



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

APRIL, 2006

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

## PINE CROSSES

Last April on a Sunday we took one of our "nowhere" drives, my husband was quietly driving a back road. I was occupied in the front passenger seat watching the scenery.

I noticed out of the corner of my eye that my husband was straining to look out my window.



This startled me, since his eyes should be on the road in front of him. I asked him what he was looking at out the windows, and he quietly replied, "Nothing." His eyes went back to the road in front of him.

After a few minutes, I looked over at my husband and noticed a tear running down his cheek. I asked him what was wrong. This time he told me, "I was just thinking about Pop and a story he had once told me." Of course, because it had to do with his Pop

I wanted to know the story, so I asked him to share it with me.

He said, "When I was about 8 years old, Pop and I were out fishing and that's when he told me that the Pine trees know when it is Easter."

I had no idea what he meant by that, so I pressed him for more information.

He continued on... "The Pine trees start their new growth in the weeks before Easter -- if you look at the tops of the Pine trees two weeks before, you will see the yellow shoots. As the days get closer to Easter Sunday, the tallest shoot will branch off and form a

cross. By the time Easter Sunday comes around, you will see that most of the Pine trees will have small yellow crosses on all of the tallest shoots."

I turned to look out the window and I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a week before Easter, and you could see all of the trees with the tall yellow shoots stretching to Heaven.

The tallest ones shone in the sunlight like rows of tiny golden crosses.

◆ Received from Joe Downs

## DUCT TAPE OR A NAIL

A man dies and goes to heaven. Of course, St. Peter meets him at the Pearly Gates. St. Peter says, "Here's how it works. You need 100 points to make it into heaven. You tell me all the good things you've done, and I give you a certain number of points for each item, depending on how good it was. When you reach 100 points, you get in."

"Okay," the man says, "I was married to the same woman for 50 years and never cheated on her, even in my heart."

"That's wonderful," says St. Peter, "that's worth three points!"

"Three points?" he says. "Well, I attended church all my life and supported its ministry with my tithe and service."

"Terrific!" says St. Peter. "That's certainly worth a point."

"One point!?! I started a soup kitchen in my city and worked in a shelter for homeless veterans."

"Fantastic, that's good for two more points," he says.

"Two points!?!?" Exasperated, the man cries. "At this rate the only way I'll get into heaven is by the grace of God."

"Bingo, 100 points! Come on in!"

We often try to fix problems with WD-40 and duct tape! God did it with a nail.

◆ Received from Joe Downs

# WHAT IN THE WORLD IS JESUS DOING?

KATHLEEN MULKINS

Steve and Jackie Scott, Welcome Home Outreach Ministries in Vicente, Mexico

Steve and Jackie formerly worked at Warner Pacific College in support positions. Now, instead of retiring, they have been asked to be co-directors of the Welcome Home ministry in Vicente Guerrero, Mexico. Both have been of God congrega- marriage in 1978. rrently in the proc- their home and Mexico in June. of their main func- coordinate and camp teams at Home. Welcome nally a orphan- run as a daycare children of mi- ers. Since the facilities can accommodate as many as 70 people it is perfect for a base of operations for work camp teams. Steve and Jackie are currently seeking their prayer and financial support teams. Since they will be coordinating work camp teams, perhaps Onalaska First Church of God will be able to send a work team after the Scotts are established in Mexico.



perfect or because we have problems or challenges. He watches over us and even brings others into our lives to help us when we are in need.

Sometimes we are the blind horse being guided by the little ringing bell of those who God places in our lives. Other times we are the guide horse, helping others see.

Good friends are like this. You don't always see them, but you know they are always there.

Please listen for my bell and I'll listen for yours.

• Larry and Pam Schmidt

## THE WISDOM OF CHILDREN

A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons, Kevin, five, and Ryan, three. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake.

Their mother saw the opportunity for a moral lesson. "If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, "Let my brother have the first pancake. I can wait." Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus."

~

A three-year-old was putting his shoes on by himself. His mother noticed that the left shoe was on the right foot.

She said, "Son, your shoes are on the wrong feet." He looked up at her with a raised brow and said, "Don't kid me, Mom. They're the only feet I got!"

~

After the church service a little boy told the pastor, "When I grow up, I'm going to give you some money."

"Well, thank you," the pastor replied, "but why?" "Because my daddy says you're the poorest preacher we've ever had."

## TWO HORSES

Just up the road from my home is a field, with two horses in it.

From a distance, each looks like every other horse. But if you stop your car, or are walking by, you will notice something quite amazing.

Looking into the eyes of one horse will disclose that he is blind. His owner has chosen not to have him put down, but has made a good home for him. This alone is amazing.

If nearby and listening, you will hear the sound of a bell. Looking around for the source of the sound,



you will see that it comes from the smaller horse in the field. Attached to her halter is a small bell. It lets her blind friend know where she is, so he can follow her.

As you stand and watch these two friends, you'll see how she is always checking on him, and that he will listen for her bell and then slowly walk to where she is, trusting that she will not lead him astray. When she returns to the shelter of the barn each evening, she stops occasionally and looks back, making sure her friend isn't too far behind to hear the bell.

Like the owners of these two horses, God does not throw us away just because we are not

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

## SUNDAYS

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

~

EVENING SING & PRAISE  
SERVICE  
6:00 PM

~

## WEDNESDAYS

MEN'S BREAKFAST  
@  
THE BURGER BAR 6:00 AM

~

## THURSDAYS

BIBLE STUDY AT ELVA'S  
1:00 PM

~

## FRIDAYS

KID'S CLUB  
3:30 PM — 4:30 PM

~

## CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING

SATURDAY, APRIL 1  
10:00 AM

~

## WCG LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, APRIL 8  
12:00 NOON

~

## FOOD BASKET SUNDAY

WE WILL BE COLLECTING  
FOOD GOODS FOR THE FOOD  
BANK.

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING,  
APRIL 16  
11:00 AM

~

## YOUTH NIGHT

SUNDAY, APRIL 23  
6:00 PM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

### BLACKWOOD BROTHER'S QUARTET

@

ONALASKA ASSEMBLY OF  
GOD

TUESDAY, APRIL 4

6:00 PM

Fellowship to follow

~

### TEA & PRAISE

@

RICHLAND VALLEY CHURCH

MONDAY, APRIL 10

10:00 AM

~

### EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE

@

FOOTBALL FIELD

SUNDAY, APRIL 16

7:00 AM

## EASTER BREAKFAST

@

COMMUNITY PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

FOLLOWING SUNRISE  
SERVICE

~

## SENIORS ON THE GO

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

12:00 NOON

~

## SINGSPIRATION

@

MORTON CHURCH OF GOD

SUNDAY, APRIL 30

6:00 PM

## PNA EVENTS

W A R M

Western Area Regional  
Ministerial meeting

@

Warner Pacific College

Portland, Oregon

April 25 -27

# COVENANT PLAYERS

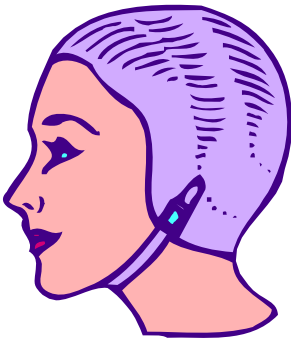
On Good Friday, April 15, the Covenant Players from Vancouver, Washington will be presenting a very special drama presentation called, "The Pall of Darkness." Take a journey through time, 2000 years ago to experience the impact our blessed Savior had on the lives of his closest friends, and those who thought Him to be their enemy. "The Pall of Darkness" will allow us to experience the impact,



doubts and power of the crucifixion. The Covenant Players will take you on a dramatic roller coaster ride you won't want to miss. So bring your imagination, friends and an open heart to experience what the Lord has in store for you. This special service will begin at 6:30 PM.

## KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE GOAL

On July 4, 1952, Florence Chadwick waded into the Pacific Ocean off Catalina Island. Her goal? Swim to the California coast. The fog was so thick she could barely see the boats accompanying her. After fifteen



hours she gave up, despite her trainer telling her she was close to the coastline. But all she could see was fog, and she

quit; only a half-mile from her goal. Later she said, "I'm not excusing myself, but if I could have seen the land, I might have made it." Two months later, on a day with no fog, she did.

Keeping our "eye on the ball" as they say in baseball is the only way to accomplish our goal. When we let our eyes waver to the right or to the left (Proverbs 4:27), we run the risk of losing our focus. If your goal is to become more like Jesus (Hebrews 12:1), keeping your eyes on Him is the secret.

The fog of this world is that which is most likely to obscure our vision of Jesus. We start looking at the creation instead of the Creator (Romans 1:25) and suddenly lose sight of the One who is our goal in life. If you feel like quitting... feel like you have lost your way... feel lost "refocus! Get back in the Word daily and watch the fog disappear.

A goal you can't see is a goal you'll never reach.

◆ Received from Joe Downs

## "THE WHOLE PICTURE"

By Bob Perks

I just didn't like it. I was eager to see what it looked like and when I finally received a pre-view, I was greatly disappointed.

What did I expect? If I knew what I wanted so why didn't I just do it myself?

I can't. I can do many things but I can't paint pictures. I am no artist. At least I have never given it a try. Perhaps if I did I would awaken another gift that God had given me. Then again, I might appreciate what she sent to me even more.

Art. Beauty. "In the eyes of the beholder." I have a deep respect for those who can translate life to a canvas. But I will admit to you that I have seen some pieces that I thought did not translate well at all.

Still, those who know better than I place great value on such pieces.

I looked again.

"It's just too simple. I could have done it."

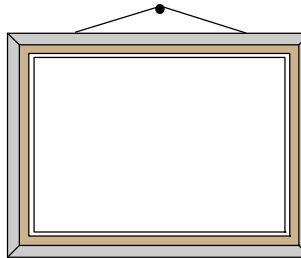
I shook my head and clicked on the image to close it. That's when I saw them.

Words. Now I can relate to them. Words are the tools I use to communicate, to translate life. I use words to create images, not on a canvass but in the mind of the reader.

But wait. Not everyone likes what I create, either. I have had people read my work and criticize it.

"They don't understand. They couldn't see..." I say to myself.

I re-read her note to me. Then clicked on the image again.



"Oh, my! That's perfect!"

The art now spoke to me. I looked at it and I not only saw the message but heard it. It made perfect sense.

"I'll send her an email to tell her."

*My friend,*

*I will admit to you honestly, that at first I was disappointed. It seemed all too simple. I had no idea what I expected. I clicked on the image, opened it and just sighed.*

*It was pretty but seemed not to do much for me. But then I went back and re-read your explanation. It hit me. I needed to see it through your eyes. The*

*eyes of the one who created it.*

What just happened here? A wave came crashing over me as I read that last line. "I needed to see it through your eyes. The eyes of the one who created it."

It was like God grabbed my heart and was pumping blood to my brain so I would pay attention to this.

This is exactly what I needed to learn.

My life at this very point doesn't make a lot of sense. I feel like I am at a dead end again.

I need to step back, step away from, remove myself from the image I have of my life and "I needed to see it through Your eyes. The eyes of the One Who created it."

I ordered a picture as a gift for a friend and in doing so learned to look at my life differently...

"Through the eyes of the One Who created it."

I may not completely understand, but He does. He sees "the whole picture."

**"I believe in You!"**

**Bob Perks**

[Bob@BobPerks.com](mailto:Bob@BobPerks.com)

## THE DEATH OF I CAN'T

An IRS requirement for every manufacturing company each is a complete inventory of goods. This is a time to stop and count everything and become accountable for what you have on hand, what was shipped and what parts you have for future production. This is by an unknown author who tells the story of a wise teacher who helped her students take their own special kind of inventory!

A new school year --- my job is to make classroom visitations and watch what is going on. Susie's fifth grade classroom appeared to be a typical Christian elementary classroom but something seemed different today.

I took an empty seat in the back of the room and watched. All the students were working on a task, filling a sheet of notebook paper with thoughts and ideas. The ten-year-old student next to me was filling her page with "I Can'ts". "I can't kick the soccer ball past second base." "I can't do long division with more than three numbers." "I can't forgive Debbie." Her page was half full and she showed no signs of letting up. I walked down the row glancing at students' papers. Everyone was writing things they couldn't do.

By this time the activity engaged my curiosity, so I decided to check with the teacher to see what was going. I noticed she too was busy writing! I felt it best not to interrupt. "I can't get John's mother to come for a teacher con-

ference." "I can't get my daughter to put gas in the car." "I can't get Alan to pray for his enemies."

Thwarted in my efforts to determine why students and teacher were dwelling on the negative instead of writing the positive "I Can" statements, I returned to my seat and continued my observations.

Students wrote for another five minutes. They were then instructed to fold the papers in half and bring them to the front. They placed their "I Can't" statements into an empty Nike shoe box. Then Susie added hers. She put the lid on the box, tucked it under her arm and headed out the door and down the hall with all the students following.

I followed the students. Halfway down the hall Susie entered the custodian's room, rummaged around and came out with a shovel. Shovel in one hand, shoe box in the other, Susie marched the students out of the school to the farthest corner in the playground. There they began to dig. They were going to bury their "I Can'ts"!

The digging took more than ten minutes because most of the fifth graders wanted a turn. The box of "I Can'ts" was placed in the bottom of the hole and then quickly covered with dirt. Twenty-five 10 and 11 year-olds stood around the freshly dug grave site. At this point Susie announced, "Boys and girls, please join hands and bow your heads." They quickly formed a circle around the grave.

They lowered their heads and waited. Susie delivered the prayer. "Father, we gather as friends today to honor the memory of 'I Can't.' While he was with us here on earth, he touched the lives of everyone --- some more than others. We have

provided 'I Can't' with a final resting place and a headstone that contains his epitaph. His is survived by his brothers and sisters, 'I Can', 'I Will', and 'I'll do it right now'. They are not as well known as their famous relative and are certainly not as strong and powerful yet. But Father some day with your help we believe they will make an even bigger mark on the world. May 'I Can't' rest in peace and may everyone present pick up their lives and move forward in his absence. In the name of Jesus, Amen."

As I listened I realized that these students would never forget this day. Writing "I Can'ts", burying them and hearing the prayer --- but Susie wasn't done yet.

She turned the students around, marched them back into the classroom and held a celebration. They passed around cookies, popcorn and fruit juices. Then Susie cut a large tombstone out of foam board. She wrote the words Philippians 4:13 at the top, "I Can't" in the middle and put RIP below. The date was added at the bottom. The foam core tombstone hung in Susie's classroom for the rest of the year.

On those rare occasions when a student forgot and said, "I Can't", Susie simply pointed to the RIP sign with Philippians 4:13 on it. The student then remembered that "I Can't" was dead and all things are possible with the help of Christ.

Prayer: Father help me to take inventory of those things that would prevent me from having the faith that all things are possible with your son Jesus. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!

Philippians 4:13

*"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*

