

May 2015
Number 225

Upcoming Events May 2015

- * Sunday May 3rd is Youth Sunday (both Services)
with Kira Ware and Zephan Luck Preaching
- * Bible Study "Failing Sainthood", Wednesday Nights
6:30-7:30 with The Reverend Monica City-Hix, through May 13th
- * Women of Valor Book Discussion
at Beans Boro, Tuesday May 5th, 7:00 pm
- * Mostly Men's Occasional Book Club
at Sticks & Stones Tuesday May 12th, 6:30 pm
- * CP Business Meeting, Wednesday May 20th
- * New Pathfinders Book Study:
"What is the Least I Can Believe and Still Be a Christian?"
Sunday Mornings 9:45-10:40 am in the Fellowship Hall
- * Last Wednesday Night Dinner will be May 27th
- * Parents Night Out, Friday, May 29th, 6-9 pm
Free babysitting by our Girl Scout Troops!

Reflections on Life, Vocational Call, Theology, and Public Ministry

Life Story and Sense of Call

I was born and raised in central North Carolina, the older of two children. My earliest memories are of church, and central to those memories is my **grandfather's presence**—both because of my affection for him and because of his prominence in the church. This was a home church, a church without a designated pastor, a church where there was no outline for how worship was supposed to go. Instead, this was a church where everyone sat in concentric circles and spoke whenever the Holy Spirit prompted. And lest I forget to **mention: this church met at my grandfather's house.**

In fact, my grandfather, a retired colonel in the United States Air Force, was brought to High Point, NC, by a group of local businessmen for the sole purpose of **starting this home church. From what I've been told, my grandfather had developed somewhat of a reputation throughout the Southeast for his pioneering work in the home church movement, and these men from High Point were keenly interested in his moving to the area to start a home church in their hometown. And though this was not his intention—he had planned to retire in Texas—he, after much prayer, felt led to move to High Point. The group who had sought him out then purchased a farm on which my grandfather could operate his ministry, and he—along with his wife and five sons—moved to High Point, NC.**

So, I mention all of this to say: one can't understand my story without understanding the way church served as the backdrop to my story. Put differently: I can't speak of my family without speaking of faith, because it's virtually impossible to disentangle the two. Jesus-speak was what I heard and was what I saw and was what I knew.

This isn't to say that I affirm this same Jesus-speak today. While my grandfather was a wonderful man—a sweet, compassionate, giving man—his was a strict fundamentalism. The Bible for my grandpa was inerrant, its mandates clear. Meanwhile, the believers in our church were not just baptized in water but also in the Holy Spirit, and the sound of adults speaking in "tongues" was just as normal to my five-year-old ear as adults speaking in English. The older one got in our church, the more subtle pressure he/she felt to be baptized in the Holy Spirit: the evidence of such baptism being, as we all knew, his/her speaking in tongues.

My grandparents did. My dad did. My mom did. My uncles did. My aunts did.

Anyway, you get the point: it was a unique faith upbringing, and one that marked me in many ways. Even today, though I have journeyed a far distance from that church and that theology, I still have difficulty separating memories of family from memories of faith, and it still pains me to reject certain theological propositions **whole-cloth because, deep down, I feel in so doing I'm rejecting my family.**

But alas, journey I have. And distance myself, I have.

And reject many propositions, I have. But that doesn't mean that, to this day, that old fundamentalist—the one who, on his deathbed, clasped my hand and told me he loved me—isn't still my hero. Because while he may have been rigid in his theology and while that rigid theology may have caused him to endorse political and social positions I am at odds with, he was a sincere man, an honest man. His was a gentle soul, and while his interpretation of Jesus may differ from mine, I know he loved Jesus very, very much. Perhaps more—and more sincerely—than anyone I've ever known.

So, due to the religious atmosphere in which I was raised, I grew up seeing the world through a fundamentalist lens. Looking back, things were very black-and-white **for me; though, in truth, I didn't really think about my faith often as a kid. In high school, I had a wonderful mentor in my soccer coach, a very sincere Christian who embodied virtues of selflessness and grace. I saw in this coach a model of who I thought I might like to be when I grew up, and as far as I can recall, this is the first person who ever made that kind of impression on me.**

Not long thereafter, I met and befriended a young pastor named Greg Farrand who, like that coach, was also a man of grace and sincerity, and the effect of spending **time at Greg's church and of spending time with Greg personally** caused me to begin challenging my inherited two-dimensional understanding of God. What Greg had really done, I now see in retrospect, was give me the encouragement I needed to fully examine some of the **things I'd already recognized but had been too afraid to face.**

Ultimately, it was my love of literature, I think, that had initially opened my mind and prepared me to see things **in a new light, but it took Greg's influence**—exposing me to new religious symbols and new theological language—to begin really shaking up my theological foundation. He, **more than anyone, set me on the path I'm on today, and I'm forever grateful to him, because I now know it to be the path to wholeness.**

Skipping ahead, I was given the opportunity to be on **CBS's *Survivor*** in 2006, and after that experience I found myself being invited to speak at churches and businesses and schools and non-profits around the country, primarily because people knew that my faith was important to me. And though this was a period in my life when I was still actively working through what my faith actually *was*, I found great meaning and fulfillment in sharing my faith story with others.

You see, faith, for me, is a source of hope, and I—for as long as I can remember—have wanted to inspire hope in others. So this experience as a speaker—which lasted for about seven years—was incredibly formative for me, as it granted me insight into what my talents are, what my passions are, and where the two converge.

While working as a speaker—in fact, before I ever went

on *Survivor*—I was working professionally as a writer. In 2010 I had a book come out with Penguin—a collection of essays that explored my faith journey up to that point—and, in that same year, I got married and took a job teaching high school English. And it was in the second **year of that job when I felt the first stirring of what I'd** later recognize to be my call to ministry. (This epiphany was due, by the way, to a conversation on forgiveness that abounded in my 10th grade classroom—much to my surprise—from Leo Tolstoy's short story, "The Long Exile.")

So, I applied to Wake Forest Divinity School and, upon acceptance, I entered in 2012. Meanwhile, I was fortunate enough to be hired by First Presbyterian Church Greensboro as their new Intern for Young Adult ministry. First Presbyterian provided me a great deal of freedom in this role and encouraged me to be creative and innovative in the studies and classes I was offering, and my hearing the distinct call to pastoral ministry soon thereafter is in **no small measure due to the experience I've had serving** (and being served by) that church. Moreover, the **constant guidance and encouragement I've received from** my friend and mentor, Neil Dunnavant—Executive Pastor at FPCG—has been instrumental in my continued discernment of that call.

Which brings me to the present. I will be wrapping up my studies at Wake Forest in May, my final day at First Presbyterian will be May 24th, and I will begin my role as Senior Pastor of First Baptist Church Corbin, KY on June 1st. And while this brief sketch barely scratches the surface of who I am, I feel it provides a quick glance at a few of the key people and ideas that have shaped me over the years. I have been richly blessed in that many who have surrounded me—from the fundamentalist grandfather to the inspiring soccer coach to Greg and Neil—have been wise, compassionate, hope-filled people, and their influence has, in different but equally effective ways, inspired me and nurtured my desire to share these same traits—traits so deeply embedded in who I am and who I aspire to be—with others.

But none of this explains why I am where I am today—namely, seeking Baptist ordination and preparing to assume a leadership role in a Baptist church. To explain this, I need to go back to the beginning. Back to the home church and to my grandfather. Back to the worshipers sitting in concentric circles with their hands raised high. Because, even though my home church upbringing differed in many ways from my current Baptist context and theology, there was a very strong—and incredibly important—undercurrent that the two shared: an emphasis on Soul Freedom.

Why I am a Baptist

I grew up believing adamantly that a person's faith was a matter solely between himself and God. The only creed I knew as a boy was the only creed we as Baptists confess: "**Jesus Christ is Lord.**" Moreover, the **autonomy of my** home church inspired my life-long belief in church autonomy. Finally, the emphasis on a personal relationship with God—**over against one's assent to creeds** or propositions—marked me early, and to this day it defines my understanding of the God-human relationship.

Also notable: I was baptized by immersion as a boy of

twelve, and I have never wavered in my belief that baptism by immersion is the most scriptural practice of baptism.

Now, this is not to say that everything I inherited as a child prepared me for Baptist life and ministry. The context in which I was raised did not value the separation of church and state; in fact, I remember hearing much lament as a boy over the secularization of government. **Meanwhile, humankind's "Imago Dei" was not** understood as being extended to everyone; one only **regained his/her "Image of God" when coming back to** faith in Jesus. Thus, as a Baptist, I supremely value our strong tradition of standing firmly on the side of church-state separation, as well as our staunch belief that all persons (no matter their beliefs) are created in—and constantly carry with them—the mark of being created in **God's Image.**

All of these things considered, when I sensed myself being called to pastoral ministry, I immediately recognized the affinity between my personal beliefs and Baptist polity and theology. Having grown up non-denominational, though, and working in a Presbyterian context in which I felt comfortable and nurtured, I spent much time in prayer and discernment regarding what denomination—if any—I should spend my life serving. And it was here that two important mentors emerged.

James Dunn and Bill Leonard, professors at Wake Forest, took considerable time out of their busy schedules to meet with me, listen to me, discern with me, and encourage me. Upon hearing my personal story, as well as my description of my theology and my thoughts on **church polity, both confirmed for me what I'd been** thinking: that I would be right at home in Baptist life. Or, **as Dunn put it: "You're already a Baptist; you just haven't started calling it that yet."**

And Dunn was right. (He usually is.) Since that day, I have embraced and leaned into that Baptist identity. At **Dunn's and Leonard's leading, I soon met Michael Usey,** Senior Pastor of College Park Baptist Church, who very quickly became a good friend, a trusted counselor, and a constant source of encouragement for me. Michael invited me to lead studies, preach, and join-in in the life of the College Park community, with whom I immediately **felt right at home. Michael's is an approach to ministry** that I not only respect but seek to emulate—and that approach stems directly from his commitment to Baptist theology and principles.

In short, I believe fiercely in Soul Freedom, which is to **say I believe in one's free agency to profess his/her faith** in Jesus as Lord. I believe this is the most important decision one can ever make, and I believe it is a decision that can never be made for him and can never be coerced. I believe in the priesthood of all believers. I believe that it **is the church's job to be a witness to the world, a witness** that draws others to Jesus Christ. I believe this mission should never be pursued mercenarily or through means of trickery, fear, or deception but always through the authentic representation of Jesus-the-risen-Lord and in the power and leading of the Holy Spirit. I believe in the autonomy of the Church. I believe in baptism by

A Force of Nature: Inez Stone Ryals



One of the ways that we here at College Park seek to follow Jesus is in the empowerment of women as full partners with men as disciples, leaders, ministers. This is not by any means a radical notion, as many North American Christian Churches and denominations do so as well, but it remains controversial in conservative and fundamentalist churches as well as those of the Roman church, for example. But we here at College Park follow the NT precedents. In the NT there are a number of women leaders. Mary Magdalene was the first witness to the resurrection, and the first to be commissioned to tell others of the resurrection. **The earliest manuscripts of John's gospel end in chapter 20 with Mary's witness to the twelve, for John's gospel presents Mary Magdalene, not Peter, as the model for discipleship.** Chapter 21 was added later, making Peter the key witness of the resurrection, and commissioning him to be shepherd of the flock. **This has obscured Mary Magdalene's status as the first witness of the resurrection and as John's model of faithful discipleship.**

In Paul's letters we find numerous references to female leaders in the early church. Priscilla and her husband Aquila, we are told in Acts 18, "explained to Apollos the way of God more adequately" (verse 26). Priscilla and Aquila also travelled with Paul and founded house churches.

Paul refers to another woman, Phoebe, as sister and *diakonos* in Romans 16:1, using the same word that he uses to describe his own ministry and that of Apollos. Phoebe, like Timothy, was a co-worker of Paul's, and Paul calls Phoebe his patron, acknowledging her generosity and support.

Another woman of the early church is Junia. Paul calls Junia and her husband Andronicus "foremost amongst the apostles" (Rom 16.7). **Junia's story has been suppressed by patriarchal assumptions. Androcentric translators assumed that the term "apostle" could not be attached to a female name, and so added an "s" to the end of Junia's name to make her name masculine. Yet ancient Christian writers understood the apostle Junia to be a woman. Greek NTs from Erasmus in 1516 to Nestle's 1927 accepted Junia as female. English translations of the NT from Tyndale until the end of the 19th century translated the apostle's name as Junia.**

Lydia of Philippi is an example of a household manager who held a significant position in her church. Lydia was one of the first to respond to the gospel in Philippi. When Lydia was converted, her household, including all family members, domestic servants, and slaves working in her purple fabric business, were baptized with her. She exerted influence over a large group of clients and friends, and she was able to give Paul a place to live for some time while he was in Philippi.

These are just a few. There are many more female leaders in early Christianity. **Acts mentions that Philip's four daughters were evangelists, for example. So in Jesus "There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, neither male nor female; we are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal 3:28). The early church recognized this and so social roles and expectations were subordinated to the primary relation of all believers to Jesus as brothers and sisters. Women in leadership were as much an outworking of this truth, as the inclusion of Gentiles into the church was. It is a restoration of Christ's original intentions for women to be once again released to minister.**

This congregation was founded in 1906 as a mission to what was then the Women's College, and the majority of our founding members were women. We were the first Baptist

church in Greensboro to hire an ordained woman minister in Peggy Haymes, which began a long line of excellent women ministers in Benita, Monica, Dorisanne, Marnie, Cindy, and now with Lin. Our deacon chairs this year and last are women, as they have been many times in the past. Against this background of both the early Christian church, the witness of the NT, continuing through to the present in this congregation, Inez Stone Ryals lived and led and was, frankly, a force of nature.

Inez was in charge. She was plainspoken, which is a refreshing Christian virtue these days. Occasionally this would veer into merely being opinionated, and even more rarely, abrasive. But that was not the norm. Inez was one of the last of a generation that believed that there was a right way to do things, a right way to dress, a right way to behave. She also had an extremely dry sense of humor. Until you got to know her better, she could appear to be judgmental.

Born in 1927 in Samson County (an area known for it's Hog Hollerin' Contest in Spivey's Corner), she grew up picking cotton and tobacco on a farm—she did it, but she didn't like it. She met Earl when she was 16 and he 18, a newly minted Marine. She was a tall and beautiful brunette even then; she had won a 4H award, and so the Trailways bus picked her up in front of the family farm on 421. They debated who picked up whom on that bus (on which I'm sure her father had told her not to talk to any servicemen, but, you know, even at 16, Inez had her own mind). I think Inez spoke to him first, but Brenda thinks Earl may have sat next to her to make it happen. Earl liked to say that he bought her first pair of shoes, to which Inez would feign exasperation. Me, I always think she had an elegant bearing.

Whoever did the picking up, Earl and Inez had both found the love of their lives. She was his pin-up girl all through the dark days of the war, he carrying her picture all through it. When the war was finally won, Earl buzzed her farm in an airplane, flying low and scaring the bejeebers out of all the animals. They were married in 1946 at Dunn Baptist Church, and stayed that way for 66 years. When Earl came down with **Alzheimer's over 10 years ago, she took care of him at home as long as she could—even putting towels over the mirrors because he didn't recognize himself.** For the final seven and a half years, her attention to Earl was amazing -- twice a day, every day, with no vacation to shave him and feed him and let caregivers know she was taking note as to how he was being cared for. I believe this personal care for Earl broke her health, but it came from a profound love.

She didn't like to be asked or to tell how old she was. So Brenda would say, "I'm such and such an age and she's 20 years older than I am." To which Inez would reply, "I think **that's rude, don't you?**" I heard this enough times that I thought it was funny.

She was deeply devoted to her family. "Friends come and go, but family remains always," she told Rob on more than one occasion—and she lived that out. She and her sisters drove to Dunn to visit her father often before his death. Much later, she was probably happiest when she was surrounded by her daughter, her grandchildren, and now great-grandchildren.

She worked for many years in the clothing store Brides, Formal, and Sportswear, the store owned by Bernice and Jack Edwards. She loved a good deal; she was frugal like so many of her generation. Inez even taught Katie at 2 or 3 to check the tags to see what materials the clothes were made of. **She had impeccable taste, but that didn't keep her from dressing up. Peggy Haymes' favorite memory of Inez is when they were in church council meeting discussing a church Halloween party. They wondered who'd don the Great Pumpkin**

costume. The group responded with stunned silence when Inez volunteered. "You put my legs in tights," she said, "and they'll look as good as anybody else's." and you know what? They did; she had great legs. Peggy has a wonderful picture of her making her entrance and Earl sitting there, dumbfounded.

When Phyllis Kelly was a student at the Women's College, she attended church at College Park. As the students would come up the front steps into the vestibule, Inez must have been the greeter, and Inez would ask them where their hats and gloves were. The students were lots of times three to a room meant for two with barely enough room for beds and desks, let alone room for hats nor gloves.

She loved fresh vegetables, especially if they were grown in Sampson County and cooked with bacon grease or country ham. It was several years before Phyllis knew that Inez, too, had grown up in Sampson County, only about five miles from each other. Inez was a bit older, went to a different school and a different church, so they didn't meet until they landed together at College Park.

Inez was strong of spirit and tough too. She went through **the Citizen's Police Academy**—complete with firearm training and the like—and graduated too. In fact, Bill used her as an **outside professional to sit on GPD's sergeant review boards.** When she was having severe eye trouble, she had to have a series of 19 shots in her eyes to keep blindness at bay.

She was a lifelong democrat, a stance that didn't always take with her grandchildren. **She was a feminist, although I'm not** sure she would have used that term. Inez was incensed that **women's pay scales were unequal to men's. She loved Bill Clinton (don't misunderstand me here); I used to kid her that** with Clinton we had a great economy, no wars, and a little something more on the side. **She'd cut her eyes to me and** give me that look.

Inez was the consummate executive's wife. Earl was a senior vice president with Jefferson-Pilot, and in charge of the rewards travel bonuses for those who earned those honors. So they travelled extensively and easily, and she was **a key part of each trip's success, because, as you know, the** woman could organize and lead. Once after flying into Europe they told a hydrofoil into Africa, where Inez met, touched, petted, and rode a camel. There are pictures of these events, but there are none after the ride when the camel spit in her face.

Another time in 2005 she took Katie and TJ to Disneyworld **by train, because of Katie's reluctance to fly, but on the way** back the train outside of Aiken, South Carolina, got into a massive train wreck that killed 9 people and had a huge haz-mat spill of chorine. TJ and Katie slept through much of it, at least at first.

When I found out about all her leadership in NC Garden clubs (president of the Greensboro Council of Garden Clubs, the Mary Seymour Woman of the year award winner of the Ivy Garden Club, and JL Osbourne Outstanding board member award winner for Greensboro Beautiful, and District 5 Director of the Garden Clubs of NC, just to hit the highlights), I often asked her about flowers. She often had the same humble answer: Michael, I adore flowers, but I **don't know as much about them as I do about organizing.** Which I think was true: she did know a lot about flowering plants, but she really knew how to organize and lead. **It's not** a stretch to say that much of the beauty we have in this city—such as bicentennial gardens, the vast dedicated natural **areas, the bog garden, is due in part to Inez's leadership.** She knew how to push for political city-wide change (amiright?). She was a force of nature, and a force for nature.

On another occasion, a calligraphy class had been scheduled in the Fellowship Hall. As folks were gathering, Inez came in and was bemoaning about losing her crown. Her friends all assumed she had lost a tooth crown and had a toothache. They were being sympathetic until they discovered she had reached the end of a term of service for one of her garden club activities and someone else was taking over—she had lost her "crown."

She was a good cook; Rob will always miss her meatloaf, which she would drop off just for him. **Andra, Rob's wife,** asked Inez for her recipe, Inez gave to her, and Andra made it **but it wasn't the same. Andra said to Inez, I don't think this is** exactly your recipe, Inez just smiled. She made a Christmas party torte that took hours to make. And she loved to eat lunch out. She and I ate Japanese out more than once—and just last month I had promised to bring over a tin of sardines and crackers for each of us to chat over lunch—a promise that I will not now keep.

Inez took Michael Calvert under her wing when the Calverts came from Immanuel to College Park. She opened doors to many experiences for a little boy. She and Earl often took him to lunch after church, and even to the circus.

Before Inez gave up her driving privileges, Florence Touchstone had been taken to the hospital for a heart related problem. Mid, Florence's daughter, called Inez to ask her if she would go to the hospital and sit with Florence until she could get there from South Carolina. Inez told her she was already getting dressed to do just like that. She seemed to know when her friends needed her and took action. If she knew of someone who had been on vacation or away from home because of a death, she would take breakfast foods to their home so they could eat before having to make a trip to the grocery store. She knew how to love the people around her concretely. Roland Russoli used to say about her that she had a black belt in being a deacon. In fact we abandoned the family centered deacon team approach here (which required a deacon to be all things to the families assigned to them) because we saw that only one person ever did that style successfully: Inez Ryals.

She was on the search committee for a new pastor in 1994. Several of the committee members were to attend a service in Greensboro. They needed to be incognito so committee members divided up, entered at different times, and sat in different places. Inez and Phyllis Kelly decided if anyone asked them who they were, they would say they were sisters from Sampson County. As they sat down, the very first **person to greet them was a nurse from Inez's doctor's office** and guessed immediately who she was and why were there. So much for being inconspicuous.

I first meet Inez when she was on the pastor search committee that brought me to College Park. During my first face-to-face interview with the committee, I offered to pray with committee, and she was quite taken with that moment. That was the first time I connected with this strong, classy woman. Then when I first arrived, I asked her to make appointment for me for every Monday afternoon so that I could meet the homebound members of College Park. She did this gladly and wonderfully, so for the first several months, every Monday afternoon she and I would visit some senior adult and chat with them about their lives. It was a truly holy time, and I actually happened to ask her to do this quite by accident—little did I know that this **was one of Inez's amazing spiritual gifts.**

I discovered during this time one of the many things I loved about this woman was her progressive views on Jews and their relationship to Christians as brothers and sisters in God. She lived right around the corner from Beth David, and

Baptismal Statements

her extremely active work in the community had led her to join with many different types of people with different backgrounds from hers to further beautify and enhance Greensboro. Yet, in my experience with Inez, she was accepting of them all—which is an incredible testament to her deeply ingrained values of Christian graciousness and hospitality.

She and I had our differences. She told me this winter again **that she loved that I was once again preaching from Jesus' life** and that I should stick with preaching about Christ and not **preach from the (quote) "weird Old Testament stories."** I lovingly told her that the same God was in both testaments, and that she might want to look again for the gospel in the Hebrew Bible.

In visiting all the homebound, I discovered about half were not actually homebound, but people who had retired from church, but still wanted the full benefits of community. She thought I should still continue to visit them; I thought if they could drive to the beauty parlor or grocery store, they could find their way here.

I thought she should teach Sunday school, since she'd probably forgotten more about the bible than most people even knew; she declined. She thought I should lecture in bible study, when I preferred that we all study together and I lead the discussion of our insights. She thought I should have visited Earl more; I thought her going out there twice a day, every day, was killing her—maybe we were both right. Still she was a joy to have in bible study, and she was not shy about sharing her opinion (no surprise there, and I loved that about her). **I wasn't offended by anything she said to me,** even when she cuffed me. She loved God fiercely, and wanted the absolute best for this church, for her family, for Greensboro.

I adored her strength of character, as she reminded me of another strong southern woman, my mother. When I visited her in the hospital I truly believed she was not scared to die (**I'll always wonder if she was scared of anything**), as she was going to meet her God and the love of her life. I even loved how she ended phone calls abruptly, sometimes without even a goodbye—she was a woman on the move, with things to accomplish, people to love and difficulties to overcome in life. Inez joins with the strong and amazing Christian women that went before her—Mary, Phoebe, Pricilla, Lydia, Junia, a long line of faithful strong Christian women who loved God and the people around them forcefully, deeply, truly. We felt **God's good grace in her love, attention, and care.** And we count ourselves most fortunate indeed to have been around this astonishing force of nature, Inez Ryals.

Michael Usey
18 April 2015

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.**



I will be the first to admit, I did not grow up in a church. I have always thought of myself as spiritual person but not so much religious. Growing up and even as an adult I have always had questions regarding religion and especially the Bible. With those questions came an empty place in my heart. It wasn't until around 8 months ago did I realize what that empty space entailed. I was happy with my life, more than happy. I felt as if life itself was perfect. I was in a wonderful, loving relationship with my partner, planning our wedding. I had a supporting family, a rewarding job, financially stable. I had more than I could ever ask for. So why did I have this empty place in my heart? Luckily for me, my partner Kelly has grown up in church, and that has always been very important to her. We had discussed finding a church that we would visit but time went on and Sundays passed and we never went.

Last September I had an eye opening experience. At 3 am on a Sunday morning, I was awakened with my heart pounding. Being a nurse, I knew something was wrong. We called 911 and within minutes (which seemed like hours) I was on the way to the hospital. On arrival it was discovered that my heart was out of rhythm with a rate of 160-190. After several hours on different drips to slow my heart rate with no success I became tearful. Kelly took my hand and we prayed. Right there in the Emergency Room we cried and we prayed. My heart did convert back to its normal rhythm after a while and that night lying in that hospital bed I prayed harder than I ever had. Yes I was scared that honestly I was going to die, but mostly I was scared to die. I wasn't ready. Not because I was too young, or the typical reasons you would think. I was scared because I did not have a relationship with God. I made a promise to myself and to God that would change.

So approximately 8 months ago, we heard about College Park. We talked about it for a couple weeks. We rode by, and we finally took the leap of faith and attended one Sunday morning. I could not believe the friendliness of everyone. We were greeted by smiling faces, handshakes, hugs, and even candy (I love candy). It was at that very moment that the empty place that had been in my heart for 39 years was filled. We had plans to visit other churches but we never did. I knew that first Sunday that I stepped into College Park that I wanted this to be my church home.

I still have a lot of questions about God and being a Christian. **But I do know that with everyone's help and guidance those** questions will gradually be answered. I even find myself telling friends and family about College Park, especially those **that do not attend church. I feel that God's love is the greatest** love one can experience and I want others to open their hearts to his love.

I pray every night, even some during the day. I thank God for all my life experiences. I thank him for blessing me to be a nurse. People say nurses have a special calling to do the job that they do. I say that is true. But I also say it is one of the most rewarding professions I could think of. What other job could you have and at the end of the day you watched the **birth of baby, helped control someone's pain, held the hand of** someone who just said their last good-bye to their loved one. I pray for my family, for their happiness, health and safety. I pray for my friends and now I pray for my College Park family. But most of all I thank God. I give thanks for this **amazing life I have been blessed with. Proverbs 3: 5 "Trust in** the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own **understanding." This has become one of my favorite Bible**

verses. Now I truly understand the meaning. I have always wondered if I would ever be ready to be baptized, and I can honestly say that today, I am ready. I am ready to set by example and share experiences. Am I scared? Of course. But I have realized no one is a perfect Christian, **but we are all perfect in our Lord's eyes.**

Trisha Edwards
19 April 2015

I like looking at the picture books that my mom made when I was little. In the picture book from my first year, there are pictures of my grandparents, uncles and aunts and cousins but there are also lots of pictures of people from this church. Even when I was just born, this church was taking care of me.

Most of my family lives down in Florida so when I have a soccer or football game, people from my church come out and watch me. It makes me feel good and gives me motivation to try my best.

As far back as I can remember I have been a part of the church. I played games with the youth group even though I was still very little. I played blackjack with the old men. I eat dinner with my church friends on Wednesday nights and play frisbee with them on Monday nights. Sometimes we go camping together or go to theme parks or to baseball games. We also work together. When I was little, I used to like to help put food in backpacks for hungry kids on Wednesday nights. **I helped work in Sterling and Suzanne's yard with Outrageous Outreach. I helped the Helping Hands committee by mowing Rozette Huckabee's and Harold Holler's yards.** Dad sometimes takes me to the hospital to visit sick people or just sit with people who are waiting. When Mom and I went to Louisville with the church, we helped make meals for homeless people. I like helping people, and with church friends it is usually pretty fun.

When we had to put my dog to sleep, because he was old, Michael came to our house with us when we were sad. **4 months ago, I was sitting in church and thought "A lot of great people in the church helped me, and I want to be one of those people who helps others." and so I filled out a card to join the church.** College Park is my family and I want to show that I am part of it.

When I go to sleep, I know God is with me. Sometimes I am scared of the dark and I pray and I am not so scared. If that **doesn't work, I read Calvin and Hobbes and Get Fuzzy with my little flashlight.**

I pray before dinner to thank God that we are fortunate to have a house and food. I thank God every night in my prayers, too, for the things he has given me like school, security, and my mom and dad.

I think being baptized will help me understand God better. **There isn't anything magical about being baptized, I will still be the same person.** But by becoming part of the church, I am promising to try to learn more about being a Christian and following Jesus.

My name Isaac comes from a Bible story. When Abraham's wife Sarah learned she would have a son at 90 she laughed . The later part of the story is when God tells Abraham to kill Isaac and is pretty scary. It is also why I am nervous about camping alone with my Dad. Laughter is important. That is why they named me Isaac. If you lose everything in your life, but you still have the ability to laugh, then the game's not over. Roger Rabbit said, "A laugh can be a very powerful thing. Why sometimes in life it's the only weapon we have." Today is Easter and for Lent I gave up candy. I learned how hard it is to give something up. I understand a tiny bit better

what Jesus gave up for us. When I first heard about Jesus coming back from the dead, I thought it was scary. Now I know it means that dying is not the end of our story. We have eternal life in heaven.

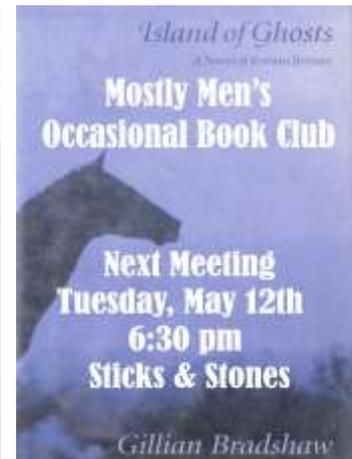
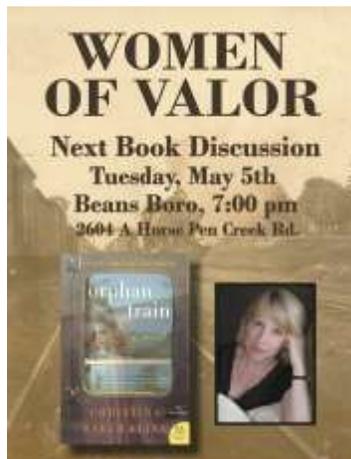
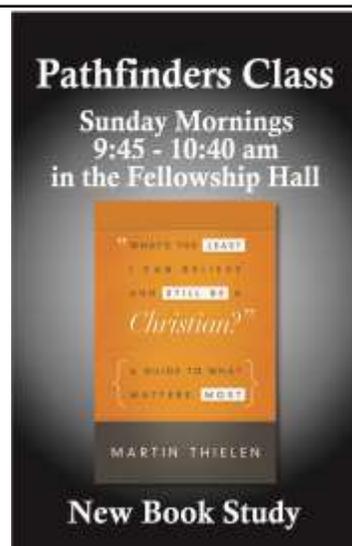
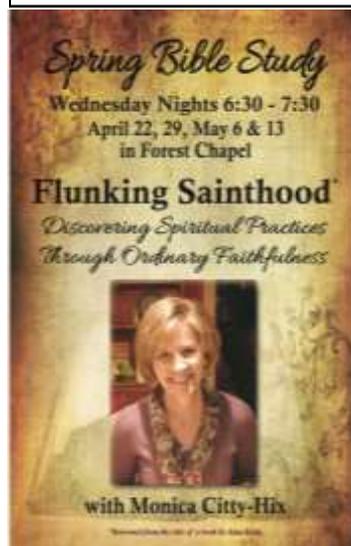
I still have a lot to learn about God and Jesus. I know that my church will help me -- my Sunday school teachers, my music teachers, Rydell and Susan, my ministers, Michael and Lin, and everyone else in the church are the ones who will teach me and take care of me, just like they have been doing for nine years.

Isaac Cravey
5 April 2015

Helping Hands Ministry Team

March 20 is the first day of Spring. YEAHHHH!!! Finally we can start 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.



Reflections on Life *continued from page 3*

immersion. I believe in Church-State Separation. I **believe in the individual's freedom to interpret the Scriptures for himself.** And finally, I believe we are *all created in God's Image.*

That is why I am Baptist, why I am pursuing Baptist ordination, and why I am excited to spend my life serving the Baptist church.

Thoughts on Public Ministry

When it comes to public ministry, I believe the church's primary mission is to display the love of Jesus Christ to both the immediate community and the entire world. It is not enough to simply talk about Jesus; instead, the church is called to *be* Jesus to the world. Thus, the church is responsible for being a catalyst for and a bottomless source of hope and renewal in the world. This means providing food for the hungry, water for the thirsty, and clothes for the naked. This means providing shelter for the homeless, healthcare for the ill, and opportunities for the jobless. This means educating ourselves and others on responsible stewardship of our financial and our environmental resources. And this means introducing the redemptive love of Jesus Christ to those who as yet do not know the power and the comfort and the wholeness that **is to be found in God's grace to us through Jesus Christ.** **In other words, the church is called to be God's hands on a broken and hurting world.**

This important work begins at the local church level, where Sunday worship services, weekly studies, and community fellowship all work in concert to re-affirm the ethos with which, and from which, the church pursues its ministries. Thus, the whole church body is constantly reflecting on and re-committing itself to Who it serves, why it serves, what it serves, and the ways in which it serves.

Or put differently: the church—the pastors and each individual congregant—affirms and constantly re-affirms a Christian theology of service, and this theology is made manifest in all facets of church life. From here, the church corporately, and the members individually, seek to live out this theology-of-service in their own community and throughout the world.

My Theology

I believe that God created the universe. I believe that **God made humankind in God's own image. I believe that** humans beings are naturally sinful, which is to say I believe that the default human condition is to be self-seeking and self-serving. I believe that God was in Jesus **Christ reconciling God's self to the world. I believe that** Jesus was the human face of God, the clearest image our finite human understanding has for comprehending who **God is and what God's purposes for the world are. I believe Christ's earthly ministry**—as recorded in the Gospels—is the template for our own Christian ministry: to serve the least of these, to stand up against injustice, to spread compassion, to champion truth. I believe that Jesus Christ was nailed to a tree, died, and literally rose again. I believe that the bodily resurrection of Jesus was a prolepsis, a foretaste in the present of what awaits us in **God's future. I believe that professing the risen Jesus as Lord is to know salvation from selfishness and**

brokenness and emptiness. I believe that each individual has been created with robust free will and thus has the **agency to make this profession or not. I believe that God's Holy Spirit has been poured out upon the world and is especially at work in the lives of those who confess Jesus as Lord.** I believe that there is something beyond this **present life, and I believe that that "something" is the Kingdom of God: the perfect marriage of heaven and earth.** (Mine is an already-and-not-yet eschatology, which **is to say I believe Jesus has already inaugurated God's Kingdom, is awaiting us in God's Kingdom, and that we as human beings are called to be God's partners in continuing to bring forth God's Kingdom**—that we are **called to help realize Jesus's prayer: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."**) I believe that this Kingdom will be the literal arrival of heaven on earth (as opposed to a flight *from* earth to some spiritual locale "up" or "out" there). **I believe we will be bodily resurrected to enjoy eternity in the Kingdom of God.** Finally, I believe the Holy Scriptures to be inspired but not inerrant, and I believe each individual has the capacity and responsibility for interpreting these Scriptures him/herself without interference or undue influence from any organizing body or authority figure, save for the Holy Spirit.

In sum, mine is a fairly traditional—dare I say, *orthodox*—theology, and from it I derive a passion for progressive social action and participation in the world. I believe that the love of God made manifest in Jesus Christ is not only the great hope for the world, but is what the world was made for in the first place. Thus, I believe the love of God in Jesus should be spread across the globe, extended to all we meet, and that we as Christians are called to recognize and celebrate and be continually humbled by the indelible mark of the Imago Dei inhering in each and every human being we encounter.

Austin Carty
Essay for Ordination Council
April 12, 2015

Vow Renewal Alyssa McKenna & Donna Rooks

From Alyssa to Donna

After all this time I still love your dimples. I love your eyes, and the way you look in your wedding dress and that black shirt that swoops in the front. I love your laugh and the way you kiss. I love the way you love me and that you know what I am thinking or feeling and just what I need. When I look at you and how beautiful you are inside and out I realize just how lucky I am to have you in my life. I love that I can trust you and never have to question it. I love how much you care about everyone who ever had the privilege to be your friend and how you bend over backwards for your family. I love how strong willed you are and how calm you are under pressure. Our love has changed a bit in the past three years but I feel it has only gotten stronger. It became less about date nights and line dancing and more about potty training **and Pirate Princesses but I wouldn't change it for a thing.**

I have learned that commitment is a combination of mutual respect, adoration, loyalty, honesty and integrity.



It is living and loving to the best of your ability and getting that same thing back in return without question. I have learned that you need to work at your relationship so that sense of commitment only gets stronger through time. It is knowing that we will always be there for each other helping to support one another no matter what life has in store.

It's about making each other's hearts happy. I have learned that commitment is not defined by a written piece of paper. That we have been fully

committed to each other and plan on being for the rest of our lives whether the city/state or country recognizes it or not. **It hasn't and will not stop us from loving each other and being there for each other for the rest of our lives.**

Nice surprises that I have found out about you during our marriage are that you are an amazing cook. I am 100% spoiled and I am not ashamed to admit it. That you do a killer impression of Katherine Hepburn. That when we go for walks you turn into a garbage lady and pick up all the trash along our trail. That you **say things completely out of the blue that I don't ever expect you to say.** You always have to hit the button to close the garage door no matter who is driving. You are not afraid of conflict whatsoever. You have had so many random jobs and can do and fix just about anything. That you only speak with a real southern drawl when you talk to your grandmother on the phone. That **there is nothing you wouldn't do for your family**

I know now that I didn't know when I was younger what it means to truly love someone. The ultimate symbol for love is a heart and on the inside of my wedding ring it states that your heart is mine. I have your heart and will do everything in my power to love and cherish it for the rest of my days because I know what **having your heart means. It's doing things not because you have to but because you want to. It's being inspired to write love notes** just so that I can brighten your day and see you smile. I know that our love is very special and rare and that we are compatible in every sense of the word. I know that being with you has made me a better person. I know how to communicate my feelings better. **I know how to put someone before me and value someone else's opinion.** But above all else I know that I cannot live without you.

Some wonderful gifts that have come from our marriage are these two little angels standing by our sides. If we were not as happy and committed to one another we may not have felt like taking this leap into parenthood but we are and it was one of the best decisions we ever made. The gift of friendship and true companionship. The foundation of our relationship is rooted in friendship which then morphed into more which neither of us could control. The connection I feel towards you is so deep that I hardly know what life was like without you in it. You are the first thought in my head when I wake up in the morning, then its onto whether or not I made the coffee the night before then back to you again throughout the day and night. You are my everything!

You are so perfect for me. You are the best wife, mother, friend, lover I could have ever asked for and I will continue to love you infinity times infinity.

Donna Ruth Rooks you have given me so much and it is my honor and privilege to call you my wife. I will love and cherish your heart and hope to make it so full and happy for the rest of my days.

From Donna to Alyssa

After all this time I'm more in love with you now than I ever have been. I love how you make me laugh. I love your smile your touch and your joyful spirit. I love **spending time with you, we don't even have to talk as long as we are near each other I'm happy.** I love how devoted you are to me and our life. I love how you know me and understand me. I love that we made our dreams come true by having our two beautiful daughters Donovan and Sutton. I love watching you with our girls and raising them together. We make such a wonderful team and I love our family so very much.

Commitment is about unconditional love, understanding and compassion. Commitment has meant so much to us not only by our marriage and vows, but our commitment to have a family. It was a long and hard road but we made **it happen because we were committed to doing so. I'm 100% committed to our love and our family.** Our love is very strong and has endured many challenges along the way. Commitment is about staying strong during those times and believing in your heart that your love will withstand any obstacle it faces.

Some nice surprises that I have found in you during our marriage are: you are very artistic, which I love. You are a very good teacher to our daughters. You can cook really well when you put your mind to it. Just wish you would put your mind to it more often. You are very romantic, I love your surprise letters that I get in the mail sometimes. **Those hand written "just because" letters are so special to me and I'm always surprised when I get them at work.**

I did not know earlier in life how much I could possibly love someone and how much I could love my children. Everything may have happened a little later in life than I **planned, but, it doesn't matter because it was worth the wait. I'm so happy that it makes me feel younger every day.** You have also made me believe in myself more than I ever have. Thank you for always believing in me and boosting my confidence. You are my biggest fan and I love you so much for that.

The gift of unconditional love, support, friendship, laughter, extending our families, finding our home and making our family are just a few gifts from our marriage. Your gift of your perfect eggs made our dream of a family come true. The gift of motherhood is the most special gift that anyone could ever give. We were able to give that gift to each other by sharing the duty of creating those beautiful girls Sutton and Donovan. The gift of family is **my heart, it was what I've always wanted and dreamed of. I'm truly living my dream and as long as I have the 3 of you, nothing else matters.** As I said in our commitment ceremony in 2008, you have my heart. You still have my heart and now Sutton and Donovan have my heart as well. I love you all so very much and look forward to what each new day holds.

Three Nickels Focus

Watering Malawi

In the latest episode of our annual 3 Nickels saga, I'm here to tell you about Watering Malawi. We've given to these folks before, so we know them and know they do good work. Before I say anything else, let me give you a little background on Malawi, a country many of us only know about because of Madonna, the singer, not the mother of Jesus. Malawi located in southern Africa, has a population of 17 million people. They have had 4 droughts in the last decade and only about 2% of the arable land is irrigated. So, obviously, the need is there.

As I said before, Watering Malawi does good work. They're not just about water, either. They support community gardens by supplying villages with irrigation systems that allow them to grow crops all year and not depend on incredibly iffy rainy seasons. When a well goes in, they set a "Mother's Club" to maintain it and educate the people in the area about gardens, nutrition and healthy children. They help villages set up fish farms, which provide a food supply and consistent source of protein for healthier families. Because many young African girls miss a week of school a month because of inadequate sanitation, they put toilets and hand-washing stations in schools, which cuts the transmission rate of disease in half. And, of course, there's the water.

Watering Malawi funds programs that range from large scale projects that take years to finish, to repairing a pump for a local garden club. They place wells in areas hit hardest by cyclical droughts. Your donations fund deep borehole wells, hand washing stations in schools, water catchment systems and solar powered pumps.

Now, I'm not going to stand up here and tell you "It's only 3 nickels a day", you already know that. In fact, I'm not even going to ask you to commit to giving because you're all well aware of the need that exists in places like this and I trust that, after seeing what these folks are accomplishing, you'll do the right thing. I will tell you that there's a pledge insert in your bulletin and three envelopes in the box so helpfully provided by the church for your tithes. This is a good program and it needs our help.

Joel Rieves



Fighting Poverty Around The World With Just 3 Nickels a Day

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

- Single 2015 payment of \$52.00
- Weekly payments of \$1.00
- I'd like to give more: \$ _____ (specify amount)

Signature _____

Congratulations

Lin & Caryanne Story-Bunce welcomed their son, Loukas Campbell Story Bunce into the world on April 6th.

Rydell Harrison will be the Graduate Student Speaker at UNCG's School of Education Commencement Ceremony on May 8th when he receives his doctorate! "This is a huge honor and a great opportunity for me to share my thoughts on the importance of focusing on social justice and equality to transform education." In April, Rydell received a Graduate Student Research Award at UNCG and presented the findings from his dissertation: "*Uncovering Identity Negotiation Stories of Multi-Marginalized Students: Debunking Racist and Heterosexist Hegemonies and Developing Socially Just Schools*" during a poster session! "I'm looking forward to raising awareness about social homelessness and helping educators to think about how we can better support our marginalized students!

Thank You

Dear Friends,

I want to take this opportunity to say from the bottom of my heart how much I appreciate the many ways in which each of you gathered here or to those who could **not come have been a part of Archie's journey through** his life. It ended all too soon, but it ended calmly and with the same dignity that he always had. Many of you might not realize the impact you had on him, but eventually the somewhat shy guy I knew would comment in the privacy of our home on a great quality you might possess that he saw. Occasionally, he had to look a bit longer, but he always saw the good in us.

You represent a great diversity of professions, backgrounds, personalities and approaches to living. But that is what he admired so very much. He felt that **we were all a part of God's plan for the universe. He** would occasionally get frustrated with our human inability to get along. But his answer to that was to do as much as he could to make his little corner of the world better. If some or all of us work on our own little corner as he did, then we could individually and collectively make a tribute to him that will be worthy and long lasting.

We will all miss him in our own way for our own reasons. He might want us to look to tomorrow, but he would always want us to remember that we are here today.

Thank you for being here to honor a truly good, kind, loving, and decent man.

Affectionately,
Mike Joyce

Announcements

Youth Activities

All youth 6th-12th grade are welcome to join!
5:30 pm - Youth Handbells; 6:15 pm - Youth Choir;
7:00 pm - Youth Dinner; 7:30-8:30-Club Jesus.

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."



25th Anniversary Celebration

Please join Angela and Mark at Hanging Rock State Park as they celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary, Saturday, May 23, Noon, Shelter #3 (parking in the visitor center lot). They'll renew their vows and then we'll all dig into some fine NC barbecue. Come early, stay late, enjoy the park! RSVP fleming1301@yahoo.com or (336) 501-0270.

Parents' Night Out

Provided by the McIntyre Girl Scout Troop, Friday May 29th, 6-9 pm. We will babysit children ages 3-8, with a cap of 20 for the night.



Dear friends at College Park Church: The Senior Wheels Benefit, Spaghetti Dinner and Auction of Theme Baskets, was a great success thanks to you!

Many of you won door prizes as well as the luck of the draw ticket prizes. What a Fun Night! My ticket sales went over the top, because of you and some neighbors. I sold a total of 84 tickets (76 adults, 8 children) and the proceeds were \$653, \$21 of which were donations. The total raised was around \$2700. (Cost of the meal will be deducted.) You contributed to a great service for the Senior Citizens of Guilford Co. by participating. They thank you, the volunteers thank you, and we, the Advisory Board of Senior Wheels thank you very much. Love to all, Betty Withers.

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.

Wednesday Night Schedule

5:30-6:15 pm Dinner
6:15 pm Prayer & Announcements
Preschool: (ages 3 yrs old)
6:15-6:45 pm Angel Choir (Choir Room 304)
6:45-7:30 pm Toddler Room with Childcare in Preschool Room 104
Children: (Grades 1 - 5)
6:00-6:30 pm Tone Chimes, Sanctuary
6:30-7:00 pm Choir, Room 304
Adult & Youth:
6:30-7:30 pm Adult Handbells
6:30-7:30 pm Bible Study In Chapel
7:30-8:30 pm Adult Choir Practice (Choir Room, 3rd Floor)
* Childcare is provided in room 104 from 6:15-8 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



May GUM Donation:

Canned Green Beans (any size)

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



About Meditation

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

Financial Update

General Budget Offering Update 4.28.15

YTD Giving:	\$86,882
YTD Budget:	\$98,238
Difference:	-\$11,356



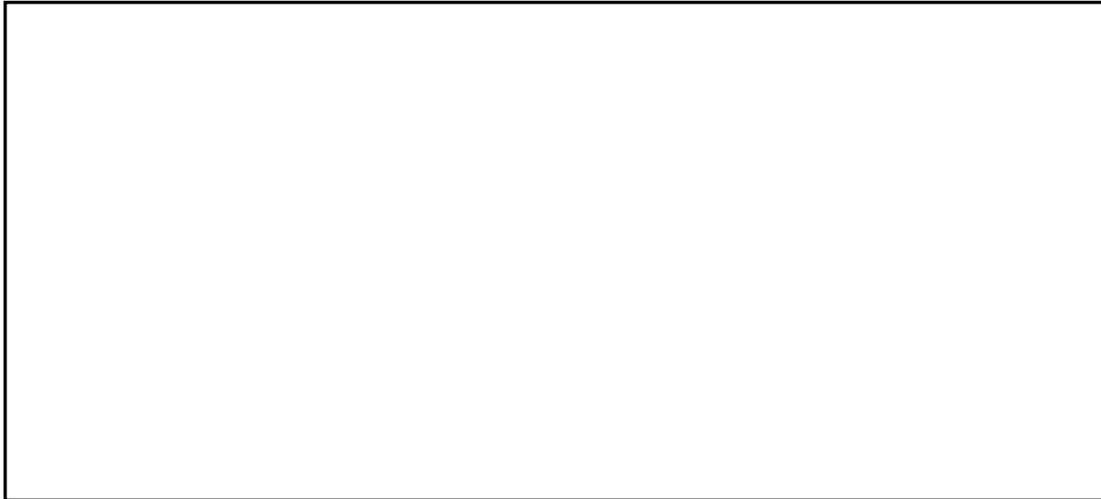
Capital Campaign "Access for All"

Financial Report as of 5.1.15:

Pledges Needed: \$827,000
Pledges To Date: \$807,489
Total Giving to Date: \$615,497
Expenses to date for first two projects: \$440,000
Cash balance available for next two projects: \$175,497
Donations needed through 2016 to complete the final two projects: \$211,503
Chapel Renovation Scheduled

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

Return Service Requested



Looking Ahead-May

- 3 Outrageous Outreach 5:30 pm, Pathways
Daisy Troop, Krishnan 3:30 pm Parlor
Meditation 4 pm, Chapel
- 4 Girl Scouts—McIntyre 6:30 pm, FH
- 5 Girl Scouts— Herbenick 6:30 pm, FH
Women of Valor, Beansboro 7 pm
- 6 Wednesday Night Activities
- 7 AI-Anon 10 am, FH
Zumba 6pm, FH
- 8 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 10 Sunday Activities
Daisy Troop, Krishnan 3:30 pm Parlor
Meditation 4 pm, Chapel
- 11 Girl Scouts —McIntyre 6:30 pm, FH
- 12 **Men's Occasional Book Club at Sticks &
Stones 6:30 pm**
- 13 Wednesday Night Activities, Business
Meeting
- 14 AI-Anon 10 am, FH
Zumba 6 pm, FH
- 15 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 17 GUM Sunday
Daisy Troop, Krishnan 3:30 pm Parlor
Meditation 4:00 pm, Chapel
- 18 Girl Scouts—McIntyre 6:30 pm FH
- 19 Pendergraft 5:30 pm, Parlor
PFLAG 6:30-9:30 pm, Parlor
Girl Scouts 6:30 pm, FH
- 20 Wednesday Night Activities
- 21 AI-Anon 10 am, FH
Forever 39 11:30 pm, K&W
Zumba 6 pm, FH
- 22 AI-Anon Noon, FH
- 23 Daisy Troop —Krishnan Campout 3:30 pm
(FH & Back Yard)
- 24 Pentecost—Sunday Activities
- 25 Girl Scouts-McIntyre 6:30 pm, FH
- 27 Wednesday Night Activities
- 28 AI-Anon 10 am, FH
Pendergraft 5:30 pm, Parlor

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

Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches -
Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

April Food Donations = 105 Pounds
2015 Total Food Donations = 374 Pounds

Every Member a Minister
Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
Susan Finley, Handbell Director
Susan Finley, also the first one to be stuck in our new elevator
Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
Darlene Johnson, Sexton
Keith A. Menhinick, Wake Forest Pastoral Intern
David Soyars, Organist
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
www.facebook.com/collegeparkchurch
Progressive - Diverse - Ecumenical