



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

DECEMBER, 2015

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

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The war in Europe was only four months old, yet it had already reached a savagery unknown until that time. After the initial success of the German army, the war became a desperate trench struggle with a very high casualty count. The promise of early success seemed like a faraway dream. The snow and the cold of 1914 made things even worse, but as the darkness fell on Christmas Eve something happened that would never occur again.

Sir Edward Hulse, a 25-year-old lieutenant, wrote in his diary about this strange occurrence. "A scout named F. Marker went out and met a German Patrol and was given a glass of whisky and some cigars, and a message was sent back, saying that if we didn't fire at them they would not fire at us." That night, where the fighting only five days earlier had been fierce, suddenly just stopped.

The following morning, Christmas day, German soldiers walked towards the British lines while the British came out to greet their enemy. They exchanged souvenirs with each other and the British gave the German soldiers plum pudding as a Christmas greeting. Soon arrangements were made to bury the dead British soldiers whose bodies were lying in no man's land. The Germans brought the bodies over and prayers were

exchanged.

The spirit of Christmas overcame the horror of war as peace broke out across the front. The Germans, who previously were viewed as demon-

ized beasts by the British and French, almost always initiated it. This contact was

followed by song. The Germans sang 'Die Wacht Am Rhein' and the British soldiers sang 'Christians Wake.' It was in many ways a miracle. Sapper J. Davey, a British soldier, wrote this in his diary. "Most peculiar Christmas I've ever spent and ever likely to. One could hardly believe the happenings." Hate, for a moment, disappeared along the Western front.

Another British soldier, Second Lt. Dougan Chater wrote, "About 10 o'clock this morning I was peeping over the parapet when I saw a German, waving his arms, and presently two of them got out of their trenches and came towards ours. We were just going to fire on them when we saw that they had no rifles so one of our men went out to meet them and in about two minutes the ground between the two lines of trenches was swarming with men and officers of both sides, shaking hands and wishing each other a happy Christmas." This continued for nearly an hour before



their superiors ordered the men back to their trenches.

The powers to be objected to this display of humanity by the common soldier. For a brief mo-

ment, their gesture ended a war that the leaders of both sides would continue to fight for nearly four more

years. Millions more would die, indeed many of the men who greeted each other would perish, but their spirits live on in history as an example to all of us. We have much more in common with each other than the differences that divide us. Peace is better than war. Understanding is more important than division. Love can overcome hate. **Merry Christmas!!!**

** Received from Katie Jackson*

Inside every old person there is a young person wondering what in the world happened.

Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.

Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time because then you won't have a leg to stand on.

God does extraordinary things through men who have an extraordinary God.

DILEMMA ANGEL

I had arrived at the San Diego Airport early enough to be in the first group to board the Southwest Airlines plane. To explain for those of you who don't have the pleasure of flying Southwest, they do not assign seats but issue boarding passes based on "first-come, first-serve."

I headed for the first available aisle seat, settled in, and after everyone was on board was delighted that no one had taken the dreaded "middle seat" resulting in a comfortable and relaxing flight for me to Phoenix.

However, a few minutes later the stewardess asked for a volunteer to give up a seat so that a father and handicapped son could sit together. I volunteered, and moved up one row -- into the dreaded middle seat, of course!



A comedy routine then ensued with the stewardess telling me twice that they didn't need my seat and I could move back and then twice again that they did need it! By this time, everyone around me was joking and the stewardess had promised me a free drink for my inconvenience and we were trying to get the ante up to a lobster dinner!

I finally decided to stay in the middle seat and as the flight took off began a conversation with the woman in the aisle seat. We eventually learned that we attended the same church in Mesa, Arizona.

She then shared with me that her son-in-law, age 26, had recently been diagnosed with a

malignant brain tumor. The doctors said there was no cure but that with chemotherapy and radiation they might buy him two years. My son had also had cancer

when he was 20 and we shared some of the heart-break of having a young person we love so tragically stricken.

This young man and her daughter have two children -- ages 2 and 7. The young man's father had given him \$1,000 and told him to do something fun with it (not pay doctor bills, etc.) So he thought he would like to take his wife to Hawaii but the children were clamoring for a trip to Disneyland. The \$1,000 wouldn't do both and he certainly didn't have any extra money to spend on such things.

My seatmate continued the story with tears in her eyes, and told me that earlier this week, the family (her son, his wife, and two children) had been at the dentist. The receptionist knew about her son's illness and asked how things were going. He brought her up to date and then mentioned his dilemma -- Hawaii with his wife or Disneyland for the children.

Unknown to them, a man in the waiting room overhead this conversation. When he returned home, he shared the story with his wife. The wife called the dentist, obtained their names, called her travel agent and booked them a trip to Disneyland -- limo, breakfast with Disney characters, the whole nine yards!

When she called the family to

tell them about it, my seatmate's daughter-on-law was hesitant to accept such a wonderful gift from a stranger.

The generous woman replied,

"Do you believe in angels?"

The young mother said, "Yes."

"Well," the woman

said, "so do I! I have been very blessed in my life and I

have a 38-year-old son and grandchildren. I can afford to do this and I would like very much to do it."

So this weekend the family will go to Disneyland thanks to a wonderful, kind woman who believes in angels!

I wasn't sure before my recent flight if I believed in angels, but now I have no doubt that they exist -- in you and me -- and in all people who know how blessed their lives are and who listen for the opportunity to help others.

* Alice Marocco

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We never know what God is going to do for us. He promised that He would give us the desires of our hearts. I never dreamed that my family would be able to go to Hawaii but not only did God provide them a trip to Hawaii but He also made it so that they could go to Disneyland as well.

When I was Youth Pastor at Bethel Temple in Seattle, a man there who we called Grandpa Joe provided the way for my wife, Gloria and my two daughters, Reva and Marlana to go to Hawaii and on the way home they were able to go to Disneyland.

They had a great time and I got a shirt.

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ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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WEDNESDAYS

SALAD & SANDWICHES
5:45 PM

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BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM

HELD AT 221 LEONARD ROAD

~

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th

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

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JOSEPH WHITNEY & ERIN RIDINGS
WEDDING
2:00 PM

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

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LADIES CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
11:00 AM

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE:
6:00 PM

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14th

TEA & PRAISE
10:00 AM
COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

~

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER

16th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17th

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

JAKE'S ORANGE

"The Story of Encouragement"
12/30/2000

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Jake lived in an orphanage with nine other young boys. Times were hard especially in the wintertime, when any extra money went for coal to heat the old buildings. At Christmas each boy received a special gift. A sweet juicy orange. It was the only time of the year such a rare treat was provided.

How the boys looked forward to that orange! It was coveted like nothing else they ever received. Each boy would save his orange for several days, admiring it, feeling it, smelling it, loving it, and contemplating the moment he would eat it. Some would even save it until New

Year's day, or later, much like many of us relish saving our Christmas trees and decorations until New Year's just to remind us of the joy of Christmas. This particular Christmas Day, Jake had started a fight. As punishment for breaking the rules, the orphanage's mother told him that he would not receive his orange. Jake spent Christmas Day empty and alone.

Nighttime came and Jake went to bed, but could not sleep. Silently, he sobbed into his pillow. This year he would not have an orange to savor like all the other boys. Jake was startled when a small hand was placed on his shoulder. He felt an object being quickly shoved into his hands. The Child then disappeared into the dark.. Jake looked down to find an odd shaped gift, crudely wrapped in a piece of cloth. To his amazement, he discovered a strange looking orange...an orange made from segments of nine other orang-



es...nine highly prized oranges from nine boys who knew all too well what it meant to be alone.

**LADIES CHRISTMAS
LUNCHEON**



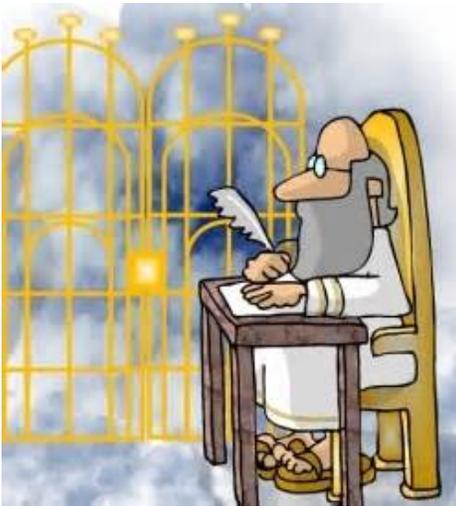
All the ladies of the church are invited to come and celebrate Christmas with all the other ladies of our church.

It is being held in the Church Fellowship Hall on Saturday, December 19th at 11:00 am.

There will be a gift exchange of between \$5.00 & \$10.00.

HEAVEN'S ENTRANCE EXAM

A man dies and goes to heaven. Of course, St. Peter meets him at the Pearly Gates. St. Peter says, "Here's how it works. You need 100 points to make it into heaven. You tell me all the good things you've done, and I give you a certain number of points for each item, depending on how good it was. When you reach 100 points, you get in."



"Okay," the man says, "I was married to the same woman for 50 years and never cheated on her, even in my heart."

"That's wonderful," says St. Peter, "that's worth three points!"

"Three points?" he says, slightly concerned. "Well, I attended church all my life and supported its ministry with my tithe and service."

"Terrific!" says St. Peter. "That's certainly worth a point."

"One point!?!!" he moans, now really getting worried. "I started a soup kitchen in my city and worked in a shelter for homeless veterans."

"Fantastic, that's good for two more points," he says.

"Two points!" the man cries. "At this rate the only way I get into heaven is by the grace of God!"

St. Peter nods and says, "Bingo, 100 points! Come on in!"

Ephesians 2:8-9 (KJV) *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.*

GOOD THINGS

Russ Grover

About a year ago, a couple with three children moved into the apartment next door to me. I never hear any noise from the children, but the parents were always yelling at the kids, not in a constructive tone, but more on the threatening side. When I am in my bathroom it is quite loud.

We met often in the hallway when we were coming or going. I always spoke, but the only answer I ever got was a hello from the four year old girl.

I usually go out for breakfast and one day when I returned they were just coming from their apartment and the little girl was holding the door open for the others. I remained in the car doing unnecessary things because I wasn't too eager to be snubbed. The parents were telling her to hurry and get in the car (they were parked next to me). I looked up and saw the little girl was still holding the door open, waiting for me.

I am handicapped to the point that I can't hurry at anything, but I hurried as much as I could and thanked her. She was smiling from ear to ear.

That afternoon I was at the K-Mart and I saw a white teddy bear. I thought of the little girl and said to myself, "I bet she would like that" so I bought it.

I forgot to tell you how much I was touched by her act of kindness. I wrote a note saying how

much her act of kindness had touched a soft spot in an old man's heart and I didn't even know her name.

The next day there was a knock on the door and it was the little girl and her father. She was so proud of her bear and thanked me like I had never been thanked before. Then I noticed her mother and the other children were there in the hall too. The mother and father both thanked me.



Now when we meet in the hall we all speak, and in a friendly manner I might add. As time passes, I don't hear that yelling as often. In fact, hardly at all.

Last night we had about 4 inches of snow. I looked out at my car and wondered how I was going to keep my doctor's appointment because I can only exert myself just so long and then rest for a while. I didn't have that much time. The temperature was zero, so I bundled up and went out to remove the snow.

When I opened the outside door, there was my car with all the snow removed. I can't express how I felt at that moment. The man next door was the only person I knew in the whole building, so when I saw him the next day, I asked him if he was the good guy that removed my snow. He said NO. He wanted to but his wife said she wanted to do it.

Isn't it amazing how the small kind act of a 4 year old girl can change so many things for the better?

⇒ Received from Jim & Phyllis Sparks

Q
U
I
Z



No one was able to come up with the answer to last month's quiz.

The answer was Lot's wife. Her story is found in the 19 chapter of Genesis.

Here is this month's quiz.

*He drove his chariot with all his might
But I'm glad to say, he lost the fight
The battle turned against him that day
And so he had to run away
He had to find a place to hide
A place where he would be inside
There was a tent so far away
He though he could hide for just a day
She said to him come in and find some rest
Taking care of you I'll do my best
She gave a glass of milk to him
Cool and filled unto the brim
She hit the nail right on the head
And nailed that man right to the bed
Now tell me his name if you think you can
And the name of the lady who nailed her man.*

SEPARATING THE GUILTY FROM THE INNOCENT

One of the greatest preachers who ever lived, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, called the "prince of preachers," loved to tell this story: It seems there was a duke who

once boarded a galley ship and went below to talk to the convicts manning the oars. When he asked several of them what their crimes were, almost every man claimed that he was innocent, blaming someone else, or even accused the judge of taking a bribe.



There was one young man whose reply was different. He said, "I deserve to be here, sir. I stole some money. No one is at fault but me. I am guilty."

When the duke heard this he shouted, "You scoundrel, you! What are you doing here among all these honest men? Get out of their company at once!" The duke ordered the young prisoner to be released.

So, the young man was set free, while the rest of the prisoners were left to continue to tug at the oars. The key to his freedom was his admission of guilt.

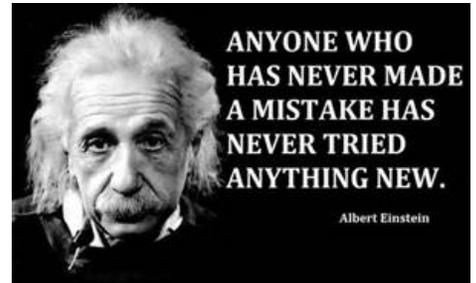
This is a picture of salvation. Until one is willing to admit, "I am a sinner in need of salvation," one cannot experience freedom from guilt and condemnation.

If you have never said, "I'm guilty," then I encourage you to do so now. Accept Jesus as your Savior and place your trust in Him. You can replace sin's guilt and power with the joy of forgiveness and freedom. Then, encourage someone you know to do the same.

⇒ Received from Jim Sparks

KNOWING WHERE

Billy Graham tells the story of a time when Albert Einstein was going on a train to an out-of-town en-



gagement. The conductor stopped by to punch his ticket. The great scientist, preoccupied with his work, with great embarrassment rummaged through his coat pockets and briefcase to no avail. He could not find his ticket.

The conductor said, "We all know who you are, Dr. Einstein. I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it. Everything is okay." The conductor walked on down the aisle punching other tickets.

Before he moved to the next car, he looked back and saw Dr. Einstein down on his hands and knees looking under his seat trying to find his ticket. He came back and gently said, "Dr. Einstein, please don't worry about it. I know who you are."

Einstein looked up and said, "I too know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going!"

Do you know where you are going? You will spend eternity there.

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."