



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

JUNE, 2016

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

THE WRONG PLACE BUT THE RIGHT TIME.

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend...my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense; I found it hard to breathe at times. Always supportive, Mama clapped loudest at my school plays, held a box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me at my father's death, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life. When mama's illness was diagnosed, my sister had just had a baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell to me the 27-year-old middle child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it an honor to do it.



"What now, Lord?" I asked sitting in church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss. My brother sat stoically with his face toward the cross while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child. All so deeply grieving, no one noticed I sat alone. My

place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was with our Lord. My work was finished, and I was all alone.

I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor. An exasperated young man looked around briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to sniffle. "I'm late," he explained, though no explanation was necessary. After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented, "Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of Margaret?"

"Because that was her name, Margaret. Never Mary. No one called her Mary," I whispered. I wondered why this person couldn't have sat on the other side of the church. He interrupted my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. Who was this stranger anyway?

"No, that isn't correct," he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering. "Her name is Mary, Mary Peters."

"That isn't who this is," I said.

"Isn't this the Lutheran church?" he asked.

"No, the Lutheran church is across the street. This is the Baptist church," I told him.

"Oh, I believe I am at the wrong funeral," he said red-faced.

The solemnness of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man's mistake bubbled up inside me and came out as laughter. I

cupped my hands over my face, hoping it would stop my laughter and be interpreted as sobs. The creaking pew gave me away, though. Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered, misguided man seated beside me. He was laughing, too, as he glanced around, deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit. I imagined Mama laughing at that moment.

At the final "Amen," we darted out a door and into the parking lot. "I do believe we'll be the talk of the town," he smiled. He said his name was Rick, and since he had missed his aunt's funeral, asked me out for a cup of coffee.

That afternoon began a life-long journey for me with this man who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place. A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church where he was the assistant pastor. This time we both arrived at the same church,

right on time. In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness, God gave me someone to love. This past June we celebrated our 22nd wedding anniversary. Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, "Her mother and my Aunt Mary introduced us, and it is truly a match made in heaven."



PRAYING GOD'S HEART

Kathleen Mulkins

We see something going wrong. We want to fix it. Maybe we even see the solution. Our friend has a horrible illness. We want them well. So we pray and ask God to heal.

Miracles do happen and sometimes people are healed. Sometimes God uses the doctors and medicine. Sometimes they start eating right. Sometimes years later healing happens unexpectedly. The news recently carried the story of a woman receiving her sight again after 20 years! Sometimes the person dies. And we get angry. Why didn't God heal!?

Was it lack of faith that blocked the answer? "If you just believe enough" was something my husband was told when his first wife had cancer. He was told "Don't doubt that God will heal!" But those comments most often reveal the faith object of the speaker is Faith itself not God. The object of faith is SO important. Faith in God and his perfect nature, not faith in faith is required. Faith in Faith is idol worship.

There's a second truth here. God can only act according to his perfect character. He cannot nor will not give us something that is not for our best and the best of others. We cannot always see this greater good because we are so finite. God is not. Getting a "No" to our desperate request does not mean God loves us as individuals less perfectly.

Sometimes I think God wants to answer and do something special but we don't know how to pray and we pray amiss because of our short sightedness. So how do I get God to do what He wants? Find out what is in His heart and ask Him to do that.

One of the things that revolutionized my prayer life and deepened my fellowship with Jesus was learning to pray God's heart. How does one do that? How do you pray being confident you are asking God do what he wants to do? Pray his words back to Him! Pray scripture. Just be careful not to take scripture out of context or mixed up, or attributed to scripture when it isn't such as "God helps those who help themselves".

The more I prayed scripture back to God, the more I learned of His heart. The more I learned of His heart, the easier it was to trust Him and the closer I drew to Him, encountering and experiencing His presence. My faith moved from my head (intellectual experience) to my heart. Because I trust His heart, I can accept any outcome of my requests knowing it will be what is best for me, even if I don't like the answer. Learning to trust His heart has made it easier for me to let go of my wants and desires and accept His for me. Perfect love casts out all fear so I know I've accepted his perfect love and plan for me when I no longer fear the worst possible consequence.

This was put into practice when the port was put in for my chemo treatments. The Doctor indicated it was not a big deal and expected no complications. When Lloyd and I prayed before my surgery I expressed my trust in God's control of the situation, even if there were complications. Well, there were, not only was surgery delayed a few hours, afterwards, the doctor said it was the most difficult med port surgery he'd done in years. That resulted in more pain and a slower "bounce back" than expected. I can rest in the knowledge that God, and his perfect love for me was in con-

trol and so I embrace the experience as coming from Him. He knows what he wants to accomplish in and through me.

I have started chemo and while the initial experience was actually positive (I was able to minister to a co-patient), after the initial two days, I have been left with a tiredness I have not felt since being in the hospital. This was unexpected, but I embrace it as part of God's plan for me and chose not to let it me to be discouraged.

Thanks so much for all your prayers!

A BROTHER'S LOVE

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer



at Stanford Hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save Liz." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being young, the boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood.

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

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SUNDAY, JUNE 5th

KATHLEEN MULKINS' RETIREMENT CELEBRATION FOLLOWING 11:00 AM SERVICE

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MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: REVELATION 1:00 PM IN FELLOWSHIP HALL

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WEDNESDAYS

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

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11th

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

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CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING 9:30 AM

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LADIES LUNCHEON 11:00 AM

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SUNDAY, JUNE 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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FATHER'S DAY

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th

SCRAP BOOKING 10:00 AM

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, MAY 16th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 PM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH 288 CARLISLE

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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

After a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the church's pastor once again slowly stood up, walked over to the pulpit, and gave a very brief introduction of his childhood friend. With that, an elderly man stepped up to the pulpit to speak, "A father, his son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the Pacific Coast," he began, "when a fast approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright, and the three were swept into the ocean."

The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the service began, looking somewhat

interested in his story. He continued, "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life...to which boy he would throw the other end of the line. He only had seconds to make the decision.



The father knew that his son was a Christian, and he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves. As the father yelled out, 'I love you, son!' he threw the line to his son's friend. By the time he pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beyond the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered."

By this time, the two teenagers were sitting straighter in the pew, waiting for the next words to come out of the old man's mouth. "The father," he continued, "knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus, and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son. How great is the love of God that He should do the same for us." With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room.

Within minutes after the service ended, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a nice story," politely started one of the boys, "but I don't think it was very realistic for a father to give up his son's life in hopes that the other boy would become a Christian."

"Well, you've got a point there,"

the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. A big smile broadened his narrow face, and he once again looked up at the boys and said, "It sure isn't very realistic, is it? But I'm standing here today to tell you that THAT story gives me a glimpse of what it must have been like for God to give up His Son for me."

"You see....I was the son's friend."

⇒ Received from Jim Sparks

MICHAEL'S SONG

Like any good mother, when Karen found out that another baby was on the way, she did what she could to help her 3-year-old son, Michael, prepare for a new sibling. They found out that the new baby was going to be a girl, and day after day, night after night, Michael sang to his sister in Mommy's tummy. He was building a bond of love with his little sister before he even met her.

The pregnancy progressed normally for Karen, an active member of the Panther Creek United Methodist Church in Morristown, Tennessee. In time, the labor pains came. Soon it was every five minutes, every three...every minute. But serious complications arose during delivery and Karen found herself in hours of labor.

Would a C-section be required? Finally, after a long struggle, Michael's little sister was born. But she was in very serious condition. With a siren howling in the night, the ambulance rushed the infant to the neonatal intensive care unit at St. Mary's Hospital, Knoxville, Tennessee. The days inched by. The little girl got worse. The pediatrician had to tell the par-



ents, "There is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst."

Karen and her husband contacted a local cemetery about a burial plot. They had fixed up a special room in their house for their new baby but now they found themselves having to plan for a funeral. Michael, however, kept begging his parents to let

him see his sister. "I want to sing to her," he kept saying. Week two in intensive care looked as if a funeral would come before the week was over. Michael kept nagging about singing to his sister, but kids are never allowed in Intensive Care. Karen made up her mind, though. She would take Michael whether they liked it or not! If he didn't see his sister right then, he may never see her alive. She dressed him in an oversized scrub suit and marched him into ICU. He looked like a walking laundry basket, but the head nurse recognized him as the mild-mannered mother glared steel-eyed right into the head nurse's face, her lips a firm line.

"He is not leaving until he sings to his sister!" Karen towed Michael to his sister's bedside. He gazed at the tiny infant losing the battle to live. After a moment, he began to sing. In the pure-hearted voice of a 3 year-old, Michael sang: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine; you make me happy when skies are gray ..."

Instantly the baby girl seemed to respond. The pulse rate began to calm down and become steady. "Keep on singing, Michael," encouraged Karen with tears in her eyes. "You never know, dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away." As Michael sang to his sister, the baby's ragged, strained breathing became as smooth as a kitten's purr.

"Keep on singing, sweetheart!!!"

"The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms..."

Michael's little sister began to relax and rest, healing rest, seemed to sweep over her. "Keep on singing, Michael."

Tears had now conquered the face of the bossy head nurse. Karen glowed.

"You are my sunshine, my only Sunshine. Please don't, take my sunshine away..."

The next, day...the very next day...the little girl was well enough to go home. Woman's Day Magazine called it "The Miracle of a Brother's Song." The medical staff just called it a miracle. Karen called it a miracle of God's love!

⇒ *Received from Sandra January*

WORDS

A group of frogs were traveling through the woods, and two of them fell into a deep pit. All the other frogs gathered around the pit. When they saw how deep the pit was, they told the unfortunate frogs they would never get out. The two frogs ignored the comments and tried to jump up out of the pit.

The other frogs kept telling them to stop, that they were as good as dead.

Finally, one of the frogs took heed to what the other frogs were saying and simply gave up. He fell down and died. The other frog continued to jump as hard as he could. Once again, the crowd of frogs yelled at him to stop the pain and suffering and just die. He jumped even harder and finally made it out.

When he got out, the other frogs asked him, "Why did you continue jumping? Didn't you hear us?" The frog explained to them that he was deaf. He thought they were encouraging him the entire time.

This story teaches two lessons:

1. There is power of life and death in the tongue. An encouraging word to someone who is down can lift them up and help them make it through the day.

2. A destructive word to someone who is down can be what it takes to kill them. Be careful of what you say. Speak life to those who cross your path.

Q
U
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Z



Last month there were several who came us with the correct answer. The story is found in several of the Gospels. The answer was the donkey Jesus road into Jerusalem.

Here is the quiz for this month.

I ruled the kingdom with an iron hand

But I was born too early for I was not a man.

For six long years I held the power of the throne

But I had usurped the kingdom for it was not my own.

*Many died that I might reign
By my hand I caused much pain.
But there was one who was taken out of my home.*

And in due time he reached the throne.

*I thought that in the Temple I would be safe
But they came and drug me out of that place.*

*Now in the Bible you'll have to go
If my name you want to know.*

~

CAT DIARY



DAY 752 - My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dan-

gling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that

keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant.

DAY 761 - Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded, must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair... must try this on their bed.

DAY 765 - Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good little cat I was, Hmmm. Not working according to plan...

DAY 768 - I am finally aware of how sadistic they are. For no good reason I was chosen for the water torture. This time however it included a burning foamy chemical called "shampoo." What sick minds could invent such a liquid? My only consolation is the piece of thumb still stuck between my teeth.

DAY 771 - There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. More importantly I overheard that my confinement was due to MY power of "allergies." Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

DAY 774 - I am convinced the other captive are flunkies and maybe snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit. The Bird on the other paw has got to be an informant. He has mastered their frightful tongue (something akin to mole speak) and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my



every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room his safety is assured. But I can wait; it is only a matter of time.

HOW MUCH IS A DIME WORTH TO YOU?

Several years ago a pastor friend moved to Houston, Texas. Some weeks after he arrived, he had an occasion to ride the bus from his home to the downtown area, when he sat down, he discovered that driver had accidentally given him ten cents too much change.

As he considered what to do, there alternately appeared to him little angelic figures sitting on his shoulders and whispering instructions into his ears. One said " You better give the dime back. It would be wrong to keep it." On the other shoulder a voice said, "Oh forget it. It's just a dime. Who would worry about this little amount. Anyway the bus company already gets too much fare. With their millions everyday they will never miss it. Accept it as a gift from God and keep quiet."

When his stop came he paused momentarily at the front door, and, handing the driver the dime he said, "Here, you handed me too much change." The driver replied, "aren't you the new pastor in town?" I have been thinking lately about going to church somewhere. I just wanted to see what you would do if I gave you ten cents too much change. When my friend stepped off the bus he literally grabbed the nearest light poll and held on and said "O God, I almost sold your Son for ten cents."