

**July 2016**  
**Number 238**

college park  
**VBS**

**UNDER  
 the  
 STARS**

**August 8 - 12**  
**9 am - 12 pm**

**Children**  
**Pre-K - 5th Grade**

To sign up your child or volunteer,  
 go to the College Park website:  
[www.collegeparkchurch.com](http://www.collegeparkchurch.com)

*July Events:*

- July 3—Sunday  
 Michael Usey preaching: *Acts, the Road to Rome, Part 1*  
 No Sunday School
- July 4—Monday  
 Grasshoppers Game 7 pm, Volunteers 5 pm
- July 10—Sunday  
 Michael Usey preaching: *Acts, the Road to Rome, Part 2*
- July 12—Tuesday  
 Shepherd Center Voter ID Training  
 10-11:30 am, Chapel
- July 16—23 Youth Mission Trip  
 Laredo, Texas
- July 17—GUM Sunday  
 Peggy Haymes Preaching
- July 18—21 (*Monday—Thursday*)  
 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm,  
 Fellowship Hall, 2 pm Performance Thurs.
- July 24—Sunday  
 Marnie Fisher-Ingram Preaching
- July 25—28 (*Monday—Thursday*)  
 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm,  
 Fellowship Hall, 2 pm Performance Thurs.
- July 25—Monday  
**Assisters' Movie Night, Carolina Theatre**  
 7 pm
- July 31—Sunday  
 Wes Daniels Preaching

*Inside:*

- p. 2-4 *Remembered Waters*  
 Kevin Keaton
- p. 5-6 *Life as Jenga*  
 Natalie Truby
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 Xavier Harrison

# Remembered Waters

I have a vague memory of being baptized when I was maybe 12 or 13 years old. What I do remember, is the thirty-minute drive it took for me and mother to get there. And I remember how nervous I was in the crowded, loud environment. The water was pretty warm, almost like a bath. And the pastor held me under water for what seemed like forever. Maybe she thought I needed extra cleansing or something. **It's one of those memories that is detailed enough to you that you can only assume it really happened – but is just out of focus enough that you aren't sure if it is your own memory or one you have adopted as yours over the years.** If it were not for the picture my mom keeps propped on her dresser, I would think it was the later. Because, in all honesty, before I started coming to College Park with Xavier, church and God were not big parts of my life.

One reason for that is that my mom often worked on Sundays when I was a child and when I went to church with my step-mom, I always found it to be too long and boring. But another reason for my distance from God is that sometime not long after my baptism life came **crashing down around me and I wasn't sure I knew how to talk about God anymore.**

It was September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2010. I was in seventh grade and it **was like any other day. It wasn't until I got off of the bus** and walked into my house that I would receive some of the most devastating news in my life. My mother and I made eye contact and I could see in her eyes that something was wrong. She sat me down at the kitchen table and told me that my cousin had been killed earlier that day. What she said to me seemed so unreal. I **couldn't accept the fact that I would never see my cousin** again. He would be leaving behind his family as well as his two young daughters. My last memory of my cousin was the family reunion at my house that he came to a month before. I walked outside filled with hatred and sadness and looked at my basketball goal. That basketball goal symbolized the last thing my cousin and I shared together in a pick-up game with some friends. The memories playing in my head were too much to bear and I tore down my basketball goal.

**Getting past my cousin's death has been one of the biggest obstacles in my life and I continue to struggle with the reality that he isn't coming back even as I am speaking to you today.**

**It wasn't long after that my family and I would suffer another devastating loss. Just two years later, my sister's boyfriend and father of their two children was killed.**

**What I couldn't grasp was how two outstanding fathers, who would do anything for their families and children, could be taken so soon and yet my father, who is still alive today, can't even contact me. I continued to ask God why he would allow this to happen. Why would he allow four young girls to grow up and experience the best parts of their lives without their fathers.**

For most of my life since these things happened, I lived with the assumption that God did not exist or that if God did exist, he does not care much about me or the people I love – and given the two options, it was much easier to **believe that God just didn't exist at all. Without the** guidance of God, my life transitioned into a dark period. I became a distant person. I avoided my family and even my friends. I was often aggravated, selfish, and unconcerned with anything or anyone. My trust in individuals was no longer existent and I had no motivation to do anything. Then, a few years ago I started coming here to College Park with one of my best friends, Xavier. Coming to College Park has completely **changed me. I don't say that because it's Youth Sunday or because I think that's what you guys want to hear. I say it because it's true and because I am so grateful for it.** College Park changed the way I understand God, the way I view life and most importantly, has changed the way I care about other people.

One of my first experiences with this church was on a mission trip to Hiawasse, GA. And I will remember it for the rest of my life. My group was responsible for building a ramp for an elderly guy named David. When first seeing David, I judged him in a negative way. I saw an old guy sitting on the front porch with what seemed to be a grimace or look of disgust on his face. I immediately thought that I understood a man that I had never seen before in my life prior to this trip - **I thought he didn't** appreciate the value of what we were doing as a group for him. As the process of building the ramp went on, David came out of his house and asked us if we were alright and wanted anything to drink. We began to have a conversation with David and he told us personal things like the passing of his late wife and even things like what he likes to do. Our group formed a relationship with him, which made the significance of the ramp clearer to me. I saw David smile once and it was one of the best feelings **I've ever felt in my life. His smile was genuine and he** was very appreciative of the work that our group was doing for him. A man I once perceived to be a negative person, was the complete opposite of that. In building that ramp, I also built a relationship with an individual I **normally wouldn't have. This mission trip served as** something meaningful to me - this trip made me realize that I could help others. It made me less of a selfish person. It also made me realize that if you take the time

## *Special Recipe from College Park's Secret Chef*

### Strawberry Salad

- 1 lg. box Strawberry Jell-O
- 2 c hot water
- 1 c cold water
- 1 pt. Strawberries
- 3 Bananas Mashed
- 1 c Chopped Pecans

Mix all ingredients and place in refrigerator.  
Add Cool Whip before serving.



**to get to know someone, you'll understand that they have** a lot of wisdom and experience to share with you.

Helping other people on this trip led me to see the significance of helping and caring for people in my own **life back home. On Valentine's Day after this trip, my** girlfriend, Megan, and I left Texas Roadhouse, we stopped by my house to see how my mother was doing. Again, she gave me some bad news. She told me that my great-aunt, who had moved to Charlotte with her daughter, was back in town and had a stroke. She lost her vision and her memory. Since my great-grandmother passed away when I was around three or four years old and I never had the opportunity to meet my grandmother, my great-aunt was like a grandmother to me. I immediately broke down into tears. I had last spoken with my great-aunt a year earlier when I introduced her to Megan. When I left my great-aunt, the last thing she said to me was that she was happy that I stopped by and that she would see me soon. The memory of her last words to me caused me to lose composure when I went to see her. I walked into her room at the Golden Touch Living Center, and saw her lying there. When I ran to her bed and hugged her, she immediately **asked who I was. I forgot she couldn't see me and probably wouldn't remember me. It took me a while to** help her remember who I was. She asked me questions like who our president was, if I had talked to her sister (my grandmother who passed away five years before I was born), and many other questions that were hard to handle. Seeing someone I love like this and not being able to help them really stuck with me. She told me how lonely she was and how no one really comes to visit her. After that day, I made it a top priority to see my **great-aunt every day if possible. I couldn't give her eyesight** back but I could keep her from being lonely. I go there after school, even after church on Sunday mornings to give her company. I recently went to the beach for Spring Break. The morning I was leaving, I first stopped by my great-aunt to tell her that I would be leaving for about a **week and that I would call her on the living center's** phone. When she heard of me talking about the beach, she told me that she had never been to the beach before. **I didn't know if this was true or if she just had no** memory of the experience. Either way, it became important for me to bring her back something. I brought her back a necklace with palm trees on it. I knew it needed to be something she could feel and maybe even wear since she could not see. When I told her about the gift and put it around her neck, she told me how thankful she was and we both cried. It was special to see someone like my great-aunt, who is going through a devastating time in her life, smile about a necklace that I had brought back for her. Her appreciation was something that I will cherish for forever.

Even as I was learning to care more for others, my desire to help others still had limitations – especially toward people who were homeless. My attitude towards homeless people was that they were lazy individuals that solely relied on others to make it through life. This **attitude wasn't helped by the way my sister's boyfriend** died. He had gone to New York and befriended a

homeless man. They became such good friends that he brought the guy back to Greensboro and provided him with a place to stay as well as a car. This guy ended up **betraying my sister's boyfriend's trust and taking his life.** This hatred, driven by fear, caused me to exclude homeless people from my life.

But my negative attitude started to change one Sunday night during discussions with my youth group. Caryanne and I somehow ended up on the topic of homeless people and she talked to me about an experience she shared with a homeless individual. She spent an entire day with a guy for a school project, which gave her an opportunity to understand what they thought and how they lived their lives. She expressed to me how homeless people were people just like you and I, and if you take the time to get to truly know them, then you would understand that all they want to do is be noticed and part of a community. I think about this conversation everyday because it not only has changed the way I understand homeless people, but has made me more compassionate towards all people.

**It led to an unlikely "friendship" of sorts with a man who** was homeless and living in our neighborhood. I first noticed him when I would ride the school bus home. He would be out there at the same time, roughly, every single day. I actually had my first encounter with him when my mother and I came to the light where he was standing. My mother reached in her purse and pulled out five dollars. She told the man that he could have it and the look on his face really expressed his gratitude for the simple blessing. His eyes lit up with happiness and tears, and he repeatedly thanked my mother. My mother then gave him an extra ten twenty dollars and he began to cry. My **mom's generosity has always inspired me. Then one night** not too long after, I went to Target and for some reason, I purchased extra food – call it God or just being a teenage boy. On my way home I saw the homeless man standing **there. I was sure he hadn't eaten, so I rolled down my** window and offered him my extra food. He came up to the window and recognized me from the time with my mother. He asked me if I was serious and if he could really have it. He thanked me - said God bless you. **It wasn't until I was pulling away that I really felt like God** had a reason for this. This would be the first of many personal interactions with the homeless guy. I brought him food whenever I was able and he was around. I even parked my car once and sat with him at the corner for a bit. We talked like we were really friends even though to **this day we don't even know each other's names.** That experience was very important to me because it taught me to put my personal prejudice aside so that I can **better understand someone else's life.**

Being here on Sunday mornings has maybe stretched my perspective on God most. College Park is one of the most diverse places I have ever been. Not diverse as in just race or sexuality, but in how every individual is unique. We all have our own unique stories here and its really amazing how all of us can end up here with such different **experiences. I truly think this is God's plan at work. In**

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some ways I didn't choose this place – I felt led to it. I bet many of you can say that too, and now this place holds some people I love and who have truly helped me better understand who God is – in Lin I see God's generosity, in Adam I see God's kindness and understanding, in Rydell I see the fatherly side of God – he has always been like a dad to me, in Xavier I see the loyalty and friendship of God, in Maggie I see the beauty and strength of God, in all our youth sponsors I see God's grace and love.

As I said earlier, I didn't really believe in God before I came here, but now I do. Before I thought I knew everything I needed to know to conclude that God just doesn't exist, but being here has helped me come to a place where I am at peace knowing that there are just some things I cannot know.

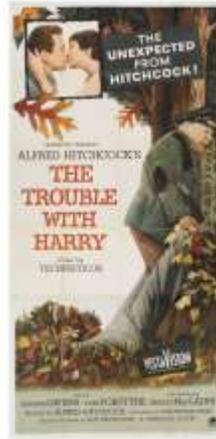
I am thankful that I still have that early memory of being baptized – I have often wondered, since I can't remember it that clearly, if that baptism doesn't actually count – or if I need to be baptized again – but I've come to the conclusion that it does count – it's the only baptism I'll get – and I'm ok with that. That baptism makes me feel like God has been with me through everything I've gone through - even when God felt as distant and out of focus as that memory.

I don't believe in God because I have the answers or because I think believing in God will give me answers or even because I am looking for answers. I believe in God because I think I am better for it. I cannot prove without any doubt that God exists, I can only point to the direction my life has taken since coming here and there I find all the assurance I need. This sums up the Isaiah passage for me – there are just some things about our lives that we cannot explain or take credit for. We can only be grateful we didn't get to call the shots. It may not be enough for others – but to me, it makes all the difference. I am a different person now than I was three years ago – I am more understanding, charismatic, and loving of other individuals. I am now able to open up and get to know other people's perspectives without judgement as well as express mine with confidence and understanding – I can only call that God.

Kevin Keaton  
Youth Sunday 2  
8 May 2016

## Name Tags

Please wear your College Park name tag, especially during the summer when we have more visitors. If you do not have a name tag, please contact the church office (336-273-1779 or cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net) and one will be ordered for you.



## ASSISTERS' MOVIE NIGHT JULY 25, 7:00 PM CAROLINA THEATRE

20 Free Movie Tickets are Available.  
Contact Margaret Bell: 336-707-7503  
margaret@inhousemedia.us  
We'll meet in front of the  
Carolina Theatre at 6:45 pm  
and go in as a group.

The group will also meet at 5 pm for dinner at Liberty Oaks.  
If you would like to join us, please contact Susan Phillips.  
336-669-2817; susanphillips4210@gmail.com  
(Dinner cost is on your own.)

You are welcome to come to dinner and/or the movie.

## HITCHCOCK'S "THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY"

When a local man's corpse appears on a nearby hillside, no one is quite sure what happened to him. Many of the town's residents secretly wonder if they are responsible, including the man's ex-wife, Jennifer, and Capt. Albert Wiles, a retired seaman who was hunting in the woods where the body was found. As the no-nonsense sheriff gets involved and local artist Sam Marlowe offers his help, the community slowly unravels the mystery.

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Starring Shirley MacLaine, Edmund Gwenn, Royal Dano & John Forsyth.  
1955, Rated PG, 1 hour, 40 minutes.

## Ultimate Frisbee

Ready to get out and run?  
Join us for Ultimate Frisbee  
Monday nights, 6:00 pm, at  
Lake Daniel Park (corner of  
Radiance and Mimosa). No  
experience is necessary. Bring a red shirt, a white  
shirt, and some water and you are good to go! You  
will learn as you play! Or just bring a chair and relax  
and chat with your friends and watch the game.  
Ultimate Frisbee is a non-contact sport (most of the  
time) played on a field with two end zones. If you have  
the Frisbee, you cannot run, but must pass it to  
another team mate. Points are scored by catching the  
Frisbee in the end zone. If we have enough players,  
we can have beginner and advanced games going at  
the same time. Follow on Facebook at "College Park  
Frisbee." For more information, contact Stephen  
Jones at [stephen.jones25@hotmail.com](mailto:stephen.jones25@hotmail.com).



## Life As Jenga

13 years ago, every evening seemed so full of grace and bliss, everything so simple. I always had big ideas and aspirations for a 4 year old, but often my biggest worries included losing one Barbie shoe, and let me tell you it is very frustrating to find the teeny pink little things, and its even more frustrating when the shoe that you do have **matches Barbie's outfit perfectly. Every blissful evening** my parents curled up in my little twin bed and read to **me, and that was often the highlight of my day. There's no better way to feel God's love than when snuggled up** between your two favorite people in the world reading stories about bunny rabbits and the moon. One of my **favorites was "Guess How Much I Love You."** It was a simple story about a bunny that went back and forth with his mom about how much they loved each other, obviously trying to prove which loved each other more. The momma bunny wrapped up the story saying that she **"loved him to the moon and back."** This resulted in my mom always tucking me in my pink flowered sheets at **night, telling each other "we loved each other to the moon and back."** After story time always came our prayers, and I could have gone on for hours naming the people I wanted God to look over at the end of my rhyming prayer. At this time in my life, I was a firm **believer that God, too, loved everyone with a "to the moon and back" kind of love. I think religion can be a little confusing to a 4 year old, but I had a general idea of how the whole "God" thing worked in my head. I remembered asking my mom at a young age if our lives, and the earth, were like God's movie set, and if he controlled what we were doing just like a movie. Of course I was secretly hoping that God was soon going to turn me into a Disney princess, specifically with a mermaid tail. At the very least, I had no doubt that God had my best interest at heart, and that I was being watched over with the best intentions, and with a whole lot of love.**

This past October I was diagnosed with Postural Orthostatic Tachycardia Syndrome, or POTS. It may be hard to say, but it is even harder to explain it so I will keep it simple and spare you all a Web MD prognosis. Basically, my autonomic nervous system does not work at all as it should. The autonomic nervous system controls anything that your body does automatically, including breathing, heart rate, digestion, temperature, consciousness, and the list goes on. I passed out 13 times in a 2-week span at the very beginning of my senior year. I constantly had digestive issues, lost over 10 pounds very rapidly, and am often in a lot of pain. This made the typical senior year traditions and activities not so fun. College tours were exhausting, and standing and cheering at football games was nearly impossible. I was **on Grimsley's homecoming court this year, and although** I felt fine, I was mortified that I would pass out right there in the middle of the football field while my name was announced to walk across. That would be beyond humiliating, and as I said, the whole sick-girl, POTS, passing out thing is really hard to explain to the average

person without sounding a little loony. I eliminated all caffeine, including decaf coffee, and had my license **restricted for 3 months. I know this may sound like it's** not a big deal, but part of growing up and being a teenager is getting your license and the freedom that is obtained when you can drive yourself from place to place. Having to carpool with your friends to school is a way to brighten up your morning, but having your mom drop you off at different locations can really cramp your style as a 17-year-old girl. Besides these varying limitations, I started to miss out on the big things too. I got distant from friends, and even youth group for a period of time, and this put a toll on how I saw myself and the world around me. One of my favorite yearly traditions is that every year my family and I hop in the car and take the 2 hour track up to the beautiful mountains of North Carolina to pick out our Christmas tree a month or so before Christmas. There are few things I love more than staying in Blowing Rock at Christmas time. Between the smell of fresh Frazier trees, to the fireside meals and cute decorations and the shops, and oh, sometimes it even snows! This is always a weekend so beloved to me, and yep you guessed it, this year my dad and little brother **went up without my mom and me because I couldn't** even get out of bed. Not only did it crush me, but also it crushed me to see my mom have to stay in Greens-boring **for the weekend because of me. I know that's what Mom's do, but one of the hardest parts of this illness is** seeing how it hurts those around me, especially my mom.

For me, the scripture that we read this morning leaves me considering limitations of people in light of a God who is bigger than we are. This gives voice to human experience, for it reflects the frustrations of our own limitations in light of a God who appears limitless or at least beyond our limitations.

For our ways are not Gods ways and our thoughts are not Gods thoughts, it says. What I relate to personally is that the writer of this text has found himself in a disappointing, frustrating position where the thoughts and plans he made turn out to not be the direction life is heading - and this can make one feel limited.

There is no better word to describe this time for me than **"limited."** My dreams and hopes for my senior year, and now the rest of my life were being put on hold, and it really seemed like my life would never turn around. I was limited from what felt like everything. When one is caught up in this whirlwind of the path of where you want your life to go, and what it is becoming in reality, there are many emotions that might come up – for me, these were feelings of loneliness, hurt, doubt, brokenness. One thing for sure was happening in my life: the pain was changing me – sometimes for better, sometimes for worse.

A lot of the time I felt like a failure: a spiritual failure, a burden to my family, a sell out to my friends, and a **"fake" to all those looking in from the outside. And then** there were those brighter moments – those little ways I

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**was finding and experiencing God's grace in a new way.**

One of these moments happened in a Sunday night youth discussion with Rydell. In our conversation, we explored the idea of life as a game of Jenga. We came to the conclusion that without good support, when a few things are pulled, it is very easy for your life to topple over. This concept spread to the next night of youth group, where we all got Jenga pieces and wrote the names of those who were our Jenga blocks of life. I can name so many people who have kept me stable and strong in the eyes of God during tough times. I still have those Jenga blocks with those names in a mason jar sitting on my desk.

Because of this conversation, I remembered that there are the people who do not ever give up on you, and do not dare to let you give up on yourself. People who will never know how far dropping off sunflowers and gossip magazines can go after laying in bed all day, when awaiting pretty scary results. I also learned that I can be that support for others – I learned to raise my voice for those around me, and truly opened my heart to all of **God's children. Through my school, I helped organize** food, book, and toy drives for impoverished elementary school students, and put hundreds of hours into something that I was passionate about. If anything helped me get through hard times, it was the ability to brighten **someone else's day. I constantly remind myself that there** are other people struggling, and that my energy can be directed towards those who need help more than I do.

I have been told that God will never give you more than you can handle, but this turmoil has felt like more than I could ever bear – and it may be if I had to do it alone. I have come to think that perhaps what that scripture means is that God won't give us more than we can carry within our communities of support.

Community has an abundance of strength that we lack on **our own. As all of God's children, and like a Jenga tower,** we fit perfectly together piece by piece, to embrace hardships. We are stronger in faith and strength when we exist as a whole. We live through each other who struggle, and through Christ who struggles with us to see a greater picture for ourselves. To me, this is the promise of the Isaiah passage. The passage does not focus on our limitations, but instead focuses on the promises of a God who is not bound in the ways we are - a God who can reach beyond our limitations to show us bigger thoughts and greater ways. For the heavens that we pray to are higher than the earth we walk on - Isaiah says. And I believe that one way we are able to experience the fuller promises and ways of our God is living life with and for the people around us.

**When in doubt of God's love or my own strength, I have** found my faith in myself, in life, and in God restored by **the simple graces I've experienced in my relationships** with other people – in the gift of being loved and supported and in the gift of offering that back for others. I have learned that no matter what bump in the road comes

**at me, that I can still thrive because I'm not alone.** In community we all play a different role for each other - I have learned that there are others struggling just as much as I am, and there are those who come alongside us in our struggles and walk with us, and then there are those holding up the rest of us so that in this Jenga game of life, we don't all topple over - it is beautiful - it is real - it is how I have experienced God's love for us most clearly - and for that, I am grateful.

Natalie Truby  
Youth Sunday 2  
1 May 2016

(Details on pg. 11)

**BEACH READS BOOK EXCHANGE**

**Paperback Books are needed for the Men's Book Exchange at the Guilford Co. Jail. Consider donating your "Beach Read" this summer. Drop-Off Bin in the Foyer**

Harlan Cohen      Clive Cussler      Dean Patterson  
 Dean Koontz      Lee Child      Anne Rice  
 John Grisham      Stuart Woods      Doug Brown      Nora Roberts  
 Stephen King      Janel Evanovich      David Baldacci

**Licensed Instructors**

**ZUMBA**  
fitness  
Thursdays 6:00 pm  
Forest Chapel  
\$5.00 Drop in Rate

Consider joining us at least once (\$5.00) or commit to 5 classes and save \$5.00 (5 classes card for \$20). Brisa, the instructor is fun and inspiring.

## Trouble with the Curve

I'm not preaching the sermon that I thought I would preach 3 years ago. That sermon is about how hard work and determination were the reasons I would be playing Division I baseball. That sermon is about winning and success. That sermon is about God opening the door for me to receive an athletic scholarship. This sermon, however, is about failure.

Since I was 6 years old, I've had a deep love for baseball. When I was younger it was about getting to see friends, running around the bases, the cheese fries from the concession stand – and winning, of course! As I've gotten older my love for the game hasn't changed, but I've come to appreciate new aspects. Even though the rules of the game never change – every game is unique. Three strikes are always an out—three outs always end a half inning—and a ball hit over the fence is always a homerun. The excitement isn't in the rules, it's in how all of the moving parts work together to create a brand new experience every time. This is true because everything that changes about the game isn't actually about the game itself - it's about the people and how well they play on that particular day. As you grow up in the game, you learn that success is measured by failure. My favorite player, **Derek Jeter's lifetime batting average is .310. That means** that he only hit about 1/3 of the time. Could you imagine if I only did my homework 31% of the time? What if you showed up to work one and a half days this week? Would your boss consider that success? Using baseball to learn life lessons causes you to think about failure and success in a really different way.

The first of these lessons I learned at Duke University. I had the privilege of working with Duke's head baseball coach my sophomore year of high school. It was an invitational camp for athletes who showed Division I playing potential. I, along with 75 other high school players spent the day batting, fielding and diving – taking playing tips from some of the best coaches around. At the end of the day, we took a knee in left field as the coach delivered one of the most influential messages I've ever heard regarding handling failure. I loved how upfront and honest he was with us. He said something like - the difference between a major league player and a college or minor league player is the ability to overcome failure in the sport. **If you fail 7 times out of 10, you're considered a great baseball player.** You have to be able to realize that everyone fails, and that to survive you have to have a short-term memory. This stuck with me because I was one of the players sitting there who hoped (and still hopes) to one day be a major league player – and because as a sophomore on a varsity baseball team, I was starting to struggle with my own failures.

Having a short-term memory in the face of failure forces you to step out of the disappointments of the past and be present in the potential success of the present. Having a short-term memory doesn't mean completely erasing the past but it means remembering and rehearsing those past moments of success. Winston Churchill said that



- ◇ Exciting Sessions: M-Th. 7/18-22; 7/25-29; 9 am—2 pm
- ◇ Kids build confidence & showcase their talents
- ◇ Drama games & team builders
- ◇ Acting, Singing & Dancing
- ◇ Full musical production at the end of the week

For more information and to register, go to: [apluskidstheatre.com](http://apluskidstheatre.com)

“Success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts.” I think this is what God is saying in the Isaiah passage: “I don't think the way you think. The way you work isn't the way I work.” God has a short-term memory when it comes to our failures. God forgets the many disappointments and focuses our potential success in the present.

The sweetest victory is the one that's most difficult. The one that requires you to reach down deep inside, to fight with everything you've got, to be willing to leave everything out there on the field—without knowing, until that do-or-die moment, if your heroic effort will be enough. Society doesn't reward defeat, and you won't find many failures documented in history books. The exceptions are those failures that become steppingstones to later success. Such is the case with Michael Jordan, who said, “I've missed more than 9000 shots in my career. I've lost almost 300 games. 26 times, I've been trusted to take the game winning shot and missed. I've failed over and over and over again in my life. And that is why I succeed.”

But, it's not just about having the courage to keep trying. It's about your ability to be coached. My best coaches didn't just tell me to go back to the plate to simply try again. They helped me take something from the last at bat where I failed, and make minor adjustments the next time around. Having the coach in my ear is like walking

*Continued on pg. 8*

through life with God. Sometimes he's whispering and reminding me to adjust and other times he's screaming at the top of his lungs for me to run! A good coach **doesn't just tell you what to do; they prepare you in advance to make smart decisions in the moment—decisions that can lead you to success.**

A curve ball is one of the hardest pitches in baseball. And **because of that, you don't really practice hitting them.** This might sound odd – **you would think that it's** important to practice the harder things so you can get better, but actually batting practice is about building confidence and perfecting your swing. The more you hit the ball, the more confidence you have at the plate. In practice, the coach mostly pitch fastballs straight down the middle. Learning to hit a curve ball is something you **can only do by hitting them in live game situations. It's** something you learn over time – by getting up to the plate again and again. Usually a curveball starts at the hip and suddenly drops at the knees. In baseball, we call **this “dropping off the table.” Sometimes you can** recognize a curve ball from the spin on the ball once it leaves the pitchers hand. To hit a curve ball, you have to sit back, wait a little longer and then try to anticipate the **break. It's a tough pitch** – not as hard as a slider – but it still keeps you on your toes.

**This is not just true about curve balls in baseball but I've** learned this is also true about curve balls in life. Heading into my junior year I made the decision to have a necessary foot surgery. I was originally told that I was going to need surgery the year prior but I elected to wait. I knew that my school team was going to be solid that year and I wanted to be part of whatever might come. We ended up making playoffs for the first time in ages. But I also felt I had something to prove. My coach told me I had a shot at a starting role on the Varsity team so I spent my whole summer going to the field everyday working on something – batting, fielding, running. While friends were hanging out at the pool or gatherings, I was at the field with one thing on my mind and that was becoming a starter. When the time for surgery came I stayed pretty optimistic. The original prognoses was 3 months on each foot – that would give me just enough time to recover and be back in baseball shape before the spring.

I would explain the details of my surgeries but I honestly **can't explain it all – and I'm afraid my best attempt** would just gross you out – **so I'll save yall's stomachs.** The surgery was successful but the 6-month process turned into a 7-month process, then 9-months, then a year. The recovery process was like that curve ball; it started at the hip and then dropped off the table. I missed the first month of school and basically all of my junior season of baseball. The process was hard, long and really broke my spirit. My parents did a good job of **staying up beat even when I wasn't – and I'm grateful for** that. I know I was difficult to live with for a while. At first I was angry and frustrated – I wanted to stay home – I

**didn't want to keep answering the same questions over and over – “how is your foot?” “Are you going to be ready for the season?”** – even coming to youth was hard because **we always play games and I knew I wouldn't be able to** play. I probably would have stayed like this except that **people wouldn't let me. My brothers always found ways to** include me in fun stuff around the house. My parents would take me out just to get ice cream. My teammates would text to see how I was doing and to let me know they missed having me on the field. I got cards from people here and visits from some of the youth. These little acts of loving me helped change my attitude and actually helped me see myself in new ways. In reality, this surgery changed me, I think for the better.

This curve ball made me a different player. Before surgery I was known for my speed. I was always the fastest on the team and my job as a leadoff guy was to find anyway on base. Hitting leadoff was something I had practically done **my whole life. So when I wasn't as fast, it was hard for me** to accept – **but I realized it wasn't just about me, but** about how I could contribute to the team. One day before the season my coach asked if I would be healthy enough to play the outfield. Outfield was the position I originally played, but 1<sup>st</sup> base is what we really needed covered. I told him was willing to play 1<sup>st</sup> if he thought that would give our team the best chance to win. Playing first requires you to be stronger, so I decided to go to the gym and try and put on weight. My goal was 15 pounds but I ended up putting on 25 pounds. This also helped with my batting since I was now positioned in the middle of the lineup.

This curve ball made me a better teammate. Having **surgery meant that I wasn't going to go to war with the** boys, but in my time off they constantly checked in on me. **I had some good teammates. I on the other hand wasn't** always a good teammate – and because the way they cared for me, I realized that. In Middle school and my early **years of high school I wasn't winning at the rate that I was** accustomed to. **Losing doesn't sit well with me and** **honestly that's never going to change. My time off allowed** me to go see some of my teammates in action – **I didn't** get to be on the field with them, but I did get to be in the stands cheering for them. It was a nice change. It helped me also see the importance of encouraging others and helped me not to take myself so seriously.

This curve ball taught me how to be a better brother. My family was with me through it all from the first time I came home and had sour patch kids waiting on me, or the first day back at school when my parents checked in on me to make sure that I was doing well. My brothers were a **big help. Usually I'm watching over them, but during that** time they were taking care of me. They were always willing to sit with me and watch movies. It was during this time that I really grew closer to my family and allowed me **to realize that I wasn't alone. Because I wasn't spending** every evening and weekend on the field, it meant I could **enjoy going to my brothers' football and basketball games.** I got to be the fan for them that they had always made time to be for me.

Surgery helped me appreciate being at a church that is so

welcoming. Going to church was always the one day out of the week that I got out of the house. Since my schedule was now really flexible I was able to go to Sunday school and the service. Everyone was very caring with the cards and food - it was the nicest thing and for once we had food in the house – which is rare with 5 boys. Juanita letting me borrow her knee scooter was the **biggest help. I'm not sure I could've survived being on crutches at school.**

Throughout the game of life, failure is inevitable. Failure **and defeat are life's greatest teachers but sadly, most people allow their fear of failure to paralyze them.** Instead they choose to play it safe, to fly below the radar, repeating the same safe choices over and over again. They operate under the belief that if they make no waves, they attract no attention; no one will yell at them for failing because they generally never attempt anything great at which they could possibly fail or succeed. If our success is determined by our willingness to fail, it means that we **can't hide under the security of the status quo; but it means we have to keep showing up.**

Showing up is how you learn to hit a curve ball. Showing up helps you connect with your coaches who can build your confidence and perfect your swing. You can try to read the pitch before it gets to you, you can try to anticipate the break – **but you can't avoid them** completely – everyone is thrown a curve at one time or another. And the only way we learn from them is by getting up to the plate again and again.

**I've been going to church since I was a baby and I've been at College Park for the last ten years. I've had some amazing coaches along the way who have reminded me of God's faithfulness and how I'm never alone. Like baseball, there is something predictable about God. God's rules never changes. My life coaches, all of you, have taught me that the most important rule in the game of life is that God's loving kindness lasts forever, and this rule remains the same. After each failure—on the field or in life—I can hear the voices of my parents, my ministers, my youth sponsors and my friends at this church telling me to have a short-term memory and reminding me that God is calling me to show up.**

**In Isaiah, God says, "So you'll go out in joy, you'll be led into a whole and complete life" and that's exactly what I plan to do.**

Xavier Harrison  
Youth Sunday 2  
8 May 2016

**SUMMER ADULT  
ALL CHURCH READ**

*You can't blend in when you were born to stand out.*

**WONDER**

R. J. PALACIO

**SUNDAY MORNINGS  
IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL  
JUNE 19, 26, JULY 10 & 17**

**FACILITATORS NEEDED  
PLEASE SIGN UP**

## Youth Mission Trip

Laredo, Texas

July 16–23



The College Park Youth will be leaving for Laredo, TX on Saturday, July 16. They will live and work alongside a community of people in Laredo in partnership with Ben and Leonora Newell, CBF missionaries.

As CBF missionaries, the Newells are opening up a new front in Christian economic development in the Texas colonias. On the border, they are finding that the needs that are not being met relate to economic development, facilitating jobs and income.

Seeking to be the presence of Christ among those who live in poverty, the Newells believe that long-term transformation will occur with a combination of mercy and development. They cite the story of Elijah and the widow as a biblical example of providing the resources to help someone create what they need.

Please keep our youth, chaperones, the Newells and the community of Laredo in your prayers these upcoming weeks. We hope to build relationships and work together in ways **that will make us all better windows of God's love and grace.**

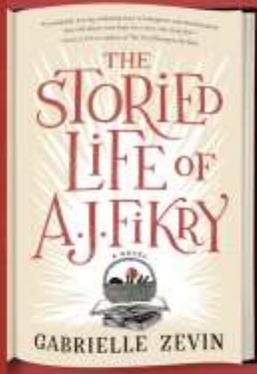
## July GUM Donation:

*Canned Mixed Vegetables*

Place donations in the wicker basket in the side foyer entrance (beside the bookshelves).

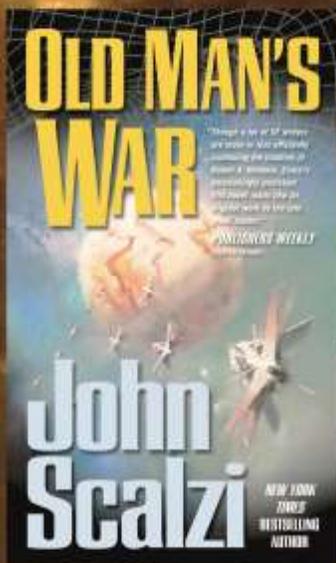


# Women of Valor New Book



Tuesday, August 9th  
7:00 pm  
Beans Boro Coffee

# MOSTLY MEN'S OCCASIONAL BOOK CLUB



TUESDAY, AUGUST 23RD  
6:30 PM, STICKS & STONES

## *New Members/ Address Changes*

Jacquena Bryant & Meggan McIver, children:  
Romero McIver & Jordin Smith—address: 702 Old  
Heritage Tr., Greensboro 27401

Stephen Jones & Kate Scherer—new address: 5019  
Beale Ave., Greensboro 27407

Jack & Heather Kitchen—address: 2229 W. Friendly  
Ave., Greensboro 27403

Victoria McIlwain, children: Soany & Adrian  
Aguilar—address: 530 Hidden Valley Dr., Reidsville  
27320

## *Thank You*

Dear College Park Church,

**Thank you all for Connor's baby dedication on Sunday.**

Looking out to the congregation, it is almost overwhelming to see everyone smiling back. Thank you for your love and support. Raising children is tough but Brian and I know we have the prayers of many behind us.

*Deanna Miller*

## 2015/2016 School Year BackPack Ministry Recap

As part of its Ministry Program, College Park partners with Backpack Beginnings to help with food distribution to needy students at Peck Elementary during the school year. There are two groups of volunteers that help with this: the runners who pick-up and deliver the food to the school on Thursdays, and the classroom distributors that help on Fridays.

As an organization, Backpack Beginnings sent out over 52,000 bags of food during the school year. The College Park volunteers delivered 3,589 bags over 39 weeks to students at Peck.

A huge thank you to runners John Eagles, Jerry Elkins, Jeri/Randy Henderson, Leslie Hicks, Stephanie Kretz, Tim Lowrance, Betsy MacKenzie, Kevin Shortt, Michael Usey, and classroom distributors Brian/Denisa Carden, Jeri/Randy Henderson, Betsy MacKenzie, Titus Marrow, and Roland Russoli and Sarah Nelson.

If you would like to help with this important ministry, there will be future sign up opportunities and orientation sessions available before the new school year starts in August. If you would like more information, please contact Jerry Cunningham, [jerrycunninghamgs@gmail.com](mailto:jerrycunninghamgs@gmail.com).

## General Budget Update through June 26, 2016

YTD Giving:	\$137,533
YTD Budget:	\$170,820
Difference:	-\$33,286

# Announcements

## College Park Website

Our redesigned church website is now very mobile friendly with several new features. To keep better informed about happenings of the church, check out the online



[www.collegeparkchurch.com](http://www.collegeparkchurch.com)

Collage blog that is updated frequently. And see a weekly calendar of events. The "Library" is an archive of memoirs, sermons, etc. Give your offering online, read about our latest mission projects or the capital campaign, and share the site as you try to explain our uniqueness to your friends and family.

## 5G Prayer!

Well, not exactly. But the Prayer Team would love to be part of your prayer network. On the Prayer Team bulletin board, across from Michael's office, you'll find prayer request cards.



Write your prayer request and leave it in the envelope. We'll add it to the weekly list of concerns the team holds up in prayer.

Also, you are always welcome to use the Prayer Room, inside the third-floor classroom next to the choir room. It's a peaceful place to pray, meditate or simply be still to listen for God.

## Book Exchange—Donate Your Beach Read

The new prison ministry at College Park seeks donations of paperbacks for the men's Book Exchange at Guilford County Jail. (The women's Exchange has an overabundance at this time.) The books MUST BE PAPERBACKS. Favorite authors & subjects include: James Patterson, David Baldacci, Lee Child, John Grisham, Janet Evanovich, Stuart Woods, Dean Koontz, Dan Brown, Clive Cussler, Harlan Coben, Anne Rice, Stephen King, Nora Roberts Series: Left Behind (Assassins and higher), Game of Thrones, Twilight, Hunger Games, "Urban" books (publishing industry designation for genre targeting African American readers), Spanish language books of all kinds; many Latinos appreciate new novels, but also classics, poetry and other types of books. Non-fiction: Christian biographies, history-related books, humor, poetry (at times). Consider donating your "Beach Read". Action-oriented, mass market paperbacks are the type of books the male prisoners want. A collection point is in the foyer. Questions? Contact Mark Fleming [mofleming1301@yahoo.com](mailto:mofleming1301@yahoo.com). Thank you!

## 4 Ways 2 Give



For added convenience, we now have four ways for you to give to the church general budget or special offerings:

- Write a check or give cash at one of our Sunday services or at the office during the week. If you don't have envelopes with an assigned number (for better record keeping), contact Annette in the church office.
- Set up bill pay through your bank online. It's a favorite since there are usually no fees to you or the church, and it's very easy.
- Pay at either church service with a credit or debit card via tablets available for use (church pays fees).
- Pay online with a credit card a [www.CollegeParkChurch.com](http://www.CollegeParkChurch.com). Choose the option to cover the credit card fees or let the church pay them.

## Open Door Ministries of High Point

*(Food Pantry Volunteers Needed)*

400 N. Centennial Street, High Point N.C. 27262; Hours: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday. If anyone is interested in volunteering, please contact Lamont Mills at 382-5989 or [lmills2264@gmail.com](mailto:lmills2264@gmail.com) or just stop by. You can help or see what it's like to be in a homeless shelter and witness men putting their lives back together through training, rebuilding their self-esteem, and, first and foremost, worshipping the

## Cleaning Supplies Needed

Open Door Ministries needs kitchen and bathroom cleaning supplies for people moving from the homeless shelter to an apartment. Questions? Contact: Lamont Mills 336-382-5989 or [lmills2264@gmail.com](mailto:lmills2264@gmail.com)



## New Kitchen Rules

Please sign out any kitchen items or tablecloths you may borrow, so we can keep track of them. A sign out sheet will be posted at the pantry.

## New York

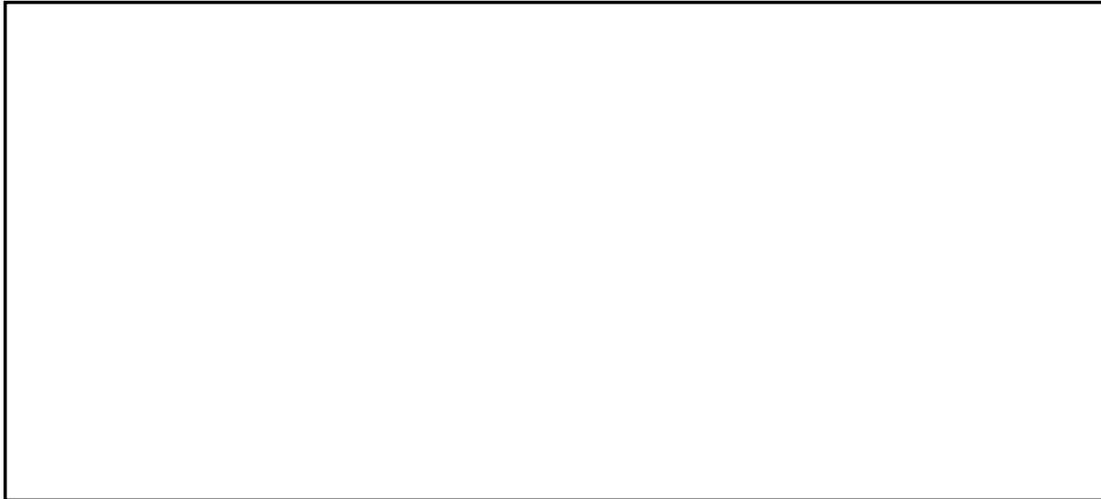
Do you want to go to New York City this summer? Apartment available again this year with dates in July and August and some other Holiday weekends. Close to Times Square and Broadway. Contact Angela Brady-Fleming by phone 336-501-0270, text, or [fleming1301@yahoo.com](mailto:fleming1301@yahoo.com).



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Greensboro, North Carolina 27403-2318

Return Service Requested



### Looking Ahead—July

- 1 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 3 Sunday Activities
- 4 NA Noon, FH  
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park  
Grasshoppers Game 7 pm, Volunteers 7 pm
- 5 NA Noon, FH
- 6 NA Noon, FH
- 7 NA Noon, FH, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 8 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 10 Sunday Activities
- 11 NA Noon, FH; Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 12 NA Noon, FH
- 13 NA Noon, FH
- 14 NA Noon, FH, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 15 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 17 Sunday Activities, GUM, Peggy Haymes  
Preaching
- 18 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary  
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 19 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary  
PFLAG 7:30 pm, Youth Room
- 20 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary  
Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Board Room
- 21 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
Forever 39 11:30 am, K&W  
NA Noon, Sanctuary, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 22 AI Anon Noon, FH
- 24 Sunday Activities, Marnie Fisher-Ingram  
Preaching
- 25 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary  
**Assisters' Movie Night, Carolina Theatre**  
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 26 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary
- 27 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary
- 28 Theatre Camp 9 am—2 pm, FH  
NA Noon, Sanctuary, GNC Meeting 5:30 pm,  
Board Rm., Zumba 6 pm, Sanctuary
- 29 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 31 Sunday Activities, Wes Daniels Preaching

Church Telephone: (336) 273-1779; Fax: (336) 273-9637  
[www.collegeparkchurch.com](http://www.collegeparkchurch.com) [cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net](mailto:cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net)

Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches  
Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

2016 Total Food Donations = 549 Pounds

### Every Member a Minister

Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer

Rydell Harrison: 10 Years of Grace, Gifts & Goodness!

Darlene Johnson, Sexton

Keith A. Menhinick, Minister to Young Adults

David Soyars, Organist

Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries

Lin Story-Bunce, Associate Minister

Matt Lojko, Deacon Chair

Michael S. Usey, Pastor

Annette Waisner, Office & Media Manager

[www.collegeparkchurch.com](http://www.collegeparkchurch.com)

[cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net](mailto:cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net)

[www.facebook.com/collegeparkchurch](https://www.facebook.com/collegeparkchurch)

*Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical*