

Music to My Ears

In the summer of 2005 I was standing in the skyscraping cathedral called Canterbury. I was in awe of the ancient stained glass, the worn marble floors, and the subtle smell of the candles that were burning in honor of loved ones. It took my breath away to think of the hard work that so many people had put into building this enormous cathedral hundreds of years ago. I, along with about 25 other singers, were anticipating a choral festival with the composer Z. Randall Stroope. I know that most people haven't heard of this man, but he has composed some of the most amazing choral and sacred pieces of music ever written. One of the pieces that we had been preparing to sing at Canterbury, England was Stroope's version of Psalm 23. Anyone who knows this passage knows how powerful these words can be. They begin with "The Lord is my Shepard, I shall not want..." To me this passage is the one that has everything you need. It praises God; it reassures you when you are in a gloomy place in your life, and it gives you hope for your eternal life with God. These words mixed with beautiful harmonies and gigantic ceilings add up to one spectacular equation. Hearing this song echoing throughout the cathedral was the single most worshipful moment of my life. It helped me to discover my true passion for music. Every time I experience something so powerful, I question how anyone can doubt that God is listening. While on this trip, The Greensboro Youth Chorus, including myself, traveled to destinations such as London and Paris. We had the privilege of singing in spectacular places such as both the Notre Dame and Chartres cathedrals. When we were worshipping at a Saturday mass in Notre Dame Cathedral, it was hard to know exactly what was going on. Even though they were speaking in French, I could look out into the congregation and know that they were praising God. It was such a great experience for me to share my voice in their worship service. I couldn't interact with them verbally, but I could interact with them through the universal language of music. I will always carry the memory of the stone walls, the elaborate graves of great historians, scientist, and astrologers, and the dark reverence of the hallways. I find it ironic how such a dark, depressing building can hold so much peace and joy.

Unlike dark cathedrals, the halls of a typical high school are usually bright and cheery. Although they take on this happy, familiar form, high school can hold some our darkest and deepest secrets. As seen in popular culture today, high schools are full of drug innuendos and violence. Hatred and anger are displayed throughout the day. The atmosphere of high school alone is one of the most unlikely sources of godliness, but day to day students find their own ways of expressing care and compassion. People that I like to interact with love me and believe in me. I love to walk down the hall, see a familiar face, and give a friendly hello. The place where I most belong is the chorus room. We sing a variety of music, but often we enjoy singing sacred pieces. Worship is the most ancient form that music takes on. Therefore there are hundreds, maybe even thousands of sacred pieces to choose from. Right now in my Honors Vocal Ensemble class, we are working on a piece called Witness. Just a few days ago, my teacher had the entire class write down what we think the words of the song mean. The stories of Samson and Nicodemus are shared in this piece. The song talks about how both Nicodemus and Samson were witnesses for God. In the stories of these men, we see that they had major faults. When reflecting over this I get a great feeling that if the two of them can be witnesses, then everyday people like you and me can also be witnesses for God. Some songs give us a sense of God through the words and stories shared in the music, other pieces show us God through their rich harmonies. The other piece that we are working on in class is called Ave Verum Corpus which obviously is not in English. This Latin piece conveys its message through the early sacred style of harmonies that it holds. Often times, our chorus class travels to what we refer to as the echo hall; a hall in the center of the main building which contains similar acoustics to a chapel or cathedral. We like to stand in this hall and listen to the true beauty of the pieces that we so diligently work on. Of course this hall doesn't do justice to the real cathedrals in Europe, but it gets the point across. When we sing Ave

Verum Corpus in the echo hall, I get that ever desired aesthetic response, such as chill bumps on my arms. Sometimes worship is found through music and visual beauty at the same time.

A perfect example of this worshipful place is Montreat, North Carolina. For about seven years now, I have been trudging up the mountain for Montreat Music and Worship camp. Each day we attend rehearsals, seminars, classes, and worship. For the past several years I have taken part in the Youth I and Youth chamber choirs. Hours of blistering rehearsals all pay off by the end of the week. Each year I, along with the other campers, get to work with a famous clinician on some of the most beautiful and challenging sacred pieces. At the end of the week we get to share our hard work in the enormous Anderson Auditorium. Buildings, in which these activities are held, such as the chapel or the auditorium, are a sight to see. Walls built of stone and natural materials bring a sense of calmness to your day. Although we work hard throughout the week, we also have plenty of time to relax and focus on our lives. One of my favorite spots at Montreat is a gazebo that sits on the bank of a small rolling creek. Some of the gifts of the mountains are the lush greenery and the trickling water. Sometimes as a group, we travel to this gazebo to pray, meditate, and even sing. King David wrote many of his psalms while he was in nature. He often praises the Lord for his creations. When I am at Montreat, I can see why David felt this way. I fell so lucky to be a member of a church that encourages me to stretch myself vocally and take time to relax and focus on the beauty of life.

I have been attending this church all of my life. I've learned stories. I have sung songs. I have been guided and I have been baptized. This church has been a helping hand in leading me into the direction that I have taken with my life. The diversity embraced here has taught me to be accepting and open to new ideas. Most importantly I have found my true self. Throughout my journey I have discovered my passion for music. I can confidently say that this church has played a large role in that aspect of my life.

I have always been actively involved in the music department here at college park. My parents always wanted me to be involved in all of the activities. When I was younger I remember looking forward to playing tone chimes and hand bells and singing in the Youth Choir. Now that I am a member of the Adult Choir, I have been able to share my talents on a weekly basis. I love the fact that I get to be a part of such a talented group of singers. This past summer, I helped as Rydell led the elementary school aged children in their summer music camp. This experience made a big impact on my decision to go into music education. It was such a fun thing to see the children learn songs so quickly and to have so much fun with them. I looked at the image of children jumping up and down while clapping and thought to myself, this is where I need to be. Participating in all of these different age groups has shown me how much music means to people. It is not only a way to praise God, but also a comfort, a stress reliever, or just something beautiful to listen to. These experiences have helped me to prepare for college.

Next year I will be attending Appalachian State University. I have decided to major in Music Education. My life experiences have led me to make this decision. Music has helped me to mature and become a more compassionate person and is such a huge part of my life that there was no other choice for me. Through education I hope to minister to my students and show them that music can be a form of self expression. Whether it is praise to God or just a bunch of noise, I hope to install a passion within their hearts. No matter where I end up, I know that I will always have a song in my head.

While I was slowly walking the rugged labyrinth located in the Chartres Cathedral, I pondered on the songs we were to perform later that evening. I thought about how beautiful they would sound in this space. I imagined how this one building was the end of a journey for many travelers. People in the ancient times would travel thousands of miles to walk the labyrinth and view the worn clothes that the Virgin Mary

wore. This particular building holds so much hope and reverence. I felt that my voice was just one of the many that worshiped here and I thought about how special that truly was. I know that I was put on this earth to sing and to touch people through the music that I sing. Music is such an easy way to express my feelings. Music expresses our deepest thoughts and feelings toward God. It shares the unspeakable. Whether I am in a beautiful Cathedral, the halls of my high school, or at church, I find myself praising God through music. So throughout the week, why don't you find a song that shows what God means to you? Sit down in a comfy space and really listen and reflect. I guarantee you will find yourself not alone.

Katie Hensley

College Park

Summer **MUSIC** **CAMP**

Registration begins
June 11, 2007

****Fees: \$50 per child**
(\$100 max per family)

1/2 deposit due by July 6, 2007

****Scholarships Available for more
information contact
Rydell Harrison
rydell@collegeparkchurch.com**

**Fee includes a
Camp T-shirt**



You See

So for the last 4 years I've been the coach of Hannah's soccer team, the Mermaids. I didn't set out to be her coach. In fact, I hadn't planned for her to play soccer that early either, but, with two older brothers who play, Hannah was ready early on to kick some grass. So we signed her up when she was almost 5 and begging for a team.

I remember that we were on vacation at a friend's cabin in the woods of Virginia, when Coach Grady called. Our daughters were on the same team, he said, and would I consider coaching? Grady is a true competitor, a die-hard Florida Gator, but he didn't know the first thing about soccer. I knew just a little myself; Nathan's U10 team had won the NC state cup with a fine coach named Rudy. I learned a great deal about soccer watching Rudy coach my son, and I thought I could do a reasonable Coach Rudy impression. Grady said he'd coach with me, so, reluctantly, I agreed.

Grady's daughter, Hailey, and Hannah named our team the Mermaids, which was an improvement over many of the teams we played: the Butterflies, the Soccer Belles, the Lady Bugs, the Hot Shots, and my favorite, the Pixie Chicks. Much better than my friend Chuck Rush's U6 girls team who named themselves the Blue Balls. However, since Mermaids don't have feet, this was a small oversight. We adopted aqua blue socks and Umbro shorts, and we were good. It took Hannah a couple of games to get the idea, but, when she did, she was fast. The first season she scored almost as many goals in our goal as the other team's, but, hey, she was scoring.

Coaching 5-, 6-, 7- and 8-year olds, I discovered that much of what I taught was muy basic: "Which way are we going, Mermaids?" "THAT WAY!" the girls would yell back. We practiced our high tens after a goal, the way we'd ride them down into a clap after a goal. I learned some big girl soccer cheers from Mark Jensen, whose daughter Molly played select in Winston-Salem. "What time is it?" one of the Mermaids will yell right before kick off. All the others answer back in a scream, "GAME TIME, HUAH!" These are crucial things to practice.

There is much more to this no-handsie sport than meets the eye. I spend time reading books with titles like *The Baffled Parent's Guide to Coaching Youth Soccer* and *FUNDamental Soccer Practice*. There are lots of great games that teach soccer skills that our girls found fun to play. I cruised the net for soccer coaching tips, games, and skills, which I found. I wanted the girl to learn basic skills and not to have to unlearn anything I taught them.

I had a couple of good ideas. One was our practice field. I passed by the gorgeous grounds of AHA (American Hebrew Academy) all the time, and I never—I mean never—saw anyone playing on those groomed greens. I asked Lexi Eagles whom I should call, and she hooked me up with the AD there. They allowed us to practice there, and this place is a dream. The fields are as fast as golf greens.

A second good idea was one from the internet about soccer patches, quarter-sized iron-on soccer balls and stars in wild colors. These I gave out as incentives, up to 3 per game, for things like brave play, aggressiveness, good defense, goal assists, and superior attitude. The most coveted was the red blood star, which I handed out only rarely (8 all season), for inspired play. These patches were not for scoring—players who score get lots of positive feedback—as much as for assists and tough, brave play, as well as good defense. Not every player can be skillful, but each can be tough, brave, and assertive. At this level, the team that hustles the most and is the most aggressive will usually win the game.

The patches worked better than I could have ever dreamed: the girls had them all over their shorts, shirts, jerseys, backpacks, and hats. A \$.40 patch can be a powerful motivator. Color me lucky.

Soccer is a cool sport. The whole world plays it. It takes a minimum of gear—a ball is the key, but I've seen Romanian kids play with a wad of duct tape or an empty Coke can. The only down side was the scoring: a goal earns only one point. That's a lot of work for one point. Since points are free, why not give a thousand per goal? Winning 2000 to zip sounds so much better.

In an average game, my mermaids would run between 2-4 miles, so they were all fairly lean by the end of the season. Plus, the girls had the rich experience of a team sport: playing, striving and laughing together. They learned foot skills and to kick hard, the last of which is very handy dealing with brothers. Win or lose, games were celebrated with multi-colored snacks and exhausted joy. This is a most excellent time for girls' sports.

This month I gave up the Mermaids, as Hannah graduated into another type of league, GYS Academy play. And I'm glad to give it up and hand the training over to real coaches, people gifted not only in the sport, but also teaching young women. The Mermaids, who have been together since they were 4, will stay together.

There were times out on the grass in Bryan Park, on a Saturday morning, when the Greensboro sky was Carolina blue, and the cool weather was just as fine as one could imagine. These were much more numerous than the ones in which we either froze or burned, thankfully. Seeing my daughter run, laugh, and kick, in the thick of a game with a gaggle of other girls, I sometimes had the feeling that, even with all the brokenness of this world, life is still good.

Michael

Get Hot for August Challenge

It sure is hot out! I am challenging all of College Park to get hot inside as well. 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. In addition, I plan on getting a safe tan to contrast with the background supplied by the photographer. 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

Pictorial Directory

Make plans now to have your picture taken for the new pictorial directory. The photography dates are August 13th through August 15th with a make-up date of September 26th. ANYONE who would like to be photographed for our directory is welcome to participate. Photography is free of charge, however, there will be photographs available for purchase should anyone want to make a purchase. The photographer will be contacting all members whom we have phone numbers from July 26th through August 4th for specific photography times.

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 Radiane Drive
where it meets Mimosa directly opposite of
Benjamin Parkway and Grimsley High.
Look for the pink flamingo.

Adult Summer Sunday School Reel Faith

Moved by a movie?
Concerned about homosexuality
and the church?

Two concurrent eight-class series will run
June 17—August 12:
one addressing movies and faith
to be held in the Fellowship Hall,
and the other addressing homosexuality
and the Bible to be held in the Parlor.

Michael will be leading the classes on
homosexuality and the church
and will provide guidance and materials.

Movie Schedule:

June 17—*The Mission* (Ann Usey)

June 24—*Dead Poet's Society* (Patsy Kendall)

July 1—*Children of Men* (Keith Burkhead)

July 8—*A Man for All Seasons* (Lexi Eagles)

July 15—Social

July 22—*The Godfather* (Mike Cumbus)

July 29—*Dead Man Walking* (Hayden Ireland)

August 5—*Truly, Madly, Deeply* (Laurie White)

August 12—*Shadowlands* (Lori Morgan)

Baptism Statement

When the light is green you go. When the light is red you stop. But what do you do when the light turns blue, with orange and lavender spots?

Okay, that's a pretty big decision; I mean what would you do? We're all faced with rally big challenges in our lives. Like choosing to be a Christian; who you hang out with; how you act. Doing what's right.

It's a pretty confusing world. Life happens to be very tough at times. Then there are the days where one good decision makes the whole day very good.

Every day that I wake up is a good day. Every day that I feel like I have accomplished something feels good. On the bad days and the good days, I'm always looking to God to give thanks or to ask for help. Especially on those bad days I ask why, or what went wrong. But I always seem to make it through them no matter what.

At first I was a little anxious to get baptized. Wondering if I'm capable of making the good decisions or if I'm worth it. And then I think, well, God put me here for a reason so I am worth it.

I think my passion for art is that reason, so everyday I put my gift to work and I do what I can to be the best that I can be.

So why not get baptized. I'm ready now. This is a big step on the right path and I'm ready to take it. I am so excited to take a big breath of air after being cleansed of all my sins. It will be a big weight off my shoulders so that I can start fresh. I know I will still have obstacles on my way but with help from my church family and God on my side, I'm sure I can handle them.

So bring it on, I'm READY!

Clemarie Thomas

Meet the Ohlms!

Peter and Amanda Ohlms are two of College Park's newest members. Peter is a transportation manager for the City of Greensboro. Amanda is working on her Masters at UNCG in Counseling. They are originally from Virginia. Both are involved with the Pathfinders and the Eco-Stewardship committee that recently formed. Peter enjoys biking and driving buses. Amanda loves to clip coupons. One thing you might not know is that Amanda has 9 brothers and sisters. Peter has none.

Wednesday Night Dinners

Thank you, thank you to:

Lisa Shortt (planner and cooker),
Frank & Patsy Kendall (shoppers),
Mike Baumann (warmer- upper),
Penny Chambers (beverage prep),
cooks/servers, cleaners,

and anyone we might have forgotten to mention.

Really, a number of you went above and beyond the call of duty,
cooking, serving and/or cleaning frequently.

We couldn't have done it without you!

Thank you from Mark & Angela Brady-Fleming.

Are You up for the Challenge?

The Triad Commute Challenge, sponsored by Triad Air Awareness, is going on all summer! If you try an alternative form of transportation - that would be anything but driving alone - from May 1 to August 31, you can win prizes. You'll also help to reduce traffic congestion and improve our air quality. To sign up, visit www.triadair.org web site, or you may call 703-2449, or pick up a sign-up sheet from the table outside the church office.

A Picture is Worth 1000 Words

In order to give visitors an idea of year-round activities at College Park, we're collecting digital photographs (jpg. only) to create a special brochure in the form of a photo collage. The brochure will be placed in the pew racks and used to give out to people who ask about our wonderful church family and activities. This could include every event: Super Bowl Sunday, baptisms, baby presentations, Christmas, Easter, Pentecost (balloons), youth and children's activities, choirs, handbells, picnics, Wednesday night classes, Not For Prime Time Players, banners used to propose marriage, JUST TO NAME A FEW. If you have photos (jpg. digital only and G-rated for those inclined to ask!!!), please email them to Tom Hardin at thardin1311@bellsouth.net Obviously, we will only be able to use a limited number. YOURS might just be among the best chosen. Deadline for submitting photos will be June 11.

Thank You

Dear College Park Friends,

It's hard to thank a few, so we decided to thank everyone for the Great Celebration of Bill's 80th birthday. It was "over-the-top." Your presence made his day. The many birthday cards were over whelming. Thanks!

If you were not there, you missed a wonderful and festive occasion of fun, fellowship and good food. The flowers and decorations were beautiful. Believe me, Barry Shoemaker knows how to give a party. Thanks Barry.

The College Park Players were in fine form for the trial of "Hot Lips Withers," a skit that would not have existed if not for the creator, author and producer, Juanita Lojko. What a talent she has! Thanks Juanita. The memoirs she framed for the tables were a streak of genius. Bill couldn't figure out where she got all those pictures and articles. I finally confessed.

The photographer, Matt Lojko, who made a family portrait for us and presented an 8 x 10 photo to me on Sunday and a DVD of all the pictures he took. What a gem! Thanks Matt.

The College Park Players had a few new members who out did themselves. Doug Lewellen, Peoples Court Moderator, (Jerry C); Johnny Cochran, Defense Attorney, (Rydell H); Mr. Rogers, Prosecutor, (Michael N); C. Farer, Navy buddy, (Tom H); Bailiff's (Matt L and Cindy D); Judge Judy (Tammy S); and a few witnesses who never got to testify. Thank you College Park Players and also thanks for the song "An Ode to Bill Withers."

What a great day! Thanks to everyone. We love you all.

Bill & Betty Withers

Dear Church Friends,

Thank you so much for the visits and food during my recent surgery. It really means a lot to see friends when you are down.

Thanks so much!
Bill Hurt

Favorite Mother's Day Story

For those of you with little ones at home, this will get you to laughing because you know in your heart this could be you. We are never as in control as we like to think . . .

We had this great 10 year old cat named Jack who just recently died.

Jack was a great cat and the kids would carry him around and sit on him and nothing ever bothered him. He used to hang out and nap all day long on this mat in our bathroom.

Well, we have 3 kids and at the time of this story they were 4 years old, 3 years old and 1 year old. The middle one is Eli.

Eli really loves chap stick. LOVES it. He kept asking to use my chap stick and then losing it. So finally one day I showed him where in the bathroom I keep my chap stick and how he could use it whenever he wanted to but he needed to put it right back in the drawer when he was done.

Last year on Mother's Day, we were having the typical rush around and try to get ready for Church with everyone crying and carrying on. My two boys are fighting over the toy in the cereal box. I am trying to nurse my little one at the same time I am putting on my make-up. Everything is a mess and everyone has long forgotten that this is a wonderful day to honor me and the amazing job that is motherhood.

We finally have the older one and the baby loaded in the car and I am looking for Eli. I have searched everywhere and I finally round the corner to go into the bathroom. And there was Eli. He was applying my chap stick, very carefully, to Jack's . . . rear end.

Eli looked right into my eyes and said "chapped." Now if you have a cat, you know that he is right--their little butts do look pretty chapped. And, frankly, Jack didn't seem to mind.

The only question to really ask at that point was whether it was the FIRST time Eli had done that to the cat's behind or the hundredth.

And THAT is my favorite Mother's Day moment ever because it reminds us that no matter how hard we try to civilize these glorious little creatures, there will always be that day when you realize they've been using your chap stick on the cat's butt.

Race for the Cure

On Saturday, June 9th Jennifer Ingold Asbill and Diane Ingold will be walking in the Race for the Cure at Meredith College. This is the 25th anniversary for the Komen Foundation, dedicated to raising funds in the fight to end breast cancer by supporting research and raising awareness. If you would like to walk with us we'd love to have you! Just let Jennifer or Diane know. If you would like to offer your support by sponsoring us please contact Jennifer or Diane or visit my personal page online at the Komen Foundation. [Http://race.komennctriangle.org/site/TR?pg=personal&frid=1020&px=1149045](http://race.komennctriangle.org/site/TR?pg=personal&frid=1020&px=1149045)

From West Africa

Our "stuff" including my computer has not yet arrived so I can't send any pictures. If you have seen any movies lately depicting the Arab-African (i.e. Spy Game, Black Hawk Down) you have a pretty good idea of what Nouakchott, Mauritania looks like. Nouakchott means "the place of the winds" and it certainly lives up to its name. The people we have met from the Peace Corps are incredibly gracious and friendly. Since our house is surrounded by a twelve foot wall with barred windows and a guard sits outside on our patio from 8 PM to 7 AM, I am guess everyone is not as friendly. There is a very defined caste system in this place, each level with its own customs and rituals. The White Moors (Biden) were the warrior and educated class. The Black Moors (Harratin) were former slaves of the Biden and the artisans and slaves make up the remaining classes. In 1980 slavery was declared illegal in Mauritania with 100,000 slaves in the country. It is said that in the city of Adrar the practice still exists of buying and selling.

From April through October it is oven hot with hot winds blowing sand off the desert. December through March it supposedly cools off and a sweater is needed at night (I am guessing a really light sweater).

In our two years in Mongolia, I only saw one small bug in our apartment. In my first hour in our house, I killed four roaches large enough to paint, name, number, and race around a track, and I have killed at least five more since then. I understand there are blister beetles, scorpions, and swarms of locusts, plus a variety of infections, maladies, and parasites, one of which is a guinea worm which I am guessing only goes after Italians. Mongolia seems more like Disneyland everyday.

On the brighter side, we live in a two story, three bedroom house that has an air conditioner in every room, a truck for 90 days (we will have to buy a car after that), and a maid (Fatu) who works from 7:45 AM to 1:30 PM five Days a week for about \$121 per month, and a bakery that is close by which bakes really good baguettes for about \$0.37 or 100 ouguiya (ouGHEE-yag).

Donkeys, goats, and roosters seem to wander through the streets making donkey, goat, and rooster noises. There are beggars on every corner in wheelchairs, carts or just dragging themselves along (an incredible number of beggars with missing limbs).

If the electricity goes out in the house, (which also nixes out the water which pumps the water from our well which is very dark, dingy, and creepy), I will have to go in the back of the house and start the generator and I am certain that will only happen on a dark and stormy night when the shutters are banging against the house and the guard mysteriously disappears.

Some streets are paved but most are sand . . . sand . . . and more sand.

Dorothy we are not in Kansas anymore, we are definitely in the Sahara Desert.

Sarah's co-worker, Amel, loaned me a TV last night until ours gets here. I looked up on my roof to find a satellite dish big enough to detect life on distant planets, but alas only about nine channels are received. The channels are however in ENGLISH, in fact, they are the Armed Forces Network which also gives you a constant stream of advertising for the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. I watched the movie "Hellboy" and Dr. Phil this morning. I drew the line at Judge Judy, I have standards.

I wonder if I could stay in this air conditioned living room and eat nothing but potato chips, drink bottled water, read books and watch AFN for the next two years? I know, I know, I can't do that. I promised you all a great adventure but I need to get my bearings and they seem hard to come by just yet.

Disoriented but still alive and learning French.

Au revoir,
Roland



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Just our Luck:

Welcome!

*Rachel Luck,
Our New Associate
Minister*

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