



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

DECEMBER, 2011

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

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS NOT A SIGN OF BABY JESUS

Author Unknown

*T'was the night before
Christmas
and all through the town
Not a sign of Baby Jesus
was anywhere to be found.*

*The people were all busy
with Christmas time chores
Like decorating, and baking,
and shopping in stores.*

*No one sang "Away in a man-
ger,
no crib for a bed".*

*Instead, they sang of Santa
dressed-up in bright red.*

*Mama watched Martha Stew-
art,*

Papa drank beer from a tap.

*As hour upon hour
the presents they'd wrap*

*When what from the TV
did they suddenly hear?
'Cept an ad.. which told
of a big sale at Sears.*

*So away to the mall
they all flew like a flash
Buying things on credit
and others with cash!*

*And, as they made their way
home*

*From their trip to the mall,
Did they think about Jesus?
Oh, no... not at all.*



*Their lives were so busy
with their Christmas time
things*

*No time to remember
Christ Jesus, the King.*

*There were presents to wrap
and cookies to bake.*

*How could they stop and re-
member
who died for their sake?*

*To pray to the Savior
they had no time to stop.
Because they needed more
time*

to "Shop til they dropped!"

*On Wal-mart! On K-mart!
On Target! On Penney's!
On Hallmark! On Zales!
A quick lunch at Denny's*

*From the big stores downtown
to the stores at the mall
They would dash away, dash
away,
and visit them all!*

*And up on the roof,
there arose such a clatter
As grandpa hung icicle lights
up on his brand new step
ladder.*

*He hung lights that would
flash.
He hung lights that would twirl.
Yet, he never once prayed to
Jesus...*

Light of the World.

*Christ's eyes... how they
twinkle!*

*Christ's Spirit... how merry!
Christ's love... how enormous!
All our burdens... He'll carry!*

*So instead of being busy,
overworked, and uptight
Let's put Christ back in
Christmas and enjoy
some good nights!*

WHERE'S JONAH

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because



even though it was a very large mammal its throat was very small. The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible.

The little girl said, 'When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah'.

The teacher asked, 'What if Jonah went to hell?' The little girl replied, 'Then you ask him'.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

My husband and I had been happily married (most of the time) for five years but hadn't been blessed with a baby.

I decided to do some serious praying and promised God that if he would give us a child, I would be

a perfect mother, love it with all my heart and raise it with His word as my guide.

God answered my prayers and blessed us with a son.

The next year God blessed us with another son.

The following year, He blessed us with yet another son.

The year after that we were blessed with a daughter.

My husband thought we'd been blessed right into poverty. We now had four children, and the oldest was only four years old.

I learned never to ask God for anything unless I meant it. As a minister once told me, "If you pray for rain make sure you carry an umbrella."

I began reading a few verses of the Bible to the children each day as they lay in their cribs. I was off to a good start. God had entrusted me with four children and I didn't want to disappoint Him.

I tried to be patient the day the children smashed two dozen eggs on the kitchen floor searching for baby chicks.

I tried to be understanding...when they started a hotel for homeless frogs in the spare bedroom, although it took me nearly two hours to catch all twenty-three frogs.



When my daughter poured ketchup all over herself and rolled up in a blanket to see how it felt to be a hot dog, I tried to see the humor rather than the mess.

In spite of changing over twenty-five thousand diapers, never eating a hot meal and never sleeping for more than thirty minutes at a time, I still thank God daily for my children.

While I couldn't keep my promise to be a perfect mother - I didn't even come close... I did keep my promise to raise them in the Word of God.

I knew I was missing the mark just a little when I told my daughter we were going to church to worship God, and she wanted to bring a bar of soap along to "wash up" Jesus, too. Something was lost in the translation when I explained that God gave us everlasting life, and my son thought it was generous of God to give us his "last wife."

My proudest moment came during the children's Christmas pageant. My daughter was playing Mary, two of my sons were shepherds and my youngest son was a wise man. This was their moment to shine.

My five-year-old shepherd had practiced his line, "We found the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." But he was nervous and said, "The baby was wrapped in wrinkled clothes." My four-year-old "Mary" said, "That's not 'wrinkled clothes,' silly. That's dirty, rotten clothes."

A wrestling match broke out between Mary and the shepherd and was stopped by an angel, who bent her halo and lost her left wing.

I slouched a little lower in my seat when Mary dropped the doll representing Baby Jesus, and it bounced down the aisle crying, "Mama-mama." Mary grabbed the doll, wrapped it back up and held it tightly as the wise men arrived. My other son stepped forward wearing a bathrobe and a paper crown, knelt at the manger and announced, "We are the three wise men, and we are bringing gifts of gold common sense and fur."

The congregation dissolved into laughter, and the pageant got a standing ovation.

"I've never enjoyed a Christmas program as much as this one," laughed the pastor, wiping tears from his eyes, "For the rest of my life, I'll never hear the Christmas story without thinking of gold, common sense and fur."

"My children are my pride and my joy and my greatest blessing," I said as I dug through my purse for an aspirin.

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM
 MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM
 EVENING SERVICE 5:00 PM

~
MONDAYS

LADIES BIBLE STUDY
 2:00 PM

~
TUESDAYS

AL-ANON MEETING
 6:00 PM

~
WEDNESDAYS

BIBLE STUDY
 7:00 PM

~
MONDAY — FRIDAY
DECEMBER 5th - 9th

NORTH TOUTLE COFFEE STOP

~
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9th

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING
 7:00 PM

~
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10th

LADIES LUNCHEON
 12:00 NOON

~
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18th

FOOD BANK SUNDAY
 ~
 ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER
 FOLLOWING MORNING SERVICE

~
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24th

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE
 6:00 PM

~
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th

MERRY CHRISTMAS

COMMUNITY **EVENTS**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3rd

SCRAP BOOKING
 10:00 AM

~
MONDAY, DECEMBER 12th

TEA & PRAISE
 10:00 AM
 COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN
 CHURCH

~
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15th

AMERICAN LEGION
 6:00 PM



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17th

CHRISTMAS BANQUET
 CENTRALIA COMMUNITY
 CHURCH OF GOD
 "KEEPER'S OF THE FAITH"
 QUARTET"
 3:00 PM
 \$5.00

~
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21st

SENIORS ON THE GO
 12:00 NOON



PRECIOUS GIFT

Mary Warner

*God gave a precious gift on the first Christmas morn,
 Wrapped in swaddling clothes, without ribbon or bow,
 Precious child our Savior, Christ the Lord was born,
 And hope was born for all mankind below,*

*God gave His only begotten son, born in a manger,
 His bed a trough of hay, cradled Him that day,
 And grace came for sojourner and stranger,
 Celebrate! For Hope itself was born on that day!*

*God gave a Savior, Messiah, born of David's line,
 Such a small child, born to a virgin maid,
 What a gift, He is so Holy and divine,
 Our Savior, and rejoice for our debt is paid!*

*God gave a precious gift on the first Christmas morn,
 Wrapped in swaddling clothes, without ribbon or bow,
 Precious child our Savior, Christ the Lord was born,
 And hope was born for all mankind below.*

FALLEN HEROS

Luke AFB is west of Phoenix and is rapidly being surrounded by civilization that complains about the noise from the base and its planes, forgetting that it was there long before they were. A certain lieutenant colonel at Luke AFB deserves a big pat on the back. Apparently, an individual who lives somewhere near Luke AFB wrote the local paper complaining about a group of F-16s that disturbed his/her day at the mall.



When that individual read the response from a Luke AFB officer, it must have stung quite a bit.

The complaint: 'Question of the day for Luke Air Force Base:

Whom do we thank for the morning air show? Last Wednesday, at precisely 9:11 A.M, a tight formation of four F-16 jets made a low pass over Arrowhead Mall, continuing west over Bell Road at approximately 500 feet. Imagine our good fortune! Do the Tom Cruise-wannabes feel we need this wake-up call, or were they trying to impress the cashiers at Mervyns early bird special?

Any response would be appreciated.

The response: Regarding 'A

wake-up call from Luke's jets' On June 15, at precisely 9:12 a.m., a perfectly timed four-ship fly by of F-16s from the 63rd Fighter Squadron at Luke Air Force Base flew over the grave of Capt. Jeremy Fresques. Capt Fresques was an Air Force officer who was previously stationed at Luke Air Force Base and was killed in Iraq on May 30, Memorial Day.

At 9 a. m. on June 15, his family and friends gathered at Sunland Memorial Park in Sun City to mourn the loss of a husband, son and friend. Based on the letter writer's recount of the fly by, and because of the jet noise, I'm sure you didn't hear the 21-gun salute, the playing of taps, or my words to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques as I gave them their son's flag on behalf of the President of the United States and all those veterans and servicemen and women who understand the sacrifices they have endured..

A four-ship fly by is a display of respect the Air Force gives to those who give their lives in defense of freedom. We are professional aviators and take our jobs seriously, and on June 15 what the letter writer witnessed was four officers lining up to pay their ultimate respects.

The letter writer asks, 'Whom do we thank for the morning air show? The 56th Fighter Wing will make the call for you, and forward your thanks to the widow and parents of Capt Fresques, and thank them for you, for it was



in their honor that my pilots flew the most honorable formation of their lives.

Lt. Col. Lt. Col. Scott Pleus
USAF

◆ Received from James Sparks

Only 2 defining forces have ever offered to die for you ... Jesus Christ and the American Soldier.

One died for your soul, the other for your freedom.

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the



kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, 'Why are some of your hairs white, Mommy?'

Her mother replied, 'Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white.'

The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, 'Mommy, how come ALL of grandma's hairs are white?'

Q
U
I
Z



Only three people were able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. My sister, **Katie Jackson** from Scottsdale, AZ, **Nathan Fuss** and a family which wishes to be nameless. The Answer is found in the 28th chapter of Jeremiah. Hananiah took the yoke off Jeremiah and broke it.

Here is this month's quiz. It may be a little tricky.

*I didn't know who he was
And I really didn't care
Had I know just who he was
I would have worshipped him
right there.*

*For the one that I was looking
for
Would be a full grown man,
Not some little tiny babe
That I could hold within my
hands.*

*Oh, I wish I had known who he
was
When to me he came
I would have given him my
love*

And offered his name in praise.

*I am sad to say there's many
just like me
Who fail to recognize who he is
They live a life that leads to
death
Instead of accepting the life
he gives.*

*Now my name you'll never find
But his name is everywhere
Just tell who he is
And why he was in my care.*

RANK HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

As the crowded airliner is about to take off, the peace is shattered by a five-year-old boy who picks that moment to throw a wild temper tantrum. No matter what his frustrated, embarrassed mother does to try to calm him down, the boy continues to scream furiously and kick the seats around him.



Suddenly, from the rear of the plane, an older man in the uniform of an Air Force General is seen slowly walking forward up the aisle. Stopping the flustered mother with an upraised hand, the white-haired, courtly, soft-spoken General leans down and, motioning toward his chest, whispers something into the boy's ear.

Instantly, the boy calms down, gently takes his mother's hand, and quietly fastens his seat belt.

All the other passengers burst into spontaneous applause. As the General slowly makes his way back to his seat, one of the cabin attendants touches his sleeve.

"Excuse me, General," she asks quietly, "but could I ask you what magic words you used on that little boy?"

The old man smiles serenely



and gently confides, "I showed him my pilot's wings, service stars, and battle ribbons, and explained that they entitle me to throw one passenger out the plane door, on any flight I choose."

Received from Jim Sparks

SENIORS

A group of senior women were sitting around talking about all their ailments.

"My arms have gotten so weak I can hardly lift this cup of coffee," said one.

"Yes, I know," said another. "My cataracts are so bad; I can't even see my coffee."

"I couldn't even mark an "X" at election time, my hands are so crippled," volunteered a third.

"What? Speak up! What? I can't hear you!"

"I can't turn my head because of the arthritis in my neck," said a fourth, to which several nodded weakly in agreement.

"My blood pressure pills make me so dizzy!" exclaimed another.

"I forget where I am, and where I'm going," said another.

"I guess that's the price we pay for getting old," winced an old man as he slowly shook his head.

The others nodded in agreement.

"Well, count your Blessings," said another woman cheerfully ...



"thank God we can all still drive"

** Mary Noland*