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COLLEGE PARK
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Plans to Attend UNCG

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Through the Eyes of a Child

For the past 4 years, I have been trying to convince Lin that she would never get me up here to do this. Yet - here I am.

When I was really young, I was completely obsessed with dinosaurs. Even though I had never actually seen a dinosaur in real life, I believed in them completely. By the age of 3, I was insulted if someone did not know the difference between a T-rex and an Allosaurus. My favorite movie was Jurassic Park. When my mom expressed her worry that watching it was too scary for a 3 years old, I calmly **explained to her that it wasn't scary, it was simply the circle of life - that dinosaurs needed to eat.** Even when I was young I was an interesting mix between wide-eyed innocence and realism – but I actually think that children in general have a unique ability to think like this – to be confronted with life **while not losing the wonder and the mystery. It's not a conscious decision; it's just part of their nature.** Children see the world through eyes that have not been clouded by the realities of life. It is through this unique perspective that we all could benefit.

I am reminded of this every Sunday morning when I hear the kids offer their insights during the Sunday morning **children's sermon or when I pass them downstairs playing and building with the large Lego blocks.** Legos are a great way to see life through the eyes of a child. I remember how much I loved Legos as a kid. You could give me a bucket of bricks and I would spend hours creating anything and everything, including a mess. The possibilities were endless. I loved playing with Legos, but I hated cleaning up afterward. It was a constant battle with my parents. As some of you may know, it really hurts when you step on a Lego. But I wonder, what if we all approached life with the imagination and creativity of children playing make-believe or building with Legos. I wonder how differently we might approach major problems of our world – like hunger, war, global warming, or homelessness – if we tried to see it through the eyes of a child. Who knows, we just might create something amazing.

Have you ever heard of the term Divergent Thinking? The idea is coined by Ken Robinson and is the ability to see many different answers to a question. For example, you might ask someone to think of how many uses there are for a paper clip. Most people come up with 10-15 answers. Someone who is a good divergent thinking would come up with as many as 200. As you might guess, our capacity for divergent thinking deteriorates with age. A study of kindergarten children measured 98% genius level for divergent thinking. 5 years later, when they were 8 to 10 years old, those same children tested at 50% genius level. Another 5 years later the percentage dropped even further. Wide-eyed innocence and realism is a balance that, the older we get, tends to skew more toward realism.

As many of you know, I was diagnosed with leukemia two years ago. While the days of intense chemo and radiation are behind me, I still have another year left to go in my treatment plan. As a result, my experiences as a teenager have been a little different. Leukemia is the hardest thing I have ever had to go through but I would not change it because it has shaped the person that I am now. One way this experience has shaped me is that instead of focusing on the negatives of leukemia, I have learned to try focusing on the positives in the situation. For instance, it is an ongoing joke in my family that I get out of doing chores because – well, you know – I have cancer.

When I was diagnosed, I didn't want to watch anything that was stressful. So I discovered the Food Network and developed a love of cooking. I have found cooking to be a great metaphor for life. Consider the stages involved in cooking. First you plan the meal, then you prep the ingredients, you follow the recipe and cook, then you get to sit back and enjoy your creation as well as share it with others. The thing about cooking, however, is that you can **follow the recipe perfectly and sometimes things just don't** turn out right. Sometimes you have to improvise - throw in a little chemo here and a little creativity there before your meal is done.

I have also had some incredible experiences since being diagnosed. Many of you, especially the youth group, came to support me when The Make a Wish Foundation arranged with UNCG to have an art show with many of my pieces on display. 200+ people, from friends and family to UNCG students and professors, I had never met before, came to view my art. They also gave me some great art supplies I **could use at home and school. I'm glad The Make a Wish Foundation** does this for children all over the country. I have recently learned about another organization – Cancer for College – who has granted me a scholarship for college next year.

Jesus says that if we want to really understand what the Kingdom of God is all about, then we have to try to see the world through the innocent eyes of a child. In 1st Timothy, Paul encourages Timothy not to be discouraged because he is young, but to use his youthful life as a ministry tool. Both Paul and Jesus seem to suggest there is something about the young that opens up those of us who have forgotten how to see the world through wider, more hopeful eyes. 1st John reminds us of this too – in a more direct way, the text **instructs us in a new way of seeing God. Look around you ...** God is all around us in the loving acts of others toward us, and us to each other – embodied in kindness, generosity, grace, and forgiveness. It is a simpler and more innocent, childlike way of seeing God in the world – that was much easier for me to see when I was younger.

For the last four years I've been an art student at Weaver Academy and this fall I'll be attending UNCG to major in art. One of my favorite things about art is that everyone in a room **can have the same idea but that each person's vision of it** would be different. It is this diversity that makes life so interesting. As Christians we are to love our neighbor. **Learning to accept each other's diversity is what will allow us** to truly love each other.

Zephany Luck
Youth Sunday
3 May 2015

Helping Hands Ministry Team

We are getting back to doing the things we love to do in warm weather: lawn mowing, hedge trimming, gutter cleaning, trash removal, etc. The point is the Helping Hands team wants to hear from you about projects that we can take on that can help our members. We will be expanding on a suggestion presented **by Brian Carden recently to compile our own "Angie's List" of** handymen (church members or others), electricians, plumbers, etc. that can be a reference source for our members. If requests are outside our level of expertise or manpower, we will be glad to offer advice and direction in tackling the project.

Team members: Wayne Jones, Tim Lowrance, Donna Gregory, Caryanne Story-Bunce, Joel Rieves, Sterling Suddarth, Jenny Ward-Sutherland, Jerry Elkins, Kevin Short, Mike Kirkman, and Ronnie Brannon.

Growing Pains

So, I've decided that I don't want to grow up. I would love to go back to coloring books, naps, and recess. Fly me to Neverland, please! I remember as a kid one of my favorite movies was *Hook*. It's the one with Robin Williams playing an adult Peter Pan. I used to get so upset because he left behind all of the lost boys to grow up, get married, and have kids, but in that process he completely forgot all about Neverland. If it were me, I don't know if I could give up flying and never growing old for a job and kids.

For those who have never seen the movie, Peter's kids are taken hostage by Hook and he has to rescue them. The problem is he doesn't remember Neverland or even being Peter Pan. He has to recover his relationship with the lost boys, his imagination, and his happy thought in order to save his kids. These memories don't just come back to Peter, it takes him remembering why he chose to grow up to recover. Peter chose to grow up because he experienced love. It's your average adventure story but the underlying theme is love and the significant ways love changes us.

I've always related more with the lost boys in the movie. It saddens me to think about leaving my childhood behind; I'm afraid I'll forget everything about it. Thinking about my future is a really scary thing. I mean it's a lot of responsibility to try and plan out your future career at the age of 17 while simultaneously searching for a prom dress. This year has been hard because I've had to come to terms with the fact that no matter how much I hate it, I am growing up. I have had to learn to give up things like free time, hanging with friends whenever I want, and worst of all: binge watching Netflix. At times I really felt like it was unfair, especially because it's my senior year and I just want to be able to enjoy it. Can't I just live in my Neverland for a little while longer?

I first discovered these growing pains in middle school - that prime time where you start trying to "find yourself" or "be who you want to be", as the world tells us kids to do. I went through a lot of phases I'd rather not think about in middle school... I was stubborn and refused to cut my hair, until I was told by girls in my class that I should. I ignored all of the clothes that my mom pointed out, and picked the things that were popular amongst my classmates. I made my decisions on how I thought others would perceive me, which I must tell you is not the way to go.

Everything changed when I discovered my high school, Weaver Academy. Going to that school was one of the best choices I have ever made. It was an exciting escape from middle school at first, but it has become much more than that. Though there have still been growing pains, I found a community to support me during the difficult life experiences and transitions. My teachers are loving and accepting, and they are always there to talk about anything. My Principle makes a point of learning every single student's name. If he sees you in the hall, he will address you by name and ask about your day because he genuinely cares. My friends don't influence me to do anything; they bring out the best in me. They challenge me to learn new things about myself. They are my lost boys; always there for me, helping me find my identity. I have discovered something about love in that place; When I was younger, I used to think that the only people you said "I love you" to was your family. It dawned on me sophomore year that there are a lot of people I love at my school. My friends, my teachers, I love them for letting me be who I am and not trying to change it. I love them for being ridiculously funny and making my day better. I love them for being there when I need them. Their love has given me the support to grow and I can't imagine going

through life without that kind of love.

My church community is the same. I have known most of you since I was little. I hate that within the past year I haven't been able to attend church or youth group as often as I wish I could. Just another thing I have had to come to terms with this year. What I love though, is that no matter how long it's been since I've seen people like Adam Team or Lin Bunce, I still feel the acceptance and care from them when I return. When I think of caring and loving people, College Park is what immediately comes to mind. We are a church that is all about accepting and loving everyone. We are a church that actually practices what we preach and we actively reach out to the community. I have certainly learned a lot about helping others through our church.

Some of my best learning experiences come from the youth group's annual mission trip. Every time I am amazed at the love I experience in completely unexpected ways. Last year in Hiawassee, I worked in a few different homes. The first home was of a man who was aging and was unable to make the needed repairs to his home, so we stepped in. He stopped by to check on us a lot through the day and by lunchtime, he came out and offered us all popsicles. This small gesture made me think: this man had to take the time and effort to get these popsicles that he bought with his own money out of his freezer and walk them outside to us just because he thought it was a nice thing to do. And remember, this man was an older gentleman who struggled to walk.

The last home I worked on that week was of a woman named Ms. Rosie. Ms. Rosie was a sweet woman who had a very kind heart. She was always talking about her family and her grandchildren, which you could tell she adored. She lived in a home that was falling apart on one side from rain damage. I've never understood how some of the kindest people get the worst luck. Throughout the few days that we were with her she always greeted us with a smile, offered us food, and made sure we were okay while we did what we could to fix her home. She radiated love and kindness, and I believe that she deserves the best in the world because of it.

These acts of love may seem small, but isn't that what love is anyway? This reminds me of one of my favorite quotes from Mother Theresa: "We can do no great things, only small things with great love." I don't believe that love has a set definition; one can love, be loved, show love, and do things with love. What I do believe is that everyone should try their best to express or accept love everyday.

One of the best things about youth trips is that we always find time to reflect. At the end of each day Lin gathers us all together for worship and part of that is a moment where we discuss where we saw God. Sometimes it is in nature, sometimes in other people, or just in how the day occurred. I often see God in beautiful things in nature, but when I see God clearest is when people are expressing love.

The text for this Sunday says "The person who refuses to love doesn't know the first thing about God, because God is love—so you can't know God if you don't love." This text reminds all of us that the way we will come to know God best is through each other. God's love is most clearly experienced and seen in loving, kind acts. Most importantly, it not only reminds us of the ways we might experience God's love through others – but it reminds us that we too might be the ones showing God's love through our actions. I believe that everyone needs to open themselves up to love in order to experience the beauty that God provides for us. Love is not something you do with the intention of getting something out of it. Instead, if you go through life with the mindset of

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helping others and showing your love, then you might come to **know something of God's deep love for us.**

Growing up is still scary to me because I know that life and love are vulnerable things, but when I think back over the love that I have received throughout my life, I remember that I am not alone. Like Peter, I find that growing up is difficult – but I have also found it is meaningful. The love Peter discovers with his wife helps him see the greater good **from investing in love. The love I've experienced from teachers, friends, this church, my family, my youth group – even through the acts of complete strangers – helps me better understand the greater good in growing up and investing in love.** As I move on from high school to college – and then on from there - I know I will always remember the love that I have received and I will do everything I can to give it back. You can do anything as long as you have love, faith, trust, and a little bit of pixie dust.

Kira Ware
Youth Sunday
3 May 2015

A Life Like a Norman Rockwell Painting: Charles Warner Thompson

Ever heard of the mighty men of David? They were the OT version of the Avengers. They were known as the Gibborim and are described in 2 Sam 23. These mighty **men of David were a group of David's toughest military warriors who were credited with heroic feats.**



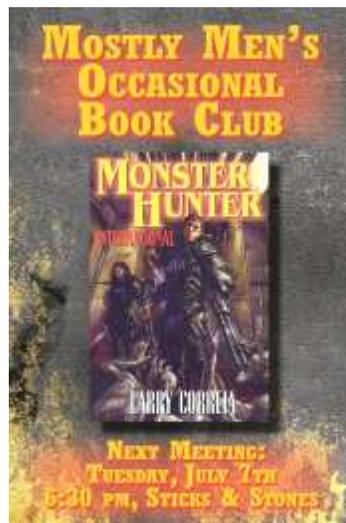
This group included Josheb-basshebeth, who killed 800 men in one battle with a spear. Another was named Eleazar, who stayed on the battlefield when other warriors fled and killed Philistines until his hand was stuck clenched around his sword, and Abishai, the leader of the mighty men, who killed 300 men with a spear. Benaiah was known for going into a pit on a snowy day and subduing a lion, and for killing a powerful **Egyptian with the guy's own sword. He also served as leader of David's bodyguards.**

Within this group are three men who served as a special **elite group called "The Three": Josheb-basshebeth, Eleazar, and Shamma, who were stand-outs among the Gibborim. Although the mighty men are called "The Thirty," a total of 37 are listed, so not all of these were on the team the entire time—again like the Avengers. Some of them, like Uriah, were killed in battle during David's reign. Or maybe David's elite group numbered approximately 30, a figure not meant to be exact. Some of these mighty men of David had considerable military skill. David's Gibborim served a crucial role in protecting the king and fighting for the freedom of their nation.**

I don't think Charlie ever killed anyone with a spear (I bet he could have), but what he did do in his life seems to fit in well with the Gibborim. Driving a huge train--as the lead conductor. Fishing streams, lakes, and ocean all over the Southeast. Being aboard ship in the Navy during WWII. Playing to noteworthy acclaim in all three high school sports of football, basketball, and baseball. Learning to be an honest-to-goodness pool shark. Playing baseball, semi-pro for a short while, then for the Navy, then on softball teams for both company and church. Growing giant German Johnson tomatoes and hot, hot peppers. Hunting for treasure all over NC. Collecting coins of all kinds. Dancing into the night with his lovely wife.

It occurred to me as I prepared this that Charlie's life, sports, interests, and hobbies sound like they are right out a Norman Rockwell painting, or a 1940s issue of Boys' Life. I've always loved the scenes and lifestyles Rockwell lovingly captured in his iconic scenes, and Charlie could well have been his poster child. A couple of weeks ago I said here that part of what I think we owe the world and our God is, if possible, finding a way to be happy in a carpe diem way. Charlie found lots of ways to be happy and live his life with gusto. He always called me Usey in the comfortable tradition of fraternizing athletes, which I liked—he made it sound like I was on a sports team with him—and when I visited he was usually happy and affable, if he wasn't hurting.

Born in 1932, he was the 10th and last child born to his parents. He had six brothers and three sisters—Jack was **the one he was closest to, and Jack was four years Charlie's senior, and the brother who taught Charlie to love fishing by taking him to fish at the coast. Charlie was the last of the big family to die, his nine siblings going before him.**



Energiea Workday - Saturday, June 13

Burrito Bikers Feeding & Fellowship with the Homeless
Energiea is College Park's quarterly community service ministry. Our Spring Energiea workday will involve partnering with the Greensboro Burrito Bikers, a group dedicated to fellowship and feeding some of Greensboro's homeless citizens each Saturday.

Event dates: Friday, June 12, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m. (Cooking at **Jerry Cunningham's home** - 3506 Madison Avenue);
Saturday, June 13, 8:00 a.m. – Serving and Fellowship at Center City Park. Volunteers who plan to serve should arrive by 8 a.m. We will serve at Center City Park, on the corner sidewalk of Friendly Avenue and Davie Street. If it is raining, we will serve in the parking deck across the street (other corner of Friendly and Davie). You can park in the deck for no charge. Please email, call, or text Jeff Smith for information and to **RSVP for food prep or serving.** (336)-541-4187
jsmithgso@gmail.com

He went to Greensboro High, now Grimsley, class of 40, and there is a fantastic picture of him on the school team you should take a moment to find sometime. Remarkably, he was even good enough to be looking to play semi-pro baseball in a promising continued sports arc--when he had to go into the Navy, serving on the USS Pittsburgh CA-72, which was a Baltimore-class heavy cruiser commissioned late in the war, 1944, and serving in the Pacific theater in '45. It served in the battles for Iwo Jima and Okinawa, before being damaged in a typhoon in June. **He didn't tell me much about what he did aboard ship, except the old standard Navy line: if it moves, salute it; if it doesn't move, paint it.** Charlie painted a lot, he said, and played baseball, if you can believe it. He made the All-Ships-Afloat team, playing outfield and pitching some. Not a bad way to spend **one's time in the military.**

He and Darcie met in 1958, after being introduced to each other by a mutual friend at the telephone company where Darcie worked. They started dating, and were married **November 11, 1961, at a Baptist preacher's home**—which I think is the center picture on the worship bulletin. Darcie said it was the first and last time she wore a hat.

I asked Darcie to give me three words to describe Charlie, from the person who knew him best. She gave me three readily; first, Charlie was friendly, had never met a stranger, and that people liked him. He got to know lots of people along the train track, where people always called him CW. He was congenial and could talk with anyone. Secondly, Charlie was loyal—to his wife, to his family and friends, to his church, to his sports teams, and to his God. Lastly—and this might not be a side most people saw of Charlie—he was loving and affectionate. He always kissed her hello and goodbye, and liked to hold her hand, and left her notes often.

One time they were angry with each other, and Charlie drove Darcie to work before he had to go. She slammed the car door when she got out. When she came home that night—one of the nights that Charlie had to work away—she found notes everywhere: on the TV, in the fridge, on her **Pepsi cans, on her pillow, and even ... on the toilet paper roll.**

Charlie, being a train conductor—the supervisor of the freight train, not the ticket puncher, as his father has been—Charlie and Darcie loved to dance, but being on the Norfolk Southern line, he worked overnight all Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—working a six-day workweek.

Back in the day, Darcie fondly recalled, they could they'd go to Myrtle Beach with \$20, stay the weekend, and come home with money. Later on, they bought a cottage on Baden Lake, a grand place to watch the geese, and fish, and watch the world go by. He and Darcie spent many a weekend day and night there.

He was a numismatic since he was young, loved to collect coins, and to share them. Not that many years ago, Charlie **gave my Hannah a full set of the 50 states' quarters, as well as a gold cross he'd found using his metal detector.** The treasure hunting by detecting was a hobby that developed late in life, but he found all kinds of things, like class rings, earrings, keepsakes, false teeth, even a diamond ring of a half caret. He gave my two sons, Nate and Zach, a whole grip of cool rare coins when they were a bit younger. Charlie recognized that they were athletes who played for Grimsley High, as he had done many years earlier, and he connected with them on that aspect, and shared with them some of his sport stories. In fact, once when Charlie and Darcie were **going to a reunion (I'm not sure if was high school or a**

business team he had played for), he decided he would wear his baseball uniform (minus the cleats) that he could still fit into (he was still very fit) and had worn 30 years earlier. So he did: Darcie was aghast, but the people at the reunion loved it, and the newspaper even featured Charlie in his still-fitting athletic uniform, so rare such a feat was.

Darcie kept the books and did the bills in their home. He never fussed at her about money, nor was he controlling about it, as some men were of his generation. Instead, he good-naturedly quipped, **"We wouldn't have anything if it weren't for Darcie's frugal nature."**

He was a city boy by birth, but Darcie's country relatives loved him, and he was close with Darcie's granddad especially. His people were all from down east, the flat sandy part of the state. That he could bond with his in-law family was a testimony to his affability and general goodwill.

I want it to be clear that Charlie's death was sadly due to lung cancer from smoking. Anyone can contract lung cancer, whether they smoke or not, but smoking makes the chances for cancer increase exponentially. Like my Navy father, Charlie bought his death one pack at a time, which brought low this incredible athlete. So many of his generation smoked before the dangers were fully known, but now of course we know.

Charlie's father made him work in the garden when he was a boy, and Charlie hated it, said he'd never garden himself—and when they moved into the house they bought, he'd say he had a garden, meaning the Kroger store in the shopping center behind their house. But, 25 years ago, he **became his father's son, and came full circle and became an excellent gardener,** growing huge German Johnsons, all kinds of peppers, onions, and cucumbers. He grew so much in part because he loved to give it away, especially to many people in our church. **Often in the late summer I'd find a huge bag of fresh veggies on my desk before a Sunday service. I will greatly miss those remarkable tomatoes in particular—all due to Charlie's generosity. In later years his generosity manifested itself in that he loved to feed the animals in his backyard—the birds especially, cats, deer, whatever else.**

Charlie was a good and solid man, who loved his life, his friends, his hobbies, his church, and his God. He was generous with his friends, and deeply comfortable with people. **He was not scared to die, he told me, and I don't believe he was.** He might well have been able to play pro baseball based on his high school shining skills, but the war interrupted that moment for him—as wars have always interrupted lives. **So he made the most of life's humbler joys: working a cool and remarkable job, playing pool, gardening, fishing, and metal detecting until he could not physically do those things anymore.** We were friends; we talked about sports and the Navy, where my father had also served. We shared a unique love for banana-flavored Yum-Yum's ice cream, **which not enough people appreciate, and which I will henceforth eat often in his honor and memory.** He always welcomed me with a warm hello, and a vigorous shake of his huge paw of a hand, a good story, and a cold drink. I will miss Charlie, and, while I am sad to be burying a friend, I am grateful to God for his life and loves, **and to have known this "man's man," who was so kind and gentle to those around him, whom he loved so very much—as we did him.**

Michael Usey
2 May 2015

Allowing the “Program” to Go through You

I've been a graduate student at UNCG since 2006, when I began my Master of School Administration. Although I entered with hopes of blending my commitment to social justice and work as a novice activist with my passion for learning and desire to reach all students, I was prepared to spend the next two years of my life simply learning about the “nuts and bolts” of running a school.

Within the first few weeks of classes, my professors challenged me to debunk the status quo of our current educational system; they exposed me to instructional and leadership strategies focused on moving historically forgotten and voiceless students from the margins of our schools to the center of our reform efforts; and they challenged me to disrupt the patterns that cause students to leave school without the necessary skills to deconstruct the oppressive systems of our society and reconstruct a more socially just and democratic world.

During those years as a full time student, I was inspired. I was inspired to find my voice. I was inspired to become a change agent. I was inspired to see the curriculum and the relationships with staff, students, and families as conduits for educational change.

As I neared graduation and reflected on my experiences, I realized that my ELC professors had done the work they **promised in the department's statement of commitments:** To create educational leaders who work with parents, staff, students, and communities to develop critical understandings of the assumptions, beliefs, and regularities that support schooling and who identify and create practices that allow **schools to function more fully as democracies” (ELC Statement of Commitments).**

As I continued to reflect, I wondered, if this department and others like it are producing leaders capable of transforming the way we do business in schools, why has the trajectory of education remained unchanged. Just as I had done with other perplexing questions, I reached out to one of my professors after class and shared my wondering. The simplicity of her answer to my complex question blew me away. She said, **“Rydell, a lot of students go through our program but not all of our students allow our program to go through them.”**

Her answer served as a call to action; a call to bridge the gap between our theoretical ways of knowing and the practical ways in which we lead our schools and our classrooms. While **working on my doctorate I've been determined to answer the call and avoid the pitfall of simply going through the program,** but rather, I chose to allow the program to go through me, and shape who I am as a leader. This meant fleshing out what I believe a social justice leader actually is.

For me, focusing on social justice requires both a change in thinking and a change in actions.

To view society under the influence of a social justice ideology is to recognize: that oppression exists and is rampant in our class-based society; that the culture, histories, characteristics and goals of white middle-class males are seen in our society as normative and; that the liberation of those oppressed is necessary for all people to live into their full humanity.

To act in society under the influence of social justice is to acknowledge: that it is our responsibility, as educators, to lead people to be agents of their own liberation; and to

recognize that without intentional strides towards changing the ways in which people interact and debunking the systems of injustice, we are simply reifying the oppression that has become a way of life for many of our students.

Therefore, if we are to really make the impact in education that we are capable of, we must take time to **allow the program that we've gone through in these ivory towers of education to go through us as we engage in our grassroots efforts to change.**

Allowing this program to go through us means utilizing **the critical lens we've been given to recognize that if the current educational conditions disadvantage some of us, then we are all dis-served.**

Allowing this program to go through us means recognizing the many opportunities we have as educators to improve the education of our youth and utilizing the **wealth tools we've been given to empower and support young people.**

Finally, allowing this program to go through us means waking each day with a renewed sense of hope, recognizing that if we work collaboratively, if we apply our knowledge of culturally relevant teaching and leading and if we focus on social justice rather than maintaining the status quo, we can be the change we wish to see in education.

As we move journey forward into our varied roles in **education, let's hold fast to this hope and allow it to be an active agent in our commitment to improving education and the conduit for sustained change.**

Rydell Harrison
UNCG School of Education Graduation
8 May 2015

Loukas' Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father,

In Psalms, Solomon declares children are God's gifts, a heritage, and a reward; and are to be accounted blessings. Thank you for the blessing of a safe delivery of Loukas Campbell Story Bunce. To Lin and Caryanne, family is as important and strong as the bond between them. Lord, As their church family, I pray we will further strengthen that bond by encouraging them as parents, inspiring their son, keeping him safe when he jumps from the pulpit after **children's worship, but mostly by loving him the way we love his moms.** Lord, you have blessed Loukas with parents who are energetic, generous, compassionate, creative, athletic and who have dedicated their lives to you and this church. Thank you for Lin and Caryanne. Loukas, never let anyone change your mind about what you feel you can achieve. Keep good thoughts in your mind and good feelings in your heart. Keep love in your life, and you will find the love and light in others. Be giving, forgiving, patient and kind. Whatever you **decide, whoever you become, God's love for you is unconditional.** His arms and heart are always open to you. The first time you see a sunrise or hear the birds sing say **nothing and listen as heaven whispers...Do you like it? He did it just for you.** I pray this to the one who calls Himself I Am. Amen

Amy Lowrance
Baby Presentation
3 May 2015

Announcements

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 necessary. Bring a red shirt, a white shirt, 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. Find us on Facebook at "College Park Frisbee."



Community Theatre of Greensboro

CTG and InFocus present *OnStage and InFocus at CTG's Starr Theatre and Cone Studio*—520 South Elm St., Greensboro, NC

27406. OnStage and InFocus is an inclusive 2-week multi-age summer program, that engages participants of varying abilities and ages to work on self-expression, advocacy and communication skills through expressive theatre arts. The two performances will feature all the **program's participants**. **Show dates:** June 20 at 7:30 pm, June 21 at 2:00 pm. For more information: www.ctgso.org 336-333-7470.

Thank You's

The family of Inez Stone Ryals extends a heartfelt thank you to members of College Park Baptist. Your many deeds of kindness and support gave comfort to her and strength to our family. She loved God, church, her family, and each one of you. God bless you all.

There are not enough words to express thanks for all you did for Charlie and me during his illness and death. All of the visits, calls, food, sitting with Charlie for me to get out, moving furniture and all the prayers helped so much. I could feel the love coming from my church family. Please keep me in your prayers. Darcie Thompson



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.

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.

Youth Activities

All youth 6th-12th grade are welcome to join!
6:00 pm - Youth Dinner; 6:30-7:30—Club Jesús.

Mostly Men's Occasional Book Club

New book is *Monster Hunter International* by Larry Correia. The next meeting will be Tuesday, July 7th at Sticks & Stones, 6:30 pm.



ZUMBA Classes

Thursday nights 6:00 pm in the Fellowship Hall. Cost: \$5.00.

NEW YORK CITY

Do you want to go to New York City this summer? Apartment is 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 Email: fleming1301@yahoo.com



June GUM Donation:

Mac & Cheese (7.25 oz. Box)

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



About Meditation

Sunday afternoons 4:00 pm in the Parlor.
Everyone welcome.

General Budget Update 5.26.15

YTD Giving:	\$108,435
YTD Budget:	\$120,909
Difference:	-\$12,474



Capital Campaign "Access for All"

Financial Report as of 5.26.15:

Pledges Needed: \$827,000

Pledges To Date: \$807,489

Total Giving to Date: \$622,041

Expenses to date for first two projects: \$440,000

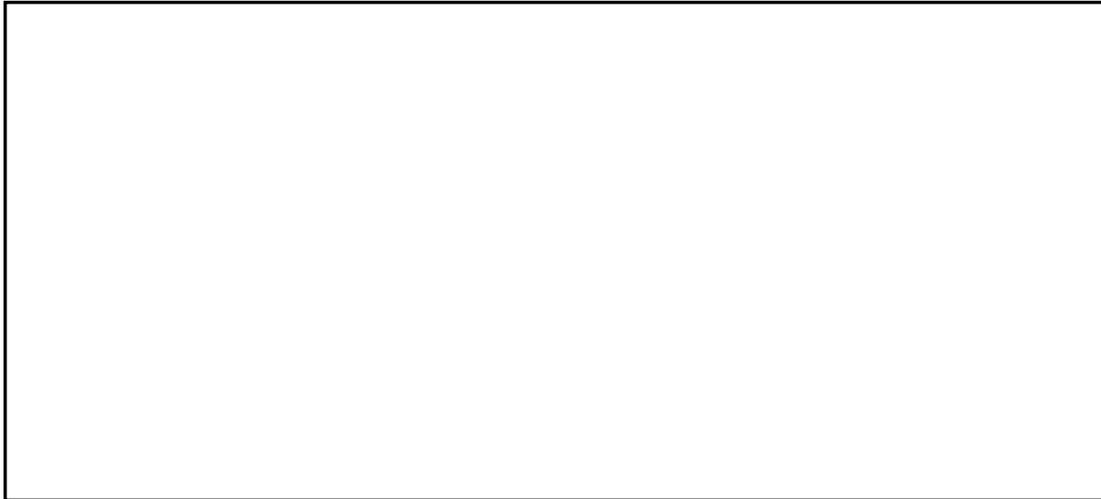
Cash balance available for next two projects: \$182,041

Donations needed through 2016 to complete the final two projects: \$204,959
Chapel Renovation Scheduled for Summer/Fall 2015

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

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
Permit 245
Greensboro, NC

Return Service Requested



Looking Ahead-June

- 1 Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniels
- 4 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
- 5 Al-Anon Noon, FH
- 7 Summer All Church Reading Begins
Meditation 4 pm, Parlor
Youth Activities 6 pm
- 8 Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniels
- 11 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
- 12 Al-Anon Noon, FH
- 14 Sunday Activities
Meditation 4 pm, Parlor
Youth Activities 6 pm
- 15 Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniels
- 16 Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Parlor
PFLAG 6:30 pm, Youth Room
- 18 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
Forever 39 11:30 am, K&W
- 19 Al-Anon Noon, FH
- 21 GUM Sunday
Sunday Activities
Meditation 4 pm, Parlor
Youth Activities 6 pm
- 22 Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniels
- 25 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Parlor
- 26 Al-Anon Noon, FH
- 28 Sunday Activities
Meditation 4 pm, Parlor
Youth Activities 6 pm
- 29 Frisbee 6 pm, Lake Daniels
Summer Theatre Camp 6/29--7/2

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

Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches -
Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

May Food Donations = 65 Pounds
2015 Total Food Donations = 439 Pounds

Every Member a Minister
Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
Brian Carden, Minister to Senior Adults
Susan Finley, Handbell Director
Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
Harold Holler, 98 Years Young
Darlene Johnson, Sexton
Keith A. Menhinick, Wake Forest Pastoral Intern
David Soyars, Organist (*on Sabbatical*)
Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
Lin Story-Bunce, Associate Minister (*on Maternity Leave*)
Andrea Turner, Deacon Chair
Michael S. Usey, Pastor
Annette Waisner, Office & Media Manager
www.collegeparkchurch.com
cpbcgbo@bellsouth.net
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Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical