



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



[www.onalaskachurchofgod.com](http://www.onalaskachurchofgod.com)

JUNE, 2017

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

## DON'T HOPE...DECIDE!

While waiting to pick up a friend at the airport in Portland, Oregon, I had one of those life-changing experiences that you hear other people talk about — the kind that sneaks up on you unexpectedly. This one occurred a mere two feet away from me.

Straining to locate my friend among the passengers deplaning through the jet way, I noticed a man coming toward me carrying two light bags. He stopped right next to me to greet his family.

First he motioned to his youngest son (maybe six years old) as he laid down his bags. They gave each other a long, loving hug. As they separated enough to look in each other's face, I heard the father say, "It's so good to see you, son. I missed you so much!" His son smiled somewhat shyly, averted his eyes and replied softly, "Me, too, Dad!"

Then the man stood up, gazed in the eyes of his oldest son (maybe nine or ten) and while cupping his son's face in his hands said, "You're already quite the young man. I love you very much, Zach!" They too hugged a most loving, tender hug.

While this was happening, a baby girl (perhaps one or one-and-a-half) was squirming excitedly in her mother's arms, never once taking her little eyes off the wonderful sight of her returning father. The man said, "Hi, baby girl!" as he gently took the child from her mother. He quickly kissed her face all over and then

held her close to his chest while rocking her from side to side. The little girl instantly relaxed and simply laid her head on his shoulder, motionless in pure contentment.

After several moments, he handed his daughter to his oldest son and declared, "I've saved the best for last!" and proceeded to give his wife the longest, most passionate kiss I ever remember seeing. He gazed into



her eyes for several seconds and then silently mouthed, "I love you so much!" They stared at each other's eyes, beaming big smiles at one another, while holding both hands.

For an instant they reminded me of newlyweds, but I knew by the age of their kids that they couldn't possibly be. I puzzled about it for a moment then realized how totally engrossed I was in the wonderful display of unconditional love not more than an arm's length away from me. I suddenly felt uncomfortable, as if I was invading something sacred, but was amazed to hear my own voice nervously ask, "Wow! How long have you two been married?"

"Been married twelve years" he replied, without breaking his

gaze from his lovely wife's face.

"Well then, how long have you been away?" I asked. The man finally turned and looked at me, still beaming his joyous smile. "Two whole days!"

Two days? I was stunned. By the intensity of the greeting, I had assumed he'd been gone for at least several weeks – if not months. I know my expression betrayed me. I said almost offhandedly, hoping to end my intrusion with some semblance of grace (and to get back to searching for my friend), "I hope my marriage is still that passionate after twelve years!"

The man suddenly stopped smiling. He looked me straight in the eye, and with forcefulness that burned right into my soul, he told me something that left me a different person. He told me, "Don't hope, friend... decide!" Then he flashed me his wonderful smile again, shook my hand and said, "God bless!"

*- By Michael D. Hargrove and Bottom Line Underwriters, Inc. Copyright 1997*



*When we get tangled up in our problems, be still. God wants us to be still so He can untangle the knot.*

~

*The most important thing in your home are the people.*

## DADDY HANDS

I awoke in the night to find my husband, Marty, gently rocking our baby son, Noah. I stood for a moment in the doorway, watching this amazing man with whom I was so blessed to share my life, lovingly stroke Noah's fat pink cheeks in an effort to comfort him.

I felt in my heart that something was seriously wrong with Noah. This was one of several nights Noah had been up, burning with a high fever.

Tears filled my eyes as I watched my beautiful husband move Noah's little cheek up against his own chest, so that Noah could feel the vibrations of his voice. Noah is deaf. Learning to comfort him has brought

on a whole new way of thinking for us. We relied on our voices, a soothing lullaby, audio toys, and music to comfort our other children. But with Noah, we need to use touch, his soft blankie, sight, the feel of our voices, and most importantly, the use of sign language to communicate emotions and a sense of comfort to him. My husband made the sign for "I love you" with his hand and I saw a tear roll down his cheek as he placed Noah's tiny, weak hand on top of his.

We had taken Noah to the doctor more times than I can remember. It had been a week and a half and Noah's fever remained very high and very dangerous, despite everything the doctor or we had tried. I knew in my soul the way only a mother can know, that Noah was in trouble.

I gently touched my husband's shoulder and we looked into each other's eyes with the same fear and knowledge that Noah's wasn't getting any better. I offered to

take over for him, but he shook his head, and once again, I was amazed at this wonderful man who is the father of my children. When many fathers would have gladly handed over the parenting duties for some much needed sleep, my husband stayed stubbornly and resolutely with our child.

When morning finally came, we called the doctor and were told to bring him in again. We already knew that he would probably put Noah in the hospital. So, we made arrangements for the other children, packed bags for all three of us, and tearfully drove to the doctor's office once again. Our hearts filled with dread, we waited in a small room, different from the usual examining room we had become used to. Our doctor finally came in, looked Noah over, and told us the news we expected. Noah had to be admitted to the hospital. Now.

The drive to the hospital in a neighboring town seemed surreal. I couldn't focus on anything, couldn't think, couldn't stop crying. My husband reassured me that he felt in his heart that Noah would be okay. We admitted Noah and were taken to his room right away. It was a tortuous night, filled with horrible tests that made my son's tiny little voice echo through the halls as he screamed over and over.

I felt as if I were shattering from the inside out. My husband never wavered in his faith. He comforted me and Noah, and everyone who called to check on Noah. He was a rock.

When the first batch of tests were done, the nurse informed us that a spinal tap would be performed soon. Meningitis was suspected. Marty and I had prayer together with Noah. Our hands intertwined, we held our son and the love of my life lifted

his voice to the Lord, telling him how grateful we were for this awesome little spirit with whom he had entrusted us. With tears streaming down his face, he humbly asked the Lord to heal our son. My heart filled with comfort and gratitude.

A short time later, the resident doctor came in. He told us that Noah's first results were back, and that he had Influenza A. No spinal tap was needed! Noah would recover and soon be back to his zesty, tornado little self. And Noah was already standing up in the hospital crib, bouncing like he was on a trampoline. My husband's talk with the Lord was already being answered.

Marty and I grinned at each other through our tears, and waited for Noah to be released from the hospital. Finally, in the middle of the night, our own doctor came in and told us that it was fine to take Noah home. We couldn't pack fast enough!

A few days later, I was cooking dinner. Noah was healing, slowly but surely. I felt at peace and knew my husband was the greatest father I could ever want for my children. I peeked around the corner into the living room, and chuckled at the picture I saw. There was my husband, sitting in his "daddy chair", Noah in his lap. They were reading a book, dad taking Noah's teeny hands to help him form the signs for the words in the book. They both looked up and caught me watching them, and my husband and I simultaneously signed "I love you" to each other, then to Noah. And then Noah put his little arm up, trying to shape his tiny hand in his own effort to sign "I love you" to his daddy. I watched with tears as my husband carefully helped him form his tiny fingers into the sign with his own gentle hands. Daddy hands.

*By Susan Fahncke*

# 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

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### SATURDAY JUNE 10th

MEN'S BREAKFAST @ LISA'S:  
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 18th

FATHER'S DAY

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FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21st

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 PM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

MICHAEL CARD CONCERT  
FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 2017  
CHEHALIS SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST  
6:30 PM

## PNA EVENTS

CHURCH OF GOD CONVENTION  
WICHITA, KANSAS  
JUNE 20 - 23

## AND THAT WAS GOOD

When we were kids in the Fifties or earlier, everybody makes fun of our childhood! Comedians joke. Grandkids snicker. Twenty-something's shudder and said "Eeeew!" But was our childhood really all that bad?

### **JUDGE FOR YOURSELF:**

In 1953: The US population was less than 150 million ... Yet you knew more people then, and knew them better... **And that was good.**

The average annual salary was under \$3,000...Yet our parents could put some of it away for a rainy day and still live a decent life... **And that was good.**

A loaf of bread cost about 15 cents...But it was safe for a five-year-old to skate to the store and buy one...**And that was good.**

Prime-Time meant I Love Lucy, Ozzie and Harriett, and Lassie ...So nobody's ever heard of ratings or filters...**And that was good.**

We didn't have air-conditioning...So the windows stayed up and half a dozen mothers ran outside when you fell off your bike...**And that was good.**

Your teacher was either Miss Matthews or Mrs. Logan or Mr. Adkins...But not Ms Becky or

Mr. Dan ...**And that was good.**

The only hazardous material you knew about...Was a patch of grass burrs around the light pole at the corner...**And that was good.**

Most families needed only one job...Meaning Mom was home when school let out...**And that was good.**

You loved to climb into a fresh bed...Because sheets were dried on the clothesline...**And that was good.**

People generally lived in the same hometown with their relatives...So "child care" meant grandparents or aunts and uncles...**And that was good.**

TV was in black-and-white...But all outdoors was in glorious color...**And that was certainly good.**

Your Dad knew how to adjust everybody's carburetor... And the Dad next door knew how to adjust all the TV knobs...**And that was very good.**

Your grandma grew snap beans in the back yard...And chickens behind the garage... **And that was definitely good.**

And just when you were about to do something really bad ...Chances were you'd run into your high school coach...Or the nosy old lady from up the street...Or your little sister's piano teacher...Or somebody from church...ALL of whom knew your parents' phone number...And YOUR first name... **And even THAT was good**

Things have definitely changed. Have they changed for the better?

◆ Received from Terry Douglass

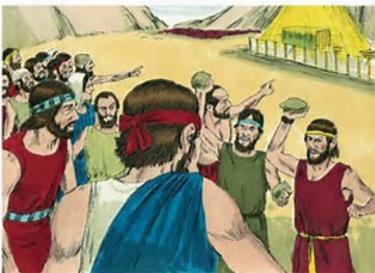


## COMFORTABLE OR COURAGEOUS?

Associate Pastor  
Isaac Gallaway

Like a ceramic plate balancing on a wooden pole, their hearts and spirits balanced precariously upon the news that was brought forth by the 12 men in front of them. For forty days these men had ran all over the countryside. Up and down the valleys, through the caves and cities, and into the forests discovering what dangers awaited the Chosen People. They had seen the walls, they had tasted the fruits of the lands, they had spied out the inhabitants, and they knew the land better than anyone else at the end of forty days. It seemed to the outward eye that the journey had been successful, for right into the middle of the camp two of the men came bearing the largest grapes anyone had ever seen carried between them on a pole mounted to their shoulders. Then the report came.

"We went into the land to which you sent us, and it does flow with milk and honey! Here is its fruit!" Murmurs of excitement arose amongst those souls as they discussed the richness that lay before them. No more monotony of manna. No more desert sand



stuck in the hair. But the news report continued. "But the people who live there are powerful and the cities are fortified and very large." Hesitant hearts arose.

"We even saw descendants of Anak there! The Amalekites live in the Negev; the Hittites, Jebusites, and Amorites live in the hill country; and the Canaanites live near the sea and along the Jordan." And like that, the balancing hearts and spirits fell with a crash. Chaos, pandemonium, cries arose amongst the Chosen People. Suddenly a new set of voices interrupted the madness.

"We should go up and take possession of the land, for we



can certainly do it!" Whether people listened to Caleb or were too busy packing their few belongings, the bickering ensued. Even the second voice from Joshua could not calm the fears. "The land we passed through and explored is exceedingly good. If the LORD is pleased with us, he will lead us into that land, a land flowing with milk and honey, and will give it to us. Only do not rebel against the LORD. And do not be afraid of the people of the land, because we will swallow them up. Their protection is gone, but the LORD is with us. Do not be afraid of them."

And we know what happened. The Chosen People preferred the safety and comfort of their miserable lives of monotony to the courage it took to march forth on God's command. For the next forty years they wandered around aimlessly, eating the bland manna they had become so accustomed to, and chasing sheep around in the desert with the sand constantly grating on them. It was not fun.

It was not a luxury vacation. But it was "comfortable" because they didn't have to do much. They kept the same comfortable surroundings. The same comfortable neighbors. The same comfortable tools and equipment that their parents had always used. The same comfortable clothes and shoes instead of having to change. Instead of being courageous, they rotted away in the desert in the comfort of their own tents. It took an entire generation's demise before the people of God were willing to act in obedience to God's command and take possession of the land He had promised them.

Today we are still faced with the same choice. Comfortable, or Courageous? Do we chose to live a life that is mediocre, monotonous, but comfortable *OR* do we give our preferences over to God who replaces mediocre with his majesty, monotony with adventure, and comfortable with courageous obedience. Yes, it's work. But it's worthwhile work. What'll it be? Comfortable, or Courageous?

## HEAT PUMP

Because of the rising cost of propane and electricity, the Church Council has decided to begin an fund raising campaign to raise money for a Heat Pump in both the sanctuary and the fellowship hall. The cost will be about \$ 18,000.00 but over the long run it will save us money. The Heat Pump in the sanctuary will save us between 700 to 1000 dollars and year, the electricity cost will rise about \$250.00 a year. The Heat Pump in the fellowship hall will save about \$400.00 a year in electricity.



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*My sister, Katie Jackson was the first one to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The answer is found in the 22 chapter of 2 Chronicles. Jehoshabeath hid her brother, Joash in the Temple from their wicked mother, Athaliah.*

*Here is this month's quiz.*

*I stood before the Angel  
The devil stood there too  
He tried his best to hinder me  
But God said he was through*

*The Lord said I was a burning stick  
Pluck from a burning fire  
My clothes were such a mess  
I was clothed in fifthly attire.*

*They took away my filthy garments*

*That represents my sin  
And clothed me with new clothes  
How grateful I am of Him.*

*Now its my name you must produce*

*It's there within the Book  
You can find is easy  
If you only look.*

## **DETOURS**

Kathleen A. Mulkins

A year ago, when I found out I had pancreatic cancer (and learned of the survival rates), I hoped God would give me the time to "get my life in order" and complete at least one of the projects I had for our property. Now, a year later and after attending

the W.A.R.M. Conference I'm wondering what God may want me to do "with the rest of my life".

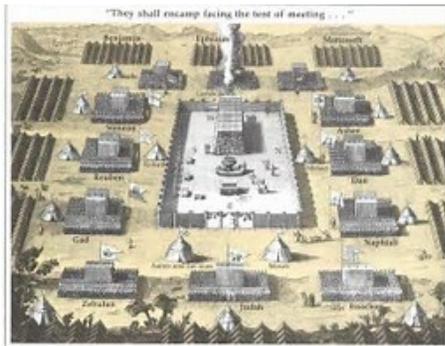
On our way to the conference, we went on a major detour, thanks to a wrong address placed in our Garmin – it took us nearly 2 hours to get to the church that was only 3 miles from our motel. I think that detour was not only Satan trying to discourage us from attending but also a God directed metaphor of my life.

After graduating from seminary, I thought God was calling me to plant a church. The vision He gave me of how to do church was a cross between the tabernacle and a "festival of tents". I had been approved to do a church plant by the area ministry and was on the verge of launching when the door slammed closed. That disoriented me in a major way and after floundering for over a year; I became a pastor's wife instead of a pastor. The vision was tabled in a big way.

At the conference, we were challenged to think of the most effective steps we can make in reaching lost people. In a culture where church is shunned and disregarded, how can we expose people to not only the Gospel (a lot of people think they know about Jesus) but give them an opportunity to experience him. The vision came flashing into my mind and I began to weep. Really? Can I really do this now? In a culture that is so entertainment oriented, the festival idea is very effective in drawing people.

The vision has tweaked from the original single church to an outreach by a team of churches; twelve churches to be exact; one for each of the twelve tribes. Instead of year-round church, the outreach festival would last any-

where from a week to a month. Follow-up by the churches would be a key element to draw people into local churches. The pastors from the church would represent the tribe of Levi and conduct the worship. The "tribes" would each have festival booths in the "outer court" area of different fun things to do or given away. At set times throughout the day, a "call to worship" would be sounded and people invited into the inner court. There the pastor would explain the meaning of all the elements and invite people into the Holy Place where further instruction would be given. The explanation of how the Most Holy Place was once a place



where only the high priest could go, and only once a year, would be concluded with how the veil was torn in two, top to bottom, with Christ's crucifixion. The veil would then open and all invited to enter the Holy of Holies and encounter God – with the opportunity to present their lives, worries, concerns, burdens to the Mercy Seat. There would be no speaker up front in the Holy of Holies. Any music would be from in back. The focal piece would be the Mercy Seat or a Throne of the invisible One who desires so much to interact, heal, encourage and love His children.

I'm not sure if I'm to pursue the actual launch of this or just write about it in the hopes that someone else will pick up the vision and run with it. I'm a much better planner than implementer. After seeking counsel from godly people, I will start with the writing. Please keep me in prayer as I begin this task.