

## Rydell Harrison's Anniversary

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Today is a special Sunday because this is the first Sunday Rachel Luck has officially joined ranks as Associate Minister here at College Park. This is a Sunday where I breathe an official sign of relief that I no longer have to be chronically worrying what might be overlooked each week while we've been down a staff member. There are program and planning issues, ministry to people issues, and strange little things that sound like no big deal until you note they are undone. So, while I've been happy to attend more to youth camp and youth themselves these last many months (alongside Lyn Bunce, Jeremy Fox, and our great sponsors), you can guess how truly grateful I am to welcome Rachel aboard. She will also be a welcome new body and spirit to have around the office. I enjoy working in a team setting with co-ministers. So I am grateful for God's faithfulness in successfully getting us through a staff transition time, and brining just the right person for this unique church. That's the *obvious* reason this Sunday is special.

However, relatedly, this is also a special Sunday for a reason that could easily be overlooked. Yet it also should remind us of God's faithfulness to this church regarding staff. I am struck by the serendipitous timing, that this happens to be the anniversary of God bringing Rydell Harrison to us exactly one year ago. Isn't that amazing? He has been an incredible gift who came at just the right time. I have rarely seen someone slip into a ministry position and feel so RIGHT and so well-integrated SO quickly. Not only does he bring amazing music giftedness, he brings a subtlety of thought and an intuitive sensitivity to people that I find uncommon and downright remarkable. When the Search Committee first updated and drafted its' priorities for the Music Minister position, I—alongside the committee—realized we wanted heaven and earth, especially considering it was a part-time position!

First, they wanted someone with high-caliber music training—able to traverse in classical and sacred music, yet open to creative unusual and cross-cultural musical expression as well, so that our services never grow staid and predicable. Instead, we wanted someone who would be committed to true openness to the spirit. Rydell has fit the bill wonderfully. The choir has really enjoyed Rydell, and my wife was just saying the other day that one special gift he brings to the choir is an ability to make choir practice demanding yet *enjoyable*. He does this with his playful sense of humor, his commitment to honor everyone's gifts, and his appreciative feedback to the choir. When you have a committed team of hardworking volunteers like our choir, you have to take care of them and communicate respect and appreciation. Some task-driver-type choir leaders are demanding and find it hard not to be critical. Instead, Ann tells me, Rydell will occasionally just glow over a piece done well. He stopped last Wednesday night, after they practiced the demanding acapella piece we just heard today (OS Justi), and said, "That was just gorgeous. It really just fed my spirit. I feel so fortunate to work with such talented musicians that I can throw a piece this tough at you and find you do it so beautifully that it just took my breath away." The choir, a bit embarrassed yet pleased, apparently doesn't quite know what to do when given such compliments. Ann continued to me, "I'm struck by how praise doesn't cost a leader anything to give, yet it's rarely given. A little bit of appreciation goes a long way toward feeding people's spirits, especially over the long haul." So I would put it this way: Rydell brings both music leadership and the realization that he's dealing with *people* not just music-making machines.

Finally, the committee was very clear from the start that they were after, not just a musician or choir minister, but rather a true Associate in the fullest sense of the word. I concurred with the committee's stated ideal that a candidate be seminary trained, but inside I wondered if the committee knew how rare such candidates were. I knew our church had set the bar unusually high.

Still, we prayed and worked and interviewed and prayed some more. And God

graced us with Rydell. Most of you know that Rydell went to seminary and brings real theological sensitivity to both worship planning and ministry in general. He was actually very choosy when considering part-time church work with us. His life would be easier without this ministerial work; most of you know he also juggles Principal-in-training schooling—his OTHER ministry—so he considered us and came because of our stands and our witness in the community—and because he has a call to ministry that, try as he might, he can never quite shake.

I have perhaps never felt so "in sync" with a colleague on so many levels, and he is a true joy to work with. So, since—as we just said—appreciation costs us nothing, and yet often gets lost in the shuffle, please help me in showing Rydell our genuine appreciation for a wonderful year of ministry, with hopes for many more to come. (*Lots of spontaneous applause ensued!*)

Michael

## Wedding Invitation

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Lynn Parker and Steve Greer are thrilled to invite you to join in celebrating their marriage during the regular 11:00 am church service, Sunday, August 26th. Everyone is invited to the reception following the ceremony at 1:00 at Magnolia Manor. RSVP is very important for the reception. Please call Lynn at 336-297-4205 and please leave a message if she is not at home.

Directions to Magnolia Manor will be posted on the bulletin board outside Michael's office. Hope to see you there!!

## Open House

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Karlan, Jessi and Lou (Karlan's mom) would like to thank you for all of your prayers and help, without which we would not be able to make this invitation! On Sunday, July 1<sup>st</sup> we are asking you to join us for an open house from 1 to 7 pm. Just stop by anytime, visit with the critters or just enjoy a cookout and company. We will provide drinks and "stuff" for the grill, if you will bring a side that would be great or just come on to New Creation Farm at 6513 Long Meadow Drive in Whitsett. Questions call 697-5748 or email at newcreationfarm@bellsouth.net (Jessi).

By-the-way, Lou's birthday is July 2<sup>nd</sup>, a happy birthday wish to her would be great.

## Welcome Suzanne & Sterling

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Suzanne and Sterling Suddarth joined this spring. Though they have made Greensboro home for years, Suzanne originally hails from New Jersey and once lived in Las Vegas, while Sterling is a native of Lexington, NC. Suzanne works at Guilford College as Program Manager for Non-Credit Program and as an admission counselor for the Adult Education Department. Sterling is a firefighter with Station 11. Both enjoy the outdoors, biking and hiking, as well as gardening and antiquing (Suzanne) and reading (Sterling). They came to College Park on Christy Myers' recommendation and "immediately felt at home and connected." Welcome, Suzanne and Sterling!

## Fisher-Ingram Baby Shower

You are invited to a baby shower for Marnie and Daniel immediately after worship on Sunday, July 15, in the fellowship hall. (Marnie and Daniel will be in Greensboro July 10-15.) They are registered at Target and Babies R Us. Come celebrate the pending arrival of Mollie Claire Fisher-Ingram!

## Lady Luck

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Sure, I guess you could say I have *hit the ground running*. Where have we picked up such a phrase anyhow? Let's think about this. Come along with me.

I imagine a plane... a very small, loud, and shaky plane. It's up about 15,000 feet in the air. There is a pilot (naturally... or at least let's hope so), and a single passenger (insert name here). As the plane makes its descent towards the ground, 15,000 feet away, the passenger stands at the threshold of the door – which, by the way, is wide open.

The wind is tearing into the passenger's face causing the lips to dry, the eyes to squint, and the face to flap in that oh-so unattractive way. But the wind is no obstacle for (insert name here). The goal is within sight. The ground is now only 10,000 feet away.

The passenger grips onto the sides of the open doorway, anticipating the next move, the right time and the thrill of it all. Sure, (insert name here) isn't exactly sure how it will feel once land is reached, but it is exhilarating to be plummeting down, down, down towards the destination.

At 5,000 feet, the ground becomes increasingly recognizable. Lips still dry, eyes still squinted, cheeks still flappity-flapping, and maybe even a twinge of nausea. But that's not stopping (insert name here). Who needs a barf bag? There's an open door! You're going 300 mph... it won't linger.

Then comes that rattle and shake. The wheels come out, and the pilot prepares for landing. The passenger's knuckles are a little white from gripping too hard onto the sides of the doorway. Nerves are just under the skin. Excitement and curiosity increase the nausea.

Okay, have you ever been on a skateboard and couldn't stop so you jumped off the skate board and you sort of had to run because of the speed you were going prior to jumping off?

Alright, imagine that except with a plane. Have you imagined that?? Good. THAT's *hitting the ground running*. Mine has been much more enjoyable than that. Added bonus, I never felt nauseous.

I'm so excited to be here to run with you!

Rachel E. Luck

## August Challenge

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It sure is hot out! We are creating a new pictorial on August 13, 14, and 15, and I am challenging all of us to get as hot as possible. I am committed to losing 20 more pounds before my face is forever captured on film. Join me, CP, and challenge me back. Lets get motivated, inspired and proud. And, accept my challenge to get HOT for our pictorial dates of August 13, 14, and 15.

Remember, I am committed to losing another 20 pounds. You are welcome to ask how I am doing and certainly hold my feet to the fire if I am not living up to the HOT FOR AUGUST CHALLENGE.

See you there!

Barry Shoemaker

# A Reflection on Boris Yeltsin, Bill Clinton & Religious Liberty

A reflection on Boris Yeltsin, Bill Clinton & religious liberty

I have just read the news about the death today of Boris Yeltsin. It brought to mind a conversation that Bill Clinton related to me about a meeting he had with Yeltsin in 1994—a meeting during which he shared his faith with Yeltsin.

I was in Russia in January 1994 when President Clinton's mother, Virginia Clinton Kelley, died. Sarah Caldwell, director of the Boston Opera, and guest conductor the Sverdlovsk Symphony in Yeltsin's hometown of Ekaterinberg, Russia, invited me to join her for a trip to Russia where I was soprano soloist for the Verdi "Requiem Mass." It was in Ekaterinberg that I received a faxed letter from President and Mrs. Clinton telling me of Virginia's death just after CNN had carried the story. I called the president from Russia the minute I heard the news, and we planned the music for the funeral together.

About a week later, the president traveled to Russia, keeping his long-standing commitment to President Yeltsin.

Sarah Caldwell took a chamber orchestra to Moscow to perform for Clinton at Spaso House, the home of the American attaché (then Thomas Pickerington), and I sang a group of American hymns with them to honor Clinton's visit and his mother's memory.

After the concert, Clinton asked me to please come by the hotel where his staff was staying in Moscow, so that we might visit for a while about his mother's funeral after an official trip to Yeltsin's dacha for dinner earlier that evening.

Clinton's trip to Russia came after the beginning of efforts at democracy in Russia. Yeltsin had embraced the idea of helping the Russian people live in a free and democratic society and wanted to learn all he could from Clinton about how democracy works. Clinton had traveled to Russia to continue the important gains in this new relationship of freedom.

Clinton told me that Yeltsin asked him many questions about how a democratic society worked. Clinton even offered to have Yeltsin come to the United States and visit him for several days in the White House, so that Clinton could serve as a mentor to Yeltsin as he learned how to govern in a democratic way.

When I met with Clinton, he shared with me an account from dinner that evening as he and Yeltsin continued to explore democracy and what it meant to live in freedom. Clinton told me the amazing story of sharing his faith with Yeltsin that night. He said that during dinner Yeltsin leaned over to him and asked, "You're a Christian, aren't you?"

"Yes," President Clinton answered. "My faith is the most important thing in my life."

"Well, I have to do something about all these Christians coming to Russia. They are ruining our country. Everyone is becoming a new Christian, a born-again Christian, and they are being rebaptized and putting crosses around their necks. It is ruining our country's culture."

President Clinton told me he looked at Yeltsin and said, "Democracy doesn't work that way. Either you're free or you're not. You can't have it both ways. You need to allow Christians the freedom to come into your country and preach and teach, and you have to allow the Russian people the freedom to choose their faith."

I thought to myself, "what a remarkable exchange. In sharing his faith and his encouragement with Yeltsin that Christian workers be allowed to come into Russia as missionaries, Clinton may very well have helped keep the doors to Russia open for Christians and the spread of Christianity beyond Russian Orthodoxy, President and also advocate for religious liberty."

Just months before this exchange, Yeltsin had come very close to closing the country to Christian missionaries. The ban was not implemented, as it turned out.

The concern had been that the Russian Orthodox faith, the national church of the country, was being threatened with demise, as born-again converts began to affiliate with smaller Protestant churches spawning across Russia. Instead of being born into their cultural and historical/political Russian Orthodox church faith, people were now choosing to follow Christ in a personal faith.

I have often wondered what might have been if Clinton and Yeltsin hadn't formed a warm friendship that allowed Yeltsin to ask such questions of Clinton as he did about his faith.

Now, on learning of his death, I can't help but wonder how Clinton's sharing of his personal faith and encouraging Yeltsin to allow the Christian faith to grow unhindered in Russia, may have impacted the country. I am thankful that my friend took that opportunity to share his faith with Yeltsin. Somehow I think and hope it made a personal difference for him as well.

Rev. Carolyn Staley

*The Rev. Carolyn Staley is an advocate of religious liberty, a longtime Baptist Joint Committee supporter and the minister of education of Pulaski Heights Baptist Church in Little Rock, Ark. This piece was written shortly after Staley learned of Yeltsin's death on April 23.*

## Thank You

Dear College Park,  
We greatly appreciate the prayers and visits made by members of College Park during our mother's final days and visitation with the family.

Ken & Lavonne Brown

Dear College Park Family,  
My family and I thank each of you for your thoughts and prayers during my mother's struggle with lung cancer. I am happy to report that as of Friday, her doctor has stated that she is cancer-free. Prayers work!

Matt Lojko

**Ultimate Frisbee**  
Monday nights from 6:30 – 8:30 PM.  
Wear shoes and bring something cold to drink.  
We'll be at Lake Daniel Park off Radiance Drive  
where it meets Mimosa directly opposite of  
Benjamin Parkway and Grimsley High.  
Look for the pink flamingo.

## Interesting

A good friend of mine in Mongolia (who I wish was here) once said that "Ulaanbaatar is going to seem like Paris compared to Nouakchott." I laughed. I shouldn't have.

We received our security briefing yesterday. "You need to buy a 4 wheel drive vehicle; I would suggest a wench and sand ladders (sand ladders?) and a satellite phone. If you go to the beach, fish market or vegetable market go with a group of people otherwise it's dangerous. If you travel remember if you go too far out and something happens, there is no one that will come out to get you. If you go past a certain city to the east there are land mines; past a city to the south there are bandits, to the north and west there seem to be some Al Quida factions operating in the area other than that, enjoy your stay in Mauritania.".....interesting.

We received our air shipment from Mongolia and one of the boxes is missing, number # 22 had our computer and DVD collection in it. Even if we are reunited with our computer, we were now told that Macintosh computers do not work in this country.....interesting.

Our international phone doesn't seem to be working in this country.

Other than baguettes, food here is expensive because nothing is grown in the desert, everything is shipped in, local jobs pay one quarter what they paid in Mongolia.

We have to buy a car and because of the area, it doesn't seem to matter how old or how many miles it has on it, prices are usually double or triple book value.....interesting.

Sarah's serums for the volunteers were not shipped when they were suppose to be so she may have to do a road trip to the hinterlands to collect them and hopefully she will be able to decide on the route to determine the possible calamities she is willing to deal with: bandits, landmines, sandstorms, oh my! Also .....interesting

On the up side, our coffee pot made it through unbroken and we enjoyed some brewed Maxwell House coffee this morning with our baguettes and strawberry rhubarb jam from Vermont.

There is an ancient Chinese curse: "May you live an interesting life."

A little down, but still in the fight,

Roland



## A Virtuoso Ignored

He emerged from the Washington, D.C., Metro at the L'Enfant Plaza station and positioned himself against a wall beside a trash basket. By most measures, he was nondescript: a youngish white man in jeans, a long-sleeved T-shirt, and a Washington Nationals baseball cap. From a small case, he removed a violin. Placing the open case at his feet, he shrewdly threw in a few dollars and pocket change as seed money, swiveled it to face pedestrian traffic, and began to play.

It was 7:51 a.m. on Friday, January 12, the middle of the morning rush hour. In the next 43 minutes, as the violinist performed six classical pieces, 1,097 people passed by. Almost all of them were on the way to work, which meant, for almost all of them, a government job. L'Enfant Plaza is at the nucleus of federal Washington, and these were mostly midlevel bureaucrats with those indeterminate, oddly fungible titles: policy analyst, project manger, specialist, facilitator, consultant.

Each passerby had a quick choice to make, one familiar to commuters in any urban area where the occasional street performer is part of the cityscape: Do you hurry past, annoyed by the unbidden demand on your time and your wallet? Do you throw in a buck, just to be polite? What if he's really good? Do you stop and listen? Do you have time for beauty? Shouldn't you?

On that Friday in January, those private questions would be answered in an unusually public way. No one knew it, but the fiddler standing against a bare wall outside the Metro in an indoor arcade at the top of the escalators was 39-year-old Joshua Bell, one of the finest classical musicians in the world, playing some of the most elegant music ever written on a \$3.5 million Stradivarius. His performance was arranged by *The Washington Post* as an experiment in context, perception, and priorities—as well as an unblinking assessment of public taste: In a banal setting at an inconvenient time, would beauty transcend?

Later that same morning, Bell sat in a hotel restaurant picking at his breakfast, wryly trying to figure out what just happened.

“It was a strange feeling, that people were actually, ah ...”

The word doesn't come easily, “... *ignoring* me.” Bell is laughing. It's at himself.

“At a music hall,” he says, “I'll get upset if someone coughs or if someone's cell phone goes off. But here, my expectations quickly diminished. I started to appreciate any acknowledgment, even a slight glance up. I was oddly grateful when someone threw in a dollar instead of change.”

No crowd ever gathered for Bell at L'Enfant Plaza, not even for a second. In fact, for the nearly three-quarters of an hour that he played, only seven people stopped what they were doing to hang around, at least briefly, and take in the performance. Twenty-seven gave money, most of them on the run—for a total of \$32 and change. That meant there were 1,070 people who simply hurried by, oblivious, many only three feet away, few even turning to look.

It was all videotaped by a hidden camera. You can play the recording once or 15 times, and it never gets any easier to watch. Try speeding it up, and it becomes one of those herky-jerky World War I-era silent newsreels. The people scurry by in comical little hops and starts, cups of coffee in their hands, cell phones at their ears, ID tags slapping at their bellies, a grim *danse macabre* to indifference, inertia, and the dingy, gray rush of modernity.

There are six moments in the video that Bell finds particularly painful to relive: “The awkward times,” he calls them. It's what happens right after each piece ends: nothing. The music stops. The same people who hadn't noticed him playing don't notice that he has finished. No applause, no acknowledgment. So Bell

just saws out a small, nervous chord—the embarrassed musician's equivalent of, “Er, okay, moving right along ...”—and begins the next piece.

Bell decided to begin with “Chaconne” from Johann Sebastian Bach's Partita No. 2 in D minor. Bell never said so, but Bach's “Chaconne” is also considered one of the most difficult violin pieces to master. Many try; few succeed. It's exhaustingly long—14 minutes—and consists entirely of a single, succinct musical progression repeated in dozens of variations to create a dauntingly complex architecture of sound. Composed around 1720, on the eve of the European Enlightenment, it is said to be a celebration of the breadth of human possibility. Bell calls it “not just one of the greatest pieces of music ever written, but one of the greatest achievements of any man in history.”

Yet it was not until six minutes into bell's inspired performance that someone actually stood against a wall and listened. Bell clearly wasn't holding back. He played with acrobatic enthusiasm, his body leaning into the music and arching on tiptoes on the high notes. The sound was nearly symphonic, carrying to all parts of the homely arcade above the Metro escalators. After “Chaconne,” Bell dove into Franz Schubert's breathtaking “Ave Marie,” one of the most familiar and enduring religious pieces in history. I too was greeted with another thundering silence. The video also tells another story, though. To truly understand what happened, you have to rewind it and watch carefully from the beginning.

White guy, kakis, leather jacket, briefcase. Early 30s. John David Mortensen is on the final leg of his daily bus-to-Metro commute from Reston, VA. He's heading up the escalator. It's a long escalator ride—1 minute and 15 seconds if you don't walk. So, like most everyone who passes Bell this day, Mortensen gets a good earful of music before he has his first look at the musician. Like most of them, he notes that it sounds pretty good. But like very few of them, when he gets to the top, he doesn't race past as though Bell were some nuisance to be avoided. Mortensen is the first person to stop, at about the six-minute mark.

It's not that Mortensen has nothing else to do. He's a project manager for an international program at the Department of Energy; on this day, Mortensen has to participate in a monthly budget exercise.

On the video, you can see Mortensen get off the escalator and look around. He locates the violinist, stops, walks away but then is drawn back. He checks the time on his cell phone—he's three minutes early for work—then settles against a wall to listen.

Mortensen doesn't know classical music at all; classic rock is as close as he comes. But there's something about what he's hearing that he really likes.

As it happens, he's arrived at the moment that Bell slides into the second section of “Chaconne.” (It's the point,” Bell says, “where it moves from a darker, minor key into a major key. There's a religious exalted feeling in it.”) The violinist's bow begins to dance; the music becomes upbeat, playful, theatrical, big.

Mortensen doesn't know about major or minor keys: “What ever it was,” he says, “it made me feel at peace.”

So, for the first time in his life, Mortensen lingers to listen to a street musician. He stays his allotted three minutes as 94 more people pass briskly by. When he leaves to help plan contingency budgets for the Department of Energy, there's another first. For the first time in his life, not quite knowing what had just happened but sensing it was special, Mortensen gives a street musician money.

Across the arcade from Bell stood a newspaper kiosk where people lined up, sometimes five or six people at a time, to buy lottery tickets. These fortune seekers would have had a close-up view of Bell if they had just turned around. But none of them did. Not in the entire 43 minutes. They just shuffled forward toward the

ticket dispenser, their eyes on the prize.

J. T. Tillman was in that line. A computer specialist for the Department of Housing and Urban Development, he remembers every single number he played that day—10 of them, \$2 apiece, for a total of \$20. He doesn't recall what the violinist was playing, though. He says it sounded like generic classical music, the kind the ship's band was playing in *Titanic*, before the iceberg.

“I didn't think nothing of it,” Tillman says, “just a guy trying to make a couple of bucks.” Tillman would have given him one or two, he said, but he'd spent all his cash on lotto.

When he is told that he stiffed one of the best musicians in the world, he laughs. “Is he ever going to play around here again?” “Yeah, but you're going to have to pay a lot to hear him.” “Damn.” Tillman didn't win the lottery, either.

In his 2003 book, *Timeless Beauty*, British author John Lane wrote about the loss of the appreciation of beauty in the modern world. People still have the capacity to understand beauty, he said, but beauty has become irrelevant to them. In Other words, our priorities have changed.

But if the surge of modern life so overpowers us that we can be oblivious to a world-class musician playing some of the bet music ever written, then what else are we missing?

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## Summer Music Camp

We're excited about our Third Annual Summer Music Camp, July 16—July 20, from 9 a.m.—12:30 p.m. Registration can be made by calling the church office, 273-1779, or email [cpcbgo@bellsouth.net](mailto:cpcbgo@bellsouth.net).

This summer we will cook up some fun by learning where to get food that's good for the soul!

|   |
|---|
| Monday  |
| How do you like them apples? (Garden of Eden) |
| Tuesday                                       |
| Pick-up or Delivery? (The Raven Feeds Elijah) |
| Wednesday                                     |
| Angel Food Cake (God Keeps Promises)          |
| Thursday                                      |
| Got Food? (Focus on Famine)                   |
| Friday  |
| Fish 'N Chips Anyone? (Jesus Feeds the 5,000) |

We will feast on singing, playing instruments, dancing, creating artistic masterpieces, and learning martial arts. From Eden's apples to Chef Boy-R-Jesus, we will have a musical buffet filled with tasty treats!

Our week of musical fun will end with a tasty concert for our families and friends.

Each day, the children will have an opening time, four 30 minute sessions, snack and PE and a closing time.

The camp is for children from 4 years to those who just finished 5th grade.

We hope to make beautiful music this summer!

# Reel Faith Sunday School Discussions

## July 1, *Children of Men*, Led by Keith Burkhead

*Children of Men* is a 2006 dystopian science fiction film loosely adapted from P. D. James' 1992 novel. Directed by Alfonso Cuarón, the film stars Clive Owen, Julianne Moore, Claire-Hope Ashitey, and Michael Caine. Set in an apocalyptic United Kingdom of 2027, it explores a grim world in which two decades of global human infertility have left humanity with less than a century to survive. Theo Faron (Clive Owen) must find safe transit for Kee (Claire-Hope Ashitey), a pregnant African refugee, through a seemingly endless wave of illegal immigrants seeking sanctuary in England. The movie received three Academy Award nominations.

## July 8, *A Man for All Seasons*, Led by Lexi Eagles

*A Man for All Seasons* is a 1966 film based on Robert Bolt's play of the same name about Sir Thomas More, who stood up to King Henry VIII when the King rejected the Roman Catholic Church to obtain a divorce and remarriage. Paul Scofield, who had played More in the West End stage premiere, also took the role in the film. The film also stars Robert Shaw as Henry VIII, Orson Welles as Wolsey, John Hurt as Richard Rich and Wendy Hiller as More's second wife, Alice. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, who had previously directed such films as *High Noon* and *From Here to Eternity*, it won six Oscars.

## July 22, *The Godfather*, Led by Mike Cumbus

*The Godfather* is a 1972 crime film based on the novel of the same name by Mario Puzo and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with screenplay by Puzo and Coppola. The film stars Marlon Brandon, Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton and James Caan. The story spans ten years from late 1945 to 1955 and chronicles the Corleone Mafia family. *The Godfather* won three Oscars and is ranked as the third best American film in history by the American Film Institute. It was subsequently followed with *The Godfather Part II* in 1974 and *The Godfather Part III* in 1990.

## July 29, *Dead Man Walking*, Led by Hayden Ireland

*Dead Man Walking* is a 1995 film about Sister Helen Prejean, a Roman Catholic nun and one of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Medaille. She has become a leading American advocate for the abolition of the death penalty. Her campaign began in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1981, through a correspondence she maintained with a convicted murderer, Matthew Poncelet, who was sentenced to death by electrocution. She visited Sonnier in prison and agreed to be his spiritual adviser in the months leading up to his death. The experience gave Prejean greater insight into the process involved in executions and she began speaking out against capital punishment. Susan Sarandon won Best Actress for her portrayal of Sister Prejean.

## August 5, *Truly Madly Deeply*, Led by Laurie White

*Truly, Madly, Deeply*, a 1991 British romance film, was written and directed by Anthony Minghella and stars Juliet Stevenson and Alan Rickman, both up-and-coming stars at the time of its making. Nina is totally heartbroken at the death of her boyfriend Jamie, but is even more unprepared for his return as a ghost. At first it's almost as good as it used to be, but Jamie starts bringing ghostly friends home and behaving more and more oddly. The title comes from a verbal word game in which they challenge each other to take turns repeating and adding to a series of adverbs describing how much they love each other. The film received a number of awards.

**Spurious Haiku Poetry:**  
How is sausage made?  
Grind the whole pig and then  
Fill up the colon.

Matt Cravey

I am very cool  
You are not as cool as me  
La La I am cool.

Zach Usey

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## July Summer Camps

- 5—8 Passport Kids  
Lynchburg, VA
- 16—20 Summer Music Camp
- 22—28 Passport Youth  
New Orleans, LA

## The Rest of the Month

- 8 Pam Strader Preaching
- 15 Reception—Daniel & Marnie  
Fisher-Ingram
- 27 Forever 39 Club—12 Noon
  
- Sundays—Reel Faith
  
- Monday Nights—Ultimate Frisbee  
6:30—8:30 p.m.

College Park  
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