

Life is Short, Do Something

I sat at the paper covered dinner table scratching the final lines of my sketch onto the table cloth, the flower arrangement in the center of the table serving as my source of inspiration. I studied the circular vase that, when turned at the right angle, appeared more as an oval, and the rounded petals that came to a point in my drawing to show their three dimensional state of being. I kept analyzing the shapes and colors of the flowers in the painted porcelain vase and became completely fixated on the misconception of the blooming miracle being drawn as a circle with five centrifugal ovals surrounding. It was at this dining table in my favorite restaurant that I began to realize the importance of truly looking into the beauty of every flower, rather than visualizing the simplistic representation of a flower that is seen repeated on the cover of children's notebooks and clothing.

Now an art student of many years, I continue to observe and analyze every line, shade, tint and hue that make an image or object look the way it does. That same analysis that I utilize everyday on my sketchpad has bled into the way in which I draw not only pictures but conclusions. My inferences of my surroundings derive not only from their initial appearance, but from the judgments I make after having watched, listened, tasted or felt them. Who knows: is the slowness of the sales clerk actually pure laziness, or are they a circular vase in which no one observes the elliptical shape of their grief due to the loss of a loved one? One closer look would reveal the drooping corners of the sales clerk's mouth and the water welling in her eyes only to let a single tear slip and be quickly wiped away. Or is the man rushing out of the store late at night with a bulge in his jacket really shoplifting? Another minute of observation would reveal the true point of this round petal as he hops in his car and releases a shivering kitten into the heated passenger seat. The extra time spent in observation is what separates the judgmental creation of stereotypes from the accepting nature of open-mindedness. This open-mindedness that is key to being able to enjoy your own life and to live it happily. Life is short, and what you do now matters.

Succumbing to the beliefs of generalizations is an ignorance that causes people to miss out on the true beauty of life, a beauty that can so easily be overlooked in the chaos of scheduling that everyone who has ever made a commitment falls victim to. A beauty that exists in the talent of young people, the innocence of children, the wisdom of mentors, and the companionship of pets all of which are a part of life at College Park. Many experiences, friends, relationships and opportunities are flushed away the minute one looks no further into their vase of flowers than to simply see the "circular" base and "rounded" tips of petals perched in the center of a dinner table. Life is short, and the beauty of life matters.

Many times in my own life I have ignored the beauty of my surroundings, leaving my ideals of doing your best and giving life your all to sit by the waist side. Whether it was in procrastinating on a school assignment, quitting soccer or dance, watching my clarinet collect dust, or even sitting down in front of the TV in neglect of my furry slobbery best friend, begging for attention, all of which left me with only a feeling of regret. An enormous regret for the amount of loss I have inflicted upon myself. Why should I, the stubborn, argumentative, determined person that I am refuse to let others stand in my way and in response intentionally cause myself to come to a screeching halt? Why let the things that I have worked so hard for spiral down the drain for one extra, lazy hour of rest? Life is short and the choices you make matter!

As I have progressed through my senior year of English I've had the delight of reading Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Most teenagers role their eyes at this, as did I before opening its pages, but after having read the well known "to be or not to be" soliloquy I was surprised with my own connection to the frustrated, regretful Hamlet. As he dramatically questions the meaning of life and his own will to act, he faces a personal dilemma that we all have faced. Under terrible amounts of misfortune and tremendous pressure, how do you drive yourself to keep going? How do I continue to write papers, or undergo grueling lacrosse practice or plan numerous events for school clubs that I am a part of? I do it because despite the pressure that I put on myself and the stress that I cause myself ultimately, it is what I want to do! Life is short and what I do now matters.

There is a line from a song written by the Indigo Girls that says "There's a thin line between pleasing yourself and pleasing somebody else." To me these lyrics illustrate a struggle that I think is reason for the majority of my own regrets in that I have concentrated a lot on the expectations of others. Be them from my parents, friends, colleges, teachers or coaches, and too many times I loose myself in these expectations. In response to this loss my new year's resolution for 2009 was to just be crazy! Do things that you want to do that you wouldn't normally do? Why squander your own potential not just to succeed but your potential to have fun out of embarrassment or fear of failure?

In Abraham Maslow's Hierarchy of Motives, he proposes a pyramid shaped sequence providing an outline for thinking in motivation and behavior. At the base of this pyramid are the basic, physiological needs like food and water, further developing into the need for safety, belongingness and the need to meet self esteem. The tip of the pyramid, however, is the need for self-actualization. This tip suggests that once all of the previous needs are met, the only drive, the only thing that continues to motivate a person into action is a need to fulfill ones own potential to the fullest!

An example of my own need for self actualization was this past summer I was chosen to attend governor's school in their art department. A little hesitant to spend six weeks of my summer, my only free time away, I put the application off until the last minute. A few months later my acceptance letter came in the mail. At this point I had lost all my hesitation. I had chosen to do something for me and the improvement of myself and it felt good! Yeah I was sent away with no one that I knew, and left behind the summer I had planned with the youth trips, but coming out of one of my most memorable experiences I have been gifted with numerous new friends, new perspectives, and a new appreciation for art. This time, this choice was one that fulfilled my need. It was a choice I made motivated by my own will to better myself. Life is short, and the actions you take matter.

In Auden's poem "As I Walked Out One Evening" he writes about the struggle between the everlasting love of a lover's heart and the mortal reality of time. The all too optimistic lover sings "love has no ending" and the brutal clocks respond "oh let not time deceive you, you can not conquer time." This contrast between optimism and pessimism is one that presents a huge burden. A burden to live our lives to the fullest and to enjoy every minute of it but to do it within the time allotted. How can you accomplish everything in one lifetime? In my opinion, you can't. It's a fact of life that as much as we do not want to hear it, time does run out for everyone of us. Part of the brilliance of God's world and the creation of it is that every creature that lives also dies. Without this setup, life would be boring. What do we live for? We live to complete our lives, because they will end with time, a time that varies for each and every person. It is how we live them and how we fulfill our own happiness in the time span that we are given that makes life fun! Life is short, and what you do now matters!

Ephesians 2:10 states: For we are **God's workmanship**, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do. My initial response to this verse is one of calling. A calling that I have experienced for a while in my life. A calling that I can not exactly put my finger on, but one that has always been there. A calling to continue to put myself in this place, the place that I love, in the presence of love and fellowship. A place that kindles my most important relationships, supports my talents, encourages my interests, and challenges my opinions. Recognizing this calling, however, is only the beginning. Acting on it, acknowledging it, growing in it and responding to it is part of the work that I will do in Jesus Christ.

Through the artists eye this verse can also create a mutual connection between God and his creations. God, in our world, is the ultimate artist. The one who has created all of us; we are God's workmanship, molded in his image to do good works. My choice to double major in art and theology next year hopefully will further guide me to understand this connection, but for now, I simply plan to bathe in it. To bask and rejoice in that I am a creation of the creator! What more can I ask for? What could better serve as a foundation to my life and how I live it? Knowing that the Maker spent time to craft and style every one of us is a knowledge that should not go ignored, but

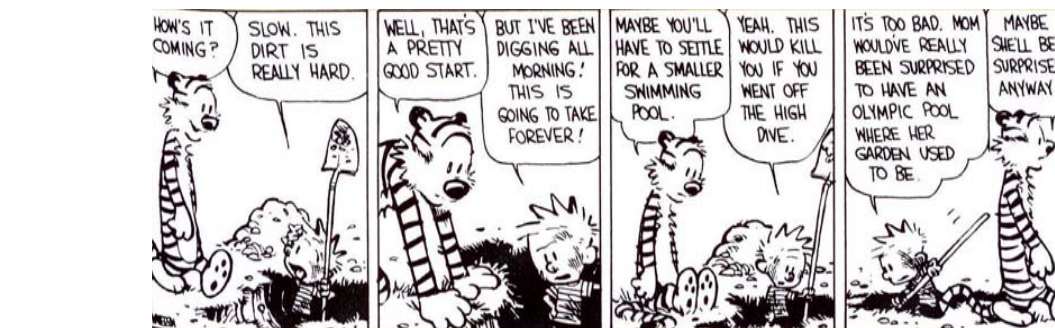
that should inspire and motivate us. Life is short and how you respond to it matters.

Our response to life is one that can only come from within ourselves. The quote "Art is a not a mirror to reflect reality, but a hammer to shape it," is a statement that in my experience has become reality. Different styles of art and the different techniques that are used. are all manipulated through the artist in an effort to place an emphasis on something. To me, the more intriguing pieces are ones that emphasize in an image or object something that remains unnoticed in its original form. Something as simple as a landscape that uses bold coloring in certain areas in contrast to neutral tones in others to highlight the artist's fixation, or a wire sculpture that represents form but only reveals the basic shapes, leaving it open to interpretation. In psychological terms, this change of opinion is called the framing effect, a cognitive bias that causes perceptions to change in response to the way they are presented. A lot of my recent works have been paintings in which I have focused on the relationship between light and glass and the distortion of color as light passes through glass. To most people who look at my work it is a conglomeration of pretty colors, but to me it highlights something people never see. Glass. in most people's thoughts, is clear. But in reality, depending on what surrounds the glass, because it is transparent, most glass and its reflections contain just about every color in the rainbow. Life is short and how you frame matters!

In the words of Hebrews 6:1, come on, let's leave the preschool finger-painting exercises on Christ and get on with the grand work of **art**. Grow up in Christ. Notice life's beauty, notice life's choices, make the right decisions for yourself, bask in the creation of God, and frame life in a way that makes it wonderful for you! Life is short, what are you going to do to make it matter?

Anna Rogers

Laughter is Good for the Soul



In Loving Memory of Lucy Celia Cottrell

Many times at funerals, you'll hear someone mention the impact that the deceased had on other people. And that is certainly true in Celia's case.

But, don't ever lose sight of how much each of you meant to Celia over the years. She was blessed by your love, and would be the first one to tell you how excited she would be to see you here today.

Celia was the first child born in Granville Hospital in 1944, a fact that she bragged about at least once a year. Her three sibling brothers were up to 20 years her senior. Her status as the youngest child and only daughter immediately earned her a special place in her family.

In early childhood, Celia was diagnosed with cerebral palsy. She took treatments in Baltimore and at Duke, and spent several years at Children's Hospital in Durham.

Celia attended the Credle Elementary School in Oxford, where her favorite teacher was Ms. Mary Belle Knot. As a child, she learned to both type and crochet, had a black dog named Smut, and began her lifelong love of red lipstick.

In her early teens, Celia completed her schooling and spent the next three decades on the family farm on Route 5, Oxford, living with her mother.

Many of us never knew of a time when we didn't associate Celia with being a part of life on the Cottrell farm. She was always at the kitchen table when you walked in, would spend the afternoon watching soap operas with you, and was right there every night when her mother closed the day with the Lord's Prayer.

In fact, you probably don't know one other individual who has experienced such a magnificent blessing as spending most of their life in the daily presence of their mother. There is no doubt that God worked through Grandma Lucy to ease Celia's difficulties as she grew older.

In 1987, Celia became a member of the Oxford Group Home, where she lived for the rest of her life.

For over two decades, Celia grew in independence and responsibility, developing exemplary personal and social skills. She became a working member of the community, and exhibited ever increasing self-confidence and pride in her accomplishments.

Now, you'll notice that the floral arrangements at the head and foot of the casket are identical, and that they both bear a ribbon indicating they are from "family." One represents the four generations of Celia's natural family that are here today, from Wallace & Becky down to the youngest Cottrell infant.

The other represents Celia's second family at the group home. Their love, companionship, and guidance provided wholeness to Celia's adult life. Today, we recognize all that her caregivers and housemates meant to her over the years, as they serve as Honorary Pallbearers.

If it is true that family shapes an individual, very few of us will have the good fortune to have two such wonderful families in our lives.

When I reflect on Celia's life, many characteristics could be mentioned. For example, she loved travel. She enjoyed trips as local as a visit to see her mother in the nursing home, and as distant as group home trips to the beach. If a car was headed out somewhere, Celia wanted to be in it.

She was a pocket-book collector, and the bigger they were, the better. And she could keep McDonald's busy serving her fish sandwiches and sweet tea...what a Southern lady's palate she had!

Celia also had a wickedly sly sense of humor. She could slide a loving dig into a conversation when you least expected it, and her laugh was unmistakable.

But upon deeper reflection, what strikes me the most about Celia was her independence. She was the most independent person I ever knew, and absolutely did not need anyone else's help to lead a satisfying life.

Now, I know that sounds odd. We all know that Celia had a lot of physical difficulties as a result of her ever-worsening CP. She needed plenty of help in everyday tasks as simple as mobility and communication.

What I am talking about is an independence of the spirit, not the body. Think about it for a second:

- Do you ever recall Celia letting her worldly limitations limit her attitude?
- Did you ever hear her whine in self-pity, or rail out in self-anger?
- Did you ever fail to get a smile from her regardless of how difficult her day may have been?

No, what you always got from Celia was a life lesson in true spiritual independence:

- She didn't let her mobility issues stop her from taking unescorted shopping trips to WalMart.
- She didn't let her manual difficulties stop her from going to her job, right up until 8 days before her death.
- She didn't let her limited schooling stop her from learning to balance her own checkbook.
- And she never let life's mortal setbacks keep her from waking up every day smiling, excited to spend another day loving others, and being loved in return

What Celia taught me through the way she lived her life was a simple but profound truth that we often forget: true spiritual independence and happiness in life should have nothing to do with physical ability.

Name me one athlete that you think was as happy as Celia...or one Rhodes Scholar...or one polished public speaker.

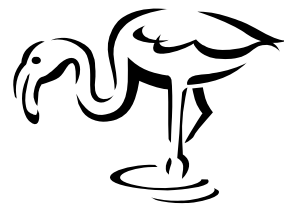
No, Celia may not have had their outward abilities, but she had discovered an inner faith & independence that should serve as a startling and critical lesson for us all: the spiritual soul should not be confined by or defined by the physical body.

She lived life on her terms, in harmony with a faith that made her physical limitations insignificant. Her soul overpowered her body, and her faith let her live a spiritually unlimited life. She was sure of her salvation, and at peace with herself.

You know, the Scriptures and the preachers tell us this time and again at times like this: the soul of the deceased is apart from the body.

Sometimes, just sometimes, it takes a person who lived life like Celia, to really teach us that lesson. And I, for one, am glad she was my teacher.

Bill Ingold



Passport Report

To be completely honest, I wasn't sure I was going to attend Passport this year. It wasn't the Passport I was used to and love. But as time went on, my negative attitude began to shift. I became more excited when I got the usual Passport information packet, which is my wake up call to start getting ready for it. I realized that it wasn't going to be much different than the times I had been in the past, the only difference was that I would get to choose between several different focus groups instead of being assigned to a mission site.

Some of the groups included:

- Tree Space
- Soul Food
- Curtain Call
- Missions

I will tell you a little bit about these groups so you can have an idea of what went on at Passport that week.

Tree space is about what it means to be green within your faith. Soul Food spends a lot of time teaching what hospitality has to do with Christianity. Curtain call explores new ways to express faith within ones self.

All of these groups looked pretty cool but I decided that I really wanted to do mission work, which is always an important part of Passport for me.

When we got there I was really glad that I had ended up going and couldn't wait to find out what choice group I would get. After our first day at Passport, I was ready to get down to business and start my choice group. In our first bible study meeting, I found out that not only did I get to choose to do missions, but I got to choose between missions with children and missions doing construction. In the past I had not gotten to work with children which is what I really wanted to do, so of course, mission children was my first choice. As it turned out I did get to be in that group.

My choice group was located at a community park called Creft Park. Because of the surrounding low income neighborhoods, the kids we were working with, of course, wanted to have but also really needed to have a safe place to be.

And let me tell you, there were many different kinds of fun. Some of this fun included painting our nails with marker, playing basketball or going down a slip and slide. I didn't know this but some kids enjoyed giving other people free tattoos with marker, of course. I even got one which covered my entire left arm in pink and the tattoo actually ended up looking like a really gross rash. Even though my arm got a lot of stares, I really felt like I had made a difference in some children's lives.

I talked to several of the kids there about things they enjoyed and, of course, I asked "What do you want to be when you grow up?" and I got a lot of very thought about and promising answers. Not only that but I was very happy to hear that the kids I talked to really enjoyed school and that of lot of them couldn't wait to start back.

By the end of the week I wasn't ready to say goodbye to the kids I had worked with. They were all so special in their own way and I know that they have really bright futures.

Passport this year was so great and I met so many amazing people in my Bible study and at my mission site, and, of course, I wasn't ready to leave. Going to Passport this year really gave me the opportunity to realize how many chances I am giving to grow closer to God. I have really put forth a lot of effort to live out the lessons I learned this year. From the sermons to the parties, I will always remember the things I learned and experienced at Passport this year. I am truly thankful for the opportunity to go this time and I hope to go next year.

Samantha Bridges

Water in The Name of Jesus

Water in the name of Jesus, this is the credo of *Watering for Malawi*, our current focus in the 3-Nickels Mission Strategy.

I'm here to share some information about this worthy investment of our mission dollars

More than 2.5 million people on this planet, whose surface is covered with this vital element, do not have access to clean water or safe sanitation.

Every 15 seconds someone's child dies as a result of drinking unsafe water; 3 to 5 million people will die this year because of poor sanitation.

Malawi is a democratic country in southern Africa with a population of about 13 million. Of that population about 1 million children are orphaned by HIV/AIDS which **afflicts** 14% of the general population.

Malawi has been affected by 4 major droughts in the recent decade; these droughts have put nearly 5 million people at risk. Only 2% of Malawi is arable irrigated land. Malawi is the former *Ny-as-a-land* where Scottish missionary and explorer David Livingston set up Christian missions in the mid-19th century. It was a British colony until 1965 when it became an independent republic.

Over the past decade Malawi's people have faced severe food shortages along with neighboring countries Zambia and Zimbabwe.

Watering Malawi started as a mission opportunity of Passport, which is an ecumenical group started by the Cooperative Baptist Fellowship for Christian's aged 3rd grade through college.

This initiative has put to use over \$150 million since it was started and focuses on specific projects related to clean water and irrigation in Malawi. This country has significant water resources underground and these projects give the Malawians access to this water. 56% of the area population does not have access to year around safe water.

These projects include:

- Digging of wells and instillation of treadle pumps to water gardens. *Watering Malawi* seeks to provide simple irrigation systems available to the villages of Malawi.
- They fund the digging of deep borehole wells to provide potable water, hand washing stations in schools, water catchment systems and solar powered pumps. Water run-off from the wells is used for additional irrigation.
- The clean water projects not only provide hand-washing stations for schools, but allow for better education opportunities for girls. With convenient access to clean water, school aged girls do not have to spend the majority of their days collecting and carrying water for their families. School attendance for these girls has increased an average of 1-week per month where systems are in place and sanitation is improved.
- Now *Watering Malawi* is starting a new initiative to provide schools with sanitary latrines.
- A mission called *Fish for People* provides villages resources to build and stock fish ponds and the training needed to raise crops of fish. Fish primarily from Lake Malawi is the traditional source of protein in the Malawian's diet. Over-fishing has depleted the waters of the Lake which is shared with Tanzania and Mozambique.

To give you a perspective on how the dollars we send are spent, I have some examples.

- The cost of a treadle pump to water a garden is about \$200.
- A deep borehole well, plus the training of a mother's club to manage the facility, costs around \$6,000.
- To put a latrine in a school costs about \$2,000.

In the name of Jesus, 3-nickels are filling barrels of water in Malawi. **In the name of Jesus**, we have already pledged \$5,000 to this and other 3-nickels missions.

David Hagaman

Holy the Hardee's

One of C. S. Lewis's colleagues, when he needed to do some serious studying or writing, would board a train and ride from London to Edinburgh and back. He left home for a while in order to return again refreshed. I have the same desire to get away. But I head to Hardee's.

Mostly I tabernacle among strangers at this fast-food Mecca, but now and then I see a member of my church. It turns out that three or four of them make this same trip a couple of times a month for breakfast. When we see each other, we keep our greetings brief—they know I am here to study—but occasionally, away from the more rarified air of the sanctuary or office, some genuine pastoral conversation occurs.

Now and then I hear and see more than I want to. Just the other morning I ran into Minnie, one of the more nettlesome seniors in our congregation. Minnie was unhappy with me again. I had failed to mention the hurricane victims in the previous Sunday's pastoral payer, and so she refused to acknowledge my entrance with so much as a nod. Fuming, I determined right then to make a Hardee's pastoral visit and unload my frustration with her carping and criticism. But when I sat down and started my devotions, the prayer book directed me to Psalm 4:4: "Be angry but sin not; commune with your own hearts on your bed and be silent. I hate it when that happens.

Augustine taught that friends are those who show us God. Just as surely, both our enemies and difficult acquaintances allow us the opportunity to become more godly, teach us a bit more of the depth of divine patience and compassion.

Later I did go to see Minnie, but instead of ranting I asked her, "Minnie, how can I get out of your doghouse?" Se still doesn't like me, but I did what I could.

If, as Merton says, solitude is where we learn how to love, then I will learn some lessons in Hardee's. Here I see and remember for whom and among whom the Word came to dwell, and learn again something of how I must love in turn.

Almost every Sunday night at the Baptist church where my father preached, we sang "Open My Eyes, That I May See." Many mornings at Hardee's that plea gets answered for me. On one particular morning, I was waiting inline to order coffee and saw that there was a new young woman working. She was small, quiet, purposeful as she moved from table to table, cleaning up after messy and thoughtless customers, most of whom never looked her way. She gathered the trash, wiped the spills and never made a sound. I thought to myself, imago dei.

Coffee in hand, I find a corner table out of the sun and unpack a few books, my bible, tablets, pens and pencils. I spread out, look around, bow my head and offer brief prayers for all of us in Hardee's. This is my cloister, and the breakfast regulars are my brothers and sisters. By the grace of their movement and conversation I am able to get quiet and focused. I open my Bible to the place I stopped yesterday and I begin my lectio.

"How can you study in a restaurant?" people ask me, which is another way of saying, "Why do you study in a restaurant?"

So I tell them about my tinnitus: the ringing, popping and shirring funnel effects that warp from one side of my head to the other. Tinnitus is to deafness as dark is to blindness; in extreme cases it can drive people crazy. Mine is severe until I remove my hearing aids—which I always do when I first sit down. Then the soft clapping of plastic trays, the rustle of customers, the muffled Muzak become a thick blanket that cloaks the noise, a shawl for my morning prayers. The shuffle makes me deaf to my deafness: it lets me "hear."

I also tell inquirers that I come to Hardee's to see the world—one little corner of it anyway. Hardee's is my version of the newspaper that Karl Barth recommended we hold in one hand while holding a Bible in the other. Here, at the intersection of Word and world, I set up shop and try to fashion a ministry. One day a noise broke through the muffled chatter. Bobbie, familiar to many of us locals as a vagrant, was upset about something—he sounded angry. He had come in for free food and a place to eat, some fast-food koinonia. He got the first but was denied the second. Ordered to leave, he begins shouting: "I'm a person, too! You can't treat me like this!" There was no response. Everyone else had already looked away before he offered yet another embarrassed apology. Then he lurched through the door and disappeared.

How had Bobbie ended up dirty, hungry and half-crazy? What had happened to him? Maybe he'd done something. People break in so many ways. It could have been me there at the counter; I have known what it is to be alone and frightened, begging for attention, acknowledgment and understanding. I beg for it still, God knows.

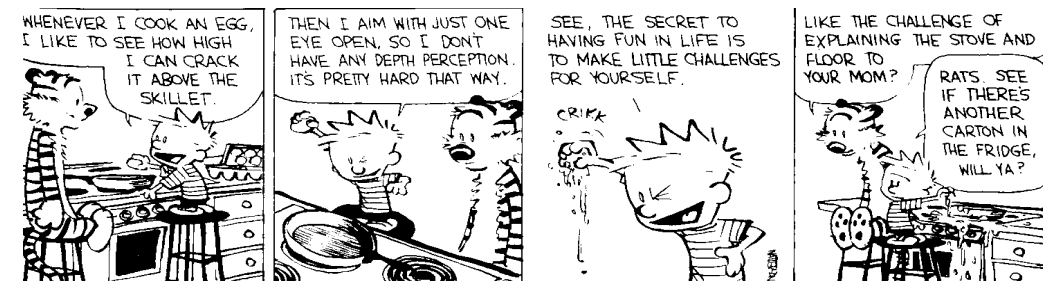
I go to Hardee's not for the biscuits and conversation, but to gather the living word that will be my manna, my daily bread. Morning after morning I strike the rock and pray that water will pour forth into the dry streambed of my life—yes, right here in Hardee's, I pray that God will give me something to say or, as with Minnie, the courage not to say anything. One way or another Hardee's is a stride in the race set before me or, as Lewis's friend might say, another trip to Edinburgh.

Thomas R. Steagald
Pastor of First UMC, Stanley, NC

Thank You

Dear Friends of College Park Church,
Thank you for being so wonderful. My broken arm is mending well, the cast removed and now the splint is only part-time. That's a big leap and a good one. The laser eye surgery went well, but no improvement in eye sight. Hopefully, the continuing injections in the eyeball will eventually kick in and restore at least a part of the sight. (I continue to have problems with imbalance and depth perception.) I still have a long way to go with the stroke, but I'm hanging there. Thank you so much for your prayers, concerns, good wishes, hugs, and the love you have shown me. Thank you also for the good food, visits, calls and cards. Bill and I really appreciate all you have done for us. You are the best!

Love
Betty Withers



Youth Missions Fundraiser

The Christmas season has a way of sneaking up on us! Despite the hints of its approach, we somehow manage to find ourselves trapped in the chaos of Christmas Eve crowds, shopping for those last minute items. This year our youth will help you get ahead of the game. As the first of this year's fundraising endeavors, the youth are selling Christmas trees, wreaths and garlands to raise funding for our yearly Summer mission trips. We are selling 6'-8' trees, 24" wreaths, and 75' garlands. The price of each item is listed on the order form below. Please note that the orders must be in by September 27th.

We hope that you will see this as an opportunity to make some progress on your Christmas "To-Do" list, and to invest in the youth program.



Tis the Season to Buy Trees From Club Jesús

Please Support the College Park Youth Group's Mission Trips by Purchasing Holiday Trees and Wreaths.

Please make your check to College Park Baptist Church.
Specify: Youth Fundraiser
All Trees and Wreaths are Fresh North Carolina Frasier Firs.

Help to support our local Tree Farmers and our Youth Group by purchasing one of these holiday decorations for yourself or a friend.

Trees: 6' - 7' • \$36.00 7' - 8' • \$46.00
Wreaths: 24" • \$16
White Pine Garland: 75' • \$30

All orders must be in by September 27th.

Name: _____ Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Tree(s): _____ (qty) Size: _____ Wreath(s): _____ (qty)
Garland: _____ Total: \$ _____

We will contact you when the trees arrive.
(No worries it will be closer to Christmas.)



Collage Going Green

If you would like to receive the monthly Collage electronically, please advise the church office at cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net to add your email address to our Collage email list. Every month you will be sent a link to the current month's Collage. You may also view the Collage on line at www.collegeparkchurch.com. **If you do nothing, you will continue to receive the Collage by mail.**

1601 Walker Avenue, Greensboro, North Carolina 27403-2318
Church Telephone: 336-273-1779; Fax: 273-9637
www.collegeparkchurch.com cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net
Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches - Cooperative Baptist Fellowship
August Peanut Butter Donations = 75 Pounds
Total Peanut Butter Donations for Year = 406 pounds
Total Other Food Donations for Year = 503 Pounds

Collage Going Green

Every Member a Minister
Lin Bunce, Minister of Music & Worship
Phyllis Calvert, Handbell Director
Cindy Dillon, Pastor
Rydell Harrison, Deacon Chair
Kathy Kirstner, Associate Minister
Georgia Murray, Office & Media Manager
Helen Morehead, Sexton
Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
Michael S. Usey, Treasurer
Sally White, Minister of Small Groups
www.collegeparkchurch.com cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net
Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical

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Our Communion bread is graciously donated
by Great Harvest in Friendly Center.

College Park
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1601 Walker Avenue
Greensboro, NC 27403

Return Service Requested

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August Happenings

- 1 Work Day—Peck Elementary School
8—12 Noon
- 2 Book Discussion: Horton Hears a Who!
Movie Discussion: Enemy Mine
Youth Movie Matinee—TBA
- 3-7 Summer Music Camp —9-12:30 PM
- 6 Grasshopper Game—7 PM
- 9 Book Discussion: Green Eggs & Ham
Movie Discussion: The Wrestler
Youth Pool/Pizza Party, 4-8 PM,
Hamilton Lakes
- 16 Book Discussion: The Sneetches
- 21 Youth Mission Day at UNCG, 8—3:30 PM
Lunch at YumYums
- 23 Book Discussion: On Beyond Zebra!
End-of-Summer Party, Rioja Wine Bar
- 26 Wednesday Night Activities Begin
- 30 Cindy Dillon Preaches
Youth Back to School Kick-Off Party

