



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

www.onalaskachurchofgod.com



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

THE OFFERING

Here is a story, reported to be true, about a nine-year-old boy who lived in a rural town in Tennessee. His house was in a poor area of the community. A church there had a bus ministry that came knocking on his door one Saturday afternoon. The child came to answer the door and greeted the bus pastor.

The bus pastor asked if his parents were home and the small boy told him that his parents take off every weekend and leave him at home to take care of his little brother.

The bus pastor could not believe what the child said and asked him to repeat it. The youngster gave the same answer and the bus pastor asked to come in and talk with him. They went into the living room and sat down on an old couch with the foam and springs exposed. The bus pastor asked the child, "Where do you go to church?"

The young boy surprised the visitor by replying, "I've never been to church in my whole life." The bus pastor thought to himself about the fact that his church was less than three miles from the child's house.

"Are you sure you have never been to church?" he asked again.

"I'm sure I haven't," came his answer.

Then the bus pastor said, "Well, son, more important than going to church, have you ever heard the greatest love story ever

told?" and then he proceeded to share the gospel with this little nine-year-old boy.

The young lad's heart began to be tenderized and at the end of the bus pastor's story, the bus pastor asked if the boy wanted to receive this free gift from God.

The youngster exclaimed, "OF COURSE!"

The child and the bus pastor got on their knees and the lad invited Jesus into his little heart and received the free gift of salvation.

They both stood up and the bus pastor asked if he could pick the child up for church the next morning.

"Sure," the nine year old replied.

The bus pastor got to the house early the next morning and found the lights off. He let himself in, snaked his way through the house, and found the little boy asleep in his bed. He woke up the little boy and his brother and helped get them dressed. They got on the bus and ate a doughnut for breakfast on their way to church.

Keep in mind that this boy had never been to church before. The church was a real big one. The little child just sat there, clueless of what was going on. A few minutes into the service, these tall unhappy guys walked down to the front and picked up some wooden plates. One of the men prayed and the child, with utter fascination, watched them walk up and down the aisles. He still did not know what was going on.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, it hit the child what was taking place. These people must be

giving money to Jesus. He then reflected on the free gift of life he had received just twenty-four



hours earlier. He immediately searched his pockets, front and back, and could not find a thing to give Jesus.

By this time the offering plate was being passed down his aisle and, with a broken heart, he just grabbed the plate and held on to it. He finally let go and watched it pass on down the aisle. He turned around to see it passed down the aisle behind him. And then his eyes remained glued on the plate as it was passed back and forth, back and forth all the way to the rear of the sanctuary.

Then he had an idea. This little nine-year-old boy, in front of God and everybody, got up out of his seat. He walked about eight rows back, grabbed the usher by the coat, and asked to hold the plate one more time. Then he did the most astounding thing:

He took the plate, sat it on the carpeted church floor, and stepped into the center of it. As he stood there, he lifted his little head up and said, "Jesus, I don't have anything to give you today, but just me. I give you me!"

THE DIME

Bobby was getting cold sitting out in his back yard in the snow. Bobby didn't wear boots; he didn't like them and anyway he didn't own any. The thin sneakers he wore had a few holes in them and they did a poor job of keeping out the cold. Bobby had been in his backyard for about an hour already. And, try as he might, he could not come up with an idea for his mother's Christmas gift. He shook his head as he thought, "This is useless, even if I do come up with an idea, and I don't have any money to spend." Ever since his father had passed away three years ago, the family of five had struggled. It wasn't because his mother didn't care, or try, there just never seemed to be enough. She worked nights at the hospital, but the small wage that she was earning could only be stretched so far. What the family lacked in money and material things, they more than made up for in love and family unity. Bobby had two older and one younger sister, who ran the household in their mother's absence. Three of his sisters had already made beautiful gifts for their mother.

Somehow it just wasn't fair. Here it was Christmas Eve already, and he had nothing. Wiping a tear from his eye, Bobby kicked the snow and started to walk down to the street where the shops and stores were. It wasn't easy being six without a father, especially when he needed a man to talk to.

Bobby walked from shop to shop, looking into each decorated window. Everything seemed so beautiful and so out of reach. It was starting to get dark and Bobby reluctantly turned to walk home when suddenly his eyes caught the glimmer of the setting sun's rays reflecting off of some-

thing along the curb. He reached down and discovered a shiny dime. Never before has anyone felt as wealthy as Bobby felt at that moment. As he held his new found treasure, a warmth spread throughout his entire body and he walked into the first store he saw. His excitement quickly turned cold when the salesperson told him that he couldn't buy anything with only a dime. He

noticed a flower shop and went inside to wait in line. When the shop owner asked if he could help him, Bobby presented the dime and asked if he could buy one flower for his mother's Christmas gift.

The shop owner looked at Bobby and his ten cent offering. Then he put his hand on Bobby's shoulder and said to him, "You just wait here and I'll see what I can do for you."

As Bobby waited he looked at the beautiful flowers and even though he was a boy, he could see why mothers and girls liked flowers. The sound of the door closing as the last customer left, jolted Bobby back to reality. All alone in the shop, Bobby began to feel alone and afraid. Suddenly the shop owner came out and moved to the counter. There, before Bobby's eyes, lay twelve long stem, red roses, with leaves of green and tiny white flowers all tied together with a big silver bow. Bobby's heart sank as the owner picked them up and placed them neatly into a long white box. "That will be

ten cents young man." the shop owner said reaching out his hand for the dime.

Slowly, Bobby moved his hand to give the man his dime. Could this be true? No one else would give him a thing for his dime! Sensing the boy's reluctance, the shop owner added, "I just happened to have some roses on sale for ten cents a dozen. Would you like them?" This time Bobby did not hesitate, and when the man placed the long box into his hands, he knew it was true. Walking out the door that the owner was holding open for Bobby, he heard the shop keeper say, "Merry Christmas, son." As he returned inside, the shop keeper's wife walked out. "Who were you talking to back there and where are the roses you were fixing?" Staring out the window, and blinking the tears from his own eyes, he replied, "A strange thing happened to me this morning. While I was setting up things to open the shop, I thought I heard a voice telling me to set aside a dozen of my best roses for a special gift. I wasn't sure at the time whether I had lost my mind or what, but I set them aside anyway.

Then just a few minutes ago, a little boy came into the shop and wanted to buy a flower for his mother with one small dime. "When I looked at him, I saw myself, many years ago. I too, was a poor boy with nothing to buy my mother a Christmas gift. A bearded man, whom I never knew, stopped me on the street and told me that he wanted to give me ten dollars. "When I saw that little boy tonight, I knew who that voice was, and I put together a dozen of my very best roses." The shop owner and his wife hugged each other tightly, and as they stepped out into the bitter cold air, they somehow didn't feel the cold at all.



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

WEDNESDAYS

SALAD AND SANDWICHES
5:45 PM
BIBLE STUDY
6:15 PM
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL

SATURDAY, MAY 14th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
9:30 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON
11:00 AM

SUNDAY, MAY 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, MAY 7th

SCRAP BOOKING
10:00 AM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 19th

AMERICAN LEGION:
6:00 PM
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
288 CARLISLE

SUNDAY MAY 29th

SINGSPIRATION:
NAPAVINE ASSEMBLY OF GOD
6:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

MEN'S RETREAT @ DOUBLE K
MAY 20-22

IT'S A GOD THING

The words were devastating, "your insurance will not cover the surgery Tuesday or your office visit last Monday." This was the voice mail we heard from the surgeon's office when we got home at 6 pm on the Friday before the scheduled surgery.

When we met with the surgeon on the previous Monday we were told that the procedure I needed to deal with the cancer of the pancreas was 2-4 weeks



out due to its lengthy nature. I had pretty much resigned myself to chemo first, surgery then more chemo. Then, God seemed to move and on Wednesday we got word the surgery was scheduled for the following Tuesday if all went well during the laparoscopy on Friday. We left the hospital on Friday with confirmation from the Surgeon, see you on Tuesday! Yet less than 2 hours later, this call. I was confused, angry and frustration. Did God want me to have the surgery Tuesday or not? All indicators were that my best prognosis was if I had the surgery first. We spent the weekend in prayer. Special prayer was offered on Sunday.

Monday morning, I called the insurance company at 8 am. I immediately asked for a supervisor and "just happened" to get one who is a stage 4 cervical cancer survivor and long term employee with the insurance company! God knew just who I needed to talk to. The morning was spent in calls to the surgeon's office and the health insurance as road blocks after road blocks continued to arise.

We had until noon to avoid canceling the surgery. At 11:30, I was reaching for the phone to find out what was happening and the surgeon's office called. The clerk was so excited. "I don't know what you did but here's the referral number!" I answered, "It wasn't me, it was a God thing! A lot of prayers have been going up." "Well, He must have heard, I'm putting the number in the computer now!"

I spent the next three minutes praising God and thanking him before I could pick up the phone and call my husband. And what a pleasure the next morning to go into major surgery testifying of His awesome action. It was definitely a God thing! He did it!

The surgeon is confident he got all the cancer. Soon as I'm healed from this procedure, I'll be starting chemo. Thanks for all the prayers!

Kathleen A. Mulkins

All eyes were on the radiant bride as her father escorted her down the aisle. They reached the altar and the waiting groom; the bride kissed her father and placed something in his hand.

The guests in the front pews responded with ripples of laughter. Even the minister smiled broadly.

As her father gave her away in marriage, the bride gave him back his credit card.

1000 MARBLES

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable. A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the basement shack with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning, turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time. Let me tell you about it. I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind; he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whomever he was talking with something about "a thousand marbles." I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say.

"Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital. He continued, "Let me tell you something Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities."

And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "thousand marbles." "You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less,

but on average, folks live about seventy-five years. Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. "No, stick with me, Tom, I'm getting to the important part." "It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail"; he went on, "and by that time I had lived



through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about

a thousand of them left to enjoy. "So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container right here in the sack next to my gear. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away." "I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focus more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight." "Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure that if I make it until next Saturday then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time."

"It was nice to meet you Tom, I hope you spend more time with

your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. 75 year Old Man, this is K9NZQ, clear and going QRT, good morning!"

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to meet up with a few hams to work on the next club newsletter. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast." "What brought this on?" she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special, it's just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles..."

"EACH GIVES WHAT HE HAS TO GIVE."

It was the end of World War II. The city of Berlin was being divided, with West Berlin, of course, given to the Allies, and East Berlin given to the Russians. The East Berliners decided they wanted to send a message of some kind by driving this big truck full of garbage on to the west side of the line and dumping it all over the place. Well, the West Berliners weren't going to let that insult go. They were planning to truck that garbage right back and dump it where it had come from. Until someone offered a better idea. The West Berliners instead filled the dump truck, but not with garbage. They filled it with canned goods and non-perishable food items. And they delivered it to the east side, all stacked neatly, and with a sign beside it. The sign simply said, **"EACH GIVES WHAT HE HAS TO GIVE."**

Q
U
I
Z



My sister, Katie Jackson, came up with the correct answer but had to have a little help in naming the five kings.

The story is found in the tenth chapter of Joshua third verse. The names of the five kings are; Adonizedek king of Jerusalem Hoham king of Hebron, Piram king of Jarmuth, and unto Japhia king of Lachish, and Debir king of Eglon. Joshua was the sixth name needed to win.

Here is the quiz for this month.

*It was a strange and eventful day
When they came and took me
away
They were strangers I had never
seen
But they were not cruel nor were
they mean*

*As I walked along the way
People were shouting strange
words that day
I had never been notice much
before
Now they were praising me more
and more*

*Then I realize it wasn't me
That they came to see
It was for someone far greater
than I
It filled my heart with joy until I
cried*

*Now my name you'll never find
For its not there don't waste your
time
Just tell me who I might be
And the name of the one who
was with me.*

"WINDSHIELD WIPER LESSON FROM A CHILD"

One rainy afternoon I was driving along one of the main streets of town, taking those extra precautions necessary when the roads are wet and slick.

Suddenly, my son Matthew spoke up from his relaxed position in the front seat. "Mom, I'm thinking of something."

This announcement usually meant he had been pondering some fact for awhile and was now ready to expound all that his seven-year-old mind had discovered. I was eager to hear. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

"The rain," he began, "is like sin and the windshield wipers are like God, wiping our sins away." After the chill bumps raced up my arms, I was able to respond.



"That's really good, Matthew."

Then my curiosity broke in. How far would this little boy take this revelation? So I asked... "Do you notice how the rain keeps on coming?"

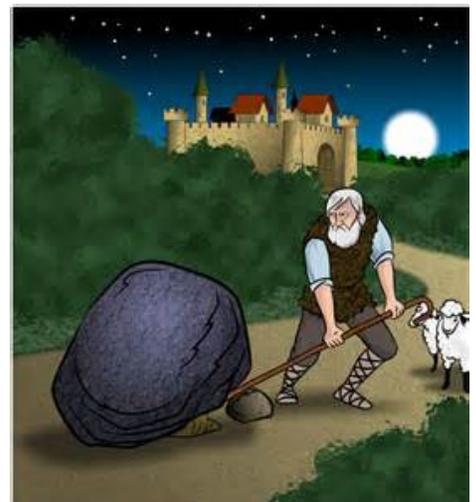
What does that tell you?"

Matthew didn't hesitate one moment with his answer. "We keep on sinning and God just keeps on forgiving us."

Mark 10:15 *Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.*

THE OBSTACLES IN OUR PATH

In ancient times, a king had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the big stone out of the way.



Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. On approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded.

As the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many others never understand. Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve one's condition.