



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

JUNE, 2011

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

## THE POWER OF PRAYER

It has been said that if Christians and Jews really understood the full extent of the power available through prayer, we might be speechless.

Did you know that during WWII there was an adviser to Churchill who organized a group of people who dropped what they were doing every day at a prescribed hour for one minute to collectively pray for the safety of England, for its people and for peace?

There is now a group of people organizing the same thing here in America. If you would like to participate: Every evening at 9:00 PM Eastern Time (8:00 PM Central) (7:00 PM Mountain) (6:00 PM Pacific), stop whatever you are doing and spend one minute praying for the safety of the United States, our troops, our citizens, and for a return to a Godly nation.

If you know others who would like to participate, please pass this along. Our prayers are the most powerful asset we have. Please forward this to your praying friends. You don't have to sign on, or sign up - just pray, and ask your friends to join

you in prayer.

Thank you... let's bring meaning back to "God Bless America."

◆ Received from Bob & Reva Sparks

### ALMIE ROSE

*by: Michelle Lawrence, Condensed Chicken Soup for the Soul*

It was at least two months before Christmas when nine-year-old Almie Rose told her father and me that she wanted a new bicycle. As Christmas drew nearer, her desire for a bicycle seemed to fade, or so we thought. We purchased the latest rage, Baby-Sitter's Club dolls, and a doll house. Then, much to our surprise, on December 23rd, she said that she "really wanted a bike more than anything else."

It was just too late, what with all the details of preparing Christmas dinner and buying last-minute gifts, to take the time to select the "right bike" for our little girl. So, here we were - Christmas Eve around 9:00 p.m., with Almie Rose and her six-year-old brother, Dylan, nestled snug in their beds. We could now think only of the bicycle, the

guilt, and being parents who would disappoint their child.

"What if I make a little bicycle out of clay and write a note that she could trade the clay model in for a real bike?" her dad asked. The theory being that since this is a high-ticket item and she is "such a big girl," it would be much better for her to pick it out. So he spent the next four hours painstakingly working with clay to create a miniature bike.

On Christmas morning, we were excited for Almie Rose



to open the little heart-shaped package with the beautiful red and white clay bike and the note. Finally, she opened it and read the note aloud.

"Does this mean that I trade in this bike that Daddy made me for a real one?" Beaming, I said, "Yes."

Almie Rose had tears in her eyes when she replied, "I could never trade in this beautiful bicycle that Daddy made me. I'd rather keep this than get a real bike."

At that moment, we would have moved heaven and earth to buy her every bicycle on the planet!

## CRABBY OLD MAN

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in GRASS VALLEY, CA. it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meager possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital. One nurse took her copy to Missouri.

The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the St. Louis Association

for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this little old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem winging across the Internet.

### Crabby Old Man...THE RIPPER

What do you see nurses? What do you see?

What are you thinking when you're looking at me?

A crabby old man not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?



Who dribbles his food and makes no reply.  
When you say in a loud voice 'I do wish you'd try!'  
Who seems not to notice the things that you do.  
And forever is losing a sock or shoe?

Who, resisting or not lets you do as you will,  
With bathing and feeding the long day to fill?  
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes, nurse you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,  
As I do at your bidding as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of Ten

with a father and mother,  
Brothers and sisters who love one another.

A young boy of Sixteen with wings on his feet.  
Dreaming that soon now a lover he'll meet.  
A groom soon at Twenty my heart gives a leap.  
Remembering, the vows that I promised to keep.

At Twenty-Five, now I have young of my own.  
Who need me to guide and a secure happy home.  
A man of Thirty my young now grown fast,  
Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At Forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,  
But my woman's beside me to see I don't mourn.  
At Fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee,  
Again, we know children my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me my wife is now dead.  
I look at the future shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing young of their own.  
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.  
Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles grace and vigor, depart.  
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass a young guy still dwells,  
And now and again my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys I remember the pain.  
And I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years, all too few gone too fast.  
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, people open and see.  
Not a crabby old man look closer see ME!!

Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within.  
We will all, one day, be there, too!

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

**SUNDAYS**

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

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**MONDAYS**

"JACOB'S DOZEN"  
 IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL  
 2:00 PM

~  
**TUESDAYS**

AL-ANON MEETING  
 6:00 PM

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**WEDNESDAYS**

BIBLE STUDY  
 7:00 PM

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**SATURDAY, JUNE 11**

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
 9:00 AM

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 LADIES LUNCHEON  
 12:00 NOON

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**SUNDAY, JUNE 12**

REST HOME SUNDAY

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**FRIDAY, JUNE 17**

O. C. Y. C. NIGHT

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**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18**

FATHER'S DAY BREAKFAST  
 9:00 AM

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**DUANE & LOUISE WOOD**  
 60th ANIVERSARY CELEBRATION  
 MOSSYROCK GRANGE  
 2 - 4 PM

~  
**RON & KATHY GREEN CONCERT**  
 6:00 PM

Please bring finger food for fellow-  
 ship and refreshments following the  
 concert.

**SUNDAY, JUNE 19**

FATHER'S DAY  
 &  
 FOOD BANK SUNDAY

**COMMUNITY**  
**EVENTS**

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15**

SENIORS ON THE GO  
 12:00 NOON

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**THURSDAY, JUNE 16**

AMERICAN LEGION  
 6:00 PM

~  
**V. B. S.**

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL  
 JUNE 27 - JULY 1  
 8:45 AM - 12:00 NOON  
 ONALASKA PRESBYTERIAN  
 CHURCH

**PNA & NATIONAL**  
**EVENTS**

MEN'S RETREAT  
 DOUBLE K RETREAT CENTER  
 JUNE 17 & 18

**JUNE 24th - 28th**

NORTH AMERICAN CONVENTION  
 OF THE CHURCH OF GOD  
 IN  
 ANDERSON, INDIANA

**JUNE, THE MONTH**  
**FOR WEDDINGS**

Here is some advice about Mar-  
 riage from kids.

**HOW DO YOU DECIDE WHO**  
**TO MARRY?**

You got to find somebody who  
 likes the same stuff. Like, if you like  
 sports, she should like it that you like  
 sports, and she should keep the  
 chips and dip coming.

Alan, age 10

No person really decides before  
 they grow up who they're going to  
 marry. God decides it all way be-  
 fore, and you get to find out later  
 who you're stuck with.

Kristen, age 10

**WHAT IS THE RIGHT AGE TO**  
**GET MARRIED?**

Twenty-three is the best age be-  
 cause you know the person FOR-  
 EVER by then.

Camille, age 10

## FATHER'S DAY BREAKFAST



On Saturday morning, June 18th  
 the ladies of the church will be  
 providing a great breakfast for all  
 the men of the church. The  
 breakfast will begin at 9:00 AM  
 and we encourage all the men  
 from 1 to 100 to attend and enjoy  
 a great meal and wonderful fel-  
 lowship.

## SUBJECT: MY QUILT OF HOLES"

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls.

Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles; an angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that is our life.

But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in every day life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all.

I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened.

My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth. The others rose; each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me and nodded for me

to rise.

My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life and laughter. But there had also been trials of illness and wealth, and false accusations that took from me my world, as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled

with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully,

each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me.

And now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was.

I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light.

An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at the others who stared at me with wide eyes.

Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image, the face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, 'Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My



life, My hardships, and My struggles.

Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you.'

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through!

God determines who walks into your life...it's up to you to decide who you let walk away, who you let stay and who you refuse to let go.'

◆ *Received from Mary Noland*

## WHO IS JESUS TO YOU?

To the **ARTIST** He is the One Altogether Lovely.

To the **ARCHITECT** He is the Chief Corner Stone.

To the **BAKER** He is the Living Bread.

To the **BANKER** He is the Hidden Treasure.

To the **BIOLOGIST** He is the Life.

To the **BUILDER** He is the Sure Foundation.

To the **CARPENTER** He is the Door.

To the **DOCTOR** He is the Great Physician.

To the **EDUCATOR** He is the Great Teacher.

To the **ENGINEER** He is the New and Living Way.

To the **FLORIST** He is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

To the **GEOLOGIST** He is the Rock of Ages.

To the **SINNER** He is the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the World.

Q  
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Z



The winners to last month's quiz were once again, Mert Horrocks and Kevin Massey.

The answer was Rechab and Baanah who killed Ishbosheth who was the son of Saul and had become king over Israel at the death of Saul. They took his head to David. This story is found in the 4 chapter of 2 Kings.

Here is this month's quiz.

*They preached the Word of  
God that day,  
It made us mad so we took  
them away.  
We put them in prison and  
locked the door  
And said that tomorrow we'll  
even the score.*

*But in the morning something  
was wrong  
We sent for them but they  
were gone.  
The doors were shut, the gates  
were locked,  
How they got out was quite a  
shock.*

*We thought that they might  
have gone away  
But they were in the temple  
that very day  
We asked them what they had  
to say,  
They said it was God they had  
to obey.*

*We thought to slay them right  
away,  
But one of our leaders had  
something to say.  
If this be not of God we have  
nothing to fear  
But if it's of God we better stand  
clear.*

*Now tell the name of one who  
had been caught  
And the name of the one who  
said that we should not.  
And if your right I'm glad to say,  
A candy bar will come your  
way.*

## WHEN GOD MADE CATS

When God made the world, He chose to put animals in it, and decided to give each whatever it wanted. All the animals formed a long line before His throne, and the cat quietly went to the end of the line. To



the elephant and the bear He gave strength, to the rabbit and the deer, swiftness; to the owl, the ability to see at night, to the birds and the butterflies, great beauty; to the fox, cunning; to the monkey, intelligence; to the dog, loyalty; to the lion, courage; to the otter, playfulness. And all these were things the animals begged of

God. At last he came to the end of the line, and there sat the little cat, waiting patiently.

"What will you have?" God asked the cat.

The cat shrugged modestly. "Oh, whatever scraps you have left over. I don't mind."

"But I'm God. I have everything left over."

"Then I'll have a little of everything, please" said the cat.

And God gave a great shout of laughter at the cleverness of this small animal, and gave the cat everything she asked for, adding grace and elegance and, only for her, a gentle purr that would always attract humans and assure her a warm and comfortable home.

## READ THE LABELS

I just read this and was shocked – you will be too. Shampoo alert!

As I was conditioning my hair in the shower this morning, I took time to read my shampoo bottle. I am in shock!

The shampoo I use in the shower that runs down my entire body says "for extra volume and body"! Seriously, why have I not noticed this before? Now I understand why I am so "full-figured"!

Tomorrow I am going to start using "Dawn" dish soap. It says right on the label "dissolves fat that is otherwise difficult to remove".

It pays to read the warning labels!!!



◆ Received from James Sparks