



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[www.onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://www.onalaskachurchofgod.com)

FEBRUARY, 2016

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

## PRETTIER THAN FRECKLES

A woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws. "You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fella. Embarrassed, the little



boy dropped his head. His grandmother knelt down next to him. "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles," she

said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek.

"Freckles are beautiful." The boy looked up, "Really?" "Of course," said the grandmother. "Why just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles."

The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma's face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles."

## ROOM 712

The hospital was unusually quiet that bleak January evening, quiet and still like the air before a storm. I stood in the nurses' station on the seventh floor and

glanced at the clock. It was 9 P.M. I threw a stethoscope around my neck and headed for room 712, last room on the hall.

Room 712 had a new patient. Mr. Williams. A man all alone. A man strangely silent about his family.

As I entered the room, Mr. Williams looked up eagerly, but dropped his eyes when he saw it was only me, his nurse. I pressed the stethoscope over his chest and listened. Strong, slow, even beating. Just what I wanted to hear. There seemed little indication he had suffered a slight heart attack a few hours earlier. He looked up from his starched white bed. "Nurse, would you -" He hesitated, tears filling his eyes. Once before he had started to ask me a question, but changed his mind. I touched his hand, waiting. He brushed away a tear. "Would you call my daughter? Tell her I've had a heart attack. A slight one. You see, I live alone and she is the only family I have."

His respiration suddenly speeded up. I turned his nasal oxygen up to eight liters a minute. "Of course I'll call her," I said, studying his face. He gripped the sheets and pulled himself forward, his face tense with urgency.

"Will you call her right away - as soon as you can?"

He was breathing fast - too fast. "I'll call her the very first thing," I said, patting his shoulder. I flipped off the light. He closed

his eyes, such young blue eyes in his 50 - year - old face. Room 712 was dark except for a faint night light under the sink. Oxy-



gen gurgled in the green tubes above his bed. Reluctant to leave, I moved through the shadowy silence to the window. The

panes were cold. Below a foggy mist curled through the hospital parking lot.

"Nurse," he called, "could you get me a pencil and paper?" I dug a scrap of yellow paper and a pen from my pocket and set it on the bedside table. I walked back to the nurses' station and sat in a squeaky swivel chair by the phone.

Mr. Williams's daughter was listed on his chart as the next of kin. I got her number from information and dialed. Her soft voice answered. "Janie, this is Sue Kidd, a registered nurse at the hospital. I'm calling about your father. He was admitted tonight with a slight heart attack and..."

"No!" She screamed into the phone, startling me. "He's not dying is he?"

"His condition is stable at the moment," I said, trying hard to sound convincing. Silence. I bit my lip.

"You must not let him die!" She said. Her voice was so utterly compelling that my hand trembled on the phone.

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"He is getting the very best care."

"But you don't understand," she pleaded. "My daddy and I haven't spoken. On my 21st birthday, we had a fight over my boyfriend. I ran out of the house. I - I haven't been back. All these months I've wanted to go to him for forgiveness. The last thing I said to him was, 'I hate you.'" Her voice cracked and I heard her heave great agonizing sobs. I sat, listening, tears burning my eyes. A father and a daughter, so lost to each other. Then I was thinking of my own father, many miles away. It has been so long since I had said, "I love you."

As Janie struggled to control her tears, I breathed a prayer. "Please God, let this daughter find forgiveness."

"I'm coming. Now! I'll be there in 30 minutes," she said. Click. She had hung up. I tried to busy myself with a stack of charts on the desk.



I couldn't concentrate. Room 712; I knew I had to get back to 712.

I hurried down the hall nearly in a run. I opened the door. Mr. Williams lay unmoving. I reached for his pulse. There was none.

"Code 99, Room 712. Code 99. Stat." The alert was shooting through the hospital within seconds after I called the switchboard through the intercom by the bed. Mr. Williams had a cardiac arrest.

With lightning speed I leveled the bed and bent over his mouth, breathing air into his lungs (twice). I positioned my hands over his chest and compressed. One, two, three. I tried to count. At fifteen I moved back to his mouth and breathed as deeply as I could. Where was help? Again I compressed and breathed, Compressed and. He could not die!

"O God," I prayed. "His daughter is coming! Don't let it end this way."

The door burst open. Doctors and nurses poured into the room pushing emergency equipment. A doctor took over the manual compression of the heart. A tube was inserted through his mouth as an airway. Nurses plunged syringes of medicine into the intravenous tubing. I connected the heart monitor. Nothing. Not a beat. My own heart pounded. "God, don't let it end like this. Not in bitterness and hatred. His daughter is coming. Let her find peace."

"Stand back," cried a doctor. I handed him the paddles for the electrical shock to the heart. He placed them on Mr. Williams's chest. Over and over we tried. But nothing. No response. Mr. Williams was dead. A nurse unplugged the oxygen. The gurgling stopped. One by one they left, grim and silent. How could this happen? How? I stood by his bed, stunned.

A cold wind rattled the window, pelting the panes with snow. Outside - everywhere - seemed a bed of blackness, cold and dark. How could I face his daughter?

When I left the room, I saw her against a wall by a water fountain. A doctor who had been inside 712 only moments before stood at her side, talking to her, gripping her elbow. Then he moved on, leaving her slumped against the wall. Such pathetic hurt reflected from her face. Such wounded eyes. She knew. The doctor had told her that her father was gone. I took her hand and led her into the nurses' lounge. We sat on little green stools, neither saying a word.

She stared straight ahead at a pharmaceutical calendar, glass-faced, almost breakable-looking.

"Janie, I'm so, so sorry," I said. It was pitifully inadequate.

"I never hated him, you know. I loved him," she said. God, please help her, I thought. Suddenly she whirled toward me. "I want to see him."

My first thought was, "Why put yourself through more pain? Seeing him will only make it worse." But I got up and wrapped my arm around her. We walked slowly down the corridor to 712. Outside the door I squeezed her hand, wishing she would change her mind about going inside. She pushed open the door.

We moved to the bed, huddled together, taking small steps in unison. Janie leaned over the bed and buried her face in the sheets. I tried not to look at her at this sad, sad good-bye. I backed against the bedside table. My hand fell upon a scrap of yellow paper. I picked it up. It read: "My dearest Janie, I forgive you. I pray you will also forgive me. I know that you love me. I love you too, Daddy"

The note was shaking in my hands as I thrust it toward Janie. She read it once. Then twice. Her tormented face grew radiant. Peace began to glisten in her eyes. She hugged the scrap of paper to her breast.

"Thank You, God," I whispered, looking up at the window. A few crystal stars blinked through the blackness. A snowflake hit the window and melted away, gone forever. Life seemed as fragile as a snowflake on the window. But thank You, God, that relationships, sometimes fragile as snowflakes, can be mended together again - but there is not a moment to spare.

I crept from the room and hurried to the phone. I would call my father. I would say, "I love you."

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

**WEDNESDAYS**

SOUP & SANDWICHES  
5:45 PM

BIBLE STUDY  
6:15 PM

WE HAVE MOVED BACK TO THE  
FELLOWSHIP HALL

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th**

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
9:30 AM

VALENTINE LUNCHEON  
11:00 AM

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21st**

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

**COMMUNITY EVENTS**

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8th**

TEA & PRAISE:  
ONALASKA SEVENTH-DAY  
ADVENTIST CHURCH  
10:00 AM

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17th**

SENIORS ON THE GO:  
12:00 NOON

**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18th**

AMERICAN LEGION:  
6:00 PM  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
288 CARLISLE

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th**

LOVE INC'S ANNUAL FUNDRAISER  
@  
FIRST CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE  
1119 W. FIRST  
CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON  
6:00 - 9:00 PM

All the way home in the back seat of the car the boy was quiet. His father asked him three times what was wrong. Finally, the boy replied. "That preacher said he wanted us brought up in a Christian home, and I wanted to stay with you guys.

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The Sunday School Teacher asks, "Now, Johnny, tell me frankly do you say prayers before eating?"

"No, sir," Little Johnny replies, "I don't have to, my Mom is a good cook!"

**VALENTINE LUNCHEON**

**SATURDAY, FEB. 13th**

**11:00 A.M.**

**HAM & CHEESE SANDWICHES**

**CHICKEN/GRAPE SALAD**

**CREAM OF POTATO & CREAM OF BROCCOLI SOUP**

**GREEN SALAD**

**CHOCOLATE MINT CANDY**

**SUGAR COOKIES**

**PIES**

**COFFEE/TEA**

**EVERYONE IS WELCOME**

## ***BUILDING FUND***

Several years ago we began a building project. We were looking for ways to enlarge our church and reach out to our community. We sought to build a new church on our Leonard Road property where we had 11 and 1/2 acres.



ONALASKA FIRST CHURCH OF GOD

We ran into a serious problem with the septic system. We were going to be required to put in a large holding tank that would need to be pumped out often. We felt that it was not feasible at that time to try and build.

We have put the project on hold for now. The question we have is for those who have contributed funds for this project. We would like to use some of the money in our New Building Fund to do some repairs and upkeep of the Parsonage. We are asking those who donated money if they would like their money returned or could we use it on the repairs and upkeep to the parsonage. If you would like us to return your donation please let us know and we will send you the refund.

## The Cracked Pot



BY SACINANDANA SWAMI

A water bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water in his master's house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you."

"Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?"

I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and

you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in his compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path." Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some. But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house."

**MORAL:** Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked pots. Some of us are old, some not so smart, some fat, some bald, some physically challenged, but it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them. There is a lot of good out there. There is a lot of good in you! Blessed are the flexible, for they shall not be

bent out of shape. Remember to appreciate all the different people in your life! Or as I like to think of it - if it's not for the crackpots in my life, it would be pretty boring... Thank you to all my crackpot friends.

A man and his son were walking in the forest. Suddenly the boy trips and feeling a sharp pain he screams, "ahhhh".

### THE ECHO OF LIFE

Author unknown

Surprised, he hears a voice coming from the mountain, "ahhhh".

Filled with curiosity, he screams, "Who are you?" but the only answer he receives is, "Who are you?"

This makes him angry so he screams, "You are a coward!" and the voice answers, "You are a coward!"

He looks at his father and asks, "Dad, what is going on?"

"Son," he replies, "pay attention!" than he screams, "I admire you!" the voice answers, "I admire you!"

The father yells, "You are wonderful!" and the voice answers, "You are wonderful!"

The boy is surprised but he still doesn't understand what is going on.

Then the father explains, "People call this 'echo' but it is truly called 'life'! Life always gives you back what you give out. Life is a mirror of your actions. If you want more love, give more love. If you want more kindness, give more kindness. If you want understanding and respect than give understanding and respect.

This rule of nature applies to every aspect of our lives.

Life always gives you back what you give out. Your life is not a coincidence but a mirror of your own doings.

Q  
U  
I

Doug Schieck was the only one who was able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz.

The man who lead the attack was King David's general, Joab. The man who tried to steal David's kingdom and lost his head, was Sheba.

You can find this story in the 20th chapter of 2 Samuel.

Here is this month's quiz.

*I'm just a young man  
I'm not very old,  
But these old men  
I just had to scold*

*The wisdom they had  
Was not very good  
They lost their understanding  
Just as I knew they would.*

*I waited until they  
Had nothing to say  
And then I told them  
The error of their way*

*Now tell me their name  
If you think you can  
And if you do  
A candy bar might end in your  
hand*

## THE CAKE

A little boy is telling his Grandma how "everything" is going wrong: school, family problems, severe health problems, etc. Meanwhile, Grandma is baking a cake. She asks her grandson if he would like a snack, which of course he does.

"Here, have some cooking oil."

"Yuck" says the boy.

"How about a couple of raw eggs?"

"Gross, Grandma!"

"Would you like some flour then? Or maybe a little baking soda?"

"Grandma, those are all yucky!"

To which Grandma replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake! God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!"

God is crazy about you. If God had a refrigerator, your picture would be on it. If He had a wallet, your photo would be in it. He sends you flowers every spring and a sunrise every morning.

Whenever you want to talk, He'll listen. He can live anywhere in the universe, and He chose your heart.

What about the Christmas gift He sent you in Bethlehem; not to mention that day at Calvary? Face it, God is crazy about you.

## ADVICE FROM BILL GATES

To anyone with kids, of any age, here's some advice Bill Gates recently dished out at a high school speech about 11 things they did not learn in school. He talks about how feel-good, politically correct teaching has created a full generation of kids with no concept of reality and how this concept sets them up for failure in the real world.



**RULE 1** Life is not fair - get used to it.

**RULE 2** The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something before you feel good about yourself.

**RULE 3** You will not make 50 thousand dollars a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice president with a car phone, until you earn both.

**RULE 4** If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss. He doesn't have tenure.

**RULE 5** Flipping burgers are not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping - they called it opportunity.

**RULE 6** If you mess up, it's not your parents' fault, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

**RULE 7** Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you are. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parent's generation, try delousing the closet in your own room.

**RULE 8** Your school may have done away with winners and losers, but life has not. In some schools they have abolished failing grades and they'll give you as many times as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to anything in real life.

**RULE 9** Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you find yourself. Do that on your own time.

**RULE 10** Television is NOT real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

**RULE 11** Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

◇ Received from Joe Downs