I got a phone call from my husband. (I thought he was on a business trip, but learned from a friend he had run off to Hawaii with his mistress and really doesn't intend to come back). He claimed he was stranded and needed cash, and asked me to sell his new Chevrolet Avalanche and send him the money. So I did.'

◇ Received from Jim Sparks

FRYING PAN

A guy is sitting quietly reading his paper when his wife sneaks up behind him and whacks him on the head with a frying pan.



"What was that for?" he asks.

"That was for the piece of paper in your pants pocket with the name Marylou written on it," she replies.

"Two weeks ago when I went to the races, Marylou was the name of one of the horses I bet on," he explains.

She looks satisfied and apologizes.

Three days later he's again sitting in his chair reading when she nails him with an even bigger frying pan, knocking him out cold.

When he comes to, he says, "What was that for?"

"Your horse phoned!"

