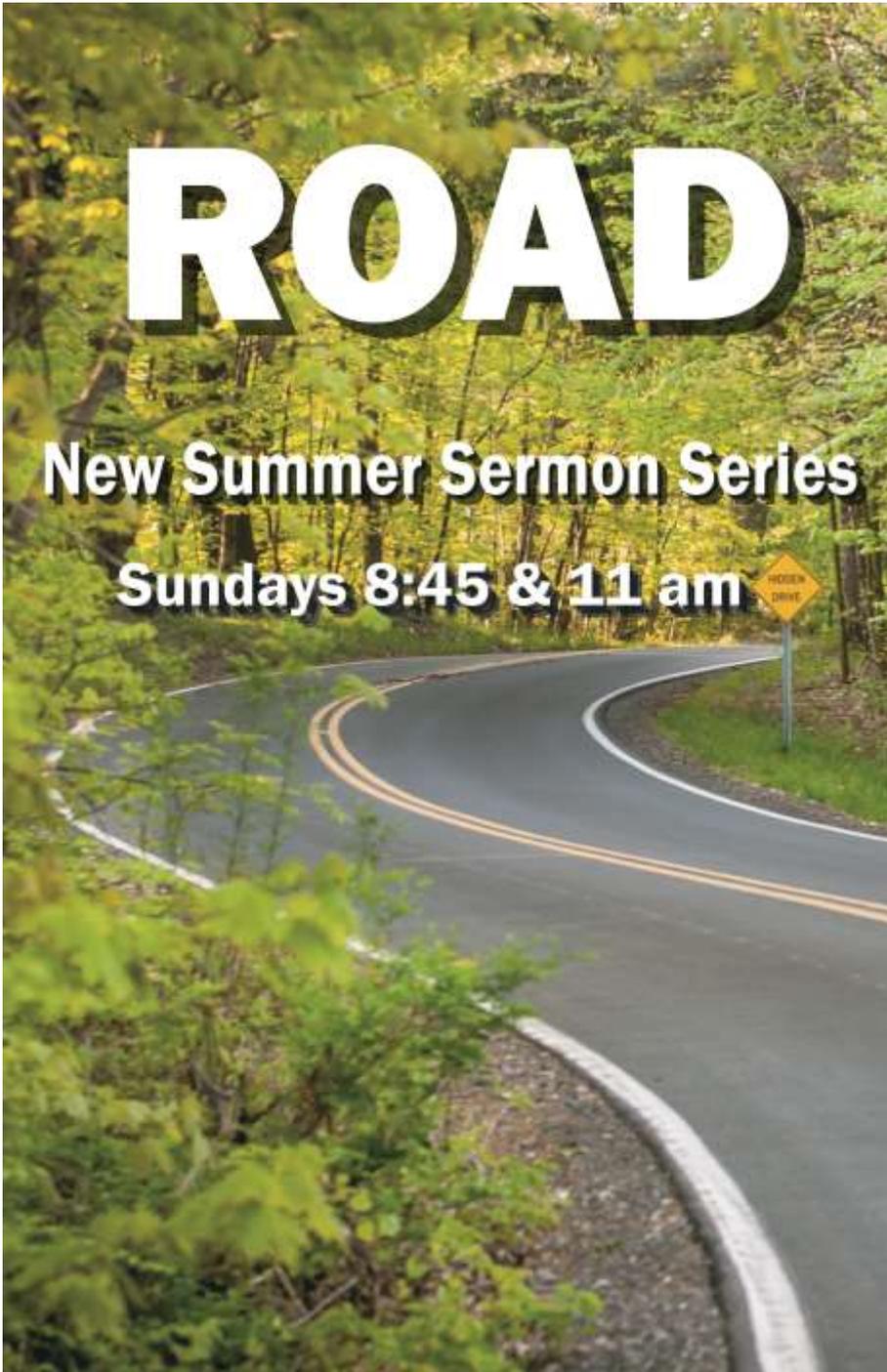




June 2016
Number 237



June Events:

June 5—Sunday
Keith Menhinick Preaching

June 19—Sunday
Hannah McMahan Preaching
GUM Sunday
3rd Sunday Refreshments (after 11 am Service)

June 20—24 (*Monday—Friday*)
CBF General Assembly Meeting in Greensboro, Koury Convention Center

June 23—Thursday
CBF Peace Breakfast 7:00 am
College Park Fellowship Hall
Keynote speaker: Dr. Sandra D. Westervelt,

June 25—Saturday
Kate Scherer & Stephen Jones
Wedding—3:30 pm, Sanctuary

June 26—Sunday
Steven Fuller Preaching

June 27—30 (*Monday—Thursday*)
A+ Summer Theatre Camp
9:00 am—2:00 pm,
2:00 pm Performance on last day

Inside:

p. 2-3 *Stopped in My Tracks*
Blair Ramsey

p. 4-5 *The Family You Choose*
Maggie Bowyer

p. 6-7 *Sanctuary in Nature*
Carly Maas

p. 8 *Transition*
Alaina Monts

p. 9 *DiAnne Borders Carries the Mace*

The youth at College Park shared their spiritual insights with the congregation on two different Sundays in May. Following are several of the sermons from those special days.



Youth L-R Back:

L-R Front:

Stopped Alive in My Tracks

In America, fireworks lit by a cigarette shot off within power lines in a city square would probably not be considered safe, much less sacred. In fact, this type of activity might even earn you a run in with the police. However, on the clear sharp July night, these fireworks would kindle a holy fire within me, igniting a shift in perspective on relationships, living in community, culture, the power of play and our interconnectedness.

I was in the middle of a two week adventure to the Yucatan Peninsula with 21 other high schoolers from Guilford County and my IB Philosophy teacher, Freebird. That night we were at the Hacienda Yunku, an old plantation turned into a Bed and Breakfast type place in the village Santo Domingo de Guzman. The nine days leading up to August 1st, the villagers celebrate a procession of the Virgin Mary. The night before, from our hacienda we had heard fireworks and had to know where all this fun was coming from. We asked one of our leaders, Laura, where the fireworks were coming from. She told us that they were from the neighboring village and that we were welcome to join the village in their celebration. So we went down the dirt road to the shrine which was set up on the side of a convenience store-think a neon 7/11 with flashy lights. There was a shrine of the Virgin Mary lined with Christmas lights- the flashing colorful ones. When the villagers saw us coming, they all left the ceremony for a few minutes, went to their houses made of *clay* and *palm tree* roofs and brought our kitchen chairs, recliners, and living room chairs that they insisted we sit in, *while they stood behind us*. It was similar to one of our worship services here, but different in that after every scripture and song, a man in the street

took his cigarette, put it to the end of some fireworks and set the fireworks off, right about 5 feet behind me. This would go on for about 30 minutes, until all the scripture was read, the man was finished with his cigarette, or they ran out of fireworks, who knows. At the conclusion of the service, we broke bread with a communion of Coca-Cola and Cheetos. To me, this was the definition of a holy communion if there ever was one. As I walked back down the road to the hacienda, I could not believe what had just happened. It was a combination of experiencing welcome from our neighbors in Yunku, and experiencing something greater than myself with fellow humans without any words needing to be exchanged.

Somewhere inbetween the second call and response song and the Cheetos Communion, Freebird turned around to **me and said, 'Blair, this is just too much God'. I just nodded my head, I didn't know quite what to say. He had pretty much summed up what I had been experiencing the last 20 minutes into three words-Too much God.** This phrase is not meant to be sacreligious or disrespectful by any means. It is quite the opposite. It is the feeling of being present with so much of the Divine that it becomes overwhelming, and will often move you to tears. That night in Yunku after I went back to my hammock, I found myself lying in bed for hours, just **thinking, 'This is what it's all about... this is really what living in God's universe means'. The God I worship is the same God our neighbors in Yunku worship. Our God that transcends language barriers and culture is at work in each one of us. As intricate an artist he is with the artwork of the skies, he is creating something beautiful in each one of his children.**

Sometimes I find myself so immersed in seemingly insignificant moments, yet these moments are some of the most vivid and dearest scenes of my life. I find myself literally, *stopped alive in my tracks*, for a minute, or few minutes, or an hour, and in awe of some more significant presence I can only describe as God.

One of these moments happened on a youth trip to Montgomery, Alabama, the other at a high school cross country race at Hagan Stone Park.

In August 2012, our youth group went on a week long mission trip to Montgomery, Alabama. On one of our free days, we took a Civil Rights tour of downtown Montgomery. We visited Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, payed tribute to Rosa Parks and her fight towards **justice, and went to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s house.**

His house was smaller than I imagined, your typical humble Southern home, accented with forest green trimmings and a wrap-around porch. We walked up the brick walkway to his house, took a tour inside which ended in his kitchen. The tour guide then told us that we were about to hear a speech that MLK wrote, in the same kitchen that we were standing in, when he had to make a decision about the direction the movement was going to go. That night at midnight, he had recieved a death threat saying that if he was not out of the city in three days that his house would be blown up. His wife and his baby were asleep upstairs. He went downstairs, brewed some coffee, and sat down at his kitchen table and

prayed. At that dark and scary moment, MLK said he **heard an inner voice say, 'Martin Luther, stand up for truth, stand up for righteousness, stand up for justice. God will be at your side forever'. By this point in the tape recording, I had cold chills rushing all over my body, and streams of tears down my face. It was a moment so sacred- on that day I understood in a new way the Strong Mother God who was with us in that room, and the Young, Growing God was in that room at midnight just 57 years earlier.**

The second one of my spiritual epiphanies happened at Hagan Stone Park. Every runner gets nervous before a race, but for some reason I was more nervous than usual. I had run bigger races than this, and had been racing well lately. I remember saying a prayer on the starting **line that went something like, "God, please help me find some peace as I start this race and help me enjoy the journey I am about to begin". It was then that the prayer of St. Patrick came to me, by route of something way bigger than myself. Christ be with me (in my stride), Christ within me (in my breath), Christ behind me (the wind at my back), Christ beside me (in my teammates), Christ beneath me (the packed dirt at my feet), Christ above me (in the open skies). Prayer for me usually involves naming and acknowledging thoughts flooding my mind while focusing on my own breathing and listening to God's voice. But at this moment prayer delivered me peace-softly and subtly. This prayer still gives me a sense of peace and renewal when I say it to myself everytime I toe the starting line- and because I don't like snakes and surely don't want to run into one.**

My IB Philosophy class that I took last year has, challenged, stretched and expanded my perspectives of life. Specifically, in a Universalist sense. We talked about using the energy of the universe to guide us. To some people that energy is God. To others it is the Tao. And to some it is nature. To me, it is God. But, whatever you call this greater power, I believe it is all about opening yourself up to be vulnerable to a point where you can be so moved-where you truly see yourself dancing through the Universe guided by this greater power, whom I call God.

This experience reminds me of the part of the scripture **that we read this morning that reads, 'Why do you bother with us? Why do you take a second look our way?'. In a world of over 7 billion people, it is easy to believe that God looks over us as a family, but not individually. But then verses like these remind me, that I, and each one of us in this room, city, state, nation and world are children of God, and he calls each of us by name. One of my favorite verses is Isaiah 43:1, 'I have called you by name, you are mine'. When God calls us by name, the fact that we are one out of 7 billion gives all the more significance to our being. God is so intimate that he cares about 7 billion of his children, yet so infinite that the 7 billion of us are from just one planet out of our God of Galaxies universe.**

I understand God to be such a full being: not just an old guy with a gray beard sitting on a throne, but as we sing in **'Bring Many Names', I understand God to be the**

strong Mother God, the warm father God, the old Aching God, the Young growing God, the Great living God... this God who encompasses the spirit of the Universe is infinite beyond our understanding, but intimate for us to witness every second of every day.

I am thankful for these moments where I find myself **stopped alive in my tracks: sitting in MLK's house in Alabama, singing at Christmastime at Our Lady of Grace Church with the Madrigals, running in the fall at Hagan-Stone, listening to David play Hush My Dear Lie Still on the organ during Advent season- the most moving song I have heard anyone play in this space, eating a ripe freshly picked Pink Lady apple from Apple Hill Orchard in Morganton NC, singing shine Jesus Shine from that ever so holy middle pew with my youth when Rydell plays the drums, walking two miles to jump off a cliff into a cenote in the middle of the jungle with 20 kids from Punta Laguna Mexico, or witnessing the Mayan people humbly worship the Virgin Mary framed in flashing lights in Yunku, Mexico.**

These minutes of life overflowing are all reminders to me to become vulnerable in relationships between my fellow brothers and sisters and with God as I try to meet the Divine in the most humble and unsuspecting places. My prayer today is that we all might be so moved by life and our experiences with the divine that we drink deeply from the fountain of all that the human experience has to offer, knowing that our God, the one who considered the heavens, is not bound by any human construct, any cultures, or languages, or nations, or planets. But our infinite God of Galaxies who mounted the moon and stars, is also taking a second-look at each one of us and **saying, 'You...You, Carly Maas, You Natalie Truby, You Maggie Boywer, You Curtis Martin, You Xavier Harrison, You Kevin Keaton, You, my holy and precious child, , are the light of this world'..... and that is enough to make me stopped alive in my tracks.**

Blair Ramsey
Youth Sunday
1 May 2016

CLOTHING NEEDS



Alderman Elementary School is requesting clothing items for children who are in need. We are in need of the following clothing items: gently used/new girls & boys pants (sizes 5 – 16); new underwear (size 4 – 16 for boys/girls); new socks, and gently used/new girls/boys belts. Please contact Beth Webb, School Social Worker at webbe@gcsnc.com or 336-294-7320, if you'd like to donate.

The Family You Choose

On October 28th, 2013 my life changed forever. It started out like any other Monday. It was a teacher workday and after a bad fight with my mom I had spent the weekend at my dad's house. My stepmom dropped my brother and me off that morning. Something was wrong, and we all knew it.

You have to understand that my mom was very sick. She suffered from myasthenia Gravis, a rare neuromuscular autoimmune disease. It is a chronic illness that affected all parts of her body, from her strength, speech, ability, to her immune system, and so much more. She was diagnosed when I was five after two years of testing. She suffered from one of the worst cases documented - even **John Hopkins wouldn't treat her. Starting at a very young age**, I played the role of caretaker, mother, maid, and child. It was a difficult situation that put a strain on the entire family, but there seemed to be no other option. I won't give you all the details about that October day, but I found my mom in her room, comatose. Surrounding her were all my brother and my Christmas presents. And a suicide note. I called 911 and my dad while doing my best to revive her and shield my younger brother from what was happening.

My mom lived after that attempt. But life was different for everyone. My mom was in therapy, learning to be happy and rely on herself not others and she was dealing with her addiction. She was moving on. I was trying to swim above water. I suffered from post traumatic stress disorder, couldn't sleep, my depression and anxiety hit all time highs, I had moved in with my dad, and I was trying to salvage my relationship with my mom. I had forgiven her, but still had my own struggles to deal with. That was hard for everyone to reconcile.

Even though it was one of the most trying periods of my life, I learned more in those months than anything. My **mom's suicide attempt taught me that we are all** responsible for our own happiness. We cannot depend on anyone for it, nor can we give it to others. I was not the **reason for my mom's depression, and I could not make** her happy. That lesson helped me in more ways than acceptance and forgiveness.

At the time, I was dealing with my own battle: self harm. It helped me see my options. I began working harder, so that I did not pick the same fate as my mother. In the end, we are each responsible for our own thoughts. My mom made the choice to attempt suicide. It was her own thoughts that drove her to it. But even so, I believe God was there, doing the best to save her from herself - in her survival, in her healing - and to provide us with comfort and has been with us since, directing our paths. and the lessons we both learned. You may not believe God works this way - but these last few years here leave me no other choice. I have to believe God works in ways I could never expect.

After my mom's suicide attempt, I moved in with my dad and stepmom. It was then that we started attending

College Park. I was a lost Sophomore, and some of my **stepmom's friends, Tammy Shaney and Lauren Grubbs**, suggested we try visiting. This is a place that, two years ago, I never would have chosen for myself as a home. Yet, here I am - and here I've thrived. It is through this church **that I learned that God's vision is greater than 20/20**, and I could not see the bigger picture he did.

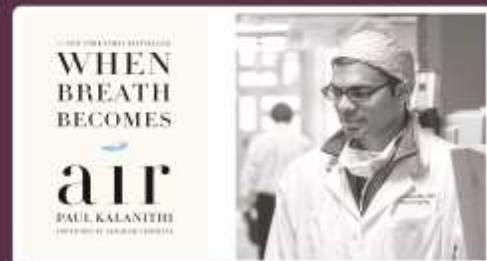
If I've learned anything about God in these years since **that October day, it's that God's ways are so mysterious.** The writer of Isaiah certainly seems to understand this. God's thoughts and ways are different than ours - greater. Not to be limited by or perhaps even to be fully understood by our mortal minds. That is how I feel about **God, too. I cannot fully comprehend God's ways or God's** hand in directing our lives, it seems that God sets each of us on a path we could not have discovered on our own.

When I came to College Park, I had only really been to **one other church, my mom's church. It is the kind of** place where suicide is a one way ticket to hell, being gay **is seen as an "abomination," being different means you** are unloveable, and God is to be feared rather than loved and worshipped, a judge rather than a parent. In that place, I felt no real personal relationship with God; it seemed there was only scripture without feeling, without hope.

Needless to say, this is not the theology I found at College Park. Instead, scripture is a holy story that helps us find meaning in our lives, our experiences with ourselves, and in our relationships with one another. It is an interactive story, which is illustrated perfectly here at College Park through sermon talk back time. God invites us to challenge, question, or add, just as Michael does.

New God & Books

Sundays at 9:45 am
in the
Fellowship Hall



Through June 12

A few weeks after I started attending Tessera here, Michael did a sermon on suicide. I could not sit through it. I walked out, and hid in my car. Lin followed me, talked with me, hugged me, told me I was welcome to come back in with her. When I said no, she gave me five dollars and told me to go to Starbucks and come back for Sunday School. As insignificant as this exchange seems, it was the moment I knew I had a place here, that College Park held “my people.”

And College Park continues to be a place that offers me understanding and love. After finally having a safe space to explore my spirituality, I learned a lot about myself. And the first people I told about these revelations were the kids and sponsors in youth group. These thoughts had been buried for years, and before prayer at youth group I looked at everyone and said “I like girls. I still like boys, and I don’t fully know what it means, but I’m glad I have you guys while I try to figure it out.” Everyone smiled, huge ear-to-ear smiles. I got lots of hugs after the prayer.

Though I am much more confident in who I am, I still worry. I worry about what the people closest to me will think when they find out, and the consequences that may follow. I have yet to come out to several groups of people - including some of my own family. But that’s okay. Because whenever I think about my family finding out, my thoughts are redirected. In reality, my family already does know. The family I have chosen for myself, and the family I am lucky enough chooses me back. This family that I have been thrown into by divinity, a place I **stumbled into, being led by God, Lin, my parents...** This youth group is full of my brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles. I’m redirected to each of their beaming faces when I told them; I think of the celebration we had when same-sex marriage was legalized during our mission trip last year. I am compelled to remember all of the moments they have supported and loved me. And to the moments they have allowed me to support and love them.

Recently, Cheyenne Walden asked me to read her baptismal statement. I see so much of God in her, that I was almost shocked and mostly elated that she trusted me enough to read her story. Her story has not been an easy one, which is something that we have in common **and has strengthened our friendship. I’m still not sure exactly what it meant to me, but I do know that reading her statement was one of my life’s most pivotal moments** thus far. I stood here, in front of the congregation, whose love has changed me, for a friend who knew all of who I was and still claimed me back, and read some of her most precious and vulnerable words. Cheyenne and I seem like unlikely friends - **she’s an athlete, I’m an English buff** and complete klutz, I spend most of my free hours working while she uses hers to study or be with friends. I also believe she is much too good for me. But we were each brought here, to this youth group, during some of the toughest times in our lives. We both showed up at College Park, lost, for completely different reasons. And we found each other. There was definitely some sort of nudge, maybe even a shove, from God there - and there has also been connection, love, and friendship. Cheyenne

has become one of my closest friends in this youth group, and being given the opportunity to read her baptismal statement really solidified what I think and feel about the people here at College Park - you are my family. We have chosen one another, whether we could have on our own or not.

I believe, with everything in me, I was brought to College Park - by God, or Tammy and Lauren, or maybe both - at a time in my life when I needed faith most. But what I have learned, what I have felt here, is that there is never a time in my life when I will not need faith to survive. There is not time when God becomes more or less important and never a time when my plan is better than **God’s. I will never know better than God knows. God has** proven to be greater than depression, bigotry, love and **forgiveness. My mom’s suicide attempt was an awful thing - that is the reality and there’s no other way to see** it. Even so, what has followed that day has been better than I could have expected. It has been filled with light when I could only have anticipated darkness. It led me to find myself and this home. It was you all who held, loved, and comforted my brother and me when a year and a half later, on Christmas Eve, my mom did pass away.

Through these experiences, both the ordinary and holy ones, the simple and difficult, the good and bad - I have learned that we worship and serve a great God - a God who does not remain distant or is not absent when our life is falling apart around us. Rather, we have a relationship with a God who gets down in the mess of life with us to comfort us, to cry with us, to be angry with us, to give us peace and to help us find the way toward our healing. Our God is greater than our saddest times, and so too is greater than our happiness. And by some miracle, is even greater than this love I have found here - in this family I have chosen and by the Grace of God has chosen me back.

Maggie Bowyer
Youth Sunday
1 May 2016

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.**



Sanctuary in Nature

I was sitting in the outermost pew of the St. Elizabeth of the Hill Country Catholic Church in Boone, looking to the left of me, was an enormous glass window, the edges framing the Blue Ridge Mountains. Right there. Sanctuaries of churches usually are sacred places for me. But here, in this sanctuary with its wooden panels and burgundy carpet, the overall holiness came from the glorious blue hue of the sky and luscious green leaves on the rolling hills. This is what left a mark on me. The combination of my two places I see God the most, church and mountains, brought me to tears. I sat in the pew, in awe of what surrounded me. While sitting in the Church, hearing God through the priest and seeing God in the nature of his works, I felt at peace. It was like the ordinary and sacred became one, into a holy scene of serenity.

Being in nature has always been a sacred experience for me. **Even last Sunday at Tessera, as the song “You Alone”** was sung, the lyrics were on a rotating screen with images of glorious mountains. It brought tears to my eyes.

My love of nature is something I come by honestly. On family vacations, my family always makes plans to hike. Hiking with my family, distant from any cell tower or checklist of to-dos is a place where I feel calm and God. If you have ever hiked 3 miles, uphill both ways, to see a beautiful view of blue cascading mountains surrounding you in every direction, you definitely understand too. We recently went to Denver, Colorado, and all we did was hike. One night, my family went to the Mother Cabrini Shrine. Mother Cabrini set up camps for orphaned females in the Denver area to give them a break from their lifestyle and experience camp-like activities, while still doing chores to help out the farm. The Shrine was at the top of 300 or so steps, and covered with slick snow and ice. So as my family was walking up, there were beautifully carved Stations of the Cross. My inner Catholic kicked in and I knew, if the stairs were this pretty, then the view and Shrine at the top were phenomenal. And it sure was. At the top, you could spin in a circle and see mountains all around you. It was sunset, so the white frosted mountains were a beautiful yellow shade, with the Jesus rays of sunshine, as my brother describes it, falling through the clouds. The shrine had a relic of Mother Cabrini in it. Enclosed in a fence, was the symbol of the Sacred Heart made from rocks, which Mother Cabrini placed herself on her last trip up to the mountain in 1912. The place felt too sacred to even take any pictures, in this case it was better to take memories and feelings rather than pictures. Here, in the natural beauty of the Colorado Rockies I was brought to tears with the images of God in nature. Once again, I found a place where sanctuary and the ordinary met.

This is why I am so moved by this verse in Psalms. God created a place for us to admire his creation, even when it seems so ordinary and well, natural. Standing on the edge of a beach at night, and looking over the sea into the horizon puts life into perspective. Across the sea, far away is Africa. I will never know all those people. There are 7

billion people experiencing this day in a different way, and many more animals. And God put us all here for a purpose. When I am in these moments, I gain perspective on life. It becomes a lot less about me, and more about the world. We get wrapped up in our insignificant lives, and sometimes we do not remember **“the works of your fingers, the moon and stars that you have set in place,” for us to enjoy. Losing myself in the** overwhelming amount of stars in the sky continually allows me to realize that the world is not about just me, but others and God.

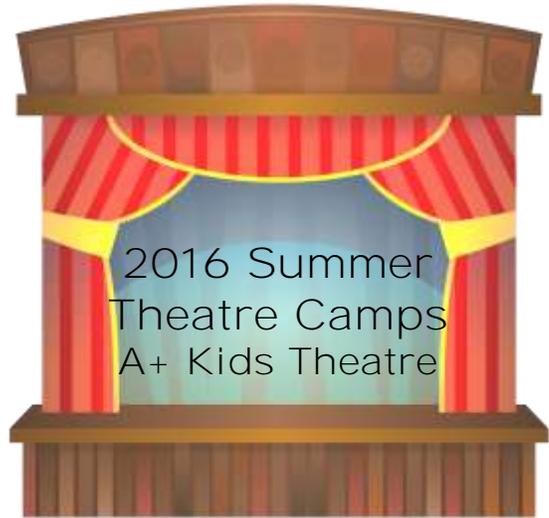
Nature has a way of changing our perspective, broadening our views to the wonders of the world and God. Hiking allows me to have physical separation to experience the moment versus being caught up in the world. I call this getting an altitude adjustment. But **when it’s a regular day and I have 50 different things** pulling at me, I become an obsessive planner. I even have goals set out for 50 years. And sometimes, I see God in that tone, wrapped up in the multitude of tasks that it must take to keep everything going. Being immersed in nature and being in the College Park youth group has helped me not only to become a less obsessive planner, but also realize God may not be such an obsessive **planner either. Adam Team’s favorite thing to tell me is to “Live in the Moment.” Some might say I was flirting,** but I like to think I was living in the moment when I grabbed the tractors exhaust pipe while trying to take a picture in Hiawassee, Georgia – not one of my proudest moments – **I didn’t get a phone number, just second degree burns.** Perhaps a better example was out trip in Puerto Rico. In Puerto Rico, the weather was really **shifty. That’s shifty, with an “f”. It would rain for 15** minutes, just enough to get everything wet, and become beautiful again. While working on the job site, whenever it rained, everyone would go into their homes. But when the sun came out, so did the people. For the whole week **my group worked at a lady’s house who had a live-in nurse and she could not speak English.** At the end of the week, we brought her flowers and used Google Translate to try to talk to her. She started to cry—we fixed her house and made it beautiful again. In that week, we tore down all her wallpaper, killed her cockroaches, and painted her whole house burnt orange. Even though we did not speak the same language, there was a sense of community in Puerto Rico, a communal gathering of living moment by moment.

My grandfather was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s, and a year ago was put into an assisted living home. Losing someone, piece by piece, moment by moment, forces you to slow down and not continue on the “checklist” of life. In the past year, I have had to learn to hold on to the memories and the little things. Him smiling at me while playing a game of catch. Him saying something and then **say “Keep smiling.” Him singing a tune, even though he does not know the words.** I made him a CD, and put the **song “Hallelujah” by Jeff Buckley on it. Although he had never heard it and did not know the words, he belted the tune out.** It did not sound pretty, but the moment was beautiful- it was as if the disease was gone and it was just the same old him, always whistling a tune or singing

around the house. As quoted from the finale of The Office: “There’s a lot of beauty in ordinary things, isn’t that kinda the point?”

So is God an obsessive planner, wrapped up in a multitude of tasks to keep the world going, or is he a great artist, inviting us to see beauty in the ordinary? I would like to believe it is a little bit of both. My grandparents live in Transylvania County, NC, not the home of Dracula but the home of the white squirrels. Transylvania County is the only county with white squirrels, and no one really knows why they do not leave the county limits. Whenever I see one out the window, it seems miraculous that God would create a white squirrel. There are grey ones in the county as well but the white ones are so exciting to see. In this, I see a God who has a plan but creates for the sheer beauty in nature. Beauty in the ordinary, beauty in the natural. By coming into community with God as seen in Church and in nature, we can truly experience the full beauty of finding what is sacred in the ordinary. This is true each Sunday as I sit, holding a cup of steaming hot coffee, singing the Word of the Lord in Tessera with my family, looking out the tiny windows to my left to see nature, from a pew.

Carly Maas
Youth Sunday
1 May 2016



- ◇ 3 Exciting Sessions: M-Th 6/27-7/1; 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

Cooperative Baptist Fellowship General Assembly
2016 Peace Breakfast

Thursday, June 23
College Park Baptist Church

Cost \$25/person

Deadline to Register: Thursday, June 16, 2016

Our Keynote speaker will be Dr. Sandra D. Westervelt, Professor of Sociology at UNCG and author (with Kimberly J. Cook) of *Life After Death Row: Exonerees' Search for Community and Identity* which examines the post-release obstacles faced by eighteen death row exonerees.

A portion of the proceeds will benefit Witness to Innocence (WTI), the only national organization in the United States composed of and led by exonerated death row survivors and their family members.



Go to <http://www.bpfna.org/breakfast> for more information and to register!



Transition

I feel like God has always had my life in a state of constant transition. I moved constantly as a child and had to navigate who I was over and over in new schools. I made **plans to go to NYU and become a stage actor and then...I** didn't. But God has been with me through the transitions and will continue to be.

The first time I cut my hair off, I was 16 years old and had just found out my best friend had been diagnosed with leukemia. It was the best way I could think to support her. For months after I wore headbands every single day as my hair grew out of its transitional phase. It was uncomfortable, but I felt good knowing I was standing in solidarity with someone I loved. That's what God had done for me all my life. It was the least I could do for her.

During my year off as an intern, I saw a dance show called Liminal Space. Liminal: of or relating to a transitional or initial stage of a process; occupying a position at, or on both sides of a boundary or threshold. It's like, when a caterpillar is chilling out in its cocoon, that's liminal space. The show dealt with what it meant to be in the middle, but not stuck.

As someone who had dropped out of college and wasn't sure if they'd return, I knew what it was to feel in the middle. I knew unpaid internships weren't my future, but I didn't know if finishing school was my future either. I'd left because of my mental health and was terrified to return. I felt stuck. But seeing that show helped me to ask questions that I hadn't been able to ask before.

What if I stopped fearing the liminal space? What if God wanted me in this space? What if I let myself breathe in the midst of my transition? What if I stopped stressing out about everything I did wrong when I was a caterpillar, or worrying about when I'd become a butterfly, or what kind, and just allowed myself to exist in this cocoon space? Who would I be then? How could I see God and God see me?

A little over a year ago, I realized that not only was I queer, I was also genderqueer. More specifically non-binary, which means my gender doesn't lie on either side of the binary, or necessarily within it. I'm not a **woman, like I'd originally thought I'd be, or a man...I'm** just Alaina. When I allowed myself to be comfortable as a trans person, or in this transition, I found a way to become more of myself. I realized that my gender didn't make me, just like my hair didn't make me, or whatever career path I end up choosing won't make me. I make me. By being. By allowing myself to live comfortably in my skin and not worry about the arbitrary things I'm supposed to do or become.

And now, I'm moving to Austin to start graduate school. Another transition. My life has been full of them and will continue to be full of them. And I kind of like it. Living in transition means living in the present. It requires me to focus on being the best version of myself at every

moment, being as truthful as I can. Life is exciting and fulfilling and challenging because I've stopped myself from trying to figure out what the end goal is or who I really am. I am allowed to evolve.

Naming myself in the midst of this never-ending transition has been exciting. Right now, I'm a non-binary, queer person of faith and of color and a soon to be Dr. Maybe my names will change. And I'm finally cool with that because I'm able to experience change without judgement.

Living in transition means that I get to look at myself and think: I was me, I am me, and I will be me. No matter what.

Alaina Monts
22 May 2016

College Park Greensboro Grasshopper Fundraiser

Warm weather and opening day for the Greensboro Grasshoppers are just around the corner, and College Park is first up on April 7th to run the concessions stand behind 3rd base.

This summer our youth group is headed to Laredo, TX! In an effort to keep the cost of the trip affordable for our youth families, College Park is running concessions at seven Greensboro Grasshoppers Games to raise funds. College Park will take home 10% of sales from the concessions we work.

Please consider volunteering at one of these seven home games to support our youth and to have a little fun with your College Park friends.

Game dates: June 2 (Thurs, 3rd base), June 11 (Sat, 3rd base), July 4 (Mon, home plate).

Go here to sign up: <http://www.signupgenius.com/go/409094fa9a728a02-greensboro>





Bringing muscle to the ceremony, DiAnne Borders carries the mace

Perhaps no one bears the weight of a commencement ceremony like the Faculty Marshal. Dr. L. DiAnne Borders, who began her five-year term in the Fall 2014 semester, will carry the mace on May 6. Elected to five-year terms, the Faculty Marshal carries the UNCG Mace at formal events.

Hand-chased in sterling silver, the UNCG Mace is a ceremonial insignia of the university. The UNCG Mace bears motifs depicting the history of this campus: daisies, the official university flower; pine cones (UNCG's yearbook was titled "Pine Needles"); and a depiction of Minerva. The Class of 1926 presented the UNCG Mace to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation and the Bicentennial of the nation, notes UNCG Archives.

"In preparation for the first commencement ceremony, I increased my bicep curls and practiced at the gym with a weight about the same size and shape but that is heavier than the mace," said Borders. "I also got pointers on how to hold it."

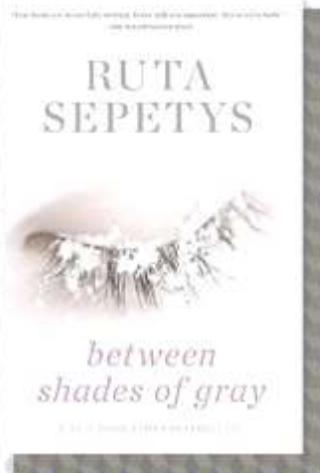
Although she is not UNCG's first female Faculty Marshal, she said, she is the first female to carry the mace. "I was told I could ask a faculty friend to carry the mace and march with me," said Borders. "But my Spartan feminist pride would not allow that. I carry it without any harness, although that was suggested to me also."

Since 1987 Borders has researched clinical supervision at UNCG, focusing on the educational process of facilitating counselors' effective application of their knowledge and skills in their work with clients. The UNCG Counseling and Educational Development program, part of the School of Education, is rated second best in the nation by US News & World Report. She holds an undergraduate degree in English education from UNCG.

"I do hope the mace and the procession add to the significance, dignity and honor of the occasion for the parents, families and friends there, and the pride they feel for their graduate," said Borders. "I think about that as I march in and look into the stands where my parents once sat."

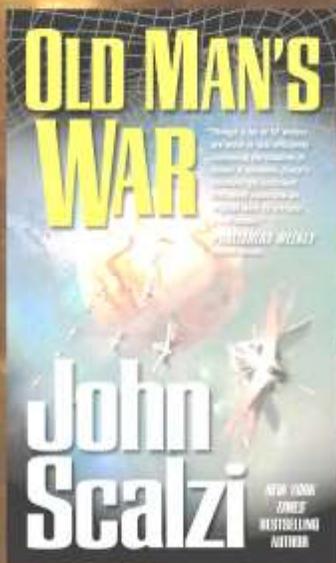
By Daniel Wirtheim

Women of Valor New Book



Next Discussion
Tuesday, June 14, 7 pm
Beans Boro Coffee

MOSTLY MEN'S OCCASIONAL BOOK CLUB



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

New Members

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

John Dickey—address: 2812 Sherwood St., Greensboro
27403

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

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

Congratulations

Rydell Harrison was named the Chapel Hill—Carrboro
Central Office Administrator of the Year.

Thank You!

Susan Finley wants to thank the members of CPBC for all of
their cards, calls, and visits during her recent recuperation
period. Your concern was greatly appreciated.

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.

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.

General Budget Update through May 29, 2016

YTD Giving:	\$115,435
YTD Budget:	\$144,540
Difference:	-\$29,104

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

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.

Ushers Needed for CBF General Assembly



Ushers are needed for the June Cooperative Baptist Fellowship General Assembly in Greensboro at the Koury Convention Center, June 20-24. To sign up, go to the link below.

<http://www.signupgenius.com/go/409094fa9a728a75-ushers>



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. Choose the option to cover the credit card fees or let the church pay them.



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.

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 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

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.



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



June GUM Donation:

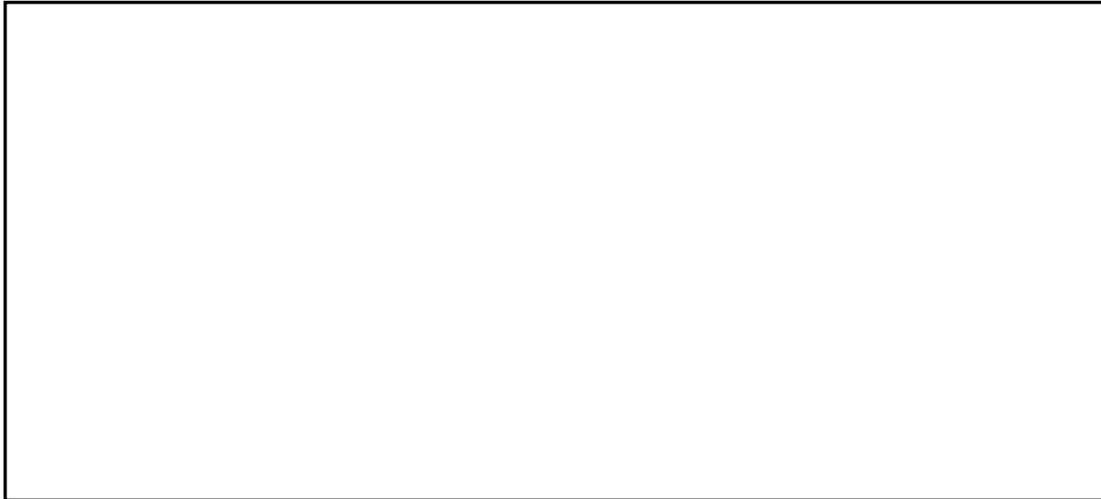
Mac & Cheese (7.25 oz. boxed)

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



College Park
An American Baptist Church
1601 Walker Avenue,
Greensboro, North Carolina 27403-2318

Return Service Requested



Looking Ahead—June

- 2 NA Noon, FH, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
Peck Elementary 6 pm, FH
- 3 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 5 **Sunday Activities, Deacons' Meeting 6 pm**
- 6 NA Noon, FH
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 7 NA Noon, FH
- 8 NA Noon, FH
- 9 NA Noon, FH, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 10 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 11 Grasshoppers Game 7 pm, Volunteers 5 pm
- 12 Sunday Activities, Priddy Scout Ceremony
2 pm, Chapel, Reception following in FH
- 13 NA Noon, FH
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 14 NA Noon, FH, Women of Valor 7 pm, Beans
Boro Coffee
- 15 NA Noon, FH
Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Board Room
- 16 Forever 39 11:30 am, K&W
NA Noon, FH, Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 17 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 19 Hannah McMahan preaching, GUM Sunday,
3rd Sunday Refreshments
- 20 NA Noon, FH
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 21 NA Noon, FH
PFLAG 7:30 pm, Youth Room
- 22 NA Noon, FH
- 23 CBF Peace Fellowship Breakfast 7 am, FH
NA Noon, FH
Zumba 6 pm, Chapel
- 24 AI Anon Noon, FH
- 25 Scherer-Jones Wedding 3:30 pm, Sanctuary
- 26 Sunday Activities, Steven Fuller preaching
- 27 Theatre Camp M-Th 9am—2 pm, FH
NA Noon, Chapel
Ultimate Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniel Park
- 28 NA Noon, Chapel
- 29 NA Noon, Chapel
- 30 NA Noon, Chapel, GNC Meeting 5:30 pm,
Board Rm., Zumba 6 pm, Chapel

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

Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches
Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

2016 Total Food Donations = 439 Pounds

Every Member a Minister

Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
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
Ann Usey, putting up with Michael for 30 years.
Michael S. Usey, Pastor
Annette Waisner, Office & Media Manager

www.collegeparkchurch.com cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net
www.facebook.com/collegeparkchurch

Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical