



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

MARCH, 2008

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

## THE MOUSE TRAP

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package.

What food might this contain? The mouse wondered - he was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.



Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning: There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap

in the house!

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said, "Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it."

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The pig sympathized, but said, I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray.

"Be assured you are in my prayers."

The mouse turned to the cow and said "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The cow said, "Wow, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but it's no skin off my nose."

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house -- like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey.

The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught.

The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital, and she returned home with a fever.

Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient.

But his wife's sickness continued, so friends and neighbors came to sit with her around the clock.

To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig.

The farmer's wife did not get well; she died.

So many people came for her funeral; the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them.



The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't concern you, remember -- when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk.

We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.

Remember, each of us is a vital thread in another person's tapestry; our lives are woven together for a reason.

*Received from Jude Cooper*

*If one part of the body suffers, all the other parts share its suffering. If one part is praised, all the others share in its happiness.*

**1 Corinthians 12:26 (GW)**

## MAGNOLIAS

*By Edna Ellison*

I spent the week before my daughter's June wedding running last-minute trips to the caterer, florist, tuxedo shop, and the church about forty miles away. As happy as I was that Patsy was marrying a good Christian young man, I felt laden with responsibilities as I watched my budget dwindle.



So many details, so many bills, and so little time. My son Jack was away at college, but he said he would be there

to walk his younger sister down the aisle, taking the place of his dad who had died a few years before. He teased Patsy, saying he'd wanted to give her away since she was about three years old!

**Continued on page 4**

## **FROG HAT**

by  
Tina Blessitt

Last fall my 9-year-old son, Austin, had his tonsils removed. Before the surgery, Austin's anesthesiologist came to start an IV. He was wearing a cool surgical cap covered in colorful frogs. Austin loved that "frog hat."

The doctor explained that he had two choices. He could either try to start the IV, or he could wait until Austin was up in the operating room. In the O.R. the doctor would give Austin some "goofy" gas, and start the IV when he was more relaxed.

"So, Austin," he asked, "which do you want?"

Austin replied, "I'll take the gas."

But when the doctor started to leave, Austin called, "Hey, wait."

The doctor turned. "Yeah, buddy, what do you need?"

"Do you go to church?"

"No," the doctor admitted. "I know I probably should, but I don't."

Austin then asked, "Well, are you saved?"

Chuckling nervously, the doctor said, "Nope. But after talking to you, maybe it's something I should consider."

Pleased with his response, Austin answered, "Well, you should, 'cause Jesus is great!"

"I'm sure He is, little guy," the doctor said, and quickly made his exit.

After that a nurse took me to the waiting room. Someone would come and get me when Austin's surgery was done.

After about 45 minutes, the anesthesiologist came into the waiting room. He told me the surgery went well and then said, "Mrs. Blessitt, I don't usually come down and talk to the parents after a surgery, but I just had to tell you what your son did."

Oh boy, I thought. What did that little rascal do now?

The doctor explained that he'd just put the mask on Austin when my son signaled that he needed to say something.

When the doctor removed the mask, Austin blurted, "Wait a minute, we have to pray!"

The doctor told him to go ahead, and Austin prayed, "Dear Lord, please let all the doctors and nurses have a good day. And Jesus, please let the doctor with the frog hat get saved and start going to church. Amen."



The doctor admitted this touched him. "I was so sure he would pray that his surgery went well," he explained. "He didn't even mention his surgery. He prayed for me! Mrs Blessitt, I had to come down and let you know what a great little guy you have."

A few minutes later a nurse came to take me to post-op. She had a big smile on her face as we walked to the elevator. "Mrs. Blessitt, I couldn't wait to tell you something exciting that your son did."

With a smile, I told her that the doctor already mentioned Austin's prayer. "But there's something you don't know," she said. "Some of the other nurses and I have been witnessing to and praying for that doctor for a long time. After your son's surgery, he tracked a few of us down to tell us about Austin's prayer. He said, 'Well girls, you got me. If that little boy could pray for me when he was about to have

surgery, then I think maybe I need his Jesus too."

She then recounted how they joined the doctor as he prayed to receive Christ right there in the hospital. Wow! Austin had played a small part in something wonderful. But then, so did the nurses who prayed and witnessed.

I thought about John's words in his Gospel, "One sows and the other reaps" John 4:37 Austin's experience taught me that, although we never know which role we may be called to play, in the end it doesn't matter. What's important is that we remain faithful in sharing the gospel.

**Tina Blessitt**, a freelance writer, lives with her husband and four children in Kentucky.

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

## **GENTLE THOUGHTS**

Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today, it's called golf.

*The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.*

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight, because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

*The easiest way to find something lost around the house is to buy a replacement.*

The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he can tell when he's really in trouble.

◆ Received from Ruth Bushnell

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

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

~  
**TUESDAYS**

KID'S CLUB  
3:30 — 4:30 PM

~  
**WEDNESDAYS**

BIBLE STUDY  
7:00 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 1**

ALL SKATE & PIZZA  
12:00 NOON — 4:00 PM

~  
**THURSDAYS, MARCH 6 & 27**

HAM RADIO CLASS  
6:00 PM

~  
**FRIDAY, MARCH 7**  
YOUTH NIGHT OUT  
6:30 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 8**  
CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
9:00 AM

~  
LADIES LUNCHEON  
12:00 NOON

~  
**SUNDAY, MARCH 9**

COOKS HILL MANOR  
REST HOME SERVICE  
2:00 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 15**

MEN'S BREAKFAST  
7:00 AM

~  
**SUNDAY, MARCH 16**

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

**SATURDAY, MARCH 22**

SATURDAY NIGHT SERVICE  
PLANNING MEETING  
6:00 PM

~  
**FRIDAY, MARCH 28**

ALL CHURCH GAME NIGHT  
6:30 PM

## COMMUNITY EVENTS

**SATURDAY, MARCH 1**

SCRAP BOOKING  
10:00 AM — 6:00 PM

~  
**THURSDAY, MARCH 6**

AMERICAN LEGION  
AUXILIARY INSTALLATION  
3:00 PM

~  
**MONDAY, MARCH 10**

TEA & PRAISE  
@  
SHOESTRING CHURCH  
10:00 AM

**THURSDAY, MARCH 13**

AMERICAN LEGION 40 & 8  
6:00 PM

~  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 15**

ONALASKA SCHOLARSHIP  
DINNER & AUCTION

@  
HIGH SCHOOL GYM  
5:30 PM

COST: ADULTS \$15.00  
CHILDREN 6 - 12 \$8.00  
UNDER 6 FREE  
CATERED

BY  
BRENDA ELLIOT  
CALL: 978-4725, 978-4160,  
985-7755

~  
**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19**

SENIORS ON THE GO  
12:00 NOON

~  
**THURSDAY, MARCH 20**

AMERICAN LEGION  
AUXILIARY  
1:00 PM

~  
AMERICAN LEGION  
7:00

## COMMUNITY REVIVAL

Rev. John Dyer from England will be the guest speaker for a community revival. He will be ministering in three of our local churches the evenings of **March 9** through **March 14**. On **Sunday, March 9** and **Monday, March 10**, Pastor Dyer will be at the Community Presbyterian Church. On **Tuesday, March 11**, and **Wednesday, March 12**, he will be at the New Beginnings Community Church in Salkum. On **Thursday, March 13** and **Friday, March 14**, he will be at the Shoestring Community Church. Pastor Dyer will be ministering in the Book of Romans. All of the services will begin at 7:00 PM.



**COMMUNITY REVIVAL**

*Worshipping Jesus Christ together in unity*

**MAGNOLIAS**  
Continued from page 1

To save money, I gathered blossoms from several friends who had large magnolia trees. Their luscious, creamy-white blooms and slick green leaves would make beautiful arrangements against the rich dark wood inside the church.

After the rehearsal dinner the night before the wedding, we banked the podium area and choir loft with magnolias. As we left just before midnight, I felt tired but satisfied this would be the best wedding any bride had ever had! The music, the ceremony, the reception - and especially the flowers - would be remembered for years.

The big day arrived - the busiest day of my life - and while her bridesmaids helped Patsy to dress, her fiancé Tim walked with me to the sanctuary to do a final check. When we opened the door and felt a rush of hot air, I almost fainted; and then I saw them - all the beautiful white flowers were black. Funeral black. An electrical storm during the night had knocked out the air conditioning system, and on that hot summer day, the flowers had wilted and died.

I panicked, knowing I didn't have time to drive back to our hometown, gather more flowers, and return in time for the wedding.

Tim turned to me. "Edna, can you get more flowers? I'll throw away these dead ones and put fresh flowers in these arrangements."

I mumbled, "Sure," as he be-

bopped down the hall to put on his cuff links.

Alone in the large sanctuary, I looked up at the dark wooden beams in the arched ceiling. "Lord," I prayed, "please help me. I don't know anyone in this town. Help me find someone willing to give me flowers - in a hurry!" I scurried out praying for four things: the blessing of white magnolias, courage to find them in an unfamiliar yard, safety from any dog that may bite my leg, and a nice person who would not get out a shotgun when I asked to cut his tree to shreds.

As I left the church, I saw magnolia trees in the distance. I approached a house... No dog in sight. I knocked on the door and an older man answered. So far so good. No shotgun. When I stated my plea the man beamed, "I'd be happy to!"

He climbed a stepladder and cut large boughs and handed them down to me. Minutes later, as I lifted the last armload into my car trunk, I said, "Sir, you've made the mother of a bride happy today."

"No, Ma'am," he said. "You don't understand what's happening here."

"What?" I asked.

"You see, my wife of sixty-seven years died on Monday. On Tuesday I received friends at the funeral home, and on Wednesday . . . He paused. I saw tears welling up in his eyes. "On Wednesday I buried her." He looked away. "On Thursday most of my out-of-town relatives

went back home, and on Friday - yesterday - my children left."

I nodded.

"This morning," he continued, "I was sitting in my den crying out loud. I miss her so much. For the last sixteen years, as her health got worse, she needed me. But now nobody needs me. This morning I cried, 'Who needs an eighty-six-year-old wore-out man? Nobody!' I began to cry louder. 'Nobody needs me!' About that time, you knocked, and said, 'Sir, I need you.'"

I stood with my mouth open.

He asked, "Are you an angel? The way the light shone around your head into my dark living room..."

I assured him I was no angel.

He smiled. "Do you know what I was thinking when I handed you those magnolias?"

"No."

"I decided I'm needed. My flowers are needed. Why, I might have a flower ministry! I could give them to everyone! Some caskets at the funeral home have no flowers. People need flowers at times like that and I have lots of them. They're all over the backyard! I can give them to hospitals, churches - all sorts of places. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to serve the Lord until the day He calls me home!"

I drove back to the church, filled with wonder. On Patsy's wedding day, if anyone had asked me to encourage someone who was hurting, I would have said, "Forget it! It's my only daughter's wedding, for goodness' sake! There is no way I can minister to anyone today." But God found a way. Through dead flowers.

"Life is not the way it's supposed to be. It's the way it is. The way you cope with it is what makes the difference."

◆ Received from Joe & Freda Downs



## GETTING OLD

A wise old man retired and purchased a modest home near a junior high school. He spent the first few weeks of his retirement in peace and contentment.

Then a new school year began. The very next afternoon three young boys, full of youthful, after-school enthusiasm, came down his street, beating merrily on every trash can they encountered.

The crashing percussion continued day after day, until finally the wise old man decided it was time to take some action.

The next afternoon, he walked out to meet the young percussionists as they banged their way down the street.

Stopping them, he said, "You kids are a lot of fun. I like to see you express your exuberance like that. In fact, I used to do the same thing

when I was your age. Will you do me a favor? I'll give you each a dollar if you'll promise to come around every day and do your thing." The kids were elated and continued to do a bang-up job on the trashcans.

After a few days, the old-timer greeted the kids again, but this time he had a sad smile on his face. "This recession's really putting a big dent in my income," he told them. "From now on, I'll only be able to pay you 50 cents to beat on the cans."

The noisemakers were obviously displeased, but they accepted his offer and they contin-

ued their afternoon ruckus. A few days later, the wily retiree approached them again as they drummed their way down the street. "Look," he said, "I haven't received my Social Security check yet, so I'm not going to be able to give you more than 25 cents. Will that be okay?"

"A lousy quarter?" the drum leader exclaimed, "if you think we're going to waste our time, beating these cans around for a quarter, you're nuts! No way, mister. We quit!"

And the old man enjoyed peace and serenity for the rest of his days.



Q  
U  
I  
Z

The answer to last month's quiz had four parts: Elijah, Obadiah, Ahab, and Jezebel. My brother, Jim from Scottsdale, Arizona, and Pastor Jeanne Hossler from the Olympia/Lacey Church of God were the only ones to come up with the correct answer.

Here is this month's quiz.

Two brothers fought to be number one.

One he lost, the other he won.

One held up his finger to say he was first.

But he was second and his bubble did burst.

Now its your job to try and tell me their names.

They were brothers and so they looked the same.

One was different as you have read.

And the difference was the color red.

If you look high and low, near and far

And you're the first, you win the candy bar.

## A GREAT CUP OF TEA

This is taken from the Dr. James Dobson Bulletin for June 1998.

Have you noticed that children sometimes try to be helpful, but it makes your life more complicated?

I heard a story about a mother who was sick with the flu. Her darling daughter wanted to be a good nurse. She fluffed the pillows and brought a magazine for her mother to read. And then she showed up with a cup of tea.

"You're such a sweetheart," the mother said as she drank the tea. "I didn't know you could make tea."

"Oh, yes," the little girl replied. "I put the tea leaves in the water like you do, and I boiled it, and then I strained it into a cup. But I couldn't find a strainer, so I used the flyswatter."

"You what?"

And the little girl said, "Oh, don't worry, Mom. I didn't use the new flyswatter. I used the old one."

◆ Received from James Sparks

