



# CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



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

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

## HOW TO DANCE IN THE RAIN

It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound. On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and re-dress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry. The gentleman



told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I inquired as to her health.

He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease.

As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in

five years now. I was surprised, and asked him, "And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?" He smiled as he patted my hand and said, "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is."

◆ *Received from Eva Dean Stone & Marcie Eidsmoe*

## WHY GO TO CHURCH?

A Church goer wrote a letter to the editor of a newspaper and complained that it made no sense to go to church every Sunday. "I've gone for 30 years now," he wrote, "and in that time I have heard something like 3,000 sermons. But for the life of me, I can't remember a single one of them. So, I think I'm wasting my time and the pastors are wasting theirs by giving sermons at all."

This started a real controversy in the "Letters to the Editor" column, much to the delight of the editor. It went on for weeks until someone wrote this clincher:

"I've been married for 30 years now. In that time my wife has cooked some 32,000 meals. But, for the life of me, I cannot recall the entire menu for a single one of those meals. But I do know this. They all nourished me and gave me the strength I needed to do my work. If my wife had not given me these meals, I would be physically dead today.

Likewise, if I had not gone to

church for spiritual nourishment, I would be spiritually dead today!"

◆ *Received from Hugh McDonald*

## What Moves God

"And when He saw their faith"

Do you know what moves the hand of God? This may surprise you, but God is not moved by complaining and self-pity. He's not even moved by our needs. Yes, He is concerned about our needs, and yes, He wants to meet our needs, but we have to do our part and invite Him to work in our lives by exercising our faith.

When Jesus walked the earth, oftentimes right before He healed someone, the Bible says something like this, "When He saw their faith..." And so I ask you today, can God see your faith? When God sees you doing everything you can to get well; when He sees you getting to work a little earlier because you really want that promotion; when He sees you bypass the cookie jar because you've been believing to lose weight; when He sees you bite your tongue to keep the peace in your house; when He sees you help others when you really need more help than they do; when God sees your faith, that's when extraordinary things will begin to happen. Faith opens the door for God to move, so demonstrate your faith today and watch the hand of God move in every area of your life!

◆ *Received from Joe Downs*

## THE OLD PHONE ON THE WALL.

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy.

I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information, please" I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear. "Information." "I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

"Information," said in the now familiar voice. "How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest . When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston . I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me.

Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.



A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. "Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your call meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do", she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said, "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?"

"Yes." I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you.. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you." The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others.

♦ *Received from Cathy Mulkins*

# ONALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

**SUNDAYS**

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM  
 MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 AM  
 EVENING WORSHIP 6:00 PM

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**WEDNESDAYS**

GRIEF SUPPORT GROUP  
 MEET AT THE MASSEY'S  
 10:00 AM  
**AUGUST 12 & 26**

~  
 BIBLE STUDY  
 7:00 PM

~  
 POTLUCK BIBLE STUDY  
 WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12  
 6:00 PM

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**SATURDAY, AUGUST 1**

MEN'S BREAKFAST  
 8:00 AM

~  
 DOLLAR CAR WASH  
 10:00 AM — 2:00 PM

~  
**SUNDAY, AUG. 2 & 16**

YOUTH MEET AT THE MASSEY'S  
 FOLLOWING COFFEE HOUR

~  
**SATURDAY, AUGUST 8**

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING  
 8:00 AM  
**NOTE TIME CHANGE**

~  
 BEACH TRIP  
 10:00 AM

~  
 LADIES LUNCHEON  
 12:00 NOON

~  
**MONDAY - FRIDAY**  
**AUG. 13 - 10**

MUSIC & DRAMA CAMP  
 9:00 AM - NOON

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**THURSDAY AUG. 13**

"Trail to the Old Man's Cabin"  
 6:30 PM  
 Onalaska Elementary School

~  
**FRIDAY, AUGUST 28**

ALL CHURCH GAME NIGHT  
 6:30 PM

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**SATURDAY, AUGUST 29**

BUDGET MEETING  
 10:00 AM

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**SUNDAY, AUG. 30**

POTLUCK

~  
**COMMUNITY**  
**EVENTS**

**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19**

SENIORS ON THE GO  
 12:00 NOON

~

**THURSDAY, AUG. 20**

AMERICAN LEGION  
 6:00 PM

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**ONALASKA FAMILY DAY**

**SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 2009**

**10:00 AM - 4:00 PM**

This year instead of having the Hoe Down, the Onalaska Churches are working together to celebrating the family with **Onalaska Family Day**. There are many activities being planned; such as picnic, music, & a labor auction, where you can bid to have someone come and do work for you. Pie auction as well as having a chance to put a pie in certain faces. There will be a wading pool for the kids, plus those big bouncing toys.

This is a fund raising activity for the Cancer Society and the OCYC (Onalaska Community Youth Center). All the money raised will be divided between these two groups.

We need people to provide pies for the pie auction and come and be a part of our celebration.



## BUDGET PLANNING



On Saturday, August 29 we will be holding our Budget Planning Meeting in the Fellowship Hall. In this meeting we will be seeking to set forth the budget for 2009 - 2010. The Church Council would like to invite all members of the Onalaska First Church of God to come and be a part of this very important meeting.

If you have any concerns or suggestions, please feel welcome to come and share them.

This meeting will begin at 10:00 AM. Please pray that we will follow God's will for our church as we plan the budget for the coming year.

## **BURNT TOAST**

When I was a little boy, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day at work. On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage, and extremely burned toast in front of my dad. I remember



waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his toast, smile at my mom, and ask me how my day was at school. I

don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that toast and eat every bite! When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the toast. And I'll never forget what he said. 'Baby, I love burned toast.'

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night, and I asked him if he really liked his toast burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, 'Little Buddy, your Momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides-a little burnt toast never hurt anyone! You know, life is full of imperfect things...and imperfect people. I'm not the best housekeeper or cook.'

What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each other's faults - and choosing to celebrate each other's differences - is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship. And that's my prayer for you to-

day - that you will learn to take the good, the bad and the ugly parts of your life and lay them at the feet of GOD. Because in the end, He's the only One who will be able to give you a relationship where burnt toast isn't a deal-breaker! We could extend this to any relationship in fact - as understanding is the base of any relationship, be it a husband-wife or parent-child or friendship!!"

◆ Received from Marcie Eidsmoe

## **THE NEW SCHOOL PRAYER**

Written by a teen in Bagdad, Arizona

*Now I sit me down in school  
Where praying is against the  
rule*

*For this great nation under God  
Finds mention of Him very odd.*

*If Scripture now the class re-  
cites,*

*It violates the Bill of Rights.  
Anytime my head I bow*

*Becomes a Federal matter now.*

*Our hair can be purple, orange  
or green,*

*That's no offense; it's a freedom  
scene.*

*The law is specific, the law is  
precise.*

*Prayers spoken aloud are a seri-  
ous vice.*



*For praying in public hall  
Might offend someone with no  
faith at all.*

*In silence alone we must medi-  
tate,  
God's Name is prohibited by the  
state.*

*We're allowed to cuss and dress  
like freaks,  
And pierce our noses, tongues  
and cheeks.*

*They've outlawed guns, but  
FIRST the Bible.*

*To quote the Good Book makes  
me liable.*

*We can elect a pregnant Senior  
Queen,  
And the 'unwed daddy,' our  
Senior King.*

*It's "inappropriate" to teach right  
from wrong,*

*We're taught that such  
"judgments" do not belong.*

*We can get our condoms and  
birth controls,  
Study witchcraft, vampires and  
totem poles.*

*But the Ten Commandments are  
not allowed,*

*It's scary here I must confess,  
When chaos reigns the school's a  
mess*

*So, Lord, this silent plea I make:  
Should I be shot  
My soul please take!*

*Amen*

◆ Received from Bill Hughes

**See through God's eyes and  
feel through God's heart, and  
you will appreciate the value of  
every soul including yourself.**

People will always forget what you do, and they will always forget what you say, but they will never, ever forget the way you make them feel.

◆ Received from Marcie Eidsmoe

**It is always difficult to sling  
mud with clean hands.**

Q  
U  
I  
Z



The answer to last month's quiz is found in the second chapter of Nehemiah. Sanballat the Horonite, Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian. They sought to stop the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

The problem is I can't remember who or if anyone was able to come up with the correct answer. I do believe this heat has fried my brain. Oh well, here is this month's quiz.

*I was told that I shouldn't build  
what I made,  
But I wouldn't listen and a heavy  
price I paid*

*I refused to believe what he said,  
And now both sons of mine are  
dead.*

*I wanted to build to leave my  
name,  
And now its there to my deep  
shame.*

*I was told not to do it but I didn't  
care  
And now its heavy the grief I must  
bear.*

*When I started my eldest passed  
away  
And when I finished my youngest  
died that day.*

*Why didn't I listen to what he  
said?*

*If I had my sons would not be  
dead.*

*Now tell me my name if you think  
you can,*

*And the names of my sons who  
died in that land.*

*The name of that which I did  
build,*

*And the name of the man to  
whom I failed to yield.*

*And if you're first and you live close  
by*

*A candy bar will be yours and that's  
no lie.*

*And if you're a kid, but not real fast.  
You'll still win a prize so have a  
blast.*

~

## **FIRE INSURANCE**

A man purchased a box of very rare and expensive cigars, and then insured them against, among other things, fire.



Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars, the man filed a claim against the insurance company. In his claim, the man stated the cigars were lost 'in a series of small fires.'

The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason, that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion.

The man sued and **WON!**

Delivering the ruling, the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The judge stated nevertheless, that the man held a policy from the company, in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be unacceptable 'fire' and was obligated to pay the claim.

Rather than endure lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the man for his loss of the cigars that perished in the 'fires'.

After the man cashed the check, the insurance company had him arrested on 24 counts of **ARSON!!!** With his own insurance claim and

testimony from the previous case being used against him, the man was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to 24 months in jail and a \$24,000 fine.

According to Truth or Fiction.com this story is not true but it makes good reading.

**The perfect gift for those who long for peace and quiet: a phoneless cord.**

## **LIFE AFTER DEATH**

"Do you believe in life after death?" the boss asked one of his employees.

"Yes, Sir." the employee replied.

"Well, then, that makes everything just fine," the boss went on. "After you left early yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral, she stopped in to see you."

◆ Received from Jim Sparks

~

## **BIBLICAL HUMOR**

**Q. What kind of man was Boaz before he married Ruth?**

A. Ruthless.

**Q. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?**

A. Noah He was floating his stock while everyone else was in liquidation.

**Q. Who was the greatest female financier in the Bible?**

A. Pharaoh's daughter. She went down to the bank of the Nile and drew out a little prophet.

**Q. What excuse did Adam give to his children as to why he no longer lived in Eden?**

A. Your mother ate us out of house and home.