



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

NO TIME TO PRAY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



I knelt to pray but not for long,
 I had too much to do.
 I had to hurry and get to work
 For bills would soon be due.

So I knelt and said a hurried
 prayer,
 And jumped up off my knees.
 My Christian duty was now done
 My soul could rest at ease.

All day long I had no time
 To spread a word of cheer.
 No time to speak of Christ to
 friends,
 They'd laugh at me I'd fear.

No time, no time, too much to
 do,
 That was my constant cry,
 No time to give to souls in need
 My soul believed the lie

But then a fearful dream
 Which I can nee'r forget
 I saw myself approach God's
 throne
 That was the judgment seat.

I went before the Lord,
 I came, I stood with downcast
 eyes.
 For in his hands God held a book;
 It was the book of life.

God looked into his book and
 said
 "Your name I cannot find.
 I once was going to write it
 down...
 But never found the time"

THE DART BOARD

A young lady named Sally, re-
 lates an experience she had in a
 seminary class, given by her
 teacher, who we'll call Brother
 Smith. She says Brother Smith was
 known for his elaborate object
 lessons. One particular day, Sally
 walked into seminary and knew
 they were in for another fun day.
 On the wall was a big target and
 on a nearby table were many
 darts. Brother Smith told the stu-
 dents to draw a picture of some-
 one that they disliked or some-
 one who had made them angry
 and he would allow them to
 throw darts at the person's pic-
 ture.



Sally's girlfriend (on her right),
 drew a picture of a girl who had
 stolen her boyfriend. Another
 friend (on her left), drew a pic-

ture of his little brother. Sally drew
 a picture of Brother Smith, put-
 ting a great deal of detail into
 her drawing, even drawing pim-
 ples on his face. Sally was
 pleased at the overall effect she
 had achieved. The class lined up
 and began throwing darts, with
 much laughter and hilarity. Some
 of the students threw their darts
 with such force that their targets
 were ripping apart. Sally looked
 forward to her turn, and was
 filled with disappointment when
 Brother Smith, because of time
 limits, asked the students to re-
 turn to their seats.

As Sally sat thinking about how
 angry she was because she didn't
 have a chance to throw any
 darts at her target, Brother Smith
 began removing the target from
 the wall. Underneath the target
 was a picture of Jesus . . . A com-
 plete hush fell over the room as
 each student viewed the man-
 gled picture of Jesus; holes and
 jagged marks covered His face
 and His eyes were pierced out.

Brother Smith said only these
 words, "In as much as ye have
 done it unto the least of these
 my brethren, ye have done it un-
 to Me. "No other words were
 necessary; the tear-filled eyes of
 each student focused only on
 the picture of Christ. The students
 remained in their seats . . . even
 after the bell rang . . . then slowly
 left the classroom, tears stream-
 ing down their faces.

And the King shall answer and
 say unto them, Verily I say unto
 you, Inasmuch as ye have done
it unto one of the least of these
 my brethren, ye have done *it* un-
 to me. **Matthew 25:40**

THE SCARS

Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house. In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went. He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore.



His mother, in the house looking out the window, saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In utter fear, she ran toward the water, yelling to her son as loudly as she could. Hearing her voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his mother. It was too late. Just as he reached her, the alligator reached him. From the dock, the mother grabbed her little boy by the arms just as the alligator snatched his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the mother, but the mother was much too passionate to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard her screams, raced from his truck, took aim and

shot the alligator. Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the vicious attack of the animal. And, on his arms, were deep scratches where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved. The newspaper reporter who interviewed the boy after the trauma, asked if he would show him his scars.

The boy lifted his pant legs. And then, with obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my Mom wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, or anything quite so dramatic. But, the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds, my friend, are because God has refused to let go. In the midst of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you.

The Scripture teaches that God loves you. He wants to protect you and provide for you in every way. But sometimes we foolishly wade into dangerous situations. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-of-war begins, and if you have the scars of His love on your arms be very, very grateful. He did not - and will not - let you go.

⇒ Received from Valerie Westmoreland

THINGS I HAVE LEARNED

I've learned that, no matter what happens, how bad it seems today, life does go on, and it will be better tomorrow.

I've learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.

I've learned that, regardless of your relationship with your parents, you'll miss them when they're gone from your life.

I've learned that making a "living" is not the same thing as "making a life."

I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance.

I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back.

I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But, if you focus on your family, your friends, the needs of others, your work and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you.

I've learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision.

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one.

I've learned that every day, you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch - holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back.

I've learned that people will forget what you said ... people will forget what you did ...but people will never forget how you made them feel.

There are three things that can never be recovered: WORDS that have been spoken, OPPORTUNITIES not taken, and TIME that has been spent.

Death does not care whether we are rich or poor, it does not care what color we are or how old we might be, it comes to us all. So what is important, are we ready when death calls our name.

ALASKA'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

~
SATURDAY, MARCH 12th

MEN'S BREAKFAST
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL
8:00 AM

~
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

~
LADIES LUNCHEON
11:00 AM

~
SUNDAY, MARCH 20th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~
COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

~
THURSDAY, MARCH 17th

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
288 CARLISLE

THE DAY OF YOUR CHOICE

I woke up early today, excited over all I get to do before the clock strikes midnight. I have responsibilities to fulfill today. I am important.

My job is to choose what kind of day I am going to have.



Today I can complain because the weather is rainy or ... I can be thankful that the grass is getting watered for free.

Today I can feel sad that I don't have more money or ... I can be glad that my finances encourage me to plan my purchases wisely and guide me away from waste.

Today I can grumble about my health or ... I can rejoice that I am alive.

Today I can lament over all that my parents didn't give me when I was growing up or ... I can feel grateful that they allowed me to be born.

Today I can cry because roses have thorns or ... I can celebrate that thorns have roses.

Today I can mourn my lack of friends or ... I can excitedly embark upon a quest to discover new relationships.

Today I can whine because I have to go to work or ... I can shout for joy because I have a job to do.

Today I can complain because I have to go to school or ... eagerly open my mind and fill it with rich new tidbits of knowledge.

Today I can murmur dejectedly because I have to do housework or I can appreciate that I have a place to call home.

Today stretches ahead of me,

waiting to be shaped. And here I am, the sculptor who gets to do the shaping.

What today will be like is up to me. I get to choose what kind of day I will have!

Have a GREAT DAY ... unless you have other plans.

◇ Received from Jim & Phyllis Sparks

ICE CREAM SUNDAY

In the days when an ice cream sundae



cost much less, a 10 year old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table.

A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" "Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it. "How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he inquired.

Some people were now waiting for a table and the waitress was a bit impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she said brusquely. The little boy again counted the coins.



"I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and departed. When the waitress came back, she began wiping down the table and then swallowed hard at what she saw.

There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies - her tip.



WHITE ROSES

I hurried into the local department store to grab some last minute Christmas gifts. I looked at all the people and grumbled to myself. I would be in here forever and I just had so much to do. Christmas was beginning to become such a drag. I kinda wished that I could just sleep through Christmas. But I'd hurried the best I could through all the people to the toy department. Once again I kind of mumbled to myself at the prices of all these toys, and wondered if the grandkids would even play with them. I found myself in the doll aisle.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a little boy about 5 holding a lovely doll. He kept touching her hair and he held her so gently. I could not seem to help myself. I just kept looking over at the little boy and wondered whom the doll was for. I watched him turn to a



woman and he called his aunt by name and said, "Are you sure I don't have enough money." She replied a bit impatiently, "You know that you don't have enough money for it." The aunt told the little boy not to go anywhere that she had to go get some other things and would be back in a few minutes. And then she left the aisle.

The boy continued to hold the

doll. After a bit I asked the boy whom the doll was for. He said, "It is the doll my sister wanted so badly for Christmas. She just knew that Santa would bring it."

I told him that maybe Santa was going to bring it. He said, "No, Santa can't go where my sister is. I have to give the doll to my Mamma to take to her." I asked him where his sister was.

He looked at me with the saddest eyes and said "She has gone to be with Jesus." My Daddy says that Mama is going to have to go be with her. My heart nearly stopped beating. Then the boy looked at me again and said, "I told my Daddy to tell Mama not to go yet. I told him to tell her to wait till I got back from the store."

Then he asked me if I wanted to see his picture. I told him I would love to. He pulled out some pictures he'd had taken at the front of the store. He said "I want my Mamma to take this with her so she doesn't ever forget me. I love my Mama so very much and I wish she did not have to leave me. But Daddy says she will need to be with my sister."

I saw that the little boy had lowered his head and had grown so very quiet. While he was not looking I reached into my purse and pulled out a handful of bills. I asked the little boy, "Shall we count that money one more time?"

He grew excited and said, "Yes, I just know it has to be enough."

So I slipped my money in with his and we began to count it. Of course it was plenty for the doll. He softly said, "Thank you, Jesus, for giving me enough money." Then the boy said, "I just asked Jesus to give me enough money to buy this doll so Mama can take it with her to give to my sister. And he heard my prayer.

I wanted to ask him for enough to buy my Mama a white rose, but I didn't ask him, but he gave me enough to buy the doll and a rose for my Mama. She loves white roses so very, very much."

In a few minutes the aunt came back and I wheeled my cart away. I could not keep from thinking about the little boy as I finished my shopping in a totally different spirit than when I had started. And I kept remembering a story I had seen in the newspaper several days earlier about a drunk driver hitting a car and killing a little girl and the Mother was in serious condition. The family was deciding on whether to remove the life support. Now surely this little boy did not belong with that story.

Two days later I read in the paper where the family had disconnected the life support and the young woman had died. I could not forget the little boy and just kept wondering if the two were somehow connected. Later that day, I could not help myself and I went out and bought some white roses and took them to the funeral home where the young woman was. And there she was, holding a lovely white rose, the beautiful



doll, and the picture of the little boy in the store. I left there in tears, my life changed forever. The love that little boy had for his little sister and his mother was overwhelming. And, in a split second a drunk driver had ripped the life of that little boy to pieces.

Q
U
I
Z



The answer to last months quiz is found in the book of Job. The young man's name was Elihu (chapter 32) he was addressing Job and his three friends; Eliphaz, Bildad & Zophar, (chapter 2).

Two people came up with the correct answer, Katie Jackson from Scottsdale, and my wife Kathleen.

Here is this months quiz

*I followed my father doing right
God blessed me day and night
Following God is what you should
do
If you make him first He will bless
you*

*As the king I had great command
I sent the Levites through out the
land
Both far and near the people
God's Word did hear*

*They taught the people God's
Holy Word
It was the best thing they had
ever heard*

*Through all of Judah they did go
Because the Lord had wished it
so.*

*Now take the time to read the
Book
My name you'll find if you only
look
If you can't find it not much can I
say
Maybe next month you'll have a
better day.*

THE HUNT

It was Saturday morning as Jake,

an avid hunter, woke up raring to go bag the first deer of the season. He walks down to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee, and to his surprise he finds his wife, Alice, sitting there, fully dressed in camouflage.

Jake asks her, "What are you up to?"

Alice smiles, "I'm going hunting with you!"



Jake, though he had many reservations about this, reluctantly decides to take her along.

Three hours later they arrive at a game preserve just outside of San Marcos, Texas.

Jake sets his lovely wife safely up in the tree stand and tells her, "If you see a deer, take careful aim on it and I'll come running back as soon as I hear the shot." Jake walks away with a smile on his face knowing that Alice couldn't bag an elephant - much less a deer.

Not 10 minutes pass when he is startled as he hears an array of gunshots. Quickly, Jake starts running back. As Jake gets closer to her stand, he hears Alice screaming, "Get away from my deer!"

Confused and frightened, Jake races faster towards his screaming wife. And again he hears her yell, "Get away from my deer!" followed by another volley of gunfire!

Now within sight of where he had left his wife, Jake is surprised to see a Texas game warden with his hands high in the air.

The game warden, obviously distraught, yelled, "Okay, lady! You can have your deer! Please just let me get my saddle off it!"

◇ Received from Ken Blanset



TWO PART QUESTION

Bob had finally made it to the last round of the \$50,000 Question. The night before the big question, he told the host MC that he desired a question on American History.

The big night arrived. Bob made his way onstage in front of the studio and TV audience. He had become the talk of the week. He was the best guest this show had ever seen. The MC stepped up to the mike.

"Bob, you have chosen American History as your final question. You know that if you correctly answer this question, you will walk away \$50,000 dollars richer. Are you ready?" Bob nodded with a cocky confidence -- the crowd went nuts. He hadn't missed a question all week.

"Bob, yours is a two-part question. As you know, you may answer either part first. As a rule, the second half of the question is always easier. Which part would you like to take a stab at first?"

Bob was becoming more noticeably nervous. He couldn't believe it, but he was not sure, but American History was his easiest subject, and he played it safe.

"I'll try the easier part first."

The MC nodded approvingly. "Here we go Bob. I will ask you the second half first, then the first half."

The audience grew silent with gross anticipation...

"Bob, here is your question: And in what year did it happen?"