



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER

onalaskachurchofgod.com



FEBRUARY 2005

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

"THE SILENT SERMON"

Author Unknown

A member of a certain church, who previously had been attending services regularly, stopped going. After a few weeks, the minister decided to visit him. It was a chilly day. That evening, the minister found the man at home all alone sitting by a blazing fire.

Guessing the reason for his minister's visit, the man welcomed him, and led him to a comfortable chair near the fireplace and waited. The minister made himself at home but said nothing.

In the grave silence, he contemplated the dance of the flames around the burning logs. After some minutes, he took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a



brightly burning ember and placed it to one side of the

hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent.

The host watched all this in quiet contemplation. As the one lone ember's flame flickered and diminished, there was a momentary glow and then its fire was no more.

Soon it was cold and dead.

Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. The minister glanced at his watch and

chose this time to leave. He slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow once more, with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it.

As the minister reached the door to leave, his host said, with a tear running down his cheek, "Thank you so much for your fiery sermon. I shall be back in church next Sunday".

Received from Dave Chilson

THE THREE FILTER TEST

Author Unknown

In ancient Greece, Socrates was reputed to hold knowledge in high esteem.

One day an acquaintance met the great philosopher and said, "Do you know what I just heard about your friend?"

"Hold on a minute," Socrates replied. "Before telling me anything, I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Three Filter Test."

"Three filter?" That's right," Socrates continued. "Before you talk to me about my friend, it might be a good idea to take a moment and filter what you're going to say. That's why I call it the three filter test.

The first filter is **TRUTH**. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?" No," the man said, "actually I just heard about it

and..."

All right," said Socrates. "So you don't really know if it's true or not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of **GOODNESS**. Is what you are about to tell me about my friend something good?"

No, on the contrary..." So," Socrates continued, "you want to tell me something bad about him, but you're not certain it's true. You may still pass the test though, because there's one filter left: the filter of **USEFULNESS**. Is what you want to tell me about my friend going to be useful to me?" No, not really."

Well," concluded Socrates, "if what you want to tell me is neither true nor good nor even useful, why tell it to me at all?"

◆ *Received from Carol Haun*

BORROWED TROUBLE

Author Unknown

*Never borrow trouble
To drive your joy away,
Nor let fear spoil tomorrow,
But master it today.*

*Do not look for rain clouds
When they are not in sight;
Or fail to see the sunshine
Because you fear the night.*

*Quail not at threatened danger,
With fearless stride go on;
The sullen stream my not appear,
The dark night never come*

LOVE AND TIME

Author Unknown

Once upon a time there was an island where all the feelings lived; happiness, sadness, knowledge, and all the others, including love.

One day it was announced to all of the feelings that the island was going to sink to the bottom of the ocean. So all the feelings prepared their boats to leave. Love was the only one that stayed. She wanted to preserve the island paradise until the last possible moment. When the island was almost totally under Love decided it was time to leave.

She began looking for someone to ask for help. Just then Wealth was passing by in a grand boat. Love asked, "Wealth, May I come with you on your boat?"

Wealth answered, "I'm sorry, but there is a lot of silver and gold on my boat and there would be no room for you anywhere."

Then Love decided to ask Vanity for help who was passing in a beautiful vessel. Love cried out, "Vanity, help me please."

"I can't help you", Vanity said, "You are all wet and will damage my beautiful boat."

Next, Love saw Sadness passing by. Love said, "Sadness, please let me go with you."

Sadness answered, "Love, I'm sorry, but, I just need to be alone now."

Then, Love saw Happiness. Love cried out, "Happiness, please take me with you."

But Happiness was so overjoyed that he didn't hear Love calling to him.



Love began to cry. Then, she heard a voice say, "Come Love, I will take you with me." It was an elder.

Love felt so blessed and overjoyed that she forgot to ask the elder his name. When they arrived on land the elder went on his way. Love realized how much she owed the elder.

Love then found Knowledge and asked, "Who was it that helped me?"

"It was Time", Knowledge answered. "But why did Time help me when no one else would?", Love asked.

Knowledge smiled and with deep wisdom and sincerity, answered, "Because only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is."

♦ *Received from Curt Dawson*

PRETTIER THAN FRECKLES

A woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws. "You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fella.

Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head. His grandmother knelt down next to him. "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles," she said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek.

"Freckles are beautiful." The boy



looked up, "Really?" "Of course," said the grandmother. "Why just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles."

The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma's face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles."

♦ *Received from Carol Haun*

THE ECHO OF LIFE

Author unknown

A man and his son were walking in the forest. Suddenly the boy trips and feeling a sharp pain he screams, "ahhhh".

Surprised, he hears a voice coming from the mountain, "ahhhh".

Filled with curiosity, he screams, "Who are you?" but the only answer he receives is, "Who are you?"

This makes him angry so he screams, "You are a coward!" and the voice answers, "You are a coward!"

He looks at his father and asks, "Dad, what is going on?"

"Son," he replies, "pay attention!" than he screams, "I admire you!" the voice answers, "I admire you!"

The father yells, "You are wonderful!" and the voice answers, "You are wonderful!"

The boy is surprised but he still doesn't understand what is going on.

Then the father explains, "people call this 'echo' but it is truly called 'life'! Life always gives you back what you give out. Life is a mirror of your actions. If you want more love, give more love. If you want more kindness, give more kindness. If you want understanding and respect than give understanding and respect.

This rule of nature applies to every aspect of our lives.

Life always gives you back what you give out. Your life is not a coincidence but a mirror of your own doings.

ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

SUNDAYS

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM
MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM

Potluck Sunday
February 6

EVENING SING & PRAISE
SERVICE
6:00 PM

TUESDAYS

KID'S CLUB
3:30 - 4:30 PM

WEDNESDAYS

MEN'S BREAKFAST

@

THE BURGER BAR 6:00 AM

SOUP & SANDWICHES 6:00 PM
BIBLE STUDY 7:00 PM
"THE PURPOSE DRIVEN LIFE"
& DRAMA PRACTICE

THURSDAYS

HOME BIBLE STUDY

@

ELVA SMOOTS 1:00 PM
809 GISH ROAD

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4
1:00 PM

WCG VALENTINE LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12
12:00 PM

All the ladies of the church are invited to join together for a special luncheon given in their honor by the men of the church.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

TEA & PRAISE

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14
@
SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
10:00 AM

SENIOR'S ON THE GO LUNCHEON

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16
12:00 NOON

PNA EVENTS

SENIOR HIGH WINTER RETREAT

@

DOUBLE K
FEBRUARY 18-20

See Pastor for further details.

† † †

I NEED / I DO

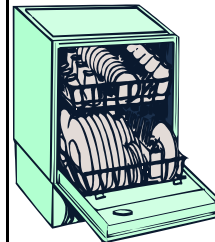
We would like to start a program in our church to help one another and give opportunities for service to those who have special talents and the gift of helps.

There may be those within our church who needs things done that they are unable to do themselves and there may be those who would be able to help meet these needs.

Just some of the different ways we can minister to one another are: yard work, carpentry, electrical, preparing meals, house cleaning, painting, driving others to town and countless other ways.

We will put in the bulletin a list of **I NEED / I DO**. Please sign up for what you need or are willing to do.

DISHWASHER FOR SALE



The WCG has a portable dishwasher the price is \$ 50.00. If you are interested, please see Mert Horrocks.

THE SIGN IS UP



Praise God the sign has arrived and is installed. We wish to thank all those who have had a part in making this sign possible. For all those who have given money to purchase the sign and the prayers that have been offered on it behalf. For those who worked so hard in getting things ready, Stan Bush-

nell who headed up the project of the installing of the sign, Mark Myhre who dug the hole, put the sign in place and did the electrical installation, for Mud Slingers Inc. who poured the concrete and provided the re-bar. We also want to thank the high school students who helped unload the sign.

Now that the sign is up we need to pray that as the Word of God is placed on the sign that those who drive by will read it and God will begin to work in their hearts to draw them to Him.

"FAMILY, FLOWERS AND FAITH"

Bob Perks

Hello, my friend!

We struggle sometimes with our faith. We are human.

Faith. It all sounds like a grand idea. Believing in something bigger than us. It's even better to believe in something you can never explain. That way you never really have answers to the more complex issues of life.

If you pray and everything comes out exactly the way you wanted it to be, then you believe that God loves you and has rewarded you for your faithfulness.

If you pray and your prayers are not answered, some of us think that God is punishing us for some past sins. Others write it off as simply:

"God's Will."

"God only knows!"

"God willing!"

"In His time!"

"Thy Will be done!"

If a child dies we say "I guess God needed an angel." It's our way of healing, somehow justifying the loss.

If someone old dies we say, "He lived a full life." Who determines what a full life is?

I always struggle with the idea that my son, Keith survived his cancer while other parents lost their child to the same disease. If I declare it a miracle, one would be right to ask "Why not a miracle for my child?"

I have often received messages from people asking for "As many people as possible to pray..." suggesting that God only acknowledges people who have lots of family and would, for whatever reason, not answer the prayer of one soul who had no one else praying for



them.

I simply do not believe that.

"God works in strange ways!" is an explanation I've often heard.

There's nothing strange about it.

Here's what I do believe.

I believe that God created us as a family.

I believe He chose not to create one and simply multiply it so that every single person was exactly the same.

I believe that we were created in His image and because He is so incredibly complex, He made individuals, singular, one of a kind, unique parts, each reflecting one facet of Himself.

If all the people of the world that are now, ever were and ever would be, could possibly gather in one spot, we would then begin to understand Who or what God really is like.

All together we would look like a



zillion flowers in a garden of perfection.

Or a great unfinished tapestry woven through eternity and reflecting an image of pure heaven.

Still, I cannot explain to you what I am about to share.

Thousands upon thousands of you from all around the world have prayed for my wife. There was nothing I wanted more than to say to you that one day a golden light shined down from the skies and she was instantly healed.

Some of you had written to me asking us to "check one more time"

believing that your prayers would completely remove the cancer and there would be no need to operate.

They did check one more time. It was there.

I wanted that to happen, not only for my wife, but for you. I didn't want you to be disappointed...in yourself...in God...or lose faith in the power of prayer.

On that day, at that very time Marianne was being operated on, there were others all around the world facing the same life threatening disease.

They, too, prayed for a miracle. Perhaps thousands, maybe hundreds or even one single voice cried out to God for His attention.

Some will live and some will die.

Only the Great Gardener, the Master Weaver, knows.

I called upon my family, God's garden, God's tapestry to pray for my wife.

You responded overwhelmingly.

As a part of God's will.

As a part of God's plan.

As a part of God's family.

On Friday the biopsy report came back.

The lymph nodes on the left breast came back...negative. The cancer that was, did not spread any further. The right breast was reported as "In situ" pre-cancerous.

She will still undergo Chemo Therapy.

A miracle? My miracle. Our miracle. Your miracle.

The results of many thousands of prayers? The power of family. The power of one.

God's will.

I fell to my knees in gratitude for the good news, for being a part of a family so strong that, when one weeps, the others taste salt.

That, my friend, is the real miracle!

♦ "I believe in you!"

Bob Perks

Bob@BobPerks.com



We haven't had a quiz for a couple of months so you would have a chance to rest your brain.

The last quiz was in November of last year and the answer was, **Noah, Daniel and Job** and the account of the event is found in the fourteenth chapter of the book of Ezekiel. My brother and sister in Scottsdale, along with Ruth, were the only ones to come up with the answer.

Here is the latest quiz.

*"We came to mourn and to cry,
We left disgraced and don't know
why.*

*We were there by order of our king,
But what they did was an awful thing.*

*They said we came to spy
But that was just a great big lie.
We came to say how sad we were,
But they would not believe a single
word.*

*They sent us away in awful shame,
Because our heads did not look the
same.*

*Because of the way they made us
look,
Our return trip it longer took.*

*Because of this there was a fight
For what they did wasn't right.
They called on friends to help win the
war*

*But God gave us victory and we
whipped them sore.*

*Now our names we will never tell,
Just tell us in which land we dwell.*

*And our king what is his name
And who were those who brought us
shame.*

*Now if your first to pass the test,
A candy bar in your hand will rest.
But if you're late I'm sad to say
A candy bar won't come your way.*

MY FORGETTER WORKS FINE

My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke

For when I'm "here" I'm wondering
If I really should be "there"
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!

Oft times I walk into a room,
Say "what am I here for?"
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.

At times I put something away
Where it is safe, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!

When shopping I may see someone,
Say "Hi" and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, "who was that?"

Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.

CAN YOU RELATE???
Please send this to
everyone you know
because **I DON'T
REMEMBER WHO
I SENT THIS TO
AND WHO SENT IT TO ME!!!!**

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

LITTLE FRUSTRATIONS

A teacher was helping one of her kindergarten students put on his boots. He asked for help and she could see

why. With her pulling and him pushing, the boots still didn't want to go on. When the second boot was on, she had worked up a sweat.



She almost whimpered when the little boy said, "Teacher, they're on the wrong feet." She looked and sure enough, they were.

It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on.

She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the boots back on this time on the right feet. He then announced, "These aren't my boots."

She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, "Why didn't you say so?" like she wanted to. Once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off.

He then said, "They're my brother's boots. My Mom made me wear them."

She didn't know if she should laugh or cry. She mustered up the grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again.

She said, "Now, where are your mittens?" He said, "I stuffed them in the toes of my boots..."

Pausing to take a deep breath, the teacher once again wrestled the boots off, retrieved the mittens, and again with grunts and groans worked the boots in place on each foot (making sure it was the correct foot), all the while whispering a prayer to God, that at least this precious little boy was fortunate enough to have feet to put into each boot. Slipping his mittens on each hand, she patted his little back, and sent him on his way, as she thanked God for "little" frustrations.

◆ Received from James Sparks