



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

NOVEMBER, 2015

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

HOW NEVER TO LOSE

A few years ago, at the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash. At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win. All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry. The



other eight heard the boy cry. They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back... every one of them. One girl with Down's syndrome bent down and kissed him and said, "This will make it better." Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line. Everyone in the stadium stood, and the cheering went on for several minutes.

People who were there are still telling the story. You may have even seen a re-enactment on TV. Why? Because deep down we know this one thing: What matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves. What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course. We may be able to change our hearts as well as someone

else's... "A candle loses nothing by lighting another"

A TEN DOLLAR LOAN

A man came home from work late again, tired and irritated, to find his 5 year old son waiting for him at the door.

"Oh, Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure what is it?" Replied the man.

"Daddy how much money do you make an hour?"

"That is none of your business. What makes you ask such a thing?" The man says angrily.

"I just want to know. Please tell me how much do you make an hour," pleaded the little boy.

"If you must know, I make \$20.00 an hour."

"Oh," the little boy replied, head bowed. Looking up, he said, "Dad, may I borrow \$10.00 please?"

The father was furious. "If the only reason you wanted to know how much money I make is just so you can borrow some to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room. You do not need anymore toys! Go play with the ones you already have.

I work long, hard hours everyday and don't have time for this."

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door. The man sat down and started to get more angry about the little boys questioning. How dare he ask such questions only to get some money. After an hour or so, the man had calmed down, and started to think he may have been a little hard on his son. Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that \$10.00 and he really did not ask for money very often. The man went to the door of the little boys room and opened the door. His son was lying on the bed. "Are you asleep, son?" He asked.

"No, Daddy, I'm awake." Replied the boy.

"I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier," said the man. "It's been a long day and I took my aggravation out on you. Here's that \$10.00 you asked for."

The little boy sat straight up, beaming. "Oh, thank you, Daddy!" he yelled. Then, reaching under his pillow, he pulled out some more crumpled up bills. The man, seeing that the boy already had money, started to get angry again. The little boy slowly counting out his money, looked up at his father.

"Why did you want more money if you already had some?" The father grumbled.

"I didn't have enough, but now I do, the little boy replied. Daddy, I have \$20.00. Now can I buy an hour of your time?"



A LESSON ON GRACE

The boy stood with back arched, head cocked back and hands clenched defiantly. "Go ahead, give it to me."

The principal looked down at the young rebel. "How many times have you been here?"

The child sneered rebelliously, "Apparently not enough."

The principal gave the boy a strange look. "And you have been punished each time have you not?"

"Yeah, I have been punished, if that's what you want to call it." He threw out his small chest, "Go ahead I can take whatever you dish out. I always have."

"And no thought of your punishment enters your head the next time you decided to break the rules does it?"

"Nope, I do whatever I want to do. Ain't nothin' you people gonna do to stop me either."

The principal looked over at the teacher who stood nearby. "What did he do this time?"

"Fighting. He took little Tommy and shoved his face into the sandbox."

The principal turned to look at the boy, "Why? What did little Tommy do to you?"

"Nothin, I didn't like the way he was lookin' at me, just like I don't like the way you're lookin' at me! And if I thought I could do it, I'd shove your face into something."

The teacher stiffened and started to rise but a quick look from the principal stopped him. He contemplated the child for a moment and then quietly said, "Today my young student is the day you learn about grace."

"Grace? Isn't that what you old people do before you sit down to eat? I don't need none of your stinkin' grace."

"Oh but you do." The principal studied the young man's face and whispered. "Oh yes, you truly do..." The boy continued to glare as the principal continued, "Grace, in its short definition is unmerited favor. You cannot

earn it, it is a gift and is always freely given. It means that you will not be getting what you so richly deserve."

The boy looked puzzled. "You're not gonna whup me? You just gonna let me walk?"

The principal looked down at the unyielding child. "Yes, I am going to let you walk."

The boy studied the face of the principal, "No punishment at all? Even though I socked Tommy and shoved his face into the sandbox?"

"Oh, there has to be punishment. What you did was wrong and there are always consequences to our actions. There will be punishment. Grace is not an excuse for doing wrong."

"I knew it," Sneered the boy as he held out his hands. "Let's get on with it."

The principal nodded toward the teacher. "Bring me the belt."

The teacher presented the belt to the principal. He carefully folded it in two and then handed it back to the teacher. He looked at the child and said. "I want you to count the blows."

He slid out from behind his desk and walked over to stand directly in front of the young man. He gently reached out and folded the child's outstretched, expectant hands together and then turned to face the teacher with his own hands outstretched.

One quiet word came forth from his mouth. "Begin." The belt whipped down on the outstretched hands of the principal.

Crack! The young man jumped ten feet in the air. Shock registered across his face, "One" he whispered. Crack! "Two." His voice raised an octave. Crack! "Three..." He couldn't believe this. Crack! "Four." Big tears welled up in the eyes of the rebel. "OK stop! That's enough. Stop!" Crack! Came the belt down on the callused hands of the principal.

Crack! The child flinched with each blow, tears beginning to stream down his face. Crack! Crack! "No please", the former rebel begged, "Stop, I did it, I'm the one who deserves it. Stop! Please. Stop..." Still the blows came, Crack! Crack! One after another.

Finally it was over.

The principal stood with sweat glistening across his forehead and beads trickling down his face. Slowly he knelt down. He studied the young man for a second and then his swollen hands reached out to cradle the face of the weeping child.

"Grace..."

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.

Ephesians 2:8-9 (KJV)



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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TUESDAYS

PRAYER TABLE
6:00 - 7:00 PM

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WEDNESDAYS

SALAD & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

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BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

HELD AT 221 LEONARD ROAD

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14th

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

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

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LADIES LUNCHEON
11:00 NOON

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd

ANNUAL PNA
THANKSGIVING OFFERING

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9th

TEA & PRAISE
10:00 AM
MORTON CHURCH OF GOD

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19th

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
288 CARLISLE AV.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29th

SINGSPIRATION
AT NAPA VINE ASSEMBLY OF GOD
6:00 PM

**CHURCH FOOTBALL
PLAYS**



QUARTERBACK SNEAK - Church members quietly leaving during the invitation.

DRAW PLAY - What many children do with the bulletin during worship.

HALFTIME - The period between Sunday School and worship when many choose to leave

BENCHWARMER - Those who do not sing, pray, work, or apparently do anything but sit.

BACKFIELD-IN-MOTION - Making a trip to the back (restroom or water fountain) during the service.

STAYING IN THE POCKET - What happens to a lot of money that should be given to the Lord's work.

TWO-MINUTE WARNING - The point at which you realize the sermon is almost over and begin to gather up your children and belongings.

INSTANT REPLAY - The preacher loses his notes and falls back on last week's illustrations.

SUDDEN DEATH - What happens to the attention span of the congregation if the preacher goes "overtime".

TRAP - You're called on to pray and are asleep.

END RUN - Getting out of church quick, without speaking to any guest or fellow member.

FLEX DEFENSE - The ability to allow absolutely nothing said during the sermon to affect your life.

HALFBACK OPTION - The decision of 50% of the congregation not to return for the evening service.

BLITZ - The rush for the restaurants following the closing prayer.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

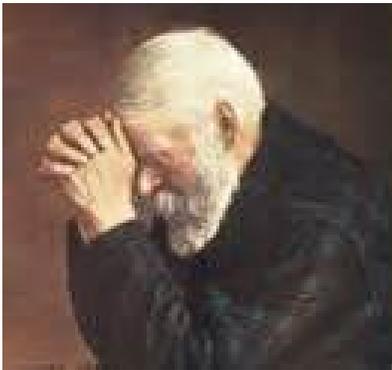


Our annual Thanksgiving Dinner will be held in the Fellowship Hall on Thanksgiving day, November 26th at 1:00 pm. Ham and Turkey will be provided. There is a sign-up sheet to let us know who and how many will be coming, and what they will bring. If you would like to come

and enjoy Thanksgiving with us please signing up. If you have any questions, please contact Elizabeth Sullivan, **985-7891**.

A PRAYER WHEN GROWING OLD

Lord, thou knoweth better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everyone's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody: helpful but not bossy.



With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knoweth Lord that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips of my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint - some of them are so hard to live with- but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Give me the ability to see good

things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people. And, give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so.

AMEN

(Traditional, Author Unknown)

PUSHING AGAINST THE ROCK

A little boy was spending his Saturday morning playing in his sandbox. He had with him his box of cars and trucks, his plastic pail, and a shiny, red plastic shovel. In the process of creating roads and tunnels in the soft sand, he discovered a large rock in the middle of the sandbox.

The boy dug around the rock, managing to dislodge it from the dirt. With no little bit of struggle, he pushed and nudged the rock across the sandbox by using his feet. (He was a very small boy and the rock was very large.)

When the boy got the rock to the edge of the sandbox, however, he found that he couldn't roll it up and over the little wall. Determined, the little boy shoved, pushed, and pried, but every time he thought he had made some progress, the rock tipped and then fell back into the sandbox.

The little boy grunted, struggled, pushed, & shoved; but his only reward was to have the rock roll back, smashing his chubby fingers. Finally he burst into tears of frustration. All this time the boy's father watched from his living room window as the drama unfolded. At the moment the tears fell, a large shadow fell across the boy and the sandbox. It was the boy's father.

Gently but firmly he said, "Son, why didn't you use all the strength that you had available? Defeated, the boy sobbed

back, "But I did, Daddy, I did! I used all the strength that I had!" "No, son," corrected the father kindly. "You didn't use all the strength you had." You didn't ask me."



With that the father reached down, picked up the rock, and removed it from the sandbox. Do you have "rocks" in your life that need to be removed? Are you discovering that you don't have what it takes to lift them? There is One who is always available to us and willing to give us the strength we need.

Isn't it funny how we try so hard to do things ourselves. Sadly, many adults who have been Christians for years are trying to do everything themselves and only turning to God as a last resort. God wants to be your first resort. Let Him help you with your trials, tribulations and temperament. He loves you so much . . . all He wants you to do is ask Him to help.

⇒ Received from JC & Phyllis Sparks

When you are DOWN to nothing God is UP to something!!!

A little boy was overheard praying: "Lord, if You can't make me a better boy, don't worry about it. I'm having a real good time like I am!"

~

A police recruit was asked during the exam, "What would you do if you had to arrest your own mother?" He said, "Call for back-up."

Q
U
I
Z



No one was able to come up with the answer to last month's quiz. The answer is found **Jeremiah 24:1-3**. Jeremiah was shown two baskets of figs, one good and one bad.

Here is this month's quiz.

*Look where you're going and don't be late
If you look the wrong way you will miss the gate
The warning was given to us that day
But I didn't believe and I looked the wrong way.*

*Because of my sin I hate to admit I went no further not one little bit
Now telling who I am won't be hard to find
You just have to be sure you get the answer in time.*

GETTING INTO HEAVEN

A guy arrives at the pearly gates, waiting to be admitted. St. Peter is reading through the Big Book to see if the guy's name is written in it. After several minutes, St. Peter closes the book, furrows his brow, and says, "I'm sorry, I don't see your name written in the Book."

"How current is your copy?" he asks.

"I get a download every ten minutes." St. Peter replies, "Why do you ask?"

"I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I was always the stubborn type. It was not until my death was imminent that I cried out to God, so my name probably hasn't arrived to your copy yet."

"I'm glad to hear that," Pete says, "but while we're waiting for the update to come through, can you tell me about a really good deed that you did in your life?"

The guys thinks for a moment and says, "Hmmm, well there was this one time when I was driving down a road and I saw a group of biker gang members harassing this poor girl. I slowed down, and sure enough, there they were, about 20 of them harassing this poor woman. Infuriated, I got out my car, grabbed a tire iron out of my trunk, and walked up to the leader of the gang. He was a huge guy; 6-foot-4, 260 pounds, with a studded leather jacket and a chain running from his nose to his ears. As I walked up to the leader, the bikers formed a cir-



cle around me and told me to get lost or I'd be next."

"So I ripped the leader's chain out of his face and smashed him over the head with the tire iron. Then I turned around and yelled to the rest of them, 'Leave this poor innocent girl alone! You're all a bunch of SICK, deranged animals! Go home before I really teach you a lesson in PAIN!'"

St. Peter, duly impressed, says "Wow! When did this happen"

"About three minutes ago."

DON'T LET ME BE LATE

A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bi-



ble class. As she ran she prayed, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!" As she was running and praying, she tripped on a

curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again. As she ran she once again began to pray, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late... But please don't shove me either!"

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother," she asked "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" Without missing a beat one little boy answered, "Thou shall not kill."

~

An elderly woman died last month. Having never married, she requested no male pallbearers. In her handwritten instructions for her memorial service, she wrote, "They wouldn't take me out while I was alive, I don't want them to take me out when I'm dead."

~

Adam and Eve had an ideal marriage. He didn't have to hear about all the men she could have married, and she didn't have to hear about the way his mother cooked.