



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

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

BLACK OR WHITE

When I was in elementary school, I got into a major argument with a boy in my class. I have forgotten what the argument was about, but I have never forgotten the lesson I learned that day.

I was convinced that "I" was right and "he" was wrong – and he was just as convinced that "I" was wrong and "he" was right. The teacher decided to teach us a very important lesson.

She brought us up to the front of the class and placed him on one side of her desk and me on the other. In the middle of her desk was a large, round object. I could clearly see that it was black. She asked the boy what color the object was. "White," he answered.

I couldn't believe he said the object was white, when it was obviously black! Another argument started between my classmate and me, this time about the color of the object.



The teacher told me to go stand where the boy was standing and told him to come stand where I had been. We changed places, and now she asked me what the color of the object was. I had to answer, "White."

It was an object with two differently colored sides, and from his

viewpoint it was white. Only from my side it was black.

Sometimes we need to look at the problem from the other person's view in order to truly understand his/her perspective.

BURNED BISCUITS

When I was a little child, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day at work.

On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs,



sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that biscuit and eat every bite!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: "Baby, I love burned biscuits."

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night and I asked

him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your Momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides – a little burned biscuit never hurt anyone!"

You know, life is full of imperfect things... and imperfect people. I'm not the best housekeeper or cook. What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each other's faults – and choosing to celebrate each other's differences – is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship. And that's my prayer for you today!

BACK SEAT

A woman was driving her old beat up car on the Highway with her 7 yr. old son, was caught in a large group of car's flying down the road she looked at her speedometer to see she was doing 15 miles over the speed limit.

Slowing down, she moved over to the side and got out of the clump that soon left her behind. She looked up and saw the flashing lights of a police car. Pulling over she waited for the officer to come up to her car.



As he did he said, "Ma'am do you know why I pulled you over?"

"Little Johnny piped up from the back seat, "I do! Because you couldn't catch the other cars!"

THE BRIDGE

In 1883, a creative engineer named John Roebling was inspired by an idea to build a spectacular bridge connecting New York with the Long Island. However bridge building experts throughout the world thought that this was an impossible feat and told Roebling to forget the idea. It just could not be done. It was not practical. It had never been done before.

Roebling could not ignore the vision he had in his mind of this bridge. He thought about it all the time and he knew deep in his heart that it could be done. He just had to share the dream with someone else. After much discussion and persuasion he managed to convince his son Washington, an up and coming engineer, that the bridge in fact could be built.

Working together for the first time, the father and son developed concepts of how it could be accomplished and how the obstacles could be overcome. With great excitement and inspiration, and the headiness of a wild challenge before them, they hired their crew and began to build their dream bridge.

The project started well,

but when it was only a few months underway a tragic accident on the site took the life of John Roebling. Washington was also injured and left with a certain amount of brain damage, which resulted in him not being able to talk or walk.

"We told them so." "Crazy men and their crazy dreams." "It's foolish to chase wild visions."

Everyone had a negative com-

ment to make and felt that the project should be scrapped since the Roeblings were the only ones who knew how the bridge could be built.

In spite of his handicap Washington was never discouraged and still had a burning desire to complete the bridge and his mind was still as sharp as ever. He tried to inspire and pass on his enthusiasm to some of his friends, but they were too daunted by the task.

As he lay on his bed in his hospital room, with the sunlight streaming through the windows, a gentle breeze blew the flimsy white curtains apart and he was able to see the sky and the tops of the trees outside for just a moment.

It seemed that there was a message for him not to give up. Suddenly an idea hit him. All he could do was move one finger and he decided to make the best use of it. By moving this, he slowly developed a code of communication with his wife.

He touched his wife's arm with that finger, indicating to her that he wanted her to call the engineers again. Then he used the

s a m e
method
of tapping
her arm to
tell the e n g i
n e e r s
what to

do. It seemed foolish but the project was under way again.

For 13 years Washington tapped out his instructions with his finger on his wife's arm, until the bridge was finally completed. Today the spectacular Brooklyn Bridge stands in all its glory as a tribute to the triumph of one man's indomitable spirit and his determination not to be defeated by circumstances. It is



also a tribute to the engineers and their team work, and to their faith in a man who was considered mad by half the world. It stands too as a tangible monument to the love and devotion of his wife who for 13 long years patiently decoded the messages of her husband and told the engineers what to do.

Often when we face obstacles in our day-to-day life, our hurdles seem very small in comparison to what many others have to face. The Brooklyn Bridge shows us that dreams that seem impossible can be realized with determination and persistence, no matter what the odds are.

THE PRETZEL CHARITY

A lady sold pretzels on a street corner for 25 cents each.

Every day a young man would leave his office building at lunch time and, as he passed her pretzel stand, he would leave her a quarter, but would never take a pretzel.

This went on for more than five years. The two of them never spoke.

One day as the man passed the old ladies pretzel stand and left his quarter as usual, the pretzel woman spoke to him,

Sir, I appreciate your business, you are a good customer, but I have to tell you that the pretzel price has increased to 35 cents."



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 APRIL 8th

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

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

LADIES LUNCHEON:
11:00 AM

SUNDAY, APRIL 16th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

SUNDAY, APRIL 30th

POT LUCK SUNDAY

COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 PM

PNA EVENTS

WARM CONVENTION

"REVITALIZE"

APRIL 25 - 27

THE COOKIE THIEF

A woman was waiting at an airport one night, with several long hours before her flight. She hunted for a book in the airport shops, bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.



She was engrossed in her book but happened to see, that the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be, grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between, which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene.

So she munched the cookies and watched the clock, as the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock. She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by, thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I would blacken his eye."

With each cookie she took, he

took one too, when only one was left, she wondered what he would do. With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh, he took the last cookie and broke it in half.

He offered her half, as he ate the other, she snatched it from him and thought... ooooh, brother. This guy has some nerve and he's also rude, why he didn't even show any gratitude!

She had never known when she had been so galled, and sighed with relief when her flight was called. She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate, refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate.

She boarded the plane, and sank in her seat, then she sought her book, which was almost complete. As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise, there was her bag of cookies, in front of her eyes.

If mine are here, she moaned in despair, the others were his, and he tried to share. Too late to apologize, she realized with grief, that she was the rude one, the ingrate, the cookie thief.

By Valerie Cox in "A Matter of Perspective"
Submitted by Tom "The Colonel" Parker

WELCOME: ISAAC GALLAWAY AND FAMILY

On Sunday, February 26th we voted to invite Isaac Gallaway to come and be our Associate Pastor. Isaac has a B.S. in Youth Ministry & Pastoral Ministry Majors with a Theology Minor. Isaac and his wife Alexis, their daughter Estherlyn and new born son Ezekiel will be coming to join us in the early part of April. We are looking forward to their coming.

Isaac and his family will be arriving on Saturday, April 8th. If you are willing to help unload the truck, please contact Wally True. If you would like to help provide food for those unloading the truck, please contact Elizabeth Sullivan.



FAITH GOT ME THROUGH

Kathie Lee Gifford

I've gotten through this past year the way I've gotten through every day of my life: faithfully trusting God to do what God does, which is to show up, redeem and restore.

If you thought about it as "How am I ever going to get through this year?" — well, God doesn't promise you a year. He promises you a day at a time. He broke life into 24-hour-periods because that's all we can handle. The next day, you reach for your fresh cup of mercy that you need every bit as much as the day before.

When I found Frank on that beautiful Sunday morning, he was already gone. The look on his face was complete and total wonder. I felt in that moment he saw Jesus, and Jesus took his breath away. That's the way I want to go.

He passed away still beautiful and one week shy of 85. He went ready to go to church that day. And you know what, he sure did go to church that day!

Bible verse **2 Corinthians 5:8** says **"to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."** How can I be unhappy knowing my husband is in spiritual perfection with his Lord? Even the day Frank passed, we were able to rejoice and thank the Lord and cry tears of joy mixed with years of sorrow. They were equal because of what we believed.

We have hope because of the promise in **Romans 15:13: "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit."**

For other people grieving the loss of a loved one, I would tell



them it's impossible to do it on your own. You need to immerse yourself in the word of God. What I would do is get up in the morning and spend time in prayer. Start really learning as much Scripture as possible so you can quote it without looking it up, so it's in your DNA. You can call on it when you're feeling challenged in your faith.

One of the Scriptures that gives me strength is **2 Corinthians 6:10: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing everything."**

Don't rush the process. Joy can exist in the exact same spot as your grief.

We had Frank for a lot of years and we had him in great health and we have many, many memories. If you keep thinking about what you lost, you will fall in despair. Concentrate on what you still have and the memories and the knowledge that you will all be united one day.

I am not saying it's easy. I am saying it's possible.

A BOX OF KISSES

Some time ago, a man punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of red wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl

brought the gift to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy." He was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty.

He yelled at her, "Don't you know that when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside it?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, Daddy, it is not empty. I blew kisses into the box. All for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged for her forgiveness.

It is told that the man kept that red box by his bed for years and whenever he was discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.



In a very real sense, each of us as humans have been given a container filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, friends, family and God. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

A SUBWAY DROP

The Manhattan Commuter train was packed. Suddenly there was a jingle on the floor. Most necks were craned. One elderly gentleman, however, bent down and picked something up. He then asked, "Did anyone drop a half dollar?"

"I did," answered three men at once.

"Well," said the elderly gent with a smile, "here's a dime of it."

QUIZ

Several people came up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The story is found in the 20th chapter of 1 Samuel verses 35-42. David and Jonathan were two of the ones in the story, the name of the boy is not told.

There will be no quiz this month. I need time to come up with one no one will be able to answer.

ELLEN

A man observed a woman in the grocery store with a three year old girl in Her basket. As they passed the cookie section, the child asked for cookies and her mother told her "no." The little girl immediately began to whine and fuss, and the mother said quietly, "Now Ellen, we just have half of the aisles left to go through; don't be upset. It won't be long."

He passed the Mother again in the candy aisle. Of course, the little girl began to shout for candy. When she was told she couldn't



have any, she began to cry. The mother said, "There, there, Ellen, don't cry. Only two more aisles to go, and then we'll be checking out."

The man again happened to be behind the pair at the check-out, where the little girl immediately

began to clamor for gum and burst into a terrible tantrum upon discovering there would be no gum purchased today. The mother patiently said, "Ellen, we'll be through this checkout stand in five minutes, and then you can go home and have a nice nap."

The man followed them out to the parking lot and stopped the woman to compliment her. "I couldn't help noticing how patient you were with little Ellen..."

The mother broke in, "My little girl's name is Tammy... I'm Ellen."

Received from jcsparks

GET A GRIP

KATHLEEN A. MULKINS

Application works with each aspect of learning God's Word – hearing, reading, studying, memorizing/meditating. It's the "grip" in getting a grip on the Word.

As you listen, read, study, memorize/meditate on God's Word, ask God for insights and how it applies to you. It is easy to listen to a sermon and think of how it applies to that person who really annoys you or has hurt you (or a loved one). However, when God talks to you, you are his primary concern. Jesus made this clear when he spoke with Peter about his commitment to him. Peter got distracted (or maybe just tried to get the heat of himself) and he asked Jesus "Lord, what about him (meaning John, who as nearby)?" Jesus answered, "If I want him to remain alive until I return, what is that to you? You must follow me." (John 21:21-22)

The righteous man will live by faith (Romans 1:17) and whatever is not by faith is sin so the key to applying is not an action accomplished without faith but faith that results in action (James 2:14-26). "Sin" is not the doing drugs, stealing, coveting, gossiping, etc. "Sin" is not trusting God with something. I steal because I want/need something that

someone else has and instead of trusting God for what I need/want, I act. I murder (in my heart, mind or reality) because I'm angry and am unwilling to trust God with the consequences for the other person.

Actions prove convictions, just as repentance proves conviction and a desire to please Jesus instead of self.

So, as you listen, read, study, memorize/meditate concentrate on "how does this apply to ME?" Does an event or action or attitude of yours come to mind as you listen? That is probably the Holy Spirit gently convicting you of something. Be quick to agree (confession) and desire to turn from it (repentance).

OK, your thoughts are overwhelmed with thinking how what you're hearing applies to the person who has hurt you or someone you love. Never forget that it is the Holy Spirit that must convict. If your thoughts can't get past the hurt or anger, perhaps your faith step it to pray for that person. Pray and work on forgiveness until you can think of that other person mercy. You'll probably want to keep praying for that person then because you do have mercy for them. Confronting the person directly should only come after you can think of that person and their actions with mercy.

Your actions and attitudes will change over time as you focus on how what you hear, read, study memorize/meditate applies to you and your prayer and praise life. After all, it's the relationship... the interactions you have with God that is the reason to long to know God's Word more anyway.

