

Better to Wear Out Than to Rust: Gerry Fox Haymes Memoir

I have been pastor at College Park in Greensboro for 15 years, and for all that time, Gerry and Joe have visited about once a quarter at our church, sitting with their favorite (okay, only) daughter Peggy. 15 years, four times a year, about 60 times she's worshipped with us, Joe with his kind laugh-lined face and Gerry with her marvelous smile and her great love for singing. When she sang of course I noticed Gerry, because very few people sing with so much joy and abandon out in the congregation. Little did I know then that that was how she lived all her life, large and with gusto. However, you are well aware that they joined First Baptist here in Winston-Salem in 1949, 60 years ago, and have been faithful members ever since. Which means I have a limited experience of this remarkable woman compared to some of you, who have known her, cherished her, and loved her for so very long. But this is nothing new for us ministers: we often tell people things they already know, and we also preach to people who are better Christians than we are. (Perhaps that's why congregations hire us: for members to be able to say, well if God can use that guy, God can certainly use me.) But a little distance is necessary to appreciate fully a lovely painting. And I want to remind you briefly of the masterpiece that was in your midst for so long.

You know that Joe and Gerry were born in Lynchburg, Va.; she was older than him by eight hours, she on February 28, Joe on March 1. He loved to remind her that he had married an older woman—and every leap year gave him a whole extra day to do it.

They were in the primary department together, and Joe remembers sitting in rows as children, girls in one row, boys in the next. He remembers eighty-plus years ago sitting behind Gerry and looking at her golden curls. He wanted to reach out and run his finger through one of them, but that was a much different time, and he knew there would be payback for that.

Joe was wounded in the war, and Gerry wrote to him friendly, caring letters, no hint of romance, but kind words. Earlier when Gerry was at Lynchburg College, she was writing regularly to three or four guys at once. At this point, her mom gently reminded her that one day soon the war would be over and all of these guys would be returning. So Gerry got busy writing “dear John” letter. But the kindness with which she wrote Joe was different, and something she did her entire life. She would quickly write a caring note to someone hurting or healing or in need of a kind word from God. Gerry had an instinct for when someone needed a small quiet encouragement or word of grace. In a time of great need in Ross' family, she sent them a prayer that said in essence, God would either get you through this trouble or make you stronger. Ross and Beth said it was exactly the right thing at their lowest point.

Gerry got Joe to ask her to a banquet at their church, when he returned from the war. Joe says, it was as though they were honed in on each other, two people together in a crowd, a significant memory. So they dated, and Joe took her on some exciting dates, such as the one in which he picked her up in a Model A, took her to the farm, where she sat on the fence, while Joe dug a well while she watched him. Then he took her home; with this kind of dating penash, it's fortunate that Joe ever got married. (It was much better than the date on which the Model A caught on fire.) They were married in 1946, almost 63 years ago, at Franklin Baptist Church in Lynchburg. Since they dated, Joe has always called her Poochie, because of the sleeves of the dresses she made for herself back then; he thought it was funny the way she described them as “poochie.”

Joe was working other jobs after they got married, when he was accepted into the Pittsburgh Art Institute. She wanted him to go, and they spent a difficult year apart. Gerry joined him, working retail at Minski Brothers. She worked with a rough crowd, and after listening to their language she told them that she was from the South and men didn't talk like that to ladies. Which is another excellent part of Gerry, that she would speak the truth with kindness. Gerry was who she was with everyone. She was

transparent and genuine, rare qualities in an age when everyone talks about being real, but few actually are genuine. Gerry would tell you exactly what she thought, yet do it in a nice way.

So in 1949 when Mr. Carr called the art institute for a recommendation, the administration put forth Joe's name, and he was hired into a two-man ad firm with a part-time secretary. When Joe finally retired from Long, Haymes, and Carr, the agency had over 100 employees.

Here she grew her family, her faith, and her roots deep. Gerry absolutely loved being a mother. First Ross, then Doug, who apparently was suppose to be a girl, then Peggy. She always wanted to have the house where all the kids wanted to congregate. Ross had his band practice in their basement, playing beach music and R & B, shaking the house. She went to every basketball and football game, home and away that Doug played. And when Peggy did arrive Gerry loved the idea of having a girl that would play with dolls and do ballet. So when Gerry discovered Peggy had no use for dolls, but wanted to play football in the backyard with her brothers, Gerry quickly adjusted, and came to all of Peggy's softball games later on, often being the team Mom. She didn't need you to be a certain way for her to love you. And she—of all the family—may well have been most proud when Peggy became a minister, as though her own love for serving God by serving people had borne this fruit in her adult children. I can't begin to tell you all the marvelous gifts that Peggy brings to our congregation. She is teacher, friend, musician, preacher, prophet, and counselor: the whole package, and now I see what a chip she is from Gerry's block.

In fact, you didn't even have to be Gerry's own children. When they were living on Hawthorne, the family across the street had challenges—alcoholism ruled their lives and the two young children, John and Nancy, were after several crisis to be taken to a foster home. Just a few weeks before Christmas, with Doug and Ross both under five years old, and with Gerry 5 months pregnant with Peggy, Gerry took them those two children in to live with them. Although the family didn't have much money, Gerry got them a bike and a basketball for Christmas, and raised them in her home. To Gerry, it was not something you thought about; it was something you did: you saw a need and you did what you could to meet it. Gerry's family received lovely emails this week from both Nancy and John, now 50 years later. John wrote: *To my dying day, I will remember her as a second mom, watching out for us when we needed it the most. For the early part of our lives we Hawthorne road kids lived a rip-roaring time of play and adventure. From building stock car track to playing army in the magnificent sandbox your father built, we had a great time. Your mother was heaven sent ...and it was your father Joe who inspired me to be an artist.*

Gerry would adopt all the stray children from the neighborhood. Much later on, Gerry took an interest in two siblings James and April, since both parents worked. Those two kids called Joe and Gerry, Papa and Mema. They still pay for James, now a teenager, to fly out each summer and attend the Wake Forest Basketball Camp.

Bishop Richard Cumberland wrote in 1700, “It is better to wear out than it is to rust out,” Neil Young wrote the same into a song. And Gerry could have made that saying her motto. She certainly acted like she believed it.

Gerry was never late for anything. When the family went to the Nutcracker at Christmas time, they often beat the symphony there. It wasn't uncommon for her to be here when they unlocked the church. “Get ready, Joe, we got to go,” was a phrase she said more than once in her life.

Nor did Gerry ever think of herself as old. In her 70s she would say, “Well, I went to see the old people today,” and she would visit and sing with them. Gerry loved to sing; she has always been fond of the hymn “In The Garden,” because it was the first solo she sang in her church. In fact, the woman in ICU next to Gerry this past weekend was a woman Gerry had visited once a month for years. If we looked for them, there would be lots of stories like these.

And of course Gerry was determined. Peggy remembers that just 5 years ago, when Peggy couldn't get over to the house right away to help Gerry move a dresser down the basement steps, that Gerry tied the dresser to herself and bumped it down the steps, in order to paint it. One time Doug called, asking her how she was; “Oh, a little sore.” Why is that, Mom? “Well, I had two tons of stones delivered and I've been putting them out in the garden.” Even last year, when Peggy was recovering from being hit by a car on her bike, Gerry could be found over at her house at 7 am raking leaves, “before it gets hot.” Into her 80s she would work 4-5 hours at a stretch in her yard. “Even at that age,” Doug said, “she could work us into the ground.” She was always very happy to have her hands in the dirt.

And Gerry was especially happy to have her large extended family around her too, in a large family dinner that she had prepared. You could be sure that there was at least one dish special to every person. Broccoli with cheese for everyone, and one version without cheese for the cousin who didn't like it with. She knew what people liked, and she kept up with all the details, like birthdays, because she loved them dearly and wanted them to know it.

Mother Teresa once said, “Do small things with great love,” which is a very good summary of Gerry's life. She was a giver, not as good of a receiver, and she never thought she had done anything. Just a couple of years ago, when new neighbors moved into the neighborhood, Gerry met them and promised to bring them a cake at an appointed time. Gerry did not show up at the given time, but finally did show at her new neighbors' door with a beautiful cake. “I'm sorry I'm late,” Gerry said simply. It was sometime later that her new friends discovered the reason for uncharacteristic tardiness: she had been in an auto accident that day. But she didn't mention it, and was focused on bringing them a welcome to the neighborhood treat.

She didn't eat cake herself; she was diabetic, and had been since her mid-50s, and was so disciplined about her eating habits. She only had to ask herself if she would rather have that piece of cake or keep her sight and legs in her old age. She was determined to wear out rather than to rust.

The tumor that took her came on quickly. There was no sign of its reoccurrence in a scan on December 9th. But when she went into the hospital recently, it was so hard for her and Joe to be apart. As Joe told me on Wednesday, they had so long been one, they were no longer two people. When she finally was awake enough for Joe to be with his Poochie, they were like two teenagers in love. One of the nurses said, “I'm going to have to leave the room; I'm blushing so.” And when her time came, it was a good death for Gerry, not bed-ridden, not laid up for months or years, not for this woman of boundless energy and love.

There are hundreds of other stories of Gerry's faithfulness to God and people. These few stories are just the edges of a very large and beautiful painting. Gerry had this incredible energy and drive to help others. She was selfless in the same way Christ was selfless, doing nothing from selfishness but considering others as more important than her. Gerry wasn't perfect, but she knew the sweetest of life lay in giving her life to others, and all of us are the richer for her life, love, faith, and boundless energy. You've had this beautiful masterpiece in your midst for so long, you all have been surrounded by this lovely soul, and now there's a blank space on the wall in our hearts. We will miss her beauty.

Michael
6 February 2009



Front Lines

Roger is Michael's longtime friend and an excellent pastor and preacher. He's the senior pastor of First Baptist Church, Austin, Texas. Here's his latest column.

In more than 35 years of ministry, I have watched church attendance patterns change significantly. When I began in 1970, I worked at a church near Baylor University. Not all students had cars, which meant that even though it was still "the 60's," it was Baylor and many students showed up week after week. The non-student population was also very faithful and we could count on a nearly full sanctuary every week. All of the suburban churches I have served have had positive attendance patterns until somewhere in the late 80's. I have nothing to associate those dates with attendance, but there has clearly come a time when going to church every Sunday is less the norm than it once was. Indeed, in our day, national studies have shown that attending worship 2 out of every 5 Sundays is considered a very high attendance pattern. As I have talked about this with my clergy colleagues, they all relate the same anecdotal information, whether they serve a downtown congregation or a suburban congregation. . . attendance down.

Now, I could pontificate for a long time about why that is case, why churches that offer a more culturally relevant worship style seem to grow, why churches that focus as much on thinking as feeling find attendance to be more "spotty," why the institutional church in whatever form seems to miss many people under thirty, etc, etc. Perhaps that will be fare for future columns. But for now, I am still reminded of the Apostle Paul's admonition to us to "not forsake the assembling of yourselves for worship." Bottom line. . . it is very difficult for the church to truly be the authentic community we wish it to be if we are not here. It takes a true commitment, intentional behavior, planning, the decision sometimes to come home early, etc, etc. Am I suggesting that you should never miss, or that family trips or other events should always take a backseat to church? No, I'm not that pig-headed about it all. But I do think that it is increasingly easy to allow church attendance to not garner much credibility when faced with the possibility of doing something else. The less cultural pressure there is to "attend church" (and there is none in Austin), the more difficult it becomes to embrace the Christian practice of gathering to study and worship.

The concern I raise is nothing new. In June, 387 A.D., one thousand six hundred seventeen years ago, St. John Chrysostom wrote the following words: 'I am at a loss to know what words to employ today: seeing the assemblies less well attended, Old Testament readings scorned, New Testament readings bypassed, insults directed to the Lord's servants, I struggle with how to respond. I seek not to castigate, especially as I recognize that those who should hear the accusation are not present. Nevertheless, it is damaging to the quality of our faith when we gather here only once a week and they cannot manager to set aside their worldly concerns even on that day. If I offer a reproof, they at once channel attention toward pressing occupations and daily necessities. Yet I ask, 'What could be more urgent and pressing to you than God's affairs? Here in the church you can see that not even the front seats are taken, whereas the racetrack is filled to capacity. Work not bodily infirmity nor anything else seems to inhibit attendance there, whereas they cannot be here because of choking anxiety or emotional suffering or anger or stifling heat or cramped conditions. Yet, the racetrack is filled with physical inconveniences that matter not when entertainment and diversion are the priority. Yet, we shall still gather here in love, seeking honesty, forgiveness, and conversations with God. And as always, the Meal of Bread and Wine will always be set with enthusiasm.'

You can imagine my surprise at reading these words. . . I smiled inwardly and thought, "the more things change, the more they stay the same." The 'racetrack' would be replaced with. . . well, whatever draws our attention. I do understand John of Chrysostom's feelings. All clergy have felt these things. I also like his last

two lines. The faith will continue to be presented.

As you are reassessing the new year (are you still doing that?), think about the "assembling of yourselves together." Don't seek perfection. That is folly. Do seek to make a commitment, indeed, a serious commitment to be with your brothers and sisters in Christ as often as you can. Indeed, when we gather, Christ is here among us. Is there anything greater than that?

Roger Paynter

College Park's Web Site

Have you checked out the College Park website lately? A lot of folks are. The 120-page website now receives 3,000 visits each month.

On the site, you will find an introduction to the church, current happenings and lots of "archived" information like sermons, memoirs, photographs and newsletters and Bible studies.

More than 65% of the visitors to the website comes from Google and Yahoo searches. People from around the globe stumble upon the website through various search terms, ranging from "church in Greensboro" to "Tobit Bible study."

One of the most popular pages is a list of links to blogs of church members. If you have a blog or personal website to share, simply submit your web address to the email link at the top of that page. The site also includes Roland's fascinating blogs from his stays in Mongolia and Africa.

Surf over the website... and email any recommendations for changes or additions to Mark File at me@markfile.com.

Join Peck Elementary in being a Good Neighbor

Peck Elementary School is holding three events in February in honor of Naryah McMahon one of their students who is too sick to attend school. Naryah was diagnosed with Rhabdomyosarcoma (a rare childhood cancer). The school would like to help Naryah's mother pay her bills because she cannot work and has to stay home to care for Naryah. Naryah will receive books because every Peck student will read as a part of the "Read for Naryah" program. The school social worker, Ms. Flynn, will run a marathon relay race on February 15 to raise awareness of childhood cancer. On Friday, February 27, the entire student body of Peck Elementary will run/walk relays on the school's track to support Naryah's health. (Naryah's brother is one of our Backpack buddies.) If you would like to make a donation, please make check payable to Peck PTA and put "Naryah Fund" in the memo and mail to: Peck Elementary School, 1601 W. Florida Street, Greensboro, NC 27403.

Youth Ski Trip Beech Mountain, Feb 20—Feb 22

Youth will leave on for a weekend to Beech Mountain on February 20 at 5 pm and return on Sunday, February 22, around 1:30 pm. Costs are: \$93—skiing; \$100 snow-boarding. Sign-up outside the youth office. Please contact Michael or Adam & Sue-Ellen Team, youth sponsors.

College Park Church

Winter/Spring Study on:

Hebrew Women of the Bible

The time to study is:
Tuesday Nights, 6-7 PM
in the Church Parlor.

Dates and topics for the study are:

February 17	Rachel
February 24	Dinah
March 3	Tamar
March 10	Miriam
March 17	Rahab
March 24	Deborah & Jael
March 31	Samson's Mother
April 7	Hannah
April 14	Spring Break

(Questions are available on line at:
www.collegeparkchurch.com.)



Rozette Huckabee—2008 Senior Servant Leadership Award Recipient

Note: Rozette Huckabee was selected by the deacons for the 2008 Senior Servant Leadership Award. She was in the hospital on All Saints Day (the first Sunday in November), and was going to receive the award on February 8, 2009. She has since decided not to have a public presentation. These notes were prepared in honor of Rozette for the occasion by Janice Kirkman.

Rozette Huckabee will be 94 on February 11. She is a quiet, soft-spoken lady who hates to have attention drawn to her. She has been a steady presence at College Park (and Forest Avenue Baptist Church, the previous location of College Park) since she joined in 1950. Her sisters, Mildred Leonard, Louise Bullock, and Edna Young, joined the church a few months before Rozette.

Rozette married the love of her life, Allen, on December 23, 1939, in Wytheville, Virginia. As she tells it, their gift to each other was...each other! They were together until November 5, 1988, almost 49 years, when he died.

After trying other churches, Rozette (“Zette”, as her husband called her), Allen, and her brother-in-law, Henry Bullock, were all baptized at the same time at College Park.

Rozette, Allen, and Barry, their son, were faithful to College Park. They attended Sunday School, Training Union, and Wednesday nights in addition to Sunday morning worship. One of Rozette’s gifts was helping to cook suppers for Wednesday night. She and Dot Fullington were Wednesday night staples in that role. She’s an excellent cook, and favorite foods of those who have sampled her cooking include strawberry/pineapple salad, lemon meringue pie, and potato salad.

Rozette has been a member of College Park through the tenures of a number of pastors: Rev. Wilson Woodstock; Dr. Ronald Wall; Dr. James Hillman; Rev. Boyce Brooks; Rev. Aubrey McLellan; Dr. Michael Jamison; Dr. Bill Almond; and Dr. Michael Usey. What has kept her at College Park all these years? “It’s where I belong”, states Rozette, in typical Rozette fashion. According to Rozette, Michael really touched her heart on the first day he was at College Park. She introduced herself to him and Michael said, “Rozette....what a beautiful name!”

When asked whether or not Rozette had been a choir member in the past, she recalled singing once.....on one Mother’s Day, all the mothers were invited to sing.

My first memories of Rozette were in Sunday School. I was asked to teach the Dorcas Class, the class of women in the church with the most wisdom and the most life experience. As some of you recall, the previous teacher, Patrick Blanchard, helped me identify the women by drawing me a seating chart. And the women remained faithful to that seating chart for the years I was there. Rozette’s seat was behind the secretary’s desk. She was the class secretary for many years, filling out the records, noting how many people were in attendance and how much offering was given.

When I think of Rozette, I think of:

-a very quiet, compassionate, strong person whose faithful attendance and long-term support of College Park are what makes College Park the church it is;

-a woman determined enough to mow her own yard into her 90s and plant both winter and summer gardens;

-a woman we loved to kid with about her attraction to bourbon balls brought to the “Forever 39 Club” by Donald White;

-a woman who loves her family with all her heart including son, Barry; granddaughter and grandson-in-law, Mary Anne and Darian Allen; and great grandson, Noah Jacob, who turned one-year-old in August, and whom Rozette met for the first time when she went to Florida for 3 weeks at Christmas (and, yes, he really is as great as she knew he would be!)

-a woman who has friends she cares about deeply. She and Becky Clemmer and their families have a lot of good memories. Darcie Thompson, Penny, and Marie Chambers, along with Becky and others, are still making memories.

College Park is blessed to have Rozette Huckabee as an integral part of its history and its tapestry. Naming Rozette the recipient of the 2008 Servant Leader Award is recognition of the love and dedication she has given to her church and to God through this church.

Congratulations, Rozette, with hearts heaped with love for you!

Janice Kirkman

Ryan Porter Shaney Presentation Prayer

God of all creation,
Once again a new creation, breathing the breath of life only you can give, is celebrated by this church family. Thank you for Ryan Porter Shaney and for his safe delivery.

You have blessed Ryan with parents who run the gamut on talent, energy, creativity, dedication to you and love for this church. Thank you for Lauren and Tammy.

Bless this family. Even when the last bit of patience ebbs, the “to do” list seems endless, and bones are yelling for rest, grant them an epiphany of your overwhelming gift to them.

Hold this family close. Give them much laughter and new delights as they discover this chapter in their lives.

I pray that we, as their church family, will support and love this family in all the ways that we can. Help us to help Lauren and Tammy in teaching Ryan how very much you love him...more than words can articulate, but love that we can show in so many ways.

We love Ryan, God, and we thank you for giving him to us.

In your name we pray, Amen.

Janice Kirkman

Parents Needed to Serve Communion

If you are the parent of a child ages birth—5th grade and able to serve communion on Sunday, February 22, please add your name to the sign-up sheet on Rydell’s office door.

Volunteers Needed

Diana Washburn is moving into her new house off of Union Cross Road in Kernersville on Saturday, February 21. The pod will be delivered to her driveway and she could use some help emptying the contents into the house (no steps). Depending on number of helpers, it could take as little as an hour. Contact Diana at dbw3804@earthlink.net or 339-5854 if you can help--any size and age welcome. Exact time TBA, but expect around 10 a.m.

Thank You

Dear College Park Church:

On behalf of the Torres family whose home burned down in December, thank you for your generosity. The gift cards and clothing were greatly needed and much appreciated.

Susan Phillips

Dear College Park Church:

I just wanted to acknowledge your sweet gift to Happiness Retreat. I have received your check for \$250. We will be using your generous gift to support our five retreats that we will be having this year. Your church ahs been a big supporter of Special Ministries for years. I am personally very grateful to you for this support.

Donnie Wiltshire,

Special Ministries Consultant for the Baptist State Convention

City of Greensboro Free Classes

Be Healthy—Grow What You Eat

There’s nothing like that first ripe tomato from the garden. Experience the most rewarding type of gardening – growing your own vegetables and herbs.

- Participants will look at designing an efficient, space-saving raised bed.
- Learn about growing conditions and how to prepare soil.
- Appropriate selection of vegetable varieties for the Piedmont.
- Learn how to identify and control insects and diseases with an organic approach.

Tuesday, February 17:

NC Extension (3309 Burlington Road), 6:30 pm

Thursday, February 19:

Bur-Mil Wildlife Center (5834 Bur-Mil Club Road), 6:30 pm

Sunday, February 22:

Arboretum Education Building (401 Ashland Drive), 4:00 pm

For a series brochure or to register for these free classes, contact the NC Cooperative Extension Service at (336) 375-5876, or visit the website: <http://www.ces.ncsu.edu/guilford/garden/>.

Hey! What’s for dinner? CPC Wednesday Night Fellowship

2/18/2009

Baked Pork Chops w/Parmesan Sage Crust
Peas, Corn, Rolls
Fruit Cocktail Cake

2/25/2009

Savory Cranberry Chicken
Parmesan Tossed Squash
Roasted Red Potatoes
Carmel Pecan Squares.

Vegetarian Alert: To the extent possible, all meals will have a vegetarian counterpart or sufficient vegetarian sides to make a perfectly delicious meal.

Kid Alert: In addition to any meal made especially for you, peanut butter & jelly is ALWAYS an option!

2009-Male Bake-Off Awards

Boys' 1 st Place	External Struggle Between Good & Evil	Drew Westervelt
Boys' 2 nd Place	This Is War	Joshua Davis
Boys' 3 rd Place	Omnitrix	Adam Sasser

Young Men's 1 st Place	Polamalu's Road Rage	Stephen Jones
Young Men's 2 nd Place	Eve Said to Adam. . .	Nathan Usey
Young Men's 3 rd Place	Noah's Superbowl Party	Hunter Kirstner
Young Men's 4 th Place	Tango Mango Pie	Zachariah Usey

Men's 1 st Place	Toasted Pecan roulade	Tim Lowrance
Men's 2 nd Place	Banana Pudding	David Lyall
Men's 3 rd Place	Strawberry Cake	Keith Prince
Men's 4 th Place	Chocolate Silk Pie	John Bridges

Weirdness Cup	Son of Kamehameha's Revenge	Matt Cravey
Fruit Frenzy	Blueberry Cream	Jeremy Fox
Best Pie	Simple Chocolate Pie	Yates Austin
Poison Control Alert	Metal Lord Mango Man Food	Zachariah Usey

Super Bowl Theme	Palomalu's Road Rage	Stephen Jones
Best Looking	Adam's Forbidden Fruit Trifle Pie	Adam Team
Muy Macho	Coco Orange Balls	Mike Ferris
Best 1 st Time Entry	Chocolate Cranberry Cookies	Scott Smith

Best Returning Entry	French Silk Pie	Steve Styers
Best Chocolate	Last Bite of Supper	Kevin Shortt
Most Biblical	668 – Neighbor to the Beast	Michael Usey
Most Creative	Mongolian Red Cake	Roland Russoli

Best Tasting	Rum Cake	Hayden Ireland
Best Non-Chocolate	Amaretto Bundt	Freddie Turner
Burnt Offering	Zucchini Chocolate Cake	Tom Hardin
Judges Award	Grandmother's Walnut Cookies	Robert Dixon

1 st Place People's Choice	Eternal Struggle Between Good & Evil	Drew Westervelt
2 nd Place People's Choice	Polamalu's Road Rage	Stephen Jones
3 rd Place People's Choice	Omnitrix	Adam Sasser
4 th Place People's Choice	Noah's Superbowl Party	Hunter Kirstner

Best Of Show	The Promised Land	Mike Baumann
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Every Member a Minister
 Lin Bunce, Wake Forest Intern
 Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
 Cindy Dillon, Minister of Small Groups
 Jeremy Fox, Wake Forest Intern
 Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
 Kathy Kirstner, Deacon Chair
 Georgia Murray, Office & Media Manager
 Helen Morehead, Sexton
 David Soyars, Organist
 Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
 Darcie Thompson, Wild Woman at 70
 Michael S. Usey, Pastor
 Sally White, Handbell Director

www.collegeparkchurch.com cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net
 Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical

College Park
 An American Baptist Church
 1601 Walker Avenue
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Change Service Requested

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Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches - Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

February Peanut Butter Donations = 33 Pounds
 Total Peanut Butter Donations for year = 103 pounds
 Total Other Food Donations for year = 375 Pounds

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It might have been a neurotic's paradise,
 With all that water there for endless washing.
 The catering shaky, and most of us wondering
 What sort of promise such a beginning held
 For the couple's days and years.
 And then the wine
 Ran out, clean out.
 What do you say—"One always
 Likes to be moderate at these affairs"—
 When what you mean is,
 "there's more need than they
 Can possibly provide for." Anyhow,
 After a while they gave us wine in flagons,
 The kind of thing it was a privilege
 To drink, or think about. I still don't know
 Where they had found it, how they bought it, why
 They kept it until then. I do remember,
 Late in the piece, a man who made some toasts
 And drank as if he meant them, and then left,
 His mother looking thoughtful: that, and the jars
 For water, and the way they seemed to glow.

Peter Steele