



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

NOVEMBER, 2016

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

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This is a first-person account from a mother about her family as they ate dinner on Christmas Day in a small restaurant many miles from their home. Nancy, the mother, relates:

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a chair and noticed everyone was quietly eating and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said, "Hi there." He pounded his fat baby hands on the high-chair tray. His eyes were wide with excitement and his mouth was bared in a toothless grin. He wriggled and giggled with merriment. I looked around and saw the source of his merriment.

It was a man with a tattered rag of a coat; dirty, greasy and worn. His pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his toes poked out of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose it looked like a road map. We were too far from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists. "Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster," the man said to Erik. My husband and I exchanged looks, "What do we do?" Erik continued to laugh and answer, "Hi, hi there." Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful

baby. Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, "Do ya know patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, he knows peek-a-boo."

Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk. My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Erik, who was running through his repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments.

We finally got through the meal and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door. "Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik," I prayed. As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to side-step him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's "pick-me-up" position. Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man's.

Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love relationship. Erik in an act of total trust, love, and submission laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain, and hard labor -- gently, so gently, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time.

I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms for a moment, and then his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, "You take care of this baby." Somehow I managed, "I will," from a throat that contained a stone. He pried Erik from his chest -- unwillingly, longingly, as though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, "God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift." I said nothing more than a muttered thanks.

With Erik in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Erik so tightly, and why I was saying, "My God, my God, forgive me." I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not. I felt it was God asking -- "Are you willing to share your son for a moment?" -- when He shared His for all eternity. The ragged old man, unwittingly, had reminded me, "To enter the Kingdom of God, we must become as little children."



HEARING GOD: THE IMPORTANCE OF CONTEXT

KATHLEEN A. MULKINS

I think every Christian wants to hear God, and what safer way to hear God than from Scripture? The election advertisements from this past summer helped me see how easily scripture can be used by Satan to mislead people.

Two recent election advertisements – two different candidates, two different elections, two different positions – but one thing in they had in common that made me very angry. Both advertisements took quotes out of context, put them against photos and comments that had little to do with the original situation to create their version of "truth". It made me angry because unless the viewer really knew the original context, they would not see the lie. And that is what a lie is, something that is not 100% true.

Satan is a master of lies and taking scripture out of context is one of his favorite ploys. He tempted Jesus at the end of his 40 days in the wilderness with scripture. Jesus responded with scripture. What was the difference in the usage of the scripture? The scripture Satan used could be said to be 100% truth...it was after all God's Word...however Jesus knew the context of those scriptures and saw the untruth of them. Context makes the difference.

Most of us know what I call "vitamin pill" scriptures, those key verses we memorize or cling to. Memorizing key verses is good but knowing the context of those "vitamin pills" can help a person avoid Satan's misleading.

Context also helps you understand the true nature of God. Knowing God is the ultimate goal of all prayer and Bible study. Not

knowing about God, but knowing Him. Jesus said, "This is eternal life, that they may know You, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom You have sent." **John 17:3 (NASB)**. Knowing, really knowing, not just knowing about someone, takes interaction. Accurate use of the scripture is vital to knowing when it is God speaking to you (or through you) or the Deceiver (**2 Timothy 2:15 (NIV)**).



Since most of us do not have the whole Bible memorized, the easiest way to check out any scriptural direction that comes to you is to check out the context. What comes before and what comes after that particular passage. Like a baby learning to walk, at first this is awkward, but with practice (and the more Bible you become familiar with) the easier it gets. If you do this, you may even find some "favorite quotes from the Bible" aren't even there! The Bereans were commended because they "searched the word" (**Acts 17:11**) and if a friend of mine had done that, she would have found "God helps those who helps themselves" is not in the Bible. (That quote is actually contrary to a huge message from the Word – God helps those who place their trust in Him – which does not negate personal action/responsibility but puts it in correct context.)

So, as you seek to hear from God, check out the context, it won't make God angry any

more than a parent gets angry that their baby hangs onto things when first learning to walk. In your search, you may even have some amazing interactions with your Holy Father as the Holy Spirit illumines your mind.

WINTER'S KISS

Mary Warner

*Lord what a wondrous world I see,
Snow drifting down so gleefully,
Wild geese take to wing tonight,
And the world is bathed in pure
delight,*

*Your hand fashioned each falling
flake,
How I love all the things that You
make,
The blanket of white is absolute
bliss,
You, Lord, ordained this frosty kiss,*

*Oh wondrous day my Savior de-
signed,
Holy moment that is solely mine,
The geese honk on the frozen
lake,
Joyfully chasing each falling flake,*

*Lord what a wondrous world I see,
Snow drifting down so gleefully,
Wild geese take to wing tonight,
And the world is bathed in pure
delight,*

*Oh Wondrous day my Savior
designed,
He laced the snow over every
pine,
He colors each scene here below,
Sprinkling delight in the falling
snow.*



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

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



MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: REVELATION
1:00 PM
IN FELLOWSHIP HALL

WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY: 2:00 PM

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12th

MEN'S BREAKFAST @ LISA'S:
8:00 AM

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

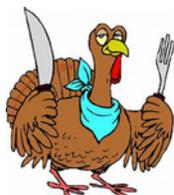
LADIES LUNCHEON:
11:00 AM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER
1:00 PM



**COMMUNITY
EVENTS**

**WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 16th**

SENIORS ON THE GO:
12:00 NOON

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17th

AMERICAN LEGION 6:00 PM

**VETERAN'S DAY
NOVEMBER 11th**

November is the month we have set aside for thanksgiving. We have so much to be grateful for, yet how often we fail to thank those who have blessed us. When was the last time you thanked a Veteran for the freedom you enjoy. Take the time this month to thank a vet.

PNA EVENTS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13th
PNA THANKSGIVING OFFERING

SPECIAL NOTICE:

THE WEDNESDAY BIBLE STUDY HAS BEEN MOVED TO 2:00 PM

THIS WILL ALLOW THOSE WHO HAVE TROUBLE DRIVING AT NIGHT TO COME AND ENJOY OUR STUDY ON THE BOOK OF HEBREWS

- ◇ The book of Hebrews reveals the preeminence of the person of Jesus.
 - ◆ He is greater than all the prophets, including Moses
 - ◆ He is greater than the angels
- ◇ It reveals the preeminence of Christ's Priesthood over the Levitical priesthood.
- ◇ Who is this Melchisedec, who appeared in **Genesis 14:17-20** to Abraham, and is mentioned in **Psalms 110:4**.
- ◇ The book of Hebrews also speaks of the superiority of Jesus' sacrifice over those of human priest.
- ◇ There are also several warning to the Believers that they must be careful not to turn away from the truth through unbelief.

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

Everyone is invited to our Annual Thanksgiving Dinner on Thursday, November 24th at 1:00 pm in the Fellowship Hall. A ham and turkey will be provided the rest will be pot-luck. There will be a signup sheet passed around so we can know how many to plan for and what will be provided. If you have any questions please call (360) 978-5513 or (360) 978-4161.



GOOD THINGS

Russ Grover

About a year ago, a couple with three children moved into the apartment next door to me. I never hear any noise from the children, but the parents were always yelling at the kids, not in a constructive tone, but more on the threatening side. When I am in my bathroom it is quite loud.

We met often in the hallway when we were coming or going. I always spoke, but the only answer I ever got was a hello from the four year old girl.

I usually go out for breakfast and one day when I returned they were just coming from their apartment and the little girl was holding the door open for the others. I remained in the car doing unnecessary things because I wasn't too eager to be snubbed. The parents were telling her to hurry and get in the car (they were parked next to me). I looked up and saw the little girl was still holding the door open, waiting for me.

I am handicapped to the point that I can't hurry at anything, but I hurried as much as I could and thanked her. She was smiling from ear to ear.

That afternoon I was at the K-Mart and I saw a white teddy bear. I thought of the little girl and said to myself, "I bet she would like that" so I bought it.



I forgot to tell you how much I was touched by her act of kindness. I wrote a note saying how much her act of kindness had touched a soft spot in an old man's heart and I didn't even know her name. The next day there was a knock on the door and it was the little girl and her father. She was so proud of her bear and thanked me like I had never been thanked before. Then I noticed her mother and the other children were there in the hall too. The mother and father both thanked me.

Now when we meet in the hall we all speak and in a friendly manner I might add. As time passes, I don't hear that yelling as often, in fact, hardly at all.

Last night we had about 4 inches of snow. I looked out at my car and wondered how I was going to keep my doctor's



appointment because I can only exert myself just so long and then rest for a while. I didn't have that much time. The temperature was zero, so I bundled up and went out to remove the snow.

When I opened the outside door, there was my car with all the snow removed. I can't express how I felt at that moment. The man next door was the only person I knew in the whole building, so when I saw him the next day, I asked him if he was the good guy that removed my snow. He said NO.

He wanted to but his wife said

she wanted to do it.

Isn't it amazing how the small kind act of a 4 year old girl can change so many things for the better?

⇒ Received from Jim Sparks

THE MIDDLE OF THE BIBLE

Did you know that:

- 1) Psalm 118 is the middle chapter of the entire bible?
- 2) Psalm 117, before Psalm 118 is the shortest chapter in the bible?
- 3) Psalm 119, after Psalm 118 is the longest chapter in the bible?
- 4) The Bible has 594 chapters before Psalm 118 & 594 chapters after Psalm 118?
- 5) Add up all the chapters except Psalm 118, you get a total of 1188 chapters.
- 6) 1188 or Psalm 118 verse 8 is the middle verse of the entire bible? Shouldn't the central verse have an important message?

"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man."

Psalm 118:8 KJV

A blind person asked St. Anthony: "Can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?" He replied: "Yes, losing your **VISION**."

WORRYING does not take away tomorrow's **TROUBLES**; it takes away today's **PEACE**.

PRAYER is not a "spare wheel" that you pull out when in trouble; it is a "steering wheel" that directs us in the right path throughout life.

FRIENDSHIP is like a book. It takes few seconds to burn, but it takes years to write.

Q U I Z

I believe that last month's quiz was answered by Mert Horrocks and Katie Jackson. The answer was; Mordecai, Haman & Esther. Esther's Jewish name was Hadasah. The story is found in the Book of Esther, you'll find Esther's Jewish name in **Esther 2:7**.



*He had no children I'm sad to say
Neither boy nor girl had come his
way*

*What shall I do was his sad cry
With all I have when I will die*

*I know what, I have a plan
I'll give it to this faithful man
A faithful servant this I know
To him all my wealth will go*

*But God said he won't be your
heir*

*I have plans for another your
wealth to share*

*And so I took him out of my will
And trusted God His Word to fulfill*

*Now tell me my name if you think
you can*

*And the name of this other man
And if you're right I'm glad to say
You have made me happy this
day.*

THE PEARL NECKLACE

The cheerful little girl with bouncy golden curls was almost five. Waiting with her mother at the checkout stand, she saw them, a circle of glistening white pearls in a pink foil box.

"Oh mommy please, Mommy. Can I have them? Please, Mommy, please?"

Quickly the mother checked the back of the little foil box and then looked back into the pleading blue eyes of her little girl's up-turned face.

"A dollar ninety-five. That's almost \$2.00. If you really want them, I'll think of some extra

chores for you and in no time you can save enough money to buy them for yourself. Your birthday's only a week away and you might get another crisp dollar bill from Grandma."

As soon as Jenny got home, she emptied her penny bank and counted out 17 pennies. After dinner, she did more than her share of chores and she went to the neighbor and asked Mrs. McJames if she could pick dandelions for ten cents. On her birthday, Grandma did give her another new dollar bill and at last she had enough money to buy the necklace.

Jenny loved her pearls. They made her feel dressed up and grown up. She wore them everywhere, Sunday school, kindergarten, even to bed. The only time she took them off was when she went swimming or had a bubble bath. Mother said if they got wet, they might turn her neck green.

Jenny had a very loving daddy and every night when she was ready for bed, he would stop whatever he was doing and come upstairs to read her a story. One night as he finished the story, he asked Jenny, "Do you love me?"

"Oh yes, daddy. You know that I love you."

"Then give me your pearls."

"Oh, daddy, not my pearls. But you can have Princess, the white horse from my collection, the one with the pink tail. Remember, daddy? The one you gave me. She's my very favorite."

"That's okay, Honey, daddy loves you. Good night." And he brushed her cheek with a kiss.

About a week later, after the story time, Jenny's daddy asked again, "Do you love me?"

"Daddy, you know I love you."

"Then give me your pearls."

"Oh Daddy, not my pearls But you can have my baby doll. The brand new one I got for my birthday. She is beautiful and you can have the yellow blanket that matches her

sleeper."

"That's okay. Sleep well. God bless you, little one. Daddy loves you."

And as always, he brushed her cheek with a gentle kiss.

A few nights later when her daddy came in, Jenny was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed Indian style.

As he came close, he noticed her chin was trembling and one silent tear rolled down her cheek.

"What is it, Jenny? What's the matter?"

Jenny didn't say anything but lifted her little hand up to her daddy. And when she opened it, there was her little pearl necklace. With a little quiver, she finally said, "Here, daddy; this is for you."

With tears gathering in his own eyes, Jenny's daddy reached out with one hand to take the dime store necklace, and with the other hand he reached into his pocket and pulled out a blue velvet case with a strand of genuine pearls and gave them to Jenny. He had them all the time. He was just waiting for her to give up the dime-store stuff so he could give her the genuine treasure.

So it is, with our Heavenly Father. He is waiting for us to give up the cheap things in our lives so that he can give us beautiful treasures.

Isn't God good? Are you holding onto things that God wants you to let go of? Are you holding on to harmful or unnecessary partners, relationships, habits and activities that you have come so attached to that it seems impossible to let go? Sometimes it is so hard to see what is in the other hand but do believe this one thing, God will never take away something without giving you something better in its place.

⇒ Received from Eva Dean Stone

