



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

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APRIL, 2018

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

## YOU ONLY SAW THE PARADE

*Glen V. Wheeler,  
Holiday Illustration Collection*

It was the depression. The father was able to keep bread on the table, but that was it. When his little boy burst into the house excitedly talking about the circus coming to town, the father knew that he could not afford the \$1 admission. The boy had never seen the circus and it wasn't right that a boy not see a circus, especially when he was eight.

So the father made a deal. He told his 8-year-old son, "You find enough odd jobs to earn 50 cents and I'll give you the other 50 cents." Well, the little boy did it. The day before the circus came to town, his little piggy bank held 50 cents. True to his word, the father gave him the rest of the money and the boy bought his circus ticket in advance.



When the circus parade went by, he was right at the curb not missing a thing. When the clown danced past him, the boy handed the clown his ticket. When the

parade was over, he rushed home to tell his dad all about it. The father, surprised at his son's early return, asked him to describe what he saw at the circus.

Crestfallen, the father took the boy into his arms and said, "Son, you didn't see the circus; all you saw was the parade."

When it comes to this time of year, I'm afraid that's what many people do. They don't really see the Christ; they just see the parade. They don't really enjoy being with Jesus. They just get caught up in the festivities.

## BAD TEETH

A young man is at the dentist's office. The dentist has him open his mouth and sees the biggest collection of broken and missing teeth he has even seen in his professional life.

"Your teeth," says the dentist, "are in absolutely terrible shape! I don't think there is a single undamaged tooth in your mouth. What are you doing."

"Well, Doc" says the patient, "guess it's due to my bad habit of chewing my nails."

"Chewing your nails?" says the dentist,

"Chewing your nails will not cause this kind of damage."

"Yes it will" says the patient, "If you're a carpenter."

⇒ *Received from Lulla Greer*



## A.S.A.P.

Ever wonder about the abbreviation **A.S.A.P.**?

There's work to do, deadlines to meet;

You've got no time to spare,  
But as you hurry and scurry-  
**ASAP - ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER**

In the midst of family chaos,  
"Quality time" is rare.  
Do your best; let God do the rest-  
**ASAP - ALWAYS SAY A PRAYER**

## PRAYER IS THE KEY TO HEAVEN

*Samuel T. Scott and Robert L. Sande*

Prayer is the key to Heaven,  
But faith unlocks the door;  
Words are so easily spoken,  
But prayer without faith  
Is like a boat without an oar.

Have faith when you speak to  
the Master,  
That's all he asks you for;  
Prayer is the key to Heaven,  
But faith unlocks the door.

How many times have you  
prayed,  
For something big or small?  
How long did you have to wait,  
Or did the answer ever come at  
all?

Words are mere expressions of  
thought,  
And nothing more.  
Believing is what really counts my  
friend,  
And faith is what unlocks the  
door.

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## RUBY'S ANGEL

I walked into the grocery store not particularly interested in buying groceries. I wasn't hungry. The pain of losing my husband of 37 years was still too raw. And this grocery store held so many sweet memories.

Rudy often came with me and most every time he'd pretend to go off and look for something special. I knew what he was up to. I'd always spot him walking down the aisle with the three yellow roses in his hands. Rudy knew I loved yellow roses.

With a heart filled with grief, I only wanted to buy my few items and leave, but even grocery shopping was different since Rudy had passed on.

Shopping for one took time, a little more thought than it had for two.

Standing by the meat, I searched for the perfect small steak and remembered how Rudy had loved his steak. Suddenly a woman came beside me. She was blond, slim and lovely in a soft green pantsuit. I watched as she picked up a large pack of T-bones, dropped them in her basket, hesitated, and then put them back. She turned to go and once again reached for the pack of steaks. She saw me watching her and she smiled.

"My husband loves T-bones, but honestly, at these prices, I don't know."

I swallowed the emotion down my throat and met her pale blue eyes. "My husband passed away eight days ago," I told her. Glancing at the package in her hands, I fought to control the tremble in my voice. "Buy him the steaks. And cherish every moment you have together."

She shook her head and I saw the emotion in her eyes as she



placed the package in her basket and wheeled away.

I turned and pushed my cart across the length of the store to the dairy products. There I stood, trying to decide which size milk I should buy. A quart, I finally decided and moved on to the ice cream section near the front of the store. If nothing else, I could always fix myself an ice cream cone.

I placed the ice cream in my cart and looked down the aisle toward the front. I saw first the green suit, and then recognized the pretty lady coming towards me. In her arms she carried a package. On her face was the brightest smile I had ever seen. I would swear a soft halo encircled her blond

hair as she kept walking toward me, her eyes holding mine.

As she came closer, I saw what she held and tears began misting in my eyes. "These are for you," she said and placed three beautiful long stemmed yellow roses in my arms. "When you go through the line, they will know these are paid for." She leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on my cheek, then smiled again.

I wanted to tell her what she'd done, what the roses meant, but still unable to speak, I watched as she walked away as tears clouded my vision. I looked down at the beautiful roses nestled in the green tissue wrapping and found it almost unreal. How did she know?

Suddenly the answer seemed so clear. I wasn't alone. "Oh, Rudy, you haven't forgotten me, have you?" I whispered, with tears in my eyes. He was still with me, and she was his angel.

⇒ Submitted by Joan Anderson

## FOUR MEMBERS OF A DYING CHURCH

Once upon a time there were four important members of a dying church. Their names were **EVERYBODY, SOMEBODY, NOBODY AND ANYBODY**. When there was an important job to be done, Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it, Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it.

When Nobody did it, Everybody got angry because it was Somebody's job. Everybody thought that Somebody would do it, but Nobody realized that Nobody would do it.

So it ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done in the first place.

## PRAY FOR OUR NATION AND ITS LEADERS

**2 Chronicles 7:14** *"If my people who are called by my name will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and heal their land."*

I am convinced that we must pray for our nation and its leaders and ask for forgiveness. So I ask you to join me in this plea to our Lord.

\*Here's a quote from Ronald Reagan: "If we ever forget that we are one nation under God, then we will be a nation gone under."

I truly believe this is why the United States of America is in the shape it's in today.

Most people have forgotten that we are **ONE NATION UNDER GOD!** Let us as Christians stand up and remind people of this.

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORSHIP AND SERVICE

### SUNDAYS

MORNING WORSHIP 8:15 am  
& 11:00 am

SUNDAY SCHOOL: 9:45 am

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### HAPPY RESURRECTION SUNDAY

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### MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: DANIEL: 1:00 pm

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### MONDAY, APRIL 10th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 am

@

ONALASKA ASSEMBLY OF GOD

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### SATURDAY APRIL 14th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:  
9:00 am

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LADIES LUNCHEON: 11:00 am

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### SUNDAY, APRIL 15th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

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### WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 NOON

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### THURSDAY, APRIL 19th

AMERICAN LEGION: 6:00 pm

@

COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

~

### SUNDAY, MARCH 25th

POT LUCK FOLLOWING THE  
11:00 am SERVICE

## GOD LIVES IN THE POST OFFICE

*A Spiritual Archives Story from All-  
Creatures.org*

This is one of the kindest things I've ever experienced. I have no way to know who sent it, but there is a beautiful soul working in the "dead letter office file" of the US Postal Service.

Our 14-year-old dog, Abbey, died last month. The day after she died, my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey

got to heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought we could so she dictated these words:

Dear God,  
Will you please take care of my

dog? She died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I am happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick.

I hope you will play with her. She likes to play with balls and to swim. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her, you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love, Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey and Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Then Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because

she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, 'To Meredith,' in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, When a Pet Dies. Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey and Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,  
Abbey arrived safely in heaven.

Having the picture was a big help. I recognized Abbey right away.

Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we

don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in, so I am sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you.

I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much. By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love, God

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Frank L. Hoffman Family Foundation.  
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## GET A GRIP MEMORIZING AND MEDITATING

By Kathleen A. Mulkins

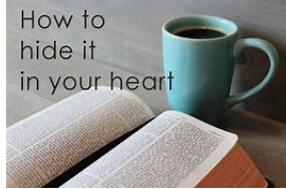
1985 I went on a summer project with Campus Crusade for Christ, Canada. It changed my life. It was called Amazon 85. I knew God had called me to go on this 2 month long project showing the Jesus film in Brazil. I'd already been in full time service for 5 years so I figured I was going to change lives. Had no idea how much it was going to change me.

We were broken up into teams of 5 or 6. My team leader issued us the challenge of memorizing the book of Philippians during the two months. Wow – a whole book. I had already memorized a verse here and there but never a whole book. I took up the challenge and began memorizing.

There are different methods of memorization. I had learned 31 31 Review. Read a verse out loud three times and then write out it out (theoretically from memory). Read what you've written out loud three times then say it from memory one time. Then review (theoretically from memory). Add the next verse and this time say both out loud. Do this daily gradually adding passages until you have memorized the whole piece. This might work for a lot of people, but I do more what I call "50,000, Review".

I read a section aloud, a complete sentence or two, at least 10 times a day until I can say it without looking. This is getting "off book". I then write it out from memory and check against the original to be sure I've gotten it right. Then I add the next section, reviewing the original piece at least once a day.

What most people don't realize is that there are stages to memori-



How to  
hide it  
in your heart

zation. Getting "off book" is probably the hardest

part and most people quit there. They might review it a time or two. However, this is only the first stage of four stages of memorization.

If you keep reviewing it, you will break through from stage 2 "having to think about it", to stage 3 "not having to think about it". Now you're not trying to "remember" but you're starting to consider what is really being said. If you're working on a paragraph (and I really recommend memorizing at least a paragraph), chapter or entire book the message and flow becomes clearer.

You are now beginning the meditation phase. And if you keep on reviewing, you will break through to stage 4: The Mystery. That's when the Word becomes alive. Suddenly you understand parts you never understood before. It begins to work into your life in incredible ways. God begins to use it to really communicate with you. Your times of meditation become interactions with God in a new intimacy. It almost seems like you can't not think about the passage. It becomes very dear to you.

I think I was the only team member who completed the whole book and recited to my team leader on the flight home (it only takes 20 minutes). I was "off book" at that point but kept up the review until The Mystery happened. The book became so precious to me. I call it the Joy book and God used it to transform my life during those two months in Brazil. I believe lasting change happened because I had continued to work

on memorizing/meditating on the book. It made me hungry to memorize other books.

Memorizing and mediation work together. It is difficult to accurately mediate on a passage without at least memorizing in part what you've been studying. Memorizing and meditating helps you internalize and personalize the Word of God. That flows naturally in a deeper relationship with our Savior which will result in trusting him more and obeying him more. That's application.

## GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our lives too. If God allowed us to go through our lives without any obstacles, we would not be as strong as what we could have been.

***"I asked for strength, and God gave me difficulties to make me strong.***

*I asked for wisdom, and God gave me problems to solve.*

***I asked for prosperity, and God gave me a brain and brawn to work.***

*I asked for courage, and God gave me danger to overcome.*

***I asked for love, and God gave me troubled people to help.***

*I asked for favors, and God gave me opportunities.*

***I received nothing I asked for but everything I needed!"***

**2 Corinthians 12:9** *And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*

Q  
U  
I  
Z



I failed to have a quiz last month and I was dully reprimanded. So to make sure I don't face this wrath again I will have a quiz.

*Have you every played pick up sticks*

*Like I did on the fateful day  
I was picked up a couple of sticks  
When a stranger came my way.*

*He told me what I must do,  
It made no sense to me  
But I did just what he said  
And I am happy as I can be.*

*Now FAITH and BELIEF sound the same*

*But in truth the same their not.  
BELIEF requires no further action  
While FAITH demands a lot.*

*You can BELIEVE and go your way  
Without taking another step  
But FAITH demands obedience  
If you want to receive what's best.*

*My name you will never find,  
For it's not within the Book  
But his name is there,  
You only have to look.*

## GOD'S WINGS

An article in National Geographic several years ago provided a penetrating picture of God's wings. After a forest fire in Yellowstone National Park, forest rangers began their trek up a mountain to assess the inferno's damage. One ranger found a bird literally petrified in ashes, perched statuesquely on the ground at the base of a tree.

Somewhat sickened by the ee-

rie sight, he knocked over the bird with a stick. When he gently struck it, three tiny chicks scurried from under their dead mother's wings. The loving mother, keenly aware of



impending disaster, had carried her offspring to the base of the tree and had gathered them under her wings, instinctively knowing that the toxic smoke would rise.

She could have flown to safety but refused to abandon her babies. When the blaze had arrived and the heat had scorched her small body, the mother had remained steadfast.

Because she had been willing to die, those under the cover of her wings would live.

*"He will cover you with his feathers,  
and under his wings you will find refuge."  
- Psalm 91:4*

## GOD'S SONG

Wishing to encourage her young son's progress on the piano, a mother took her boy to a Paderewski concert. After they were seated, the mother spotted a friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to greet her. Seizing the opportunity to explore the wonders of the concert hall, the little boy rose and eventually explored his way through a door marked "NO ADMISSION."

When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that the child was missing.

Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive Steinway on stage. In horror, the mother saw her little boy was sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." At that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy's ear, "Don't quit. Keep playing."



Then, leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in a bass part. Soon, his right arm reached around to the other side of the child and he added a running obligato. Together, the old master and the young novice transformed a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience. The audience was so mesmerized that they couldn't recall what else the great master played - only the classic "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

That's the way it is with God. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren't exactly graceful flowing music. However, with the hand of the Master, our life's work truly can be beautiful. Next time you set out to accomplish great feats, listen carefully. You can hear the voice of the Master, whispering in your ear, "Don't quit. Keep playing."

Feel His loving arms around you. Know that His strong hands are there helping you turn your feeble attempts into true masterpieces. God doesn't call the equipped; He equips the called, and He'll always be there to love and guide you on to great things.

*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms:  
Deuteronomy 33:27*