



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

APRIL, 2016

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

COAT HANGER ANGEL

A woman was at work when she received a phone call that her daughter was very sick with a fever. She left her work and stopped by the pharmacy to get some medication for her daughter.

When returning to her car she found that she had locked her keys in the car.

She was in a hurry to get home to her sick daughter, she didn't know what to do, so she called her home and told the baby sitter what had happened and that she did not know what to do.

The baby sitter told her that her daughter was getting worse. She said, "You might find a coat hanger and use that to open the door." The woman looked around and found an old rusty coat hanger that had been thrown down on the ground possibly by someone else who at some time or other had locked their keys in their car.

Then she looked at the hanger and said, "I don't know how to use this." So she bowed her head and asked God to send her some help. Within five minutes an old rusty car pulled up, with a dirty, greasy, bearded man who was wearing an old biker skull rag on his head.

The woman thought, "Oh no Lord. This is what you sent to help me?" But, she was desperate, so she was also very thankful.

The man got out of his car and asked her if he could help. She said "Yes, my daughter is very sick. I stopped to get her some medication and I locked my keys



in my car, must get home to her.

Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?"

He said, "SURE." He

walked over to the car, and in less than one minute the car was opened. She hugged the man and through her tears she said, "THANK YOU SO MUCH, You are a very nice man."

The man replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison today. I was in prison for car theft and have only been out for about an hour.

The woman hugged the man again and with sobbing tears cried out loud. "THANK YOU, LORD, FOR SENDING ME A PROFESSIONAL!"

⇒ *Received from Cheryl Smaczarz*

THE HOUSE OF 1000 MIRRORS

Author Unknown,
Japanese folktale

Long ago in a small, far away village, there was place known as the House of 1000 Mirrors. A small, happy little dog learned of this place and decided to visit.

When he arrived, he bounced happily up the stairs to the door-



way of the house. He looked through the doorway with his ears lifted high and his tail wagging as fast as it could. To his great surprise, he found himself staring at 1000 other happy little dogs with their tails wagging just as fast as his. He smiled a great smile, and was answered with 1000 great smiles just as warm and friendly. As he left the House, he thought to himself, "This is a wonderful place. I will come back and visit it often."

In this same village, another little dog, who was not quite as happy as the first one, decided to visit the house. He slowly climbed the stairs and hung his head low as he looked into the door. When he saw the 1000 unfriendly looking dogs staring back at him, he growled at them and was horrified to see 1000 little dogs growling back at him. As he left, he thought to himself, "That is a horrible place, and I will never go back there again."

All the faces in the world are mirrors. What kind of reflections do you see in the faces of the people you meet?

Received from C. Joe McKnight

A PERFECT HEART

One day a young man was standing in the middle of the town proclaiming that he had the most beautiful heart in the whole valley. A large crowd gathered and they all admired his heart for it was perfect. There was not a mark or a flaw in it. Yes, they all agreed it truly was the most beautiful heart they had ever seen. The young man was very proud and boasted more loudly about his beautiful heart.

Suddenly, an old man appeared at the front of the crowd and said, "Why your heart is not nearly as beautiful as mine." The crowd and the young man looked at the old man's heart. It was beating strongly, but full of scars, it had places where pieces had been removed and other pieces put in, but they didn't fit quite right and there were several jagged edges. In fact, in some places there were deep gouges



where whole pieces were missing. The people stared - how could he say his heart is more beautiful, they thought? The young man looked at the old man's heart and saw its state and laughed. "You must be joking," he said. "Compare your heart with mine, mine is perfect and yours is a mess of scars and tears."

"Yes," said the old man, "Yours is perfect looking but I would never trade with you. You see every scar represents a person to whom I have given my love I tear out a piece of my heart and give it to

them, and often they give me a piece of their heart which fits into the empty place in my heart, but because the pieces aren't exact, I have some rough edges, which I cherish, because they remind me of the love we shared. Sometimes I have given pieces of my heart away, and the other person hasn't returned a piece of his heart to me. These are the empty gouges-giving love is taking a chance. Although these gouges are painful, they stay open, reminding me of the love I have for these people too, and I hope someday they may return and fill the space I have waiting. So now do you see what true beauty is?"

The young man stood silently with tears running down his cheeks. He walked up to the old man, reached into his perfect young and beautiful heart, and ripped a piece out. He offered it to the old man with trembling hands. The old man took his offering, placed it in his heart and then took a piece from his old scarred heart and placed it in the wound in the young man's heart. It fit, but not perfectly, as there were some jagged edges. The young man looked at his heart, not perfect anymore but more beautiful than ever, since love from the old man's heart flowed into his. They embraced and walked away side by side.

How sad it must be to go through life with a whole heart.

WINNING THE DOG

A pastor was walking down the street when he came upon a group of about a dozen boys, all of them between 10 and 12 years of age.

The group surrounded a dog. Concerned that the boys were hurting the dog, he went over

and asked "What are you doing with that dog?"

One of the boys replied,

"This dog is just an old neighborhood stray. We all want him, but only one of us can take him home. So we've decided that whichever one of us can tell the biggest lie will get to keep the dog."

Of course, the pastor was taken aback. "You boys shouldn't be having a contest telling lies!" he exclaimed. He then launched into a ten minute sermon against lying, beginning, "Don't you boys know it's a sin to lie," and ending with, "Why, when I was your age, I never told a lie."

There was dead silence for about a minute. Just as the reverend was beginning to think he'd gotten through to them, the smallest boy gave a deep sigh and said, "All right, give him the dog."



LEARNING TO COUNT

Author unknown

Count your blessings instead of your crosses.

Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes.

Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears.

Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean.

Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth.

Count on God instead of yourself.

Received from: "Katie Jackson"

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

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WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY
6:00 PM

~

SATURDAY, APRIL 9th

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

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

~

LADIES LUNCHEON
11:00 AM

~

SUNDAY, APRIL 17th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~

COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd

SCRAP BOOKING
10:00 AM

~

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

~

THURSDAY, APRIL 21st

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
288 CARLISLE

~

PNA EVENTS

TUESDAY - THURSDAY
APRIL 26th - 28th
CHURCH OF GOD REGIONAL
CONVENTION
VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON

PRAYING GOD'S WILL

Kathleen Mulkins

My heart sank as I read the words ..."there is no cure..." And then I looked at the statistics of survival rates for pancreatic cancer. No 30 year survivors, no 20 years, not even a 10 year. Although there might be one or two out there - there are not enough to tip the scales and include in the overall percentages.

Seeing the words in print only confirmed what I think I knew, as the bile was building up in my body, that the odds were now against me to outlive my husband. Pancreatic cancer is one of the worst.

And yet I serve an amazing God. He can do anything. I know he can heal me without doctors and surgeons and chemo and or radiation. I know he can. I also know "He works everything together for good for those that love him and are called according to his purpose." (**Romans 8:28**) I know prayer changes things. And so I asked for prayer.

Most are praying for my healing. That's good. I'd like that. But is that what God wants?

Prayer to me is not so much as convincing God to do what I want but my accepting what God wants to do in and through me. I will ask whatever I want, but I will also ask the Holy Spirit to direct my prayers. I think of and ask for any possible options - including helping me get things ready for my home going.

I do not see this as giving up, but as being open to whatever my all-loving, all merciful, all gracious, all compassionate, all

wise, all able God wants to do in and through me.

Romans 8:29 tells me that God's plan for me is to be like Jesus. Jesus gave his life so others can live. If my dying brings others into the kingdom, I'm ready. If my instant healing brings others into the kingdom, I'm ready. If my going through surgery (and all the resultant limitations that will bring about), brings others into the kingdom, then I'm ready.

On the night Jesus was betrayed, he prayed and he prayed and he prayed. In the end, you see a man, not fearing or fighting the final process but a man of great peace. That's what I want. I want others to see the peace and joy that my faith in God brings. I want others to see that peace and joy/.. and long for it too.

God may heal me and let me be one of the long term pancreatic cancer survivors... but I trust Him and His plans for me are perfect and I'm ready. I'm ready for the worst but hope for the best. And I have great peace and joy (even a bit of excitement) as I enter this phase of my journey.

I have already met two men (my doctors) who do not know Jesus. So when you pray for me, pray that Dr. G (not his initial, but God will know who you're talking about) will desire a relationship with Jesus. Pray that Dr. K (not his initial, but God will know who you're talking about), will desire to put his faith in the one True Object of Faith. I'm not asking God for doctors and nurses who already know Jesus -- I want the ones who don't know Him so we can pray them into the Kingdom. I know where I'm going, no matter what happens. They don't. Pray they will!

As I write this, we are awaiting approval for surgery. Surgery before chemo has the best prognoses for pancreatic cancer survivors. Please pray that it is expedited quickly.

Kathleen

ONE PERSON

Source Unknown

Dr. Frank Mayfield was touring Tewksbury Institute when, on his way out, he accidentally collided with an elderly floor maid. To cover the awkward moment Dr. Mayfield started asking questions, "How long have you worked here?"

"I've worked here almost since the place opened," the maid replied.

"What can you tell me about the history of this place?" he asked.

"I don't think I can tell you anything, but I could show you something."

With that, she took his hand and led him down to the basement under the oldest section of the building. She pointed to one of what looked like small prison cells; their iron bars rusted with age, and said, "That's the cage where they used to keep Annie."

"Who's Annie?" the doctor asked.

"Annie was a young girl who was brought in here because she was incorrigible which means nobody could do anything with her. She'd bite and scream and throw her food at people. The doctors and nurses couldn't even examine her or anything. I'd see them trying with her spitting and scratching at them. I was only a few years younger than her myself and I used to think, 'I sure would hate to be locked up in a cage like that.' I wanted to help her, but I didn't have any idea what I could do. I mean, if the doctors and nurses couldn't help her, what could someone like me do?"

"I didn't know what else to do, so I just baked her some brownies one night after work. The next day I brought them in. I walked carefully to her cage and said, 'Annie, I baked these brownies just for you. I'll put them right here on the

floor and you can come and get them if you want.' Then I got out of there just as fast as I could because I was afraid she might throw them at me. But she didn't. She actually took the brownies and ate them.

"After that, she was just a little bit nicer to me when I was around. And sometimes I'd talk to her. Once, I even got her laughing. One of the nurses noticed this and she told the doctor. They asked me if I'd help them with Annie. I said I would if I could. So that's how it came about that every time they wanted to see Annie or examine her, I went into the cage first and explained and calmed her down and held her hand. Which is how they discovered that Annie was almost blind."

After they'd been working with her for about a year - and it was tough sledding with Annie - the Perkins Institute for the Blind opened its doors. They were able to help her and she went on to study and became a Teacher herself.

Annie came back to the Tewksbury Institute to visit, and to see what she could do to help out. At first, the Director didn't say anything and then he thought about a letter he'd just received. A man had written to him about his daughter. She was absolutely unruly - almost like an animal. He'd been told she was blind and deaf as well as 'deranged'. He was at his wit's end, but he didn't want to put her in an asylum. So he wrote here to ask if we knew of anyone - any teacher - who would come to his house and work with his daughter.

And that is how Annie Sullivan became the lifelong companion of Helen Keller.

When Helen Keller received the Nobel Prize, she was asked who had the greatest impact on

her life and she said, "Annie Sullivan." But Annie said, "No Helen.



The woman who had the greatest influence on both our lives was a floor maid at the Tewksbury Institute."

History is changed when one person asks, what can someone like me do?

⇒ *Received from Dan Bourassa*

THE TAX ASSESSOR

Author Unknown

A tax assessor came one day to a poor pastor to determine the amount of taxes the pastor would have to pay. The following conversation took place.

"What property do you possess?" asked the assessor.

"I am a very wealthy man," replied the minister.

"List your possessions, please," the assessor instructed.

First, I have everlasting life, John 3:16.

Second, I have a mansion in heaven, John 14:2.

Third, I have peace that passeth understanding, Philippians 4:7.

Fourth, I have joy unspeakable, 1 Peter 1:8.

Fifth, I have divine love which never faileth, 1 Corinthians 13:8.

Sixth, I have a faithful precious wife, Proverbs 31:10.

Seventh, I have healthy, happy obedient children, Exodus 20:12.

Eighth, I have true, loyal friends, Proverbs 18:24.

Ninth, I have songs in the night, Psalms 42:8.

Tenth, I have a crown of life, James 1:12."

The tax assessor closed his book, and said, "Truly you are a very rich man, but your property is not subject to taxation."

Q
U
I
Z



The winner of last month's quiz was Doug Schieck, he came up with Jehoshaphat who sent men to teach the Law to the people. His story is found in the 17 chapter of 2 Chronicles.

Here is this month's quiz.

*It was a very long, long day
When we did our best to run away
We couldn't believe the way they
won
It doesn't seem fair to stop the
sun.*

*We were led by five great kings
To win the battle seemed an easy
thing
How did we know that their God
was so strong
That no matter what we did it
turned out wrong.*

*Oh me oh my, I'm sad to say
We lost the battle that fateful day
Now tell us our names if you think
you can
And the name of the man who
led the victorious band.*

*There's six name that I need to
know
Do it quickly and don't be slow
And if your first to give me the
names
You'll be the one who wins the
game*

WORLD WIDE ATHEIST DAY

APRIL 1

Psalm 14:1 *The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God...*

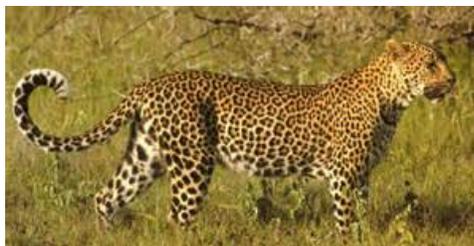
THE DOG AND THE LEOPARD

A wealthy man decides to take a hunting safari in Africa, and takes his faithful dog with him, so he doesn't feel so lonely out in the middle of the bush. The first day out on the expedition, the dog starts



chasing butterflies absentmindedly, and before long discovers that he has become separated from the safari group.

He starts wandering around in the wilderness, lost, when he suddenly notices a leopard a little way off, heading rapidly in his direction, with the obvious intention of making a meal out of him. "Now I'm in serious trouble!" thinks the dog, and starts wracking his brains to figure a way out of his dire situation. He notices some bones nearby, and an idea hits him: He settles down comfortably to chew on the bones, with his back to the leopard. Just as the leopard is about to pounce, the dog exclaims loudly: "Man, that was one delicious leopard I just ate! I wonder if there's any more around here?"



Hearing this, the leopard halts his attack in mid stride, a look of terror on his face, and quietly slinks off

into the bush again, thinking: "Whew! That was close! That demon dog almost got me!" Meanwhile, a monkey that had been watching the whole scene from the top of a nearby tree, figures he can put his information to good use, and trade it with the leopard for protection. So off he scuttles, but the dog sees him heading after the leopard at great speed, and figures something is going on. The monkey soon catches up with the leopard, cuts a deal, and tells him the whole story. The leopard, furious at being fooled so easily, exclaims: "That dog! I'm gonna get him for that! So the stupid dog thinks he can make a fool of me, lord of the wilderness, does he? We'll show him who eats who around here!"

Come on, monkey: jump on my back, and we'll go get him!" The



monkey jumps on, and the two of them head off in search of the dog. The dog sees the leopard coming from a long way off, this time with the monkey on his back. "What a sneaky little monkey!", thinks the dog to himself. "Now what am I going to do?" But instead of running, the dog sits down on the ground, his back to the attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and waits for them to get close enough to hear him. "Where's that rascal monkey!" exclaims the dog, loudly, "Never can trust him! I sent him off half an hour ago to bring me another leopard, and he's still not back!!"

⇒ *Received from Bobby Sparks*