



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

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## TWO FRIENDS

Author Unknown

Two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey, they had an argument; and one friend slapped the other one in the face.



The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying a n y t h i n g , wrote in the sand: "today my best friend slapped me

in the face."

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath.

The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him.

After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: "today my best friend saved my life".

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?"

The friend replied "When someone hurts us we should write it down in sand, where winds of forgiveness can erase it away.

But, when someone does something good for us, we



must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it."

Learn to write your hurts in the sand and to carve your blessings in stone.

◆ Received from Jude Cooper

## CHECK UNDER THE HOOD

by Os Hillman

*But now you must rid yourselves of all such things as these: anger, rage, malice, slander, and filthy language from your lips. ~ Colossians 3:8*

"The root issue you are dealing with is fear. The physical symptom is control, and when you cannot control, you get angry because of unmet expectations." These were the words I spoke during a conversation in a restaurant to my friend who was separated from his wife. He described his anger and how he never saw some of these characteristics in his life until he entered this marriage.

A friend once said to me, "Anger is like the lights on a dashboard. They tell you something is going on under the hood. You must find out the source of the problem." Whenever we have expectations of another person and those expectations do not materialize, our tendency is to get angry. The source of the anger is often the fear that the unmet expectation will negatively impact us. We fear that our finances, our well-being, our im-

age, or any number of things may be impacted by the unmet expectation. My friend's wife had not met his expectations in many areas of his life, so then, many times it resulted in harsh words that damaged his wife's self-esteem. Now, it was leading to a marriage crisis.

Jesus often spoke of living as though we were dead. How can you live as though you are dead? "In the same way, count yourselves dead to sin but alive to God in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 6:11). It is a choice each of us must make. Once you become dead to that which stirs an emotion in you, God is free to change that situation. Until then, you can expect God to allow that situation to remain until you reckon yourself dead to the effects of the issue that causes you to struggle.

Is there something that causes anger within you? Ask God what the source of that anger is. You

might be surprised at what you find. Then ask God to give you the grace to reckon yourself dead to that issue. You will find new freedom in your relationships and your own peace of mind.



"Reprinted by permission from the author. Os Hillman is an international speaker and author of more than 8 books on workplace calling. To learn more, visit <http://www.MarketplaceLeaders.org>"

## THE BIRTH OF THE SONG "PRECIOUS LORD, TAKE MY HAND"

Back in 1932, I was 32 years old and a fairly new husband. My wife, Nettie and I were living in a little apartment on Chicago's south side. One hot August afternoon I had to go to St. Louis, where I was to be the featured soloist at a large revival meeting. I didn't want to go.

Nettie was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. But a lot of people were expecting me in St. Louis. I kissed Nettie good-bye, clattered downstairs to our Model A and, in a fresh Lake Michigan breeze, chugged out of Chicago on Route 66.

However, outside the city, I discovered that in my anxiety at leaving, I had forgotten my music case. I wheeled around and headed back. I found Nettie sleeping peacefully. I hesitated by her bed; something was strongly telling me to stay. But eager to get on my way, and not wanting to disturb Nettie, I shrugged off the feeling and quietly slipped out of the room with my music.

The next night, in the steaming St. Louis heat, the crowd called on me to sing again and again. When I finally sat down, a messenger boy ran up with a Western Union telegram. I ripped open the envelope. Pasted on the yellow sheet were the words; YOUR WIFE JUST DIED.

People were happily singing and clapping around me, but I could hardly keep from crying out. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I could hear on the other end was 'Nettie is dead. Nettie is dead.'

When I got back, I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy. I swung between grief and joy. Yet

that same night, the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together, in the same casket. Then I fell apart.

For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him anymore or write gospel songs. I just wanted to go back to that jazz world I once knew so well.

But then, as I hunched alone in that dark apartment those first sad days, I thought back to the afternoon I went to St. Louis. Something kept telling me to stay with Nettie.

Was that something God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him that day, I would have stayed and been with Nettie when she died.

From that moment on I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief. Everyone was kind to me, especially a friend, Professor Fry, who seemed to know what I needed. On the following Saturday evening he took me up to Malone's Poro College, a neighborhood music school. It was quiet; the late evening sun crept through the curtained windows. I sat down at the piano, and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace. I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, once into my head they just seemed to fall into place:

"Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand! I am tired, I am weak, I am worn, through the storm, through the night lead me on to the light, take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home."

The Lord gave me these words and melody, He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when He is closest, and when we are most open to His restoring power.

And so I go on living for God willingly and joyfully, until that day comes when He will take me and gently lead me home.

-Tommy Dorsey-



**NOTE:** "There have been many printed references to this story and connected it to the great American band leader, Tommy Dorsey.

But the classic gospel song "Precious Lord Take My Hand" was actually written by a different man with the same name.

Tommy Dorsey the composer of "Precious Lord Take My Hand" was a jazz pianist and composer was born in 1899 and died in 1993. He is regarded by many as the father of gospel music. After a successful career as a blues musician, he switched to gospel music. For more than 40 years, he was the choir director Chicago's Pilgrim Baptist Church." **Truth or Fiction.com**

♦ Received from Joe & Freda Downs

### AMAZINGLY SIMPLE HOME REMEDIES

1. A mouse trap, placed on top of your alarm clock, will prevent you from rolling over and going back to sleep after you hit the snooze button.
2. You only need two tools in life - WD-40 and Duct Tape. If it doesn't move and should, use the WD-40. If it shouldn't move and does, use the duct tape.

# ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

**SUNDAY SCHOOL**  
9:45 AM

**MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM**

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**TUESDAYS**

**KID'S CLUB**  
3:30 — 4:30 PM

~  
**WEDNESDAYS**

**BIBLE STUDY**  
7:00 PM

~  
**FRIDAY, APRIL 11**  
**YOUTH NIGHT OUT**  
6:30 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 12**  
**CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING**  
9:00 AM

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**LADIES LUNCHEON**  
12:00 NOON

~  
**SUNDAY, APRIL 13**

**COOKS HILL MANOR**  
**REST HOME SERVICE**  
2:00 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 19**

**MEN'S BREAKFAST**  
7:00 AM

~  
**SUNDAY, APRIL 20**

**FOOD BANK SUNDAY**

~  
**FRIDAY, MARCH 28**

**ALL CHURCH GAME NIGHT**  
6:30 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 26**  
**SATURDAY NIGHT SERVICE**  
**PLANNING MEETING**  
6:00 PM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

**THURSDAY, APRIL 10**  
**AMERICAN LEGION 40 & 8**  
6:00 PM

~  
**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16**

**SENIORS ON THE GO**  
12:00 NOON

~  
**THURSDAY, APRIL 17**

**AMERICAN LEGION**  
**AUXILIARY**  
1:00 PM

~  
**AMERICAN LEGION**  
7:00

~  
**FRIDAY, APRIL 26**

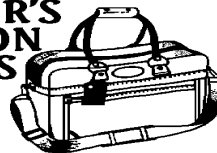
**SCRAP BOOKING**  
9:00 AM — 6:00 PM

## PNA EVENTS

**TUESDAY — THURSDAY**  
**APRIL 1 — APRIL 3**

**WESTERN MINISTER'S**  
**MEETING**  
**PORTLAND, OREGON**

### **PASTOR'S** **VACATION** **DATES**



Pastor and Kathleen will be on vacation from April 14 through April 20. Pastor Jeanne Hossler will be ministering in his absence.

## SENIOR'S THOUGHTS

I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.

*My wild oats have turned into prunes and All Bran.*

I finally got my head together; now my body is falling apart.

*Funny, I don't remember being absent minded.*

All reports are in; life is now officially unfair.

*If all is not lost, where is it?*

It is easier to get older than it is to get wiser.

*I wish the buck stopped here; I sure could use a few.*

It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.

*The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.*

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.

*When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone decide to play chess?*

It's not hard to meet expenses, they're everywhere.

*The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.*

These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter. I go somewhere to get something and then wonder what I'm here after.

*I am unable to remember if I have used this before or not and I doubt if you can either!*

Did you ever notice: When you put the 2 words "The" and "IRS" together it spells "Theirs?"

~  
If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone in mind to blame.

~  
Did you ever notice: The Roman Numerals for forty (40) are "XL."

# OUR NEW FELLOWSHIP HALL

We are very happy to announce the beginning of new adventure in our church. For the past several months we have sought to develop a plan to replace our present Fellowship Hall with one that would better suit our needs.

We are very grateful for the many years our present Fellowship Hall has served us but as we continue to see growth in our church and the blessings of seeing our church meet the needs of our community in several different areas, (Seniors on the Go, American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary), plus other community activities, we realized the need for a larger Fellowship Hall. I have for many years felt the need for a Community Center and I am hoping that our church can help meet this need until one can be built.

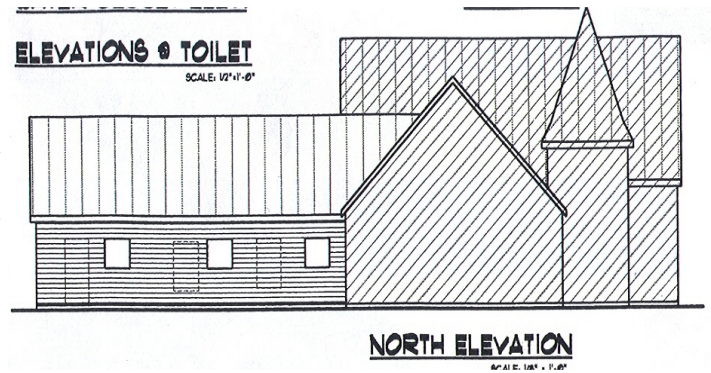
We are seeking the Mind of the Lord on how best to pursue this endeavor. If we have a contractor build it the cost will be quite high. We have received one bid so far of \$175,000.00 and are in the process of seeking more bids. It may be possible to do much of the work ourselves with help from groups that help

churches accomplish building programs.

At our last Church Business Meeting in October of 2007, we approved the beginning of raising money for a Fellowship Hall. So far we have raised a little over \$12,000.00. A goal of \$80,000.00 has been set before we begin the actual building process.

We owe a very special thanks to Bill Kuykendall who has done so much work in helping us reach the place where we are today. We also wish to thank Bruce Brown who drew up the plans for the new Fellowship Hall.

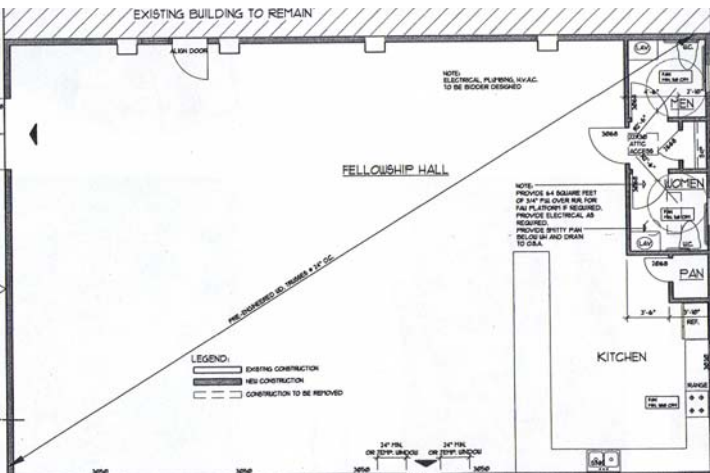
A friend of Kathleen's, is a professional fund raiser for non-profit organizations. In the 1940's, he did his first fund raising at the age of 6 – he raised money for a bell for a church that cost over a thousand dollars. In the 1940's a thousand was a lot of money – especially to a 6 year old. But he figured almost anyone could afford a penny – so he boldly asked people for a penny. Some people gave one penny, some gave more – and the pennies came in. It wasn't long before the church had its bell.



The amount needed to start our project might sound overwhelming – \$80,000! Who can afford that?! But most can afford \$10 – that doesn't sound so overwhelming. So, like my friend, we can do it bit by bit – brick by brick.

We on the fund raising committee are pursuing bake sales, funnel cake sales, car washes, fire wood for donations and other ideas. But we are also asking people to invest in our church one \$10 "brick" at a time. "Brick by Brick" the new fellowship hall can be built!

The bricks are figurative of course. There is a poster in our church where each \$10 that is provided for the new hall will be colored in as a "brick". 1,200 bricks (\$12,500.00) are already filled in! People can provide as many bricks as they like, investing in our church's potential. Some may only be able to provide one "brick" – others more – but together, "brick by brick" the funds will come.



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Q  
U  
I  
Z



No one was able to come up with the correct answer to last month's quiz. The answer is found in the 38 chapter of Genesis. Pharez and Zarah the sons of Tamar and Judah. I guess I better make this quiz a little easier this month.

*He had some friends that loved  
him so,  
Because they couldn't see him  
suffer, they let him go.  
They let him down by a rope you  
see,  
So that he could be set free.  
When he was set free it made  
others mad.  
But God had a plan and that  
makes me glad.  
He knows what we need I'm glad  
to say  
In our darkest hour He'll make a  
way.  
Its good to have friends and I'm  
sure you do.  
But are they the kind that will see  
you through?  
Will they stand with you when the  
way gets tough,  
Are they the kind that will stay  
with the stuff?  
So look real hard don't be too  
quick  
Remember there are times I like  
to trick.  
His name is there for you to read,  
That my friend is a very good  
lead.  
Do you think you know who this  
man is?  
Tell me quick and win the quiz.  
If your first I'm glad to say,  
A candy bar will come your way.*

## A BRITISH SPEED TRAP

Two British traffic patrol officers from North Berwick were involved in an unusual incident while checking for speeding motorists on the A-1 Great North Road. One of the officers used a hand-held radar device to check the speed of a vehicle approaching over the crest of a hill, and was surprised when the speed was recorded at over 300 mph. Their radar suddenly stopped working and the officers were not able to reset it.

Just then a deafening roar over the treetops revealed that the radar had in fact latched on to a NATO Tornado fighter jet, which was engaged in a low-flying exercise over the Border district, approaching from the North Sea.

Back at police headquarters, the chief constable fired off a stiff complaint to the RAF Liaison office. Back came the reply in true laconic RAF style:

"Thank you for your message, which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Tornado had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked onto, your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it.

"Furthermore, an air-to-ground missile aboard the fully-armed aircraft had also automatically locked onto your equipment.

"Fortunately, the pilot flying the Tornado recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile systems alert status, and was able to override the automated defense system before the missile was launched and your hostile radar installation was destroyed. Good Day..."

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

## AN ATHEIST HOLIDAY

In Florida, an atheist became incensed over the preparation of Easter and Passover holidays. He decided to contact his lawyer about the discrimination inflicted on atheists by the constant celebrations afforded to Christians and Jews with all their holidays while atheists had no holiday to celebrate.

The case was brought before a wise judge. After listening to the long passionate presentation by the lawyer, the Judge banged his gavel and declared "Case dismissed!"

The lawyer immediately stood and objected to the ruling and said, "Your honor, how can you possibly dismiss this case? The Christians have Christmas, Easter and many other observances. Jews have Passover, Yom Kippur and Hanukkah...yet my client and all other atheists have no such holiday!"

The judge leaned forward in his chair and simply said, "Obviously your client is too confused to even know about, much less celebrate his own atheists' holiday!"

The lawyer pompously said, "Your Honor, we are unaware of any such holiday for atheists. Just when might that holiday be, your Honor?"

The judge said, "Well it comes every year on exactly the same date - April 1st! Since our calendar sets April 1st as 'April Fools Day,' consider that Psalm 14:1 and Psalm 53 state, 'The fool says in his heart, there is no God.' Thus, in my opinion, if your client says there is no God, then by scripture he is a fool, thus April 1st is his holiday! Get it?"

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

