

Baptismal Statement

Being a Baptist is awesome! The idea of being able to choose when you're ready to take on your religion, and make your own choice of what you believe in, is the whole idea behind beliefs. People sometimes get carried away in having a religion before they know what they believe in, and the good thing about being Baptist is you choose to be baptized to your beliefs that happen to be shared by others.

Faith means different things to different people. Some people are born into their beliefs because their parents believe things forcing them to share those beliefs. Other people gain their faith or non faith by something that happens in their life. My faith is unique because I have a little of both.

I was born into Christianity by my whole family being part of this church. My grandfather, Dan Cottrell, has fixed every square inch of this church more than once. And my uncle, Bill Ingold, is the ugliest man ever to be an usher here at College Park. My grandmother, Mildred Cottrell, is one of the most known people here and my aunt, Diane Ingold, is one of the beautiful voices of the choir. The only thing that would make me more born into my religion is if Michael was my dad.

But this isn't why I'm a Christian. This isn't why I believe in God. Faith isn't something I could just be born into. I'm way too stubborn just to believe what the rest of my family believes. My faith mainly derives from something much less comedic. The experiences in my life have given me the proof needed to believe in God and Christianity. Some of these experiences I wasn't even old enough to understand. When I didn't know what it meant, my mother was diagnosed with cancer. I had no idea the hit that my family was going to take. I didn't know why she had to die because it couldn't make sense to me, but God was with us the whole time, watching and helping my family through the very tough time. When my mom died it gave me assurance that there is a heaven and she is right up there sitting with God watching over all of us right now.

For a while, this was the only reason that I believed in God and that I was a Christian. After my mom past away, coming to church on Sundays just didn't happen as often and even got to the point that the only time I was here was for the Christmas service. It wasn't knowingly choosing not to come to church, but simply fading out of the routine and slipping out of the pattern. I didn't forget that I was a Christian but I made excuses for why it was okay not to come to church. This was a time that I thought I was being mature and making smart rational decisions about church and God knowing that I did believe in God because of heaven and death, but assuming that that was enough and that I was strong enough in my faith to not have to come to church.

Then God showed me in strange ways with past friendships and new relationships that church is important. Although coming every Sunday may not be the most important part, I don't know everything and for that matter I don't know much at all. Church is a place to learn and a place that isn't just about me. He showed me that for as much as I learn from the people at church they also need me to help and teach them as well.

Now I know that there is more to being a Christian than heaven and death, but that it is also about following the teachings of Jesus and carrying out the work of God. For me this is what being a Christian means. I am a proud Christian and I feel like I recently have a much better grasp on what God's plan for me is. When I was being stubborn and naïve, God spoke up and basically drilled it into my head making it obvious with important people and "coincidences."

So now I'm ready to head into a new part of my life where it's publicly official that my beliefs and religion are a decision that I have made for myself. Where I

know that I don't understand everything but God, and my friends and family, will help me to learn more everyday. Where I can follow the word of God and I can carry out my decisions and actions based on his plan.

So with all this said, I know that I'm ready to be dunked!

Marty Previtte

The Straight Poop from the Green Flamingos



- Greensboro Bicycle Map
Got a bike but no idea how to get anywhere? Greensboro's new Bicycle Map shows you which streets can give you a pleasant ride free from fossil fuels and which roads to avoid. The map is available at no charge from area bike shops or by calling 373-CITY.
- Water Woes
Global climate change can increase the likelihood of severe drought like what the Greensboro area has experienced recently. Worldwide, of the 19 countries classified as water-stressed, more are in Africa than in any other region. There are several direct ways you can reduce water consumption: install low-flow fixtures, repair leaks promptly, and change water-wasting habits. But some indirect ways are less obvious. For example: recycling a ton of paper saves not

Tour to Tanglewood

Joel Stockard will be riding in the 17th Tour To Tanglewood on September 15th and 16th. This 90 mile bike ride helps raise money for M.S. research and funds programs designed to assist those suffering from this disease. A pledge sheet is located outside the church office if you would like to sponsor Joel in this event or you may call him at 665-9626. Thank you for your support.

Thank You

To College Park Church,
Thank you so very much for your packages and prayers. God Bless America!
Sgt. Charles Hewitt
(Nephew of Angela Brady-Fleming and Diana Washburn)

Lynn Sasser/Steve Greer Marriage

The following is from their wedding on Sunday morning, August 28, from my homily, "Wild About You."

Michael

Most of you know that Lynn and Steve met through eharmony, something that my wife and a couple of other co-conspirators begged Lynn to fill out. Lynn battles with shyness, and Ann knew it unlikely that she'd meet the right guy in the vegetable aisle of the local Harris Teeter. Steve said that after reading Lynn's profile, and seeing that they had such similar values, and in follow-up questions discovered that one of her ambitions was to have a small goat farm, he knew this wasn't a one liner that would endear her to the average Joe, he decided that she was completely authentic. Lynn, I've known you for a dozen years, and I know many things about you. That, for example, you and my wife Ann have walked hundreds of miles together in the Star-mountain Forest woods, talking about all kinds of things: life, love, faith, what a remarkable husband I am, etc. That you are frugal and creative, yet always manage full generosity with others. I know that you have educated your family on nutrition by living out a counter-cultural way of eating by cooking at home slow foods. As a result, all of your kids are sleek, healthy nutritional experts who know a lot of good stuff about

how to live healthfully. I know that you are an excellent parent, because the proof is in the interesting, bright, fun young adults you've raised. I know that you, despite being a single parent for years, have given of your time and talents repeatedly over the years, by preparing food for the homeless as we cook each month for GUM, and for the Habitat volunteers, as we cook each quarter for Habitat. Frankly, I don't know what we will do without you. As a deacon, you have visited regularly those who are hurting, often with something from your oven. You have an innate tendency to accent the positive and downplay the negative in others. In a few difficult times in your life, you have not given into the temptations of bitterness and blame, but have chosen to be positive, and have chosen the difficult Christian virtue of forgiveness, over the easy way of hating. I know that you have an inner beauty that touches those around you, that you have a quick smile, a bright mind, and a kind heart. And I know that you love Steve very much, that you are no push over, that you stand in love, and that you deserve this moment very much. Lynn, we are wild about you.

And, Steve, standing here with a Cheshire cat grin, a smile so big you'd think he just won the Powerball lottery. Steve, I've come to know and admire you since our first dinner together at Tara Thai, a couple of years ago. I saw then and now what a great listener you are, a skill not that common in anyone these days, especially successful men. Listening carefully, I've learned, without the Panther game in the background is a rare and beautiful way to express one's love. I have come to know that you too are a wonderful parent of two bright and hard-working children, who have benefited from your care and guidance. And I know in our many discussions that you also have a wonderful intellect that you apply to trying to follow God in Christ with your entire mind and being. What I especially like about you, Steve, is your helpless laughter. What I'm finding as I approach 50, is that for many men their laughter dries up at mid-life, and in its places comes cynicism, making fun of, or beating the competition hollow. Instead, when you laugh, it seems to bubble up from some deep part of you, a dyed in the wool kind that comes I think from a confidence in God and an eye towards seeing the goodness of life in this broken world. And, to be truthful, what I probably like best about you is that you are wild about Lynn, and that you tell her that frequently, and demonstrate that love in creative, wonderful ways, even when you asked her to marry you right here on another Sunday morning not so long ago.

To be in love with someone is to find your whole being tied up with the beloved, to want to be wherever the beloved is, to want good things for him or her. You can no more forget the one you love than you could forget your own name or forget that you are alive. No one else will do. You want to share yourself, all of yourself, with the beloved, and you want all of him or her in return. Separation is restless sorrow. In reunion the world seems complete again. Those who are caught up in such a love for another can catch a fragmentary, often fleeting glimpse of the love God has for God's beloved. God loves Israel that much. Christ loves each of us that much. Christ loves each of us as if we were the only one. In celebrating your love, we can appreciate those deeper echoes of God's powerful love for us. In the words of the human lover we can hear, if we are attentive, the deeper echoes of another invitation: "My sons and daughters, I am wild about you."

September Wednesday Night Fellowship	
9/5/2007 Tacos Taco Salad Rice & Beans Fixin's, Spanish Rice Cup Cakes (Chocolate & Vanilla)	9/19/2007 Oven Fried Chicken Hickory Slaw Green Beans Easy Chocolate Cake
9/12/2007 Stuffed Peppers Baked Rice, Cheese & Veggies Salad & Rolls Chocolate Chip Cookies	9/26/2007 Bake Pork Chop with Parmesan Sage Crust Peas & Corn, Rolls Fruit Cocktail Cake

Out of the Bowl

Passport, Dillard University, July 2007

Nice this cruising altitude personal O2 jet and sealed pasta primavera

Moldy drywall sodden insulation broken glass shingle strewn yard refuse of ravaged delta far below and away....

Will the real New Orleans stand up?

At heart nothing but a shabby wicked crime-infested hole?
River barge last broken promise of wrath water
Flushed toilet still a toilet?

Chalked on the back window of a rusty hulk of land yacht docked in a garage (owner's pre-flood restoration project double dipped):
"Free Towing Call Jimbo 522-5522"

Now?

Or is it as I remember
Opulent costume jewel between sagging bazooms a wink Sarah laughing
Unique in this digital spray tan land glitter cities of FINANCIAL MIGHT.

How will these homebound neons know the Crescent City wasn't always decrepit?

No more than present infirmities
And question

- 1) Religious
- 2) Socioeconomic
- 3) Environmental

Supremacies holding it's

Example A

Of just desserts and should be razed
Weedy expanse for us shored with weak levees to think about

Attendance 40% down at St. Charles Ave hope about drowned good souls engulfed
Almighty relocated to Houston pledge worthy of any politician's

But here goes...
(lecture from my grouper lips)

LISTEN:

Witness the scrawl "WE ARE STILL ALIVE" on siding in Lakefront
Witness the rainbow grill of the Musicians' Village on the leer of the Upper Ninth and
Ms. Gertrude LeBlanc of the Lower Ninth says the mimosa has never looked so well

Lift her for she is old bound to her chair to her trailer to her lot
Dance skin to skin with her breath our breath Mississippi muck breath

Suck it in
Again
Alluvial soil mimosa God out surprising the water swept

Snowy egret will rise Mardi Gras gaudy
Little fishes
Take the flying aquarium back
Dive free and
Feed

Mark Fleming

Oh, you hate your job? Why didn't you say so? There's a support group for that. It's called EVERYBODY, and they meet at the bar.
Drew Carey

My Mom said she learned how to swim when someone took her out in the lake and threw her off the boat. I said 'Mom, they weren't trying to teach you how to swim' Paula Poundstone

Why does Sea World have a seafood restaurant?? I'm halfway through my fish burger and I realize, O My gosh . . . I could be eating a slow learner.
Linda Montgomery

Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself.
Mark Twain

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COLLEGE PARK

collage

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September 2007

Sunday Morning September 9, 8:30-9:45 a.m.

College Park will have a breakfast this Sunday,
in the fellowship hall.
Everyone is welcome, members and visitors.
The meal is free, but donations
will be appreciated.

Wednesday Night Fall Schedule

5:30 pm Dinner

PRESCHOOL: (ages 2-5)

6:30-7:00 pm Angel Choir (ages 2-3), Room 106
7:00-7:40 pm Angel Choir (ages 4-5), Room 106
*childcare provided in Preschool Room 104

CHILDREN: (grades 1-5)

6:15-7:00 pm Tone Chimes (gr. 3-5), Room 105
*introducing Greg, our new tone chimes
& hand bell leader!
6:30-7:00 pm Children's Activities (gr. 1-2) with Lin
and Jeremy
7:00-7:40 pm Children's Choir (Grades 1-5)

ADULT (and YOUTH):

6:00-8:00 pm Youth Room is open for homework,
hanging out and coming to Jesus
Prayer & Announcements
Adult (and Youth) Activities
* *Three Cups of Tea* book discussion
led by Cheryl Prince
* Yoga (Fellowship Hall) led by Sheila
* African Prayer Drums (sanctuary)
led by Jyohni Burchett
7:45-9:00 pm Adult Choir (Choir Room, 3rd Floor)

Every Member a Minister

Lin Bunce, Wake Forest Intern
Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
Jeremy Fox, Wake Forest Intern
Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
Rachel Luck, Associate Minister
Georgia Murray, Office & Media Manager
Helen Morehead, Sexton
Marty Previtte, Hockey Prep School Missionary
Barry Shoemaker, Deacon Chair
David Soyars, Organist
Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
Michael S. Usey, Pastor

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Our Communion bread is graciously donated
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