



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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THE PHONE CALL

Late one Saturday evening, I was awakened by the ringing of my phone. In a sleepy, grumpy voice, I said, "Hello." The party on the other end of the line paused for a moment before rushing breathlessly into a lengthy speech.



"Mom, this is Susan and I'm sorry I woke you up, but I had to call because I'm going to be a little late getting home. See, Dad's car has a flat but it's not my fault. Honest! I don't know what happened. The tire just went flat while we were inside the theater. Please don't be mad, okay?"

Since I don't have any daughters, I knew the person had misdialed. "I'm sorry, dear," I replied, "but I have to tell you you've reached the wrong number. I don't have a daughter named Susan. In fact, I don't have any daughter at all."

A pause.

"Gosh, Mom," came the young woman's quavering voice, "I didn't think you'd be this mad."

THE FALCON & THE BRANCH

Once there was a king who received a gift of two magnificent falcons. They were peregrine falcons, the most beautiful birds he had ever seen. He gave the precious birds to his head falconer to be trained.



Months passed, and one day the head falconer informed the king that though one of the falcons was flying majestically, soaring high in the sky, the other bird had not moved from its branch since the day it had arrived.

The king summoned healers and sorcerers from all the land to tend to the falcon, but no one could make the bird fly. He presented the task to the member of his court, but the next day, the king saw through the palace window that the bird had still not moved from its perch.

Having tried everything else, the king thought to himself, "May be I need someone more familiar with the coun-

tryside to understand the nature of this problem." So he cried out to his court, "Go and get a farmer."

In the morning, the king was thrilled to see the falcon soaring high above the palace gardens. He said to his court, "Bring me the doer of this miracle."

The court quickly located the farmer, who came and stood before the king. The king asked him, "How did you make the falcon fly?"

With his head bowed, the farmer said to the king, "It was very easy, your highness. I simply cut the branch where the bird was sitting."

We are all made to fly — to realize our incredible potential as human beings. But at times we sit on our branches, clinging to the things that are familiar to us. The possibilities are endless, but for most of us, they remain undiscovered. We conform to the familiar, the comfortable, and the mundane. So for the most part, our lives are mediocre instead of exciting, thrilling and fulfilling. Let us learn to destroy the branch of fear we cling to and free ourselves to the glory of flight!

◇ Author Unknown
Submitted by Hemendra Chanchani

Isaiah 40:31 *But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*

WHY GET A GRIP ON THE WORD?

By Kathleen A. Mulkins

Plans change. *"The mind of man plans his way, but the LORD directs his steps."* Proverbs 16:9 (NASB).

When I first woke up this morning, I planned my day. It's a special day – my birthday – it also marks 1 year as a cancer survivor. But like the scriptures says – things sometimes change. God used the weather this time. So instead of spending the morning wandering in our lovely forest enjoying and praising God for its beauty, I'm at my desk thinking of all the blessings God has provided this past year.

And so, instead of writing about Bible Study methods (what I'd planned for this month), I'm writing about *why* get a grip on God's Word in the first place. I could list all the reasons the Bible gives, *"All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness..."* 2 Timothy 3:16, but I think the key is in the next verse. *"So that the man of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work."* 2 Timothy 3:17

Often our study, service and work on spiritual growth is self-focused. Just as most babies don't think about Mom's needs, but just their own need to be fed, changed, cuddled and loved, believers often get self-focused in their growth in Christ. I'm guilty of this. The "what do I get out of this" syndrome. However, as I thought

about the blessings of this past year and all God allowed me to accomplish and experience there is one event in particular that rises to the top and made me realize why I worked so hard at getting a grip on God's Word.



A few weeks ago, I had the opportunity to share the gospel with a young woman. The seed and already been planted in her life and watering had taken place, but I had the privilege of watching Jesus take up residence in her life as understanding and acceptance lite up her eyes. What a mega blessing!

As I look again at 2 Timothy 3:17, I think how much people think of the "every good work" as all the ways a person can serve God – the doings. But again – all the doings, should be and need to be focused on one thing – the one thing that is dearest to Jesus, the very reason he died on the cross...seeing lives redeemed – new names written down in the Book of Life. Not everyone will get the privilege I had but we can all have a part.

I'm not saying that the things like cleaning the bathrooms or kitchen at church, setting up for service or cleaning up or teaching or preaching aren't important. I'm just saying that all our "good works", including getting a grip on the Word, should be to be motivated

and focused on seeing more people receive Jesus as their Savior and Lord. It's all about motivation, the "why" of all activity. Get a better grip on the Word so you will be better equipped, so your life will better reflect Christ's love, joy, peace, patience, self-control so that others are drawn into the kingdom.

LEARN FROM MISTAKES

Thomas Edison tried two thousand different materials in search of a filament for the light bulb. When none worked satisfactorily, his assistant complained, "All our work is in vain. We have learned nothing."

Edison confidently replied very much a long way and we have learned a lot. We know that there are two thousand elements which we cannot use to make a good light bulb."



KEEPING SHARP

Have you ever tried to cut something with a dull knife? What has happen? We have failed to keep the knife sharp. This will also happen in our spiritual life, when we spend too much time in physical things and neglecting the spiritual things. There's nothing wrong with activity and hard work. But we should not get so busy that we neglect the truly important things in life, like our spiritual life, taking time to get close to God, being more involved in church, seeking ways to serve Him, and taking time to read God's love message to us.



ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORSHIP AND SERVICE

SUNDAYS

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

MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: REVELATION
1:00 PM

SATURDAY MARCH 11th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON:
11:00 AM

SUNDAY, MARCH 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

MONDAY, MARCH 13th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 am
CHEHALIS SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
CHURCH

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

WARM CONVENTION
"REVITALIZE"

APRIL 25 - 27

PLANTING POTATOES

By Joe Mazzella

When I was a boy growing up we had several gardens around our old house. The largest one of all was used just for growing potatoes.

I can still remember those potato planting days. The whole family helped. After my Dad had tilled the soil, my Mom, brothers, and I went to work. It was my job to drop the little seed potatoes in the rows while my Mom dropped handfuls of fertilizer beside them. My brothers then covered them all with the freshly turned earth.

For months afterward I would glance over at the garden while I played outside and wonder what was going on underneath the ground. When the harvest time came I was amazed at the huge size of the potatoes my Dad pulled out of the soil. Those little seedlings had grown into bushels and bushels of sweet sustenance. They would be turned into meal after meal of baked potatoes, mashed potatoes, fried potatoes, and my personal favorite: potatoes slowed cooked in spaghetti sauce. They would keep the entire family well fed throughout the whole year. It truly was a miracle to behold.

Thinking back on those special times makes me wonder how many other seeds I have planted in this life that have grown unseen in the hearts and minds of others. How many times has God used some little thing that I said or did to grow something beautiful? How many times has Heaven used these little seedlings to provide another's soul

with sweet sustenance?

Every single day of our lives we step out into the garden of this world. Every single day we plant seeds that can grow into something wonderful. We may never see the growth that comes from



the kind words or loving acts we share but God does. I hope then that you always tend the garden around you with care. I hope that you plant only goodness, peace, and compassion in the lives of everyone you meet. I hope that everyday you help miracles to grow.

SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE

Did you know that an eagle knows when a storm is approaching long before it breaks?

The eagle will fly to some high spot and wait for the winds to come.

When the storm hits, it sets its wings so that the wind will pick it up and lift it above the storm. While the storm rages below, the eagle is soaring above it.

The eagle does not escape the storm. It simply uses the storm to lift it higher. It rises on the winds that bring the storm.



When the storms of life come upon us, like the eagle, we can rise above them and ride the winds of the storm that bring sickness, tragedy, failure, and disappointment into our lives.

◇ Author Unknown

Deuteronomy 32:11 (BBE) As an eagle, teaching her young to make their flight, with her wings outstretched over them, takes them up on her strong feathers:

A BOWL OF NOODLES FROM A STRANGER

in Inspirational Stories

<http://academictips.org/blogs/>
by Stephen on December 7, 2012

That night, Sue quarreled with her mother, then stormed out of the house. While in route, she remembered that she did not have any money in her pocket, she did not even have enough coins to make a phone call home.

At the same time, she went through a noodle shop, picking up sweet fragrance, she suddenly felt very hungry. She wished for a bowl of noodles, but she had no money!

The seller saw her standing wheat faltered before the counter and asked:

Hey little girl, you want to eat a bowl?

But ... but I do not carry money ... she shyly replied.

Okay, I'll treat you – the seller said – come in, I will cook you a bowl.



A few minutes later the owner brought her a steaming bowl of noodles. Ate some pieces, Sue cried.

What is it? – He asked.

Nothing, I am just touched by

your kindness! – Sue said as she wiped her tears.

Even a stranger on the street gives me a bowl of noodles, and my mother, after a quarrel, chased me out of the house. She is cruel!!

The seller sighed: Girl, why did you think so? Think again. I only gave you a bowl of noodles and you felt that way. Your mother had raised you since you were little, why were you not grateful and disobeyed your mom?

Sue was really surprised after hearing that.

"Why did I not think of that? A bowl of noodles from a stranger made me feel indebted, and my mother has raised me since I was little and I have never felt so, even a little."

On the way home, Sue thought in her head what she would say to her mother when she arrives home: "Mom, I'm sorry. I know it is my fault, please forgive me ..."

Once up the steps, Sue saw her mother worried and tired of looking for her everywhere. Upon seeing Sue, her mother gently said: "Sue, come inside honey. You are probably very hungry? I cooked rice and prepared the meal already, come eat while it is still hot ..."

Unable to control any longer, Sue cried in her mom's hands.

In life, we sometimes easy to appreciate the small actions of some people around us, but for the relatives, especially parents, we see their sacrifices as a matter of natu-

ral ...

Parental love and concern are the most precious gifts we have been given since birth. Parents do not expect us to pay back for nurturing us but have we ever appreciated or treasure the unconditional sacrifice of our parents?

◇ Translated from a Vietnamese story by Tina

BUDDY

An out-of-towner drove his car into a ditch in a desolated area. Luckily, a local farmer came to help with his big strong horse named Buddy.



He hitched Buddy up to the car and yelled, "Pull, Nellie, pull!" Buddy didn't move.

Then the farmer hollered, "Pull, Buster, pull!" Buddy didn't respond.

Once more the farmer commanded, "Pull, Coco, pull!" nothing.

Then the farmer nonchalantly said, "Pull, Buddy, pull!" And the horse easily dragged the car out of the ditch.

The motorist was most appreciative and very curious. He asked the farmer why he called his horse by the wrong name three times.

The farmer said, "Oh, Buddy is blind and if he thought he was the only one pulling, he wouldn't even try!"

◇ Received from Bill Mulkins

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Doug and Mert were the first to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The story is found in the 16 and 19 chapters of 2 Samuel. Mephibosheth was tricked by his servant, Ziba when he lied to King David.

Here is this month's quiz.

*It's beyond you he did say
For I searching hard that day
Their hard to find in the tall grass
But I finally found it at last*

*I gave it back to him that day
And watch him put it all away
He told me not to roam
But to head straight back home*

*There was a message in what he
did*

I didn't know that one was hid

*Now tell me what I had to find
And the two who are in this rhyme
I know you'll find it if you look
For the story is in the Book*

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND

One day a man saw an old lady, stranded on the side of the road, but even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her.

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe; he looked

poor and hungry. He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was those chills which only fear can put in you. He said, "I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan Anderson."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt.

As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.

Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. The lady asked how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped. Bryan never thought twice about being paid. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty, who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed, and Bryan added, "And think of me."

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.

A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy

looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan.

After the lady finished her meal, she paid with a hundred dollar bill. The waitress quickly went to get change for her hundred dollar bill, but the old lady had slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. The waitress wondered where the lady could be. Then she noticed something written on the napkin.

There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote: "You don't owe me anything. I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do, do not let this chain of love end with you." Under the napkin were four more \$100 bills.

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard... She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, "Everything's going to be all right. I love you, Bryan Anderson."