

# Blair Ramsey, 12-Year-Old, Setting Pace for Runners of All Ages

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Blair Ramsey ran her first 5 K five Octobers ago, at the Women’s Only race in Greensboro.

We ran a little then we jogged and walked, she says. Her mother, Terri, ran and jogged and walked with her 7-year-old, and they finished in 36 minutes, 18 seconds.

Blair Ramsey, now 12, has not missed a women’s Only since then. But now, there’s no more jogging, no more walking.

Instead of running a little, she’s running hard. Eyes forward. Hammer down. A full-fledged assault on any course and any field from a 5 foot 4, hundred pound seventh grader at Guilford Middle School.

Ramsey won Saturday’s 3.1 mile Women’s Only in 19 minutes, 48 seconds, her second road race victory of 2010. Ramsey has emerged as one of the best runners in the area, consistently turning in 5K times in area races that would make her competitive with the top high school girls—and quite a few boys—in Guilford County.

Ramsey has smashed Greensboro Pacesetters age group records, says her coach, Charlie Brown. Ramsey ran the 3,000 meters in track season in 11 minutes, 11.69 seconds, crushing by 23 seconds the mark of former Ragsdale star and Morehead-Cain scholar Laura Brentnell. Tess Wynn, a freshman on NC State’s nationally ranked cross country team and a four-time Grimsley, turned in an 11:40 at age 14, Brown said.

So Ramsey, who swims and dances and plays piano, is in impressive company.

“She is probably the fastest young person in Guilford County at that age,” Brown said, referring to where Ramsey fits in comparison with athletes he has seen since he began coaching in 1974.

But her success isn’t inflating her ego, says her father, David. Asked by two friends after Saturday’s race how she did, Blair simply said, “OK.”

We caught up with Ramsey recently, asking her questions by phone and by email. You can read the full interview at the Running Shorts blog ([news-record.com/blog/running\\_shorts](http://news-record.com/blog/running_shorts)).

## What were your expectations for the Women’s Only? Did you think you could win the race?

“I just wanted to run my best time on that course. My goal was to beat my time from last year (23.20), and I would be glad if I did. I didn’t really think about winning, or how I would place, but would be happy if I did well.”

## At what points were you challenged by other runners, the course or other factors?

“As soon as the race started, it was me and (runner-up Cindy Barbour) in front. I don’t really look behind me when I run, so I wasn’t sure when I separated from her. The course was very hilly, though. The finish was on a hill, which was pretty challenging, but it seems like most races I run end like that.”

## Since you’re of school age, and wanting to retain your amateur status, what happened to the first-place prize?

“That was a little problem. It was a \$500 gift certificate to Omega Sports. So, when I got home, I called my track coach (Brown), and he told me I should turn it back in. He told us what to do, and my mom brought it back to the race director. We told her I could not take it and (to) donate it to women in need of it if she could.”

## You’ve posted times that many high school-aged girls—and boys—would be proud of. When did running become an interest for you?

“When I was a baby, and toddler, my mom would push me in her jogger stroller. When I outgrew that, I would still want to go with her. I started to run/jog/walk when I was 7. I would go out with my mom, and we would run a lamp post, walk one, until I felt like running again. Running with her is probably what got me started.”

## Bigger deal: Winning a race or getting your driver’s license?

“I would have to say running my personal best would top both of those. I care more about beating my time, than winning. My driver’s license is important, though.”

## What do your best friends think of your interest in running and your accomplishments?

“They think it’s pretty cool, but we mostly talk about other things.”

## When you’re not running, what sorts of things do you like to do?

“I like to dance, swim, play with my dog and my friends, play the piano, listen to music, jump on the trampoline.”

## What’s on your iPod?

Some songs from Broadway like the musicals ‘Wicked’ and ‘The Lion King.’ Some ‘70s and ‘80s, some upbeat dance songs. A big variety of songs.

## What’s been the hardest thing you’ve had to learn about running?

“That when you are tired, you have to find that extra boost of energy and keep going. That is pretty hard to do in a long run, or in the middle of a hard workout. My coach told me once that he cares more in practice how we run when we are tired than how we run when we have all of our energy. I think that is pretty true.”

## What do you think the boys are thinking when you pass them? Or—I’m sorry—are you always in front of them?

“I don’t know. They are usually pretty nice after the racer and tell me, ‘Good job.’”

Interviewed by Eddie Wooten, News & Record

# 2011 Contribution Envelopes

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New envelopes for the 2011 year will be distributed in December. If anyone wishes to receive a boxed set that has an envelope for every week in 2010, including special offerings, please contact the church office, 273-1779. These boxed sets are numbered and each contributor must have a number assigned before contributions can be entered into church records. The new envelopes will be available for pick up at the Christmas banquet and subsequent church services from the table in the parking lot entrance vestibule.

# Christmas Banquet

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Our annual Christmas Banquet will be Wednesday, December 22 at 5:00 p.m. This catered meal will cost \$7 per person and a maximum of \$20 per family. Children under 5 eat free! The evening should be a festive one full of singing, laughter, and good food. Please make a reservation by calling the church office (273-1779) by Sunday, December 19th.

# Table for 7 WINTER Sign-Up

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Table for 7 is a small-group dining experience that helps you get to know other College Park adults (members and visitors). When you sign up, you (or you and your significant other) get assigned to a group with 5 or 6 other people. Members of the group pick a place and time to meet (usually for a meal) at least once during that quarter. Sign up now through December 26 to participate in the WINTER groups (which will meet between January 1 and March 31). Sign-up sheet is on Cindy's office door. Even if you participated in the fall groups, YOU MUST SIGN UP AGAIN FOR WINTER GROUPS. Questions? Email [cindydillon6@gmail.com](mailto:cindydillon6@gmail.com).

# Prayer for the World

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Each generation believes their lives are increasingly more stressful and challenging. Their predecessors lives were simple - people knew their place, children were well-behaved, Halloween and Easter were not major commercial events and college football did not leave us broke and depressed or feeling artificially superior.

And yet each generation seemingly quickens the pace to place life at our finger-tips. Ironically leaving less time to listen, less time to savor, less time to get to know someone, less pursuit of quality, less knowing of ourselves and family.

Blest be the tie that binds us to you and to one another lest we float away on the wind of self-righteousness.

But no matter how complicated our world, we can simplify out existence by asking one question. What is your calling for us...for me?

Maybe these can be a few reminder for us:

Love each other - the way you love us.

Take care of each other.

Don't get all bent out of shape when we are inconvenienced by each other.

Pay attention to those who come and go from our lives for there may be a message from you in there somewhere.

Refrain from thinking we are always right.

Be aware.

Observe and take action.

Be open to being loved.

Make sure lots of people know where we live and that they have great memories of visiting us there.

Live with integrity.

Create and be proud.

We ask that you continue to mold us and call us out to be your messengers and to be a place of worship for all who pass this way. Amen.

Anna Marie Rogers

Hey! What’s for dinner? CPC Wednesday Night Fellowship
<b>December 8</b> Meatloaf Baked Potatoes/Salad Cranberry Cake
<b>December 15</b> Sausage, Rice, & Beans Salad, Rolls White Chocolate Pecan Pie
<b>December 22</b> Christmas Dinner
<b>December 29</b> Christmas Break

# Grandma’s Touch: Robbie Anna Sutherland Payne

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As I sat atop a phone book at the dining room table in Abbeville, South Carolina refusing to eat the food that sat on my plate, I turned my head to snap at my jabbering sister only to glance back at my plate and notice that something was missing. I immediately whipped my head towards my Pawpaw who thought that he could sneakily take food from me. In that instant not only did I know he had taken my roll but I had fulfilled my nick-name at the time: Pudge-mo through my greediness. He snickered and flashed an innocent smile, missing a tooth, denying having anything to do with the missing food as I sat now feeling famished for the previously unwanted meal. As he fully enjoyed the screaming accusations from my sister and I, my Grandma proceeded to grumble; “Tommy, they know you took it” as she poked me under the table pointing to the roll in his hands. That small nudge from Grandma in his direction was a subtlety that showed her playfulness in a way that she did not display so explicitly as my grandfather.

“Shh Robbie” he would say knowing he was outsmarted. Defeated he returned the roll which I proceeded to shove into my mouth all at once. Mission accomplished. I had been touched through the small counter attack that was manifest in the slight poke of an elbow. Through the mischief I was tagged with playful competition.

This was not unlike the mysterious phone calls that would come to our house. They went something like this:

“Hello this is the Rogers’ residence, how may we help you” (as prompted by mom and dad). “Eh em, this is uhhh Tim from the uhhh uhh post office,” followed by an unmistakable chuckle. “Tommy quit messing around,” surfaced from a low voice in the background that was equally as recognizable.

“Uhhh I heard there were two beautiful young ladies that lived there, can I speak with one of them please?” Again the deep voice emerged as if we couldn’t already guess who it was. “Pawpaw!! We know it’s you!” Loud cackles resonate through the phone. “How did you know?”

We always, always knew. As the phone was passed around we were able to listen to the same story multiple times and answer the same questions predominantly addressing age or grade. We acted like it was a chore, but even while simply performing the mandatory roles of being granddaughters we enjoyed every minute of it. The sound of Pawpaw’s voice would pound through the phone line as he told you how much he missed you and planned future visits, while the whisper of Grandma’s could hardly be heard as she anxiously asked questions waiting to hear how you were doing. She always went last but her deep soothing tone was such a calming relief. We were serenaded through her inquisition and her genuine care.

Robbie was easily hidden and overpowered by people with more dominant personalities. The man she chose to share her life with was one of these dominant people, but like always, her soft whisper would slide past the clout of others. Whether her comments were snide to offer comic relief, sarcastic to pick fun, snippy to show frustration, spirited to draw a smile, or warm to offer her love, they would sneak into your ears and tickle your heart unseen by anyone else.

As years passed this pattern continued. Through both of their illnesses. Pawpaw’s humor and laughter began to fade into a side of him that had never been revealed to the grandchildren. He is cursed with an unstable mind and is incapable of controlling his emotions, most commonly his rage and aggression. His body, one that remains years healthier and younger than his age, is accompanied by a brain that forces him to use his strength in uncontrollable anger. Grandma was the reverse. She

was gifted with a spirit that touched anyone who spoke to her. Her desires and emotions were her own, but her body failed her. She became frustrated with her inability to remember names, see faces, articulate feelings, walk, cook, and provide. Her mind and her spirit could function but they did not sync with her was gifted with a spirit that touched anyone who spoke to her. Her desires and emotions were her own, but her body failed her. She became frustrated with her inability to remember names, weakening body. But like her soft words she would show her love through tears and the grab of your hand. She could still embrace you.

Some people are born with a vibrancy that cannot be ignored by anyone. Some people are born with physical health that is hard to match. Some people are born with peacefulness and submissiveness that makes everyone feel at home in their presence; peacefulness that is only diminished if constantly provoked, and never openly elapsed. Grandma was this kind of peaceful; humble and kind, sometimes stubborn, and sometimes overly passive, but always generous and loving. She supported you no matter how you treated her and she gave of herself even when others were greedy. She could touch you in every language, in every state, and from behind even the most demanding people.

I believe in the power of touch. Her touch. Touch wields the ability to influence emotions and relationships in a way that explicit words and behavior cannot. Touch is something more than a pat on the back, a kiss on the cheek, a hug, a rub, a shout or praise. Touch is something that occurs when any part of you is tickled with humor, punched with anger, caressed with adoration, embraced with sympathy, tagged with joy, held with care, seized with desire, or marked in love. Touch is something that inexplicably changes your outlook and alters your opinions. Touch cannot be avoided and sometimes slips in unnoticed or unwanted. But it will come and it comes most impressively from those you wouldn’t expect; those that are hidden.

Anna Marie Rogers

## Chapel Update

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It has always impressed me how visionary the folks were who built our sanctuary – they looked to the future by building it with the dream of purchasing a pipe organ. About a decade ago, we fulfilled that dream and have reaped the benefits in our worship since. They were forward thinking – visionaries.

It is time for us in 2010 to think about the future of our chapel. At our November meeting, the Diaconate received and discussed the report from the chapel committee. This committee spent many months and much time compiling this information for us to digest. The deacons received the report and have sent it to the finance committee for them to look at ways we may be able to finance some or all of these renovations. No changes have been approved, as the church must vote on any changes to the buildings.

Change of any kind can be stressful and exciting at the same time. It is time for the congregation to discuss making some changes with the chapel. Beginning early in 2011, we will have congregational discussions about this report and our options. The deacons ask you to do the following:

- Read the report (copies found in the entrance foyer)
- Come to and participate in the discussion with an open heart and mind
- Pray for guidance for our church

Kathy Kirstner, Chair, Deacons

## Thank You

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Dear Dr. Usey:

In the busy life of our church work, sometimes we don’t always pause to say “Thank You” to those who are faithful and loyal.

So, I’d like to convey out thanks to you for your churches recent contribution of \$500 to our American Baptist Mission Basics program. Such devotion is greatly appreciated by everyone.

It is my prayer that as you are sharing that which you have been entrusted, you will find the joy which come only to hi who knows the true meaning of Christian Stewardship.

Very truly your,  
Dr. W. L. Parrish, II, Executive Minister  
American Baptist Churches of the South

Dear College Park Friends:

Thank you for your many prayers. The surgery went well except for a few complications, but I’m home and in to therapy full time. I have, and still am, enjoying the many Get Well cards received. Your thoughts and good wishes, along with your prayers have pulled me through this trying time. Also, thank you so much for your visits, calls, all the good food, food gift cards, books, notes and the beautiful flowers.

Thank you so very much and I Love you all. God Bless.

Love,  
Betty Withers

Dear College Park,

My mother passed away on October 13th in Greensboro. She was transported to her hometown of Abbeville, SC for the funeral on October 16th.

When we returned home that Sunday evening, we found gifts of food and flowers and, over the next few days, accumulated a large pile of cards that shared your love and sympathy.

It is quite an amazing experience to be on the receiving side of such love, concern and understanding. My mother is proud that I am a part of such a fine Christian community and that it happens to also be Baptist! She loved visiting at College Park and I believe it gave her great comfort that you supported our family for many years and raised our children.

For a glimpse into her life, this is a link to a blog posting that Anna wrote after her grandmother and also read at her funeral. <http://annaprogers.blogspot.com/>

With great love for you all,  
Anna Marie, Steve, Sarah and Anna Rogers

College Park,

Thank you so much for hosting a baby shower for us! We felt very supported and loved by this community. We are so excited to introduce our daughter to all of you. We look forward to raising her in this church and for all of you to be part of her life.

Thanks again,  
Jared & Beth Webb



# Return to Dauphin/Sand Island Damage & Disappointment on the Gulf Coast

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For me, growing up in Alabama, the waters of the Gulf always held a certain charm. My family vacationed regularly on Dauphin Island, Alabama’s large barrier island not too far from the Mississippi state line. Once part of “New France,” the island was named after the heir apparent (“dauphin”) to the Sun King, Louis XIV. Despite its regal beginnings, we know perfectly well that this was not Malibu; it wasn’t even the upscale white-sand beaches of the Florida panhandle. This was beach-going in Alabama and that meant a certain grit: rundown motels with their blue-collar, fishing clientele; a waterscape packed with remnants of piers ruined by hurricanes; sticky, salty delicious air; water always a bit cloudy from the tangle of brackish rivers that pour into Mobile Bay from the Mobile-Tensaw Delta; shrimpers with their sun-baked skin, Miller Lite, and cigarettes; brown pelicans preying on unsuspecting mullet; and afternoon downpours announced well in advance by dark clouds galloping across the horizon.

Then there was small Sand Island, a barrier island to a barrier island. Called “Pelican Island” on older maps, it rose enigmatically from the Gulf, a lonesome patch of windswept sand. You could get there only by boat, and once you had arrived, there wasn’t much to do but size up the mystery of being itself. Horseshoe crabs, unchanged for eons, occasionally washed ashore. Seagulls, nesting amid sea oats, would squawk and dive if you got too close. In the shallow waters, you might see a whole school of stingrays—phantom-like platoons scurrying underwater. With luck, you might spot a dolphin just offshore. My family treated them like unicorns, rare and magical. “Look, there’s one over there, right out in front of you.”

Like many others, I was captivated by the tragedy of the oil spill this summer. On the PBS *NewsHour* web site, one could view six screens simultaneously showing oil gushing into the water, a wound in the very floor of the world. The underwater lighting and the pipes of the collapsed rig combined with the geyser to create an image both eerie and mesmerizing. Click the mouse and it went away; click it again and there it was, unchanged and irredeemable. I now live in New England, far away from Alabama and the Gulf Coast, but my sadness is not tempered by distance, especially when I consider the thousands of people—shrimpers, fishermen, oystermen, restaurateurs—for whom this has been an immediate, livelihood-threatening tragedy.

In August I had the opportunity to travel back to the Gulf Coast. Sand Island has been transformed into a peninsula by recent hurricanes, but people persist in calling it an island. (Land changes faster than language.) Although the oil leak is now capped, the mood on the Gulf remains tense and uncertain. The tourism industry has been devastated; a local real estate broker informed me that the island lost 90 percent of its summer rental business. My kids had the run of a condominium complex where we stayed. Driving around the island, you often felt as if you were in a ghost town. Some residents blame BP; some, the government. Others complain about the “media hype” over a horrible but manageable spill.

In the Christ-haunted South, disasters can result in calls to repentance and revivalism. You see a lot of church signs reminding the faithful of one Old Testament verse in particular, 2 Chronicles 2:14: “If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.” Some churches contrast Jesus’ sturdiness with human shoddiness. As one Baptist church’s marquee puts it: “Man used WD-40 and duck tape. Jesus used nails.”

Anyone following the news knows that shoddiness has not been in short supply. There’s the shoddiness that led to the spill of course, and then there’s the shoddiness of the cleanup. Determining exactly how much oil and dispersant remains in the water and what to do about it now is an imprecise science, to say the least. The long-term ecological and economic consequences of the spill will weigh on the region for years maybe decades.

Like anyone from the Gulf Coast, I want justice to be done I want people to be fairly compensated, and nature restored. I appreciate the political dimensions of the event—how it can and should change some of our policies with respect to energy and the environment. But even as we aim at justice and reform, we should take some time just to gaze, unflinchingly, on the naked cruelty of the calamity, and allow it to purify our affections. Delight in creation meets hard limits in our finitude and ignorance. Sometimes what delights us comes to a sudden and irremediable end, and there’s nothing to replace it.

After the death of a childhood friend, St. Augustine was reminded of that fact. In book four of the *Confession*, he famously recorded his world-weariness and restlessness.

Not in pleasant groves, nor in sport or song, nor in fragrant bowers, nor in magnificent banquetings, nor in the pleasures of the bed or the couch; not even in books or poetry did [my soul] find rest. All things looked gloomy, even the very light itself. Thus I remained to myself an unhappy lodging where I could neither stay nor leave. For where could my heart fly from my heart!

It’s important to remember that the oil spill, unlike the last calamity to befall the Gulf Coast, wasn’t a natural disaster. It was man-made, like the Ixtoc oil spill in Mexico in 1979, Three Mile Island in the same year, and the Chernobyl disaster of 1986. As Reinhold Niebuhr reminded us, often our best, most advanced ideas and achievements incubate ironic and tragic consequences beyond our powers of anticipation. The Gulf oil spill should curb our confidence in technology and strengthen our commitment in prudent regulations, but it should also remind Christians of what medievals called the deep sadness of the world (*tristitia saeculi*). We will never be able to discern in advance all that we might later regret. “Who can unravel such a twisted and tangled knottiness?” Augustine wrote, “But I do long for thee, O Righteousness and Innocence, so beautiful and comely to all virtuous eyes—I long for thee with an insatiable satiety.”

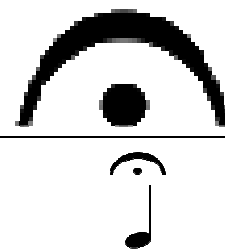
I thought about that passage from the *Confessions* as I walked around Sand Island one morning during my recent trip. As I neared the remotest tip of the island, a downpour came. Rounding a bend, I discovered more than a hundred pelicans huddles together in the rain. My presence created a stir, sending them aloft into the wet, gray air. We long for our Creator, who cannot fail us, but we also ache for this sometimes disappointing, disappointed world.

Tomas Albert Howard  
Published in the *Commonweal*, 10/8/2010  
Nephew of Patsy Kendall

## Postcard from Whoville: Time for a Fermata

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What’s a fermata? If you’re not a musician, you may not be familiar with this word. A fermata (also known as a hold or a birdseye) is a symbol or musical notation indicating that a music note should be held or sustained. In a musical score, a fermata with a music note might look like this:



Why this mini music lesson? Because I’m getting ready to use a fermata with my life at College Park. I plan to put my responsibilities as College Park’s part-time minister of small groups on hold from January 1, 2011, through June 30, 2011.

Coming to this decision has not been easy. I love the group of people that is College Park, I am blessed to be allowed to serve this congregation, and I feel especially privileged to work with College Park’s ministerial staff. Michael, Lin, and Rydell are three of the most creative ministers I’ve ever known, and wonderfully, refreshingly true to their beliefs and authentic in their spiritual practice. Michael especially challenges me to push myself and to think theologically, plus he has made me aware of some of the subtle aspects of ministry. I also count on him to give me honest, constructive feedback,

and correction when warranted. Most important, I know Michael wants me to be successful, and he has championed my finding a balance between personal life and church life—in fact, it was he who originally suggested I take this time off.

Lin is my role model for what it means to love God by loving others. Her love for College Park members, especially our youth and children, is magnetic, and I love to watch her interact with our folks. Lin is also not afraid to speak up in staff meetings and share her personal and theological viewpoint. Although she is the youngest of the staff, she has a maturity beyond her years, and I’m always watching what she does to learn from her example.

As for Rydell, I am in awe of his many talents—music, worship planning, speaking, and more. His creativity is endless, and I hope working with him will allow some of it to rub off on me!

Michael, Lin, and Rydell have freely given me encouragement and feedback as I explore my call to ministry, and they’ve accepted me as a colleague although I lack graduate school training. When someone asked me recently if I’m still thinking about going to divinity school, I responded that I am in school. In almost every staff interaction, worship experience, and church activity, I learn something about God, myself, local church ministry, leadership, and teamwork. As I said before, it’s such a privilege to be on College Park’s staff.

And yet, over the past 10 years (since my deacon ordination in 2000) I have willingly put many aspects of my personal life on hold as I served College Park in different capacities (deacon, diaconate chairperson, Sunday School teacher, Meet and Greet team leader, Missions Committee chairperson, and finally as part-time staff). The cumulative effect has led to neglected home maintenance plus a mental, physical, and spiritual weariness from staying on the go. My hope is that a six-month respite will be plenty of time to deal with some necessary tasks and recharge myself.

While I look forward to my upcoming time away, I will eagerly anticipate June 30, 2011, when my “fermata” will end. I have already heard that some church members are concerned I will not return. Rest assured that my not returning is not an option. Within the church is where I feel most alive—my “most me,” as I said in my first sermon—and leaving College Park would feel like losing part of myself. To minimize the impact my absence will have on Michael’s and Lin’s workload, I know some of you will have to step in my shoes and help out. Thank you in advance for noticing what needs to be done and your willingness to assist. I hope you’ll also continue praying for our church staff as well as for me during my time away. I believe God has called College Park to play a vital role in our community and our world, and when I return on July 1 I look forward to rejoining our life together living out that call.

Cindy

## College Park Holiday Post Office

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If you have Christmas cards for church members, don’t fight the crowds at the post office. Simply place them in our own holiday post office located in the hall between the church office and the parlor. Then take the postage you saved and make a donation for missions during the Sunday offering. Write “missions” on your envelope or check memo line.

**Please don’t forget to check the slot marked with the initial of your last name to find cards someone has left for you!**



## 2010 Missions Christmas Tree to Benefit Peck Elementary Students

Each year at Advent, College Park's Missions Committee chooses a local family or group for our congregation to support through gifts of much-needed clothing or supplies. This year the recipients will again be Peck Elementary School students (and their families) selected by the school counselor. Gift items and details (such as sizes) are written on paper ornaments decorating the Missions Christmas tree in the fellowship hall. Anyone can participate—all you have to do is go to the fellowship hall, select an ornament from the tree, and purchase the gift written on the ornament. Then leave your gift, wrapped or unwrapped (if wrapped, attach a sticky note saying what's in the package) under the Christmas tree no later than Thursday, December 16. All gifts will be delivered to Peck on Friday the 17<sup>th</sup>. Questions? Contact Wendy Smithey ([wbsebay@yahoo.com](mailto:wbsebay@yahoo.com)) or Deanna Miller ([millerandholt@hotmail.com](mailto:millerandholt@hotmail.com)).

## 2010 Senior Servant Leadership Award

Senior Servant Leadership award is given annually on All Saints Sunday to a senior adult who has consistently strived to serve Christ in the church and community. This year's recipient is Betty Withers. Betty was raised in Wilkes county and was one of 13 children. She moved to Greensboro after high school. While working at the A&P on Commerce Place, she met Bill Withers. They were at College Park on June 10, 1950 – that's 60 years this past June. Together, she & Bill raised 3 children; have 7 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Betty has been active at CPB all these years among her many activities:

- i) Led Acteens
- ii) Sang alto in the choir
- iii) Taught Sunday School
- iv) Many years delivered Christmas fruit baskets to the homebound
- v) Visits the homebound and members in nursing homes
- vi) Committees
  - (a) Finance,
  - (b) Nominating,
  - (c) Pastor/church elations,
  - (d) Personnel – Was on the personnel committee that wrote the 1<sup>st</sup> personnel manual for College Park.
- vii) Three – 3 year terms as a Deacon – that is a total of 9 years as a deacon.
- viii) Worked with Bill doing things like pressure washing the front steps or working on the Norton street house.
- ix) We all know of her long-time commitment to and work with Senior wheels – medical transportation program – because we get those tickets to the spaghetti dinners.
- x) Great cook and outstanding gardener.

Betty was a full time working mother – at a time when that was not the norm. She worked for the clerk of superior court in Guilford County and for the administrative office of the courts for the state of NC. In 1991 after 30 years of service to the state, Governor Jim Martin awarded Betty the Order of the Long Leaf Pine.

She lives her Christian faith every day and I am proud to give her the Senior Servant Leadership award

Kathy Kirstner

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Greensboro, NC

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An American Baptist Church  
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Greensboro, NC 27403

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Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries  
Michael S. Usey, Pastor

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Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches - Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

November Peanut Butter Donations = 70 Pounds  
Total Peanut Butter Donations for Year = 540 Pounds  
Total Other Food Donations for Year = 106 Pounds

Grand Total for Year = 646 Pounds



## Word above words, among many, the One

### December

- |    |  |
|----|--|
| 12 | Advent III<br>Baby shower for Kari Baumann.<br>Outrageous Outreach, 3–5 pm     |
| 15 | Lovefeast, 6:15 pm   |
| 18 | Children's Christmas Party at the home of Mike & Rachel Kirkman, 5:30–7:00 pm. |
| 19 | Advent IV<br>Christmas Cantata<br>Youth Christmas Party                        |
| 21 | Blue Christmas Service, 6:15 pm  |
| 22 | Christmas Banquet—FH 5:00 pm   |
| 24 | Christmas Eve Service, 5:00 pm   |
| 26 | College Sunday   |

### January

- |       |  |
|-------|--|
| 3     | Mike & Kari Baumann's baby is due.       |
| 5     | Katie Hensley Senior Recital Performance |
| 12    | Business Meeting                         |
| 28-30 | Youth Ski Trip                           |

### February

- |    |  |
|----|--|
| 26 | Youth Missions Trip Flapjack Fundraiser at Applebee's on Battleground, 7–10 AM |
|----|--|