



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

NOVEMBER, 2017

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

A LESSON IN FORGIVENESS

Author Unknown

Forty-three years seems like a long time to remember the name of a mere acquaintance. I have duly forgotten the name of an old lady who was a customer on my paper route when I was a twelve-year-old boy in Marinette, Wisconsin back in 1954. Yet it seems like just yesterday that she taught me a lesson in forgiveness that I can only hope to pass on to someone else someday.

On a mindless Saturday afternoon, a friend and I were throwing rocks onto the roof of the old lady's house from a secluded spot in her backyard. The object of our play was to observe how the rocks changed to missiles as they rolled to the roof's edge and shot out into the yard like comets falling from the sky. I found myself a perfectly smooth rock and sent it for a ride. The stone was too smooth, however, so it slipped from my hand as I let it go and headed straight for a small window on the old lady's back porch. At the sound of fractured glass, we took off from the old lady's yard faster than any of our missiles flew off her roof.

I was too scared about getting caught that first night to be concerned about the old lady with the broken porch window. However, a few days later, when I was sure that I hadn't been dis-

covered, I started to feel guilty for her misfortune. She still greeted me with a smile each day when I gave her the paper, but I was no longer able to act comfortable in her presence. I made up my mind that I would save my paper delivery money, and in three weeks I had the seven dollars that I calculated would cover the cost of her window. I put the money in an envelope with a note explaining that I was sorry for breaking her window and hoped that the seven dollars would cover the cost for repairing it.



I waited until it was dark, snuck up to the old lady's house, and put the envelope of retribution through the letter slot in her door. My soul felt redeemed and I couldn't wait for the freedom of, once again, looking straight into the old lady's eyes.

The next day, I handed the old lady her paper and was able to return the warm smile that I was receiving from her. She thanked me for the paper and said, "Here,

I have something for you." It was a bag of cookies. I thanked her and proceeded to eat the cookies as I continued my route. After several cookies, I felt an envelope and pulled it out of the bag. When I opened the envelope, I was stunned. Inside was the seven dollars and a short note that said, "I'm proud of you."



TESTIMONY

Ellen Smith

*You ask me why I love my Lord?
Well, friend, just let me say,
Life wasn't worth the living
'Till the Saviour came my way.*

*You say I miss so much of life?
Yes, friend, praise God I do!
I miss the sin and sorrow
Which were all I ever knew.*

*I miss the day spent seeking joy
The long nights full of fears;
I miss the heavy burden that
I carried through the years.*

*But I wouldn't have them back
For all that you could pay;
Life wasn't worth the living
'Till the savior came my way.*

*These things have I spoken unto
you, that my joy might remain in
you, and that your joy might be
full.*

John 15:11

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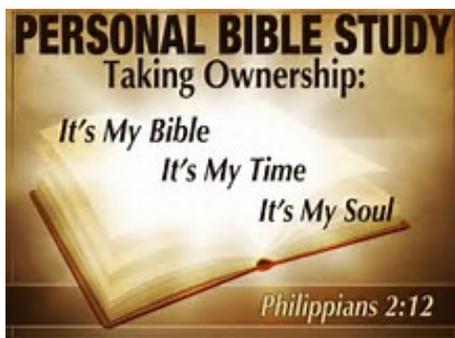
GET A GRIP ON THE WORD

SELECTING A STUDY METHOD

KATHLEEN A. MULKINS

When you think of Bible studies it is easy to get overwhelmed. There are a lot of prepared studies that guide you through one subject or another. But the author of Ecclesiastes (King Solomon) was right when he wrote "Of making many books there is no end, and much study wears the body. (Ecclesiastes 12:12b NIV).

And lest I be accused of taking this out of context, my point is that of King Solomon was warning to be careful of these books because they sometimes add to God's Word to make their own meaning and thus end up attributing something to Scripture that isn't really there. Satan loves it when that happens.



That said, if you look for a study book or study Bible, try to find one that helps you learn a good study method more than trying to get you to see something in particular. I'm partial to Dick Pernell's 31 Day experiments because they help develop a "Quiet Time" as well some good subject methods study habits. Rick Warren has a good book on how to study the Bible – except I found his acrostic "S.P.A.C.E.P.E.T.S." a bit cumbersome as each letter represents a question of which I'm supposed to address each passage. I can remember the acrostic but not what

each letter represents!

I've already introduced you to three study methods – the writing of questions, summaries or titles. They can be done separately or together and will help you with the big picture as well as prepare you for a few more types of studies: subject, theme, outlining and charting. I'm also fond of "Shot gunning" and the similar "rabbit trailing" as well as the "sentence diagramming" I mentioned last month. I have also used what I call "The vitamin pill" which is better than nothing but has some real drawbacks. Another I'm fond of doing is "before and after" – not the game show "before and after" but looking carefully at what happened just before the focus story and what happens just after. Often insights happen when you do that.

I will go into each type of Bible study more completely, giving examples to help you understand well as share some of shortcoming and benefits of each type. But since there are SO many, how do you select which to start with? That will depend on you and what you want to get out of your study.

If your goal of Bible Study is to get a lot of information about God or know what's in the Bible, then just about any study will work. But is your goal to know about God? Or know Him? Jesus said, "Now this is eternal life: that they may know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent." (John 17:3 NIV)

The difference between "knowing about" someone (anyone) and "knowing" someone is the amount of time you spend interacting with that someone. The Bible has been called "God's love letter" to us. If you get a love letter from someone, don't you read it over

and over and even memorize it? But why do you do that? Because the letter reminds you of time spent (or maybe will spend) together. If plans, goals and ideas are shared in that letter, certainly that is something to talk to when you get on the phone or get together with that person.

If Bible study is preparation of time to be spent together or even the process of spending time together, you will find it much easier to select a method. What do you want to get from getting a grip on the Word?

WHOSE HANDS

A rod in my hands will keep away a wild animal.
A rod in Moses' hands parted the mighty sea.
It depends on whose hands it's in.

A slingshot in my hands is a kid's toy.
A slingshot in David's hands was a mighty weapon.
It depends on whose hands it's in.

Two fish and 5 loaves of bread in my hands is a couple of fish sandwiches.
Two fish and 5 loaves of bread in Jesus Christ's hands fed thousands.
It depends on whose hands it's in.

Nails in my hands might produce a birdhouse.
Nails in Jesus Christ's hands produced salvation for the entire world.
It depends on whose hands it's in.

Put your life, your concerns, your worries, your fears, your hopes, your dreams, your families and your relationships in God's hands because...
It depends on whose hands it's in

ONALASKA'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 NOVEMBER 11th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 am

LADIES LUNCHEON: 11:00 am

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 am
@
ONALASKA ASSEMBLY OF GOD

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd

THANKSGIVING DINNER: 1 pm
POT LUCK

COMMUNITY EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON
GUEST: ALAN SODERQUIST
MEDICARE SUPPLEMENTS

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 pm
@
COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



HEAT PUMP FUND

AS OF OCT. 25, 2017

\$13,834.09

PURINA DIET

Yesterday I was buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for Toot, the wonder dog, at Wal-Mart and was about to check out. A woman behind me asked if I had a dog. On impulse on this stupid question, I told her that No, I didn't have a dog, but I was starting the Purina Diet again.

Although I probably shouldn't, because I'd ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my

orifices and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pants pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry and that the food is nutritionally complete so I was going to try it again. (I have



to mention here that practically everyone in the line was by now enthralled with my story.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me.

I told her No, I stepped off a curb to sniff noses with an Irish Setter and a car hit us both.

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack, he was laughing so hard!

Wal-Mart won't let me shop there anymore!

⇒ James Sparks

TO OUR MILITARIES

E. M. WILSON

WE CARE:

THAT YOU HAVE LEFT YOUR HOMES
TO FIGHT IN BATTLES FAR AWAY
YOUR DREAMS YOU HAVE POSTPONED
KNOW THIS - THAT WE
IN GRATITUDE HAIL YOU TODAY.

WE THINK:

OF YOU OFTEN WITH LOVE
YOUR FEARS AND HARDSHIPS NOT A FEW
THE PATRIOT'S DREAM THAT YOU UPHOLD
IS GOOD AND RIGHT, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU.

WE PRAY:

FOR YOU, THAT GOD WILL GIVE
STRONG COURAGE, PATIENCE, FAITH AND ZEST
THAT YOU WILL SEEK HIS WILL AND FIND
THAT HIS PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE IS BEST.

RED MARBLES

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Git tin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it" said Miller.

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked.

"Not zackley but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble". Mr. Miller told the boy.

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very

poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store."

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we

fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket.

Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes. Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and remind-

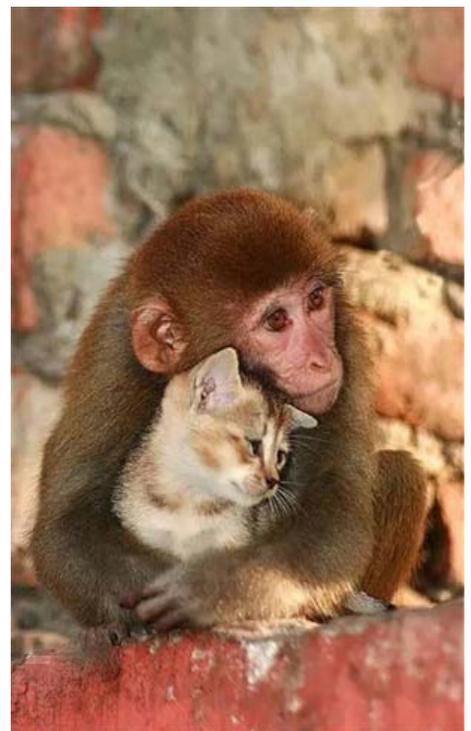
ed her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. "Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them.

Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size...they came to pay their debt." "We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho."

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red mar-



⇒ Received from Eva Dean Stone



*We may be different,
but we can still be friends.*

Q
U
I
Z



My memory is becoming so bad I can't remember all those who came up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The answer is found in the second chapter of the Book of Habakkuk.

I know Mert Horrocks was one of those who knew the answer but I don't remember the others. If you came up with the correct answer please forgive me.

Here is this month's quiz.

*You have been sent to preach
the Word
To many of those who have al-
ready heard
I know you're young but that's
okay
My instructions please obey.*

*There are those who make many
rules
Avoid them for they are only fools
Just teach the faith that made
you glad
When you were only a little lad.*

*This quiz is so easy I'm sad to say
I should receive the answer right
away.*

A SIMPLE GESTURE

*By: John Wayne Schlatter Submitted by
Debra*

Mark was walking home from school one day when he noticed the boy ahead of him had tripped and dropped all of the books he was carrying along with two sweaters, a baseball bat, a glove, and a small tape recorder. Mark knelt down and helped the boy

pick up the scattered articles. Since they were going the same way, he helped to carry the burden.

As they walked Mark discovered the boy's name was Bill, that he loved video games, baseball, and history, that he was having a lot of trouble with his other subjects and that he had just broken up with his girlfriend. They arrived at Bill's home first and Mark was invited in for a Coke and to watch some TV. The afternoon passed pleasantly with a few laughs and some shared small talk, then Mark went home.



They continued to see each other around school, had lunch together once or twice. They ended up at the same High school where they had brief contacts over the years. Finally the long awaited senior year came, and three weeks before graduation, Bill asked Mark if they could talk. Bill reminded him of the day years ago when they had first met.

"Do you ever wonder why I was carrying so many things from school that day?" asked Bill. "You see, I cleaned out my locker because I didn't want to leave a mess for anyone else. I had stored away some of my mother's pills and I was going home to commit suicide. But after we spent some time together I realized that if I had, I would have missed that time and so many others that might follow. So you see, Mark, when you picked up my books for me that day, you did a lot more. You saved my life."

Comments

**by John Wayne Schlatter duke-waynelives@netscape.net -
19 Sep 2002**

Hi Debra,

My name is John Wayne Schlatter and I wrote The Simple Gesture for Chicken Soup For The Soul Vol.1.

I feel complimented that you put

in on the internet in an effort to help other people...You might like to know the whole story.

The two boys met in 1973 at Oak Jr. High where I was teaching.. they remained very close friends and were the best man in each others weddings.

When I met them they were my students, they became my friends and eventually we grew into a brotherhood....I spoke at both of their weddings. One is a minister and the other is a highly successful businessman. They have come through many storms and their friendship has helped them sail to safe ports...

God Love Ya for Loving People...

NEW PASTOR

Our church was looking for a new minister, and the selection committee finally recommended a young man just out of the seminary. Many older church members protested that a more experienced man would have been preferable. Committee members retaliated with the argument that a younger minister might breathe fresh life into the congregation.



At the end of the meeting, I commented to an older man that this marked the beginning of better things for our church. "Yes," he said with a wry smile. "Moving on to greener pastors."

***You cannot build your mansion
in Heaven with the mud you
throw at others.***

*The church is a hospital for
sinners,
not a museum for saints.*