

Carpe Diem Metaphorical Pirate

Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero. “Seize the day and place no trust in tomorrow.” As my wonderful source of Wikipedia tells me, Horace said this. Today we know it as carpe diem, or “seize the day.” This shortened version can be broken down into two parts.

The first word “seize”, according to Webster’s New World College Dictionary means:

1. To put in legal possession of a particular thing; assign ownership to.
2. To take quick advantage of. ...To own the day, wouldn’t that be great?

That sounds like typical teen lingo, “you just got owned,” but what if the day were mine. I would be doing you all a big favor by letting you be here from the time the sun comes up until the sun goes down because, technically, I own that time. I could just travel around the world following the sun and I would then own ALL time. God would probably be cheesed, but Copernicus could understand. The word “seize” reminds me of pirates, and with thanks to those of the Caribbean, commandeering a ship or something.

Now the second part of this saying “the day” in typical conversation is used to symbolize opportunity, which bodes well with the second definition I mentioned for “seize.” To take quick advantage of “opportunity.” That sounds about right. That’s what we all want to do, take advantage of our opportunities. Easy enough, go ahead, and as Nike tells us, “just do it.”

So its not quite that simple, but you can call me a metaphorical pirate because I have definitely been seizing...things...and by things I mean the day. Anyway, I have spent the past two years at a boarding school in Pennsylvania. No, I was not sent there for being a bad kid, and no not everyone there plays hockey. These are just the two most common misconceptions because here, boarding school = trouble, or Marty = Hockey. Now one of my main reasons for choosing to change schools and repeat my junior year of high school was hockey. I played for the best 16 and under team in all of North and South Carolina, but if I wanted a chance to pursue hockey further, it meant going somewhere North.

As soon as I arrived at my school I began to put my piracy into true effect, not meaning I stole a bunch of movies or music from illegal sources on line, but I began to truly seize the day. I took on the sport of water polo, I was fully involved with my ice hockey team, I joined the peer counseling program, and I signed up to be a tour guide. My first year went really well as I made great grades and was really enjoying my time, but my hockey career didn’t go as I had always planned. I was stricken with an injury as I played almost half my season with either a bruised tail bone or a torn MCL.

After hockey season I really put myself out there and became fully involved in my school. I was elected head of peer counseling, joined the big brother big sister program, played varsity lacrosse and was even elected to be the school president. Life was great and **I was doing it all**, but that has proven to be one of my biggest setbacks. I didn’t have time to do everything I was involved in to my full potential. I would have to miss a peer counseling meeting so I could make a student government meeting, or I would have to put off volleyball on the quad in order to meet with the headmaster. The day was never long enough.

Time is one of the major restraints that people face. We don’t have time to do everything. The average life span for an American male is 74.1 years and an American female is 79.1. Jesus, who somehow managed to be born 6 years Before Christ or BC, yet another crazy miracle. . . .lived only to his early 30’s. Now it may seem obvious to say that Jesus is someone who seized the day, but he wasn’t able to heal everyone, or preach to everyone. He had to prioritize because when you say “yes” to one thing it means you have to say “no” something else. We have all heard the story where the

woman is basically airlifted into the house Jesus was staying in order to be healed. The reason we know about her is because there were too many other people wanting to talk to Jesus that she could not get through. By choosing to heal this woman, there must have been some unlucky person who didn’t get his or her time with Jesus. Now you might be thinking, well who gets to decide who is more important to be first on the waiting list, but that’s not the important part, the important part is that he didn’t lose focus of his goals. Knowing that he couldn’t heal or preach to everyone, he still did the most he could and his lesson is carried on thousands of years later.

One of the biggest parts of seizing the day is motivation. I spoke recently at my school about finding some form of motivation for being good, and that concept is closely associated with being motivated seize the day as well. Its hard to take advantage of an opportunity when you’re not motivated. We all have those days where you want nothing more than to just lay in bed all day and watch break dancing videos, listening To Beyonce, and its fine to take a day for yourself to let yourself refuel physically and mentally, but we all need some sort of motivation to keep on keeping on.

For me it’s people. I am close to many people who motivate me to be better and to try and be better, but one person in particular has been around more than the rest. Watching over and guiding me throughout the majority of my life, this person is invincible. She could do anything, never lost focus, and made the best of every situation. This person is my mom, Sylvia Previtte. Even when diagnosed with cancer, even after losing all her hair, and even after losing her life, still manages to make everyone who knew her a better person. She could do it all, but anything she took on would be done well. Whether it was a hand made dinosaur, Halloween costumes or clay book reviews in a shoe box, everything was done with the most effort and commitment. These characteristics have stuck with me and it is all I can do to imitate this quality to make her proud.

Taking advantage of an opportunity or making the most of a situation doesn’t mean doing everything. Just because you can get it all done, doesn’t mean you should do it all. You have to draw the line somewhere, when quantity takes away from quality. I have always tried to do everything. I want it all and normally do whatever it takes to Get everything done and make as many people as possible happy. I will cram activities into a day and take on many responsibilities because I know I can get them done. The problem is when your eyes become bigger than your stomach. When I plan all these things or try to do so many jobs, I am not always able to give my best effort or fully enjoy each individual task. I always do my best, but when you divide your best by lots of different variables, then what quality are you left with for each thing?

Now being lazy is not the answer either. If you don’t take on responsibilities so that you can put more effort into a particular thing, then you need to at least give it your all. There is no excuse for not doing your best. My Canadian hockey coach showed me this value of responsibility by telling me “an athlete plays his best no matter the circumstances....eh?” He would accept nothing but high intensity, all out, everything you got, every time you step on the ice because it’s an honor to be able to play the game. In the wise words of Wedding Crashers, “rule number 76, no excuses, play like a champion.”

The key to all of this is finding that middle ground where you pick your own switch. Now I never got the switch because I always got the hand or belt, but I can’t complain because I assume my Uncle Bill would just use his gun, considering he’s a retired police officer that is always and probably currently packing. But you have to find some form of moderation between laziness and excessiveness. In Aristotle’s Nicomachean Ethics, he describes a “golden mean.” This idea is based on three pillars:

1. Ethics should be neither extreme, just like human biology. For example your temperatures should never be too hot or too cold, your ethics should never be too extreme.
2. Our extremes are relative to the individual. Different people have different needs.
3. Virtue falls somewhere between the two vices. If you stay somewhere between the two extremes then you will be virtuous and happy.

When it comes to pirate middle ground, I find myself somewhere between the extreme of Captain Jack Sparrow and those other extreme pirates like Steve Rogers.

So take the time to think about everything that you are involved in: relationships, jobs, yourself. Really think about all the peoples’ lives you are involved in, all of your responsibilities, and yourself. Do you have too many to fully enjoy each? Do you not have enough? Are you balanced between the extremes? Give time and effort to your relationships with everyone in your life you encounter because you never know how your interaction will affect them, give every job you take on your best effort so you can be sure you are proud of your responsibilities, and take time to give back because no time spent on others is time wasted. After you do this, you really will be seizing the day.

Marty Previtte

Youth Sunday

I’ve never been the type to let the grass grow under my fee. Even as a baby I never wanted to watch TV or even sit still. I wanted to be outside or moving around always exploring something I thought looked interesting. My parents couldn’t leave me alone for a second.

Before I had my license, my parents put thousands of miles on their cars taxiing me from one place o another. I was in boy scouts, I was involved in church activities, I took music lessons, and because I get so easily bored, I played every sport known to man. Ant it turned out, I enjoyed playing all of the expensive sports. . . .like paint-ball. Now that I have my license I’m still on the go, like when I drove to Boone after school for a session of night skiing, drove home that night, and went to school the next day.

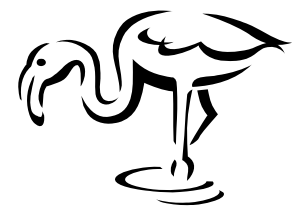
Not only do I try and seize the day, I try to seize every moment of every day, constantly on the go from morning till night. In the past, seizing the day was an opportunity to do something that I waned to do and not to worry about the future. This was my motto for most of my life. Then I realized things were not going as they should.

We all have regrets. One of mine is not giving all I had into my school work. But as it says in Philippians chapter 3, verse 13, “No dear brothers I am still not all I should be, but I am focusing all my energies on this one thing: and that is forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead.”

Recently I have set some major goals in my life. For the next two years, I will be attending GTCC and after that, I want to go to the Art Institute of CA Los Angeles and major in digital filmmaking and video production. Because of my passion for life, hopefully this career will allow me to travel and have an exciting life. God does not want us to waste our lives away. He wants us to “seize the day” and live everyday of our lives with passion.

In Ephesians chapter 4 when Paul is locked up, he tells the Christians in Ephesus, “I want you to get out there and walk, better yet, run! On the road God called you to travel. I don’t want any of you sitting around on your hands; I don’t want anyone strolling off down some path that goes nowhere.” So I’m going to follow Paul’s advice and go for it, give it all I’ve got and don’t let anything keep me from living mine to the fullest.

Kevin Lowrance



You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

Some people are known by their accomplishments, their heroic deeds, and even their bad behavior. Reputations and what you are "famous" for many times define who you are and what you will become. To many of the people I know or to those who know of me, I am known as the boy who has survived many accidents and medical issues, both miniscule and life threatening. I guess to an extent, I define myself that way as well. Compared to a lot of my friends, I have been through medical stuff and surgeries that they haven't had to experience, but I know that I am lucky. I am blessed, for I have seen people, children, and patients much worse off than I was.

From my accidents I have learned and feel that life doesn't owe me anything. I know my accidents and illnesses have shaped my life, my decisions, and have had a profound affect on me. As bad as I felt during my times of sickness, and as depressed as I became at some points, I found in myself the inner strength to seize the day. Instead of cursing the adversities that I was confronted with, I found within myself the ability to accept misfortune, find blessings despite my pain, and make the decision to live my life fearlessly instead of fearfully.

For those of you who don't know me that well, let me fill you in on the good, bad, and the ugly of my oh so short life. From the age of two, when I had my first ear surgery, I began my love/hate relationship with surgeons, physical therapists, and nurses. Ask me anything about a surgery room, an ER waiting room, or how to navigate around most any hospital, and I can inform and enlighten you about anything you'd like to know. If you doubt my knowledge and qualifications to explain these things, let me list for you my credentials.

1993 was the first time I had ear surgery. Little did I know at the time that I would go on to have seven or eight more! I had ear surgeries, both minor and major about every 18 months for the next 15 years. As bad as my ear surgeries seemed at the time, they turned out to be quiet interludes between my major accidents and hospitalizations.

Two days into summer vacation of 1994, my brother's best friend decided to play a trick on me and flip me around like a rag doll. Unfortunately the whole flipping part never really occurred, but luckily my jaw broke my fall. You wouldn't have guessed there was anything wrong by the looks of only a bruise, but when I tried to open my mouth and couldn't, I knew something was "baaad" wrong. That summer was the summer of surgery to wire my jaw shut for twelve weeks, to eat pulverized macaroni & cheese and spaghetti O's through a straw, and to have another surgery to remove the wires.

In the summer of 1999, I again saw the inside of a surgical suite when I had my overgrown tonsils and adenoids removed. The relief of being able to breathe, and my parents relief from my loud snoring, made this a welcome surgery.

My most traumatic and life threatening accident occurred during the summer of 2000 at my mema's house. We had gone there to commemorate the one year anniversary of my papa's death from pancreatic cancer. On that peaceful night, I sat in front of my brother as he drove the four-wheeler when all of a sudden, we hit a railroad tie and lunged forward into a house trailer. My belly made brief contact with the handles of the four-wheeler and I mimicked an airbag for my older brother. With only a small bruise as evidence of an accident and my injury, I had in fact severed my pancreas and was slowly dying. I was in the hospital for three and a half weeks and the day I was released and went back to my mema's, I had to turn around and go back to the hospital for another two weeks because of complications.

Summer of 2001, I had not been hurt! My parents, friends, and I were actually celebrating because of that. It was two days before school started and I was relieved to think that I would start the school year without a cast, a wheelchair, or a major scar, but little did I know. . . .we were jumping on the neighbor's trampoline and I bounced higher than the safety net and came down through the springs and wrenched my right

knee. I was rushed to the hospital and was diagnosed with a torn ACL. The doctor informed me that 10 year-olds never tore their ACLs. How lucky I was to be so unique! I was incapacitated in a straight leg cast for most of my fifth grade year.

It had been seven years, and I thought my bad luck streak was over. But I was unaware that during the years of not having surgery on my ACL, it had disintegrated. One week before my senior year at Grimsley High School started, I was pulling weeds in my mom's flower bed and I heard a snap! Embarrassingly, the weeds were the winners that day and it was back to the operating room to rebuild my ACL and repair my torn meniscus, followed by months of physical therapy.

Had I had enough?! I don't think so! Just last week while playing Ultimate Frisbee, I was hit from behind and dislocated my shoulder. However, I did catch the Frisbee. After five hours in the ER, which I was well acquainted with, I found out that I might have a torn rotator cuff that will need surgery and physical therapy eventually. At least they will know me by name up at Greensboro Orthopedics.

So how do my accidents and illnesses relate to the theme of "Carpe Diem" - seize the day? As I looked back and thought about my accidents and brushes with death, I realized that I have not allowed myself to be limited by or made fearful by my misfortunes. Although I may be known as the kid who seems to get hurt every few weeks, and began to feel that way myself, I came to recognize the fact that I have gained a maturity that developed from dealing with sickness, and I have a conviction that life must be lived to the fullest everyday because you never know what the next day or even the next minute has in store for you. Seize the day? No, seize the minute - seize every minute! I have not lived my life scared to do the things that have hindered me or hurt me. I have developed a mindset of being able to "get back on the horse that threw me off."

When I was thinking of Bible stories that I could relate to my life, I thought of the story of Joseph, a man who faced adversity and was thrown into a well by his brothers and then sold into slavery. A man who was falsely accused by Potiphar and his wife and was imprisoned by Pharaoh. No, Phillip has not tried throwing me down a well or tried selling me into slavery, yet. But like Joseph, I have found **YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN**.

I have always felt that no matter what adversity, pain, or hardship I had to endure, God was with me always. I don't necessarily believe that God lets bad things happen to people, but bad things do happen. What I have realized is that it is how you react and deal with the bad things that is important and is the mark of your character and maturity. Knowing God is always with me whether I was in the hospital, having surgery, or recuperating on the sofa, gave me the strength and knowledge that everything, no matter what, would be okay. A German philosopher once said that "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger." I firmly believe this. I have, thanks to my own personal strength and beliefs, the strength and prayers of my loving church family, the loving support of my family, and the support of good doctors and nurses, come out of every situation stronger and more prepared to meet my future. As told in the story of Joseph, "As for you, you meant evil against me, but God used it for good in order to bring about this present result, to preserve many people alive."

Through my many accidents and illnesses, I have experienced the love and caring of my family, friends, doctors, nurses, and many others. Their love and care has affected me in so many ways. As I have grown and matured spiritually, mentally, and emotionally, I have come to realize that I can also make a positive impact on others during their times of need. Having nurses in the hospital who literally pulled me back up to my feet has influenced my way of thinking and seeing what I can make of my future.

In the fall, I will be a freshman at UNCG. I plan to study nursing, a career I would have probably never considered had it not been for my experiences. When I think about the people and events that have influenced my life and my choice of a career in nursing, I can't help but think about James Brown. No, not the soul singer, but I "feel" good, but the nurse who attended me for six weeks after my pancreas surgery while I was in the

hospital in Greenville, NC. Everyday he came in with a smile and a happy go lucky attitude that almost made me forget where I was and what was happening to me. It was the kind of care he gave me that impressed and influenced me so much. I am able to see now what James Brown and his nurturing did for me and I want to return that blessing to others. To have the ability to make me forget for a while that I was hooked up to ten tubes and I was fighting for my life, is a testament to the kind of nurse he was. He made me feel like I was the only patient he had. I never would have thought honeycomb cereal fights, pillow fights, and nose plunger dart gunfights could be a form of positive therapy, but they seemed to work for me. I never would have thought that someone who was a part of my life, for such a brief time, could have had such an impact on my life and on my decisions about a career path.

There is a saying, "when life hands you lemons, make beef stew," or something like that. Like Joseph in Egypt, that is exactly what I've tried to do. Throughout my life I have tried to approach my times of incapacity with grace, maturity, and a sense of humor. By virtue of who my father is, I have an oddball sense of humor anyway, but because of my accidents and my brush with death, I have developed a black humor regarding life. Not Chris Rock black, but "laugh at adversity" black. The humor that comes out of pain. The thought that I can, by God's grace, use the gifts that I have discovered as a result of being sick and hurt, and use them to help someone else, is a blessing. Like Joseph, I am seizing the day. Prepared to deal with plenty, famine, or whatever God by my side.

Stephen Jones

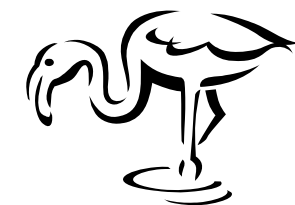
Adult Summer Sunday School June 14 through August 16

This summer 3 of our adult Sunday School classes will go on hiatus, giving the teachers a much-needed break. In their place we'll have:

- A movie discussion group, led by a different volunteer facilitator each week. Movie selection can be the volunteer's choice or selected from a list.
- A book/story discussion group, also led by a volunteer, using the Dr. Seuss titles on which Michael is basing his summer sermon series.

Adult summer Sunday School will still begin around 9:45 a.m. If you're willing to lead a movie or book discussion, see the sign-up sheets on Cindy's door or email her (dilloncl@msn.com). Cindy can also provide movie suggestions, movie discussion guides, and copies of the Dr. Seuss books/stories.

And if you haven't tried out any of our adult Sunday School groups, this is an excellent opportunity to meet others and explore some unusual perspectives on faith!





A life lesson from *THE*



Golden tickets, Oompa-Loompas, milk chocolate waterfalls, everlasting gobstoppers ...

For those who were (or still are) Willy Wonka fanatics, you may already be humming “I’ve got a golden ticket” while doing the *Grandpa Joe jig* around your living room. For others, these words may have brought to mind many of the other characters and inventions that have captured our imaginations. There has never again been a movie in which a young girl morphs into a large berry, soda pop gives one the ability to float, wallpaper is edible, and glass elevators break through ceilings without shattering.

I can’t help but think that this movie has created some parenting dilemmas. How do you get your child to eat a healthy serving of vegetables when Mr. Wonka has convinced her that one piece of gum holds all her nutritional needs? How do you convince your toddler that wallpaper only tastes like snazberries in the movies? What do we do with creepy Mr. Slugworth, who always manages to slip onto the scene of a golden ticket finding and compromises parenting rule #1, NEVER TALK TO STRANGERS? But if we put aside Wonka’s seemingly impractical inventions and irresponsible suggestions we find that the movie is not totally devoid of good teachings.

In my transition into the Associate Minister position at College Park I have found one of Wonka’s lessons particularly insightful. Over the past week, as I prepared my office and myself for this first week on the job, I was frequently reminded that I have been here before. Whether these reminders surfaced in the encouraging words of family and friends, or were evoked by the memory of past experiences here, I was constantly reminded that I am stepping into familiar territory. However, this feeling was accompanied by the simultaneous realization that this seemingly familiar space is in fact something quite different and new. In the three years since I first came to College Park, this church has welcomed many members while mourning the loss of several others, it has grown in its ministry to the Greensboro community, taking on several outreach programs, and the spiritual life of the congregation has continued to develop. College Park Church is, for me, a place that is familiar ... and new.

As I reflected on the conflicting reality of familiarity and newness, I was reminded of a scene in the 1971 film, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. During the tour of the facility, Wonka leads his guests into a small, one door room. The door through which the group entered the room is the only possible means for exiting. Despite one guest’s protest against Wonka’s curious sense of direction, Wonka proceeds to open the door only to reveal a new room in the factory. That which appeared to be a familiar passage, opened instead to a new *reality*.

The insight I have gained from this movie clip is that we never enter into the same circumstance twice. Because the world around us is always evolving, and we are continually growing, even those places that seem to offer the comfort of familiarity inevitably hold something new. This is a lesson that applies to many of life’s transitions. At the beginning of every school year, children and youth have to readjust to their setting. Though the students may enter the same school grounds, walk down the same halls and even sit in the same classrooms as they did the year before, the circumstances in which they are being taught are different. One class of students has moved on to the next place of education, another class of students has moved in, and they have a different roster of teachers with which they must build relationships. They experience their familiar surroundings in fresh ways.

A daughter or son might have a similar experience when she/he comes home that first

Families experience this with the addition of a second child. Teachers go through this with each incoming class of students. In fact, we probably encounter these moments more often than we realize.

So, what do we do in these moments when what seems familiar is also that which is new and uncertain? I think we follow the example of Wonka and his guests, and step into the opportunities before us. Carrying with us the wisdom of past experiences, and still encouraged by that which is familiar, we continue to move forward. It is only in our venturing forward that we discover the gift of new possibilities.

This morning I walked through the familiar door of College Park Church into a world that is entirely new. I venture into this role as Associate Minister informed by my past experiences in ministry with you, encouraged by the familiarity of friends who love and support me, and eager to explore the possibilities awaiting me. I look forward to all that I will learn from you and share with you in this journey. And I thank you for the welcome and support you have so graciously extended over the past weeks.

Lin Bunce

Thank You

Dear College Park Friends,
Thank you for your prayers and support while I traveled to Africa. Please continue to pray for my Dad who is still very sick.

Love,
Garang

Dear Michael:
Thanks for all your support and the book of poems. I had no idea how helpful the meals turned out to be.

I appreciate you more every day.

Paul Lowder

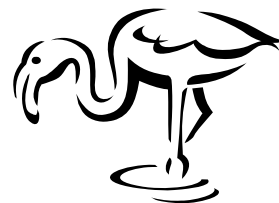
College Park Family,
Thank you for all your love and care during the lengthy illness and death of my mother. Through visits, cards, prayers and calls, you have been there for us. It's so very comforting to know that there is a family backing you up in all the ways that are needed and wanted.

You, as always, came through.

Much love,
Robert & Janice Kirkman

Dear College Park,
Thanks to all of you who gave up part of your Saturday morning to help me get moved. It meant so much to me that my brothers and sisters pitched in and helped make my transition so much easier. Words simply fail me when expressing how truly grateful I am and how lucky I consider myself to be a part of this church.

Mike Cumbus



Children’s Sunday School

The Children's Sunday School classes need just a few more volunteers to teach Sunday School this summer. The dates that teachers are still needed are below. Please consider helping out so that we will be able to have Sunday School opportunities for all of our children every Sunday this summer. If you are interested in teaching please sign up outside the Assoc. Ministers office or email Nancy Cravey (nancycravey@yahoo.com). If you are signed up to teach, you will be receiving your lesson materials soon.

Children's I (4 yrs-1st graders):
July 12
July 19
August 2
August 9

Children's II (2nd-5th graders):
July 5
July 12
July 26

Scrapbooking—Girl Scout Project

Lara Stocks is working on her Gold Award in Girl Scouting. For her project she is planning a scrapbooking workshop for children experiencing foster care on **June 20th**. She is working with Foster Friends of NC, a local organization whose mission is to provide foster children with access to activities and opportunities that enrich their childhood experience.

There are several ways you can help the project :

- pray for these kids and the success of this project;
- donations of scrapbooking materials: stickers, scraps or full pages of paper, pens, and adhesives.

A box will be set up near the side entrance to the church for donations.

If you are experienced at scrapbooking, sign up to help assist the kids at the workshop. Loan your scrapbooking tools for the kids to use at the workshop especially cutting systems, shape makers or idea books. Help with setup on Friday night before the workshop or help with lunch.

Sponsor a child or provide items off our wish list.

If you want to sign up to help or are interested in the wish list, send an e-mail to pjstocks@triad.rr.com as soon as possible.

Backpack Club

If parents or kids have backpacks they no longer use and would like to donate them, the Missions Committee would gladly accept them if they are gently used.

A box will be left in the parking lot side entrance area for these donations.

3 Nickels

What if you had to walk 3 miles for clean water or if half of your family died from a treatable disease? If you could only eat when food could be found? What would one dollar mean to you?

Now is your chance to help. Pledge to support College Park's newest outreach **3 Nickels per day**. Our goal is to have 100 families or members pledge at least \$1.00 per week, or 3 nickels per day. Currently we have about 35 signed up.

These offerings will then be used to fund missions around the world. This year we plan to support:

- Watering Malawi
- The Heifer Project
- The Ruth School
- Pennies for Peace

We invite you as a member of 3 nickels per day, to suggest other world mission groups that you would like to see served next year.

Help fight poverty around the world by sending your dollar on a mission. Sign the pledge and become part of the solution.

Send Your Dollar on a Mission With Just 3 Nickels a Day

I _____ pledge to help fight poverty around the world by giving at least **One Dollar per Week**. I understand that this pledge is above and beyond my normal giving. I would like to make my donation as follows:

- Single 2009 payment of \$33.00
 Weekly payments of \$1.00

I can give more \$ _____
 (Specify Amount)

Signature _____

We have 85 members pledging a total of \$3,511.



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 www.collegeparkchurch.com cpbcbpo@bellsouth.net
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 May Peanut Butter Donations = 53 Pounds
 Total Peanut Butter Donations for Year = 254 pounds
 Total Other Food Donations for Year = 375 Pounds

Published monthly by College Park Church
 Bulk rate paid at Greensboro, NC 27407

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

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 Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
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 Helen Morehead, Sexton
 Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
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Seuss & G. Suss Summer Sermon Series

- June
 7 Horton Hatches the Egg
 14 Yertle the Turtle
 21 What Was I Scared Of?
 28 The Cat in The Hat Comes Back

Looking Ahead

- June
 13 Amy Laster's Wedding
 20-23 Passport Kids Camp, Lynchburg, VA
 21-26 Youth Passport Camp, Wingate, NC
 July
 8 Ralph & Tammy Leave for Hungary
 11 Rustyn Chamberlain's Wedding