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COLLEGE PARK

collage

a newsletter of
College Park Baptist Church • Greensboro, NC

February 2015
Number 222

Sunday February 1

11:00 am

21st Annual Male Bake-Off

ALL THINGS

Wildflowers

(All Ages)

WILDCAT

WILD

Wild Kratts

Wild Child

Wild Animals

Wild Fire

Wild Rice

Wild Life

Wild Irish Rose

Wild Turkey

WILD THING

Wild Card

WILD BILL HICKOK

Wild Horses

WILD WEST

MINNESOTA WILD

Wild Thornberrys

Age Groups

Young Boys: ages 5-7

Older Boys: ages 8-11

Young Men: ages 12—21

Men: ages 22 & older

Rules

1. Any male 5 years old or older can enter (*non-members are welcome*).
2. The entries should be ready for judging by 11:00 am on Sunday, February 1.
3. Men entering the contest may receive no help from any woman. Boys may receive some help from brothers, fathers, or other male figures.
4. All entries should be a dessert of some variety.
5. Men may use a boxed cake mix, but should not cheat. (*Cheating would be buying an already made cake.*)
6. Each entry costs \$5 to pay for the snappy awards.

As always, three impartial judges will judge all desserts. Bribes are acceptable & appreciated.

Christmas Eve

While Advent has been in full swing for the past four weeks, Christmas officially kicked off for our family yesterday with our annual Christmas Eve, Eve Bunce Family Gathering. These gatherings are no small matter in number, in affair, especially in noise. 30 people in one house can make for a boisterous evening – 30 voices carrying on conversation over dinner, mass present openings with the youngest children, two rather rowdy games of Dirty Santa, followed by Family stockings. We joke that this gathering is the ultimate test for significant others, if they stick around after a Bunce Family **Christmas (or two), that is a hopeful sign. Please don't misunderstand** – I absolutely adore my family and would not want to kick off this full week of Christmas any other way.

There are a few notable moments during the evening when we intentionally quiet ourselves, though these moments are short-lived. We always sing and ask the blessing before the meal; before opening presents someone from the family reads the Christmas story (the Jesus version, not the Ralphie version); and before we pass out stockings, Granddaddy shares a short meditation on the meaning of Christmas. These moments – like stockings and Dirty Santa – are tradition for us and are observed in a similar way year after year. Yesterday, my niece Fayrah read aloud the Christmas story from Luke 2 – the same one you heard tonight – and sitting in the quiet room that had just moments before been ringing back **with the sounds of our own laughter, I couldn't help but notice Mary's silence.**

It's actually quite easy to miss. At first it seems like a meaningless aside – just one verse tucked away at the end of this 20 verse section, but the tone of this one line is so **different from the rest of the story it's odd that we overlook it.** Maybe it is our own attempts to tame the **chaos of the Christmas story that make Mary's silence go unnoticed.** Our dignified nativity sets and our carols of silent night and away in a manger where all is calm and **baby Jesus doesn't cry give a more refined appearance to this story than it deserves.** Luke suggests that this holy **night is anything but silent. . If we want to honor Luke's story then we need nativity sets with shepherds in motion** – with arms and faces that stretch out in excitement – shepherds who are not bowing but instead are running either to the stable to see the baby or away from it telling anyone who will listen what they have found – and we **need a stable door that just won't shut for the visiting crowds, some who bring with them their own crying babies and curious children.**

Luke's story is not calm – it's chaos. And it is in the midst of all this commotion that we find the young Mary who sits silently by her son – her body hunched forward in her chair exhausted from travel and labor and the demands of caring for a newborn – with heavy dark brown eyes that beg for sleep – **but she doesn't sleep. Instead, she sits** silently taking it all in – each little twitch as he sleeps peacefully in his makeshift crib – each cry that begs for **his mother's warmth** – each little half smile as she strokes

his cheek – the smell of the room – **the visitor's remarks, their oos and ahhs and awwwws that issue like sweet blessings over her son – the wonder of other children as they gently hug or give him kisses. And Luke says, "Mary treasured all these things and pondered them in her heart."**

As quoted in your bulletin, Calvin Miller suggests, "We must look to Mary's example to know how to deal with the glorious impossibilities of God." In a season that is so full with its own chaos and commotion, I wonder if we wouldn't all benefit from Mary's example – to simply notice, to take in with intention the things happening around us – to understand, as Luke suggests, silent attentiveness is as appropriate a response to the presence of God as the praising of Shepherds and the singing of Angels.

Nadia Bolz-Weber – an author and Lutheran pastor in Denver, Colorado – writes about her first experience as a hospital chaplain in the trauma room. She entered the room to find the team of doctors and nurses intently working on an unresponsive man who was lying on the table in front of her. After several uncomfortable moments she was finally able to grab the attention of a **nearby nurse. "Everyone seems to know what his/her job is expect me", she said, "why am I here?" The nurse answered her, "Your job is simply to be aware of God's presence in the room while we do our job."**

This is Mary in our Christmas Eve Story – the one who amidst the chaos of life around her sat keenly aware of the holy presence of God in the room – a babe, her babe, wrapped in the vulnerable flesh of humanity, come to us a savior armed only with the innate love of a child. As we contemplate and then carry this story of Christmas forward into the New Year, let us remember that this is our calling too - **to live with a keen awareness of God's presence in the world.** If the incarnation means anything to us, it is that our God, who on this holy night took on hands and feet and tears and hunger and laughter and gratitude – was then and continues to be now Emmanuel – God who is with us. The incarnation means that God continues to be made new and made known to us in the ordinary – in the everyday – in the most unexpected places – in the face of this baby Jesus but also in the faces of all our children – in rowdy family gatherings – in hospital trauma rooms – as family and friends and congregations grieve the passing of old friends and welcome new life into the world.

The incarnation means that God is here now, present with us in the quiet and in the chaos – it is our calling simply to live with an awareness of that presence and like Mary to treasure it within ourselves.

Who knows how we each might be changed - how the world might be changed if we all live hopefully aware of the presence of God – not simply looking for but inviting **God's presence into the ordinary, everyday** - into the people and the places we think God is least likely to show up.

LIn Story-Bunce
December 24, 2014

January GUM Donation: Peanut Butter (18 oz. preferred)

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



Angels without Wings

When I graduated from college I had no support or direction for my next step. I had gone to 3 schools before **finally finishing a BS, so I hadn't bonded with anyone** much. My family was a military one so my parents had moved twice during this time. I had no real home. I **didn't have a better idea than just taking the Civil Service** entry exam and accepting whatever I was offered. I indicated I would go anywhere and do anything related to social work so I got sent to San Francisco to work in a Social Security office helping people file claims for **benefits. Amazing city but not for someone who didn't** know a soul and could only afford to live at the YWCA. After a year of trying to make it work, I asked to be sent back to the east coast, and was offered a job in Staunton, VA. So I went from a huge city to a small town, where I **still didn't know a soul but could actually afford an** apartment.

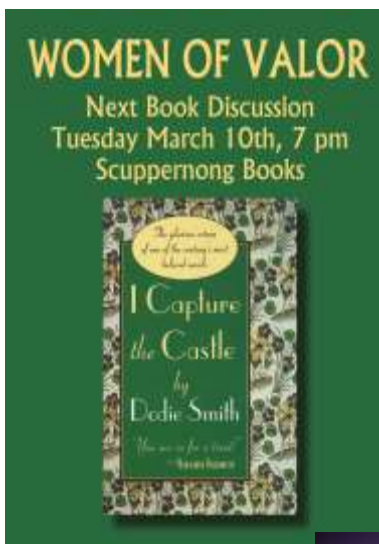
Within the first week I was there, I went to the retirement dinner for the person I was replacing and was seated next **to one of my new coworker's husband. His name was** (and still is) Robert Rockwell. His wife, Anna, was on his other side. Robert spent that entire evening grinning, leaning toward me, and making extremely funny, irreverent remarks. His wife, Anna, was (and still is) beautiful in a fairy tale princess sort of way. She is also very proper and spent her married life to Robert caught between enjoying and disapproving of his antics. That night was the beginning of a friendship I cherish to this day. Robert and Anna took me in to their hearts and home and became my friends when I was desperately lonely and lost. They introduced me to public television, roller skating and Robin and Linda Williams. They tried **to introduce me to antiques, but that didn't take, it's still** just old stuff to me. But on Sunday nights, we sat up in their bed under the covers (I know how that sounds, I **don't remember why we got in the bed, but I promise all** we did was watch All Creatures Great and Small with big **bowls of ice cream and M&M's in our laps) and laughed** ourselves silly over Mrs. Pumphrey and Tricky Woo. Robert was up for just about anything so we decided to take roller skating lessons at the local rink on Wednesday nights. Anna was invited of course, but fairy tale **princesses don't roller skate so she declined. Anna, to my** knowledge, has never even owned a pair of jeans. Well I owned a pair of jeans and so did Robert so we went skating and we had a ball. After skating, we sometimes went to the lounge at the Stonewall Jackson Hotel, where a couple who lived out in the county sometimes played and sang. Yep, they were (and still are) Robin and Linda Williams of Prairie Home Companion fame. That was 35 years ago. Robert and I had to quit roller skating and

hanging out in bars because Anna started to feel funny about how that might look and neither of us would have hurt her for the world.

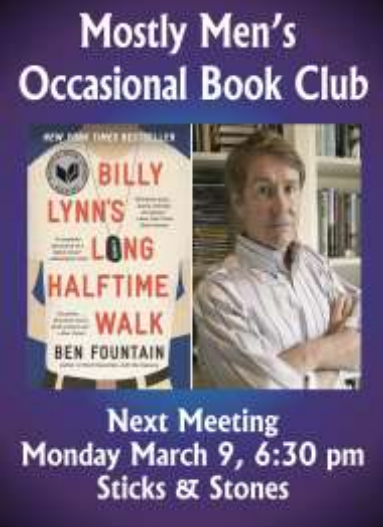
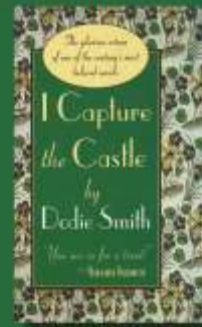
Anna and Robert lived in a house built in the mid 1800's. It was full of beautiful things, the likes of which I had never seen, and Anna used colors and fabrics and every little thing you can imagine in creative ways I never would have thought of. Being in their home was a lot like being in a museum you actually like. Anna was (and is) the best hostess I have ever known. Hosting intimidates me terribly but what little I have learned, I learned from Anna. She makes everyone who enters her home feel like she is honored you came. Oh, I almost forgot, she introduced me to bourbon and ginger ale too. It has been my favorite ever since. Anna is also generous. **She lent large sums of money to people she couldn't be** sure would pay it back. And she and Robert served as host families to foreign students at Mary Baldwin who were half a world away from their own families. They took it seriously too, they really cared for those girls and tried hard to give them a sanctuary.

Anna and Robert are still my cherished friends. It would not be exaggerating to say they were rather like saviors to me at that point in my life, or angels without wings.

Laurey Solomon



WOMEN OF VALOR
Next Book Discussion
Tuesday March 10th, 7 pm
Scuppernong Books



**Mostly Men's
Occasional Book Club**
Next Meeting
Monday March 9, 6:30 pm
Sticks & Stones

Angels without Wings

It's hard for me to read this essay. I typically avoid speaking in a public way like this; and in fact, when Pastor Usey first asked me to share, I declined. However, I came around... wondering if perhaps this might be a good opportunity for me to honor my mom in a deeper way.

Helen Keller once said, "The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched – they must be felt with the heart." I suppose – similar to anything that is felt in the heart in a profound way – the resulting amalgam of emotion is truly indescribable. However, I will try my best.

When given the prospect of writing about an "earthly angel" of mine, my mom immediately came to mind... My mom is my angel; she always has been and I imagine that she always will be. I am my mother's daughter. She has been there through every dark moment in my life – from the sicknesses and worries as a child to the acute anxiety and pervasive self-doubt as an adult. Her familiar words have comforted me countless times: "Jodi, as long as I'm alive, I'll always be your safety net." And she always has been.

It's interesting – as I sat and wrote this and the gratitude swelled and the tears began to fall, I realized that it's not the grand moments that catch my heart. Rather, it's the "little things" about my mom. As a child, it was the way she used to drop me off at school every morning and *always* waited to make sure that I got in the building okay before driving away. It was the way she used to let me sit on the kitchen counter and gave me a little spoonful of chocolate chips when she made cookies. And the way her eyes would light up every time I made her a gift or wrote her a card (even before I learned how to write). It was the commitment with which she took me to church every week, read Bible stories to me, and prayed with me, always ending with, "We pray this to Jesus and in Jesus' name we pray, Amen." It was the way her eyes would twinkle when we decorated the house for Christmas. (I'd be tasked with the detail work, as she used to say, "Jodi, you have the patience of a Job"). And being the sensitive little girl I was, it was the soft, gentle way she always reassured me and enveloped me in the utmost feeling of comfort.

As I have grown older, I've realized that in addition to my deep love for her as my mother, I've also grown to admire her as person. And yet, it is still the little things about her that catch my heart. It's the way she teases me for wearing Crocs and attempting to cook. (Don't ever eat anything I cook.) It's the way we can sit comfortably together for hours in silence, just reading our respective books. It's her uncanny perceptiveness, the way she just *knows* – before I've uttered a word – when something is wrong. It's the fervent way she hugs me when I first arrive back in Minnesota after months of being away – almost as if every ounce of her being is wrapped up in that hug. It's the tenderness of her heart – the way harmonious music and kind words make her cry. Further, although I'm surely beyond it, it's how she still refers to me as her "Sweet Pea." And it's the way she longs to read the recommendation letters I receive from my professors, and when she does, she chokes back tears and whispers,

"I'm so proud of you."

Abraham Lincoln once said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my mother." I would give anything to be like my mom – to live a life of tender compassion and loving service... to live for something truly beyond myself. She taught me what it means to be a faithful woman, to hold fast to hope and to practice resilience. She taught me that the ability to listen quietly with an accepting presence is sometimes the greatest gift we can offer to others. She taught me that the depth of empathy that we give to the world stems from the depth with which we open up to and resonate with others' suffering. And, she taught me to honor my own heart and to follow my dreams. My mom is and always has been my angel.

And finally, my mom always told me that when tragedy strikes – when we receive terrifying news or a relationship disintegrates or we find ourselves bereft by grief – it is in those times when God sends just the right people our way to guide us through the darkness. And for that, I also thank everyone here at College Park Baptist Church for your incredible welcoming presence and your kindness. This Christmas, I deeply honor my mother, and I trust in her promise that God will walk with me (and with all of us) – through each other – even if our loved ones cannot. I am a blessed daughter, indeed.

My Mother, My Angel
Jodi Bartley

When Michael first asked for people to share stories of those who have shown us the light of God's grace and love, I thought "Hey, I can do that. I know how to write and everything!" Deciding to write the piece was easy enough, deciding who to write about? Not so much. As some of you know, I write a blog and, on a good day, choosing a topic can be difficult. Most days, the trouble is a lack of subject matter. But, once in a while, there are more good topics than I can shake a stick at. And, that was the case here. While my life has been no walk in the park, I have been blessed with an embarrassment of riches when comes to people who lift me up. There are my parents, who taught me the meaning of love. There's Craig Hodges, the supervisor who believed in me when everyone else thought I was a lost cause. And, there are the people here at College Park, who embraced Parker and me from the moment we walked in the door and made us feel like family. Every one of those would make a great story, but I didn't choose them. Instead, I decided to tell you about Jenny Wilson.

About 10 years ago, I was in a bad place. Things weren't going well at work, I was lonely and isolated. My relationship with my ex-wife was at its lowest ebb and, in turn, was affecting my relationship with my children. Saying I was depressed would be like saying Custer had a bad hair day at the Little Big Horn. In the midst of this, Rachel (my oldest, who was about 13 at the time) sent me a letter because she was concerned about me. Actually, being the good evangelical that she is, she was worried about my soul. You see, I wasn't exactly what you'd call a church goer back then and she was afraid that when we died, we wouldn't see each other in heaven. If you're thinking that's kind of screwed up, you're right. But, I have to be honest, that letter got to me. It didn't help that I read it right after listening to Dolly Parton and Sonya

Isaacs sing The Angels Rejoiced, an old country song about a man who also wasn't a church-goer fulfilling a deathbed promise to his wife "to raise her children right". Now, at the time (due in part to that "no walk in the park" thing mentioned earlier), I hadn't been to church in about 25 years; aside from the odd wedding, funeral or special occasion, that is. But, I decided to give it a shot, if only so I could tell my daughter, "Hey, I tried, but church just isn't for me".

Years before, I had been a good Methodist (who am I kidding, I was never a "good" Methodist) and that seemed like a logical place to start. So, the next Sunday, I showed up at the local Methodist church slid into what Matt Cravey has referred to as "the scoundrel section" and prepared for..., I didn't really know what. Like I said, it had been a long time since I had darkened a church door. Luckily, change occurs at a glacial pace in the UMC and things were pretty familiar; comfortable, even. One thing was different, however: the pastor was a woman. That **wasn't a big deal to me, though; I've never thought a person's plumbing had much to do with their abilities.** I still remember the sermon she preached that day: Love God, love your neighbor. Yep. The first sermon I heard in 25 years was the heart of the Gospel. I'd like to say I felt my heart strangely warmed, a la John Wesley, but it wasn't. That doesn't mean the sermon had no effect. While it might not have been warmed, my heart was certainly unsettled.

After the sermon, right before they passed the plate, I did something that changed the trajectory of my life: I filled out the visitor card and checked the box that asked if I'd like a call/visit from the pastor. A few days later, I got a phone call from Jenny and we chatted. I told her about my not-so-happy past experiences with religion and she told me about the UMC. Somewhere in there, she said something that struck a chord with me: that she never asked anyone to check their brain at the church door. **That's when I knew I was in the right place.**

In the years that followed, Jenny became a friend, a confidante, a mentor and a counselor. She answered my questions and offered gentle correction whenever I needed it. She was a model of Christian grace and love. I only saw her get mad once and, even then, she was nicer than I am on my best day. It's no stretch to say that I would not be standing here in front of you if not for her. **Not that I'd be dead or anything. I just wouldn't be standing up here talking to you folks like this.**

I realize I'm not exactly thinking outside the box, picking a pastor for this and everything. But, I used to think that pastors who are actually pastoral were a rare commodity. In the past 10 years, it's been my pleasure to know quite a few who are. And, Jenny Wilson was the first.

Joel Rieves

She knew the moment I came into this world...before even my mama...who was in whatever twilight sleep was then...she heard my first cry and saw the fat baby with a head full of black curls. She still had her sight then...and and as she raised four children in the depression on her own...she was a licensed practical nurse that got her into the delivery room and my maternal grandmother...before that she had her teaching certificate which she used...but

nursing got her closer to home...to her family which with her faith helped her navigate the many joyous and tough stretches in her life. It was as it should be that she saw me first...for she was my light toward faith, life and all in between. I would like to think there is more good in me than not...if so, she is the foundation of that goodness. If you don't think children are truly sponges to what they see and hear...we would disagree...For in the midst of a turbulent to say the least childhood...she was my anchor... my light to guiding me to reframe the window pane of life with hope and purpose. It is ironic because most of my memories of her were when she was losing and lost her sight at a fairly young age for such. As we lived with her, I watched how she took on life and when the dark corners of my life became too rough and jagged to even seemingly move or breathe it was her constant light from within that showed me I could go on. She navigated the house by counting steps from one place to another. She passed her time by always staying busy with crocheting, even cooking, reciting bible verses and singing songs. In the midst of turmoil in our home she was calm in the storm always believing and hoping things would work out. When I needed hope desperately or to feel safe it was her hand and heart I reached for.

I saw her when the news was...no more cornea transplants...no more hope of seeing...As a youth I was puzzled why she was so calm and even prayed on the way home. To me I was angry that this had happened to one of the kindest and best people I knew. The last thing I wanted to do was pray or smile...Yet as I did so many times...I watched her...sat beside her rocking chair and listened to her talk...I asked her why she could be so calm...her words to me were basically the way she lived and moved and had her being...Connie she told me, there is always hope...it may not look the way you thought or be the way you thought but hope and mercy can look many ways...as you grow older you will decide for yourself what shape it will take for you...The light truly beamed from within her always...she was my model of what faith looked and acted like...As she was with me at the beginning of my life...so I was in the living room when with her children beside her she took her last breath this side of heaven. As they were taking her away the anger grew up inside of me with how she had suffered after all the good she had done in this world. As quickly as it welled up in me, I could almost hear her voice saying..."Connie how does mercy look from here...It's all in the way you look at it...it always will be". I would like to say my faith has always been as strong as my grandmothers...which she passed down to her children. But I can't say that is true...I have not always looked for that better vantage point...how mercy or hope or faith can be seen through a different lens...or a heart that is soft rather than bitter...I have seen dark times where there seemed to be no hope or mercy...yet in the soft deep crevices of my heart...sooner or later I have chosen light... that different window pane... because of my grandmother's loving example. I shudder to think where I would be without it still coursing through my veins ...for I have to believe there is more good in this world than not...for my grandmother's influence still lives in the lives she touched...It always will. Perhaps there are angels without wings...but my grandma came pretty close to flying. I am sure she is now...Thank you grandma. I love you always...

Connie Mashburn

Angels without Wings

About 15 years ago I was starting my shift at Women's Hospital and I received report from Martha Eakes for the first time as far as I can remember. From that day to this I knew this nurse was special and she has not **disappointed. Martha has been the "angel" that has guided** me through more than one job change in my nursing career. She has written numerous reference letters and given recommendations time and time again. More than anything she has been the professional role model that one dreams of. She has shown absolute integrity when others asked her to compromise. She will not.

As a teacher she has truly been my angel without wings. When I was struggling to learn new skills as a clinical instructor Martha allowed me to shadow with her for a semester. Her generosity allowed me the opportunity to recognize my shortcomings and helped me develop plans to improve my skills. At Davidson Community College Martha once again proved to be a mentor in what turned out to be one of my most significant professional challenges to date. Every time I have been in professional crisis she has been there. She listens and offers her wisdom. We have shared many stories about students, patients, coworkers, etc. Nursing is funny like that, as **Martha would say, we "get" each other.**

Many times I have arrived at home to find an entire home cooked meal waiting for me on the porch. This past September, on my birthday, Martha tapped on my car window only to present me with the perfect birthday **present. She knows just when you need a "pick me up"** and there it is in the mail, a funny, clever greeting card. This is routine.

She is the most competent and professional of all nurses. The students who have been in her classroom and in the clinical area love and respect her. The patients she cares **for love her because she knows exactly how to "help you have a baby."** On many occasions I have heard a pregnant woman request Martha to be her nurse when she is having a second baby. Martha is intelligent about all things nursing including pathology and physiology. Not only can she help you have a baby, she can explain it to you on a cellular level how and why things are happening.

She is professionally astute having been awarded many accolades for her expertise as a nurse. She is a legal **consultant on all things in women's health. She has been** given the highest nursing honor in NC, the great 100 which is awarded to the 100 outstanding nurses in NC each year.

Although she is a wonderful nurse she has numerous talents. She is a well-respected mother to three grown children and grandmother to seven. Known to her **grandchildren as "MaMoo" she spends time with them** individually and as a group and provides opportunities **for these kids that make her a very "cool" grandmother.** They cook together, make visits to folks who are homebound, attend ballgames, recitals, etc.

While I have learned much about being a nurse and a teacher from Martha, I have also learned from her about being a mom. Every parenting frustration Keith and I have experienced that I shared with Martha has been met with great insight, support and wisdom. She never gives pat answers but offers enough feedback to allow me to come to my own conclusions which are usually right. She listens, really listens.

Most of all, this angel is the wittiest of all. She is punster extraordinaire and an author, quick to respond with some funny anecdote and we laugh, we laugh and laugh . . . She has taught me the value of not taking myself too seriously and the value of taking seriously every bit of life itself and the gift that it is. I am grateful that Martha Eakes has flapped her wings my way. That gentle breeze settles me and makes me a better person.

Ginger Burkhead

Congratulations

Congratulations to our newly elected deacons for 2015-2017: Wayne Jones, Matt Lojko, Ed Morgan & Kate Scherer.

Peyton Moore placed 2nd in Biology A in the GCS science fair. Peyton is a student at Kiser Middle School.

Lee Carter and Jeff Valentine are engaged. Their wedding date is March 21, 2015.

Meredith Fleming graduated Summa Cum Laude from UNCW in December 2014, with a BA in Psychology.

Lara Stocks graduated Summa Cum Laude from NC State with a BS in Computer Science and a minor in Spanish. Lara was also a valedictorian of her class. After traveling in Thailand with International Student Volunteers during January, Lara will return to Raleigh to work with Neonova, a cloud-based technology provider.

Lin & Caryanne Story-Bunce are expecting a boy in March.

Thank You

Rev. Usey, Bill Ingold & All the good people at College Park,

Warm Christmas Greetings

Remembering your many kindnesses last year when I was there with Chris Moquin's mother, when he died.

*From Sarah Dopp,
First Baptist, Burlington, VT*

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 Jesús.

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
7:30-8:30 pm Adult Choir Practice (Choir Room, 3rd Floor)
** Childcare is provided in room 104 from 6:15—8 pm.*

PASSPORTKIDS SUMMER CAMP

This Summer our 3rd-5th graders will spend June 17- 20 with Passport at Eagle Eyrie, VA. You can sign your child up **online via the church website**. Also, see pictures of last year's camp on the Passport Camp bulletin board, 3rd floor beside the choir room. There will be a meeting for all campers and parents on March 1, immediately following the 11 am worship service.

Online Directory

Member Login: [cpbc1601gbo](#)
We are still missing some family photos. If you need your photo taken, please contact Mark File.



Clothing for Kids

Peck Elementary School's Clothing Closet is in need of some clothes which are given to children and their families free of charge. Please check your closets and send any of the following: Boys & Girls Pants--children's sizes 5-12
Winter Coats--children's sizes small-large (5-14)
A Clothing Box will be placed near the nursery for collection and the clothes will be taken to Peck by church members. Thank you for continuing to support the children in need at Peck Elementary!

Baby Shower for Lin & Caryanne Story-Bunce

Saturday January 24th, 11 am—1 pm
Home of Lisa & Jerry Elkins, 828 Sydney Shores Ct., Greensboro Contact: 336-708-7015,
email: thejerdog@gmail.com
Registered at Target and Amazon.
Please RSVP if possible, but not necessary.
All are welcome to come and celebrate.



ZUMBA® Classes

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



A Chance to Give

Backpack Club provides weekend food for hungry children at Peck Elementary. You can buy an Honor Card for a minimum of \$5.00. They make great birthday and Christmas gifts to honor a friend or family member. Purchase in the church office Monday—Thursday, or from Betsy MacKenzie—Wednesday nights and Sundays.



Online giving

You can now give your College Park offering or donation online. Just click the "give online" button on the home page of www.CollegeParkChurch.com to go to the secure FaithStreet app. Then enter your credit card or bank account info. It's a great option especially if you are traveling or during the Sunday morning offering if you forget your check or cash!



Capital Campaign "Access for All"

Financial Report as of 12.4.14:

Pledges Needed: \$827,000

Pledges To Date: \$752,000

Total Giving to Date: \$561,935

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

Cash balance available for next two projects:

\$121,935

Donations needed through 2016 to complete the final two projects: \$265,065

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.

*Please Note:

The 2015 Deacons Committee has decided to dissolve the Celebrate Life committee for this coming year. A unanimous decision was made in part because the financial strain to continue could not be justified. In addition, there were not enough congregants interested to perform the duties necessary. The committee still encourages celebrating each other and hopes that you will throw a shower, send a card, or flock a yard for those who you know would enjoy the gesture. Flamingoes will be available for members to check out in the church office.



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

Return Service Requested



Looking Ahead

January

- 20 PFLAG 7:30 pm, FH
- 21 Wednesday Night Activities 5:30 pm
Business Meeting
Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Parlor
- 22 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
Zumba 6 pm, FH
- 23 Al-Anon Noon, FH
- 24 Baby Shower 11 am—1 pm, for Lin &
Caryanne at the Elkins' home
- 25 Sunday Services
Krishnan Daisy Troop 3:30 pm, FH
- 26 McIntyre Girl Scouts 6:30 pm, FH
- 27 Herbenick Girl Scouts 6:30 pm, FH
- 28 Wednesday Night Activities 5:30 pm
- 29 Al-Anon 10 am, FH
Pendergraft Meeting 5:30 pm, Parlor
Zumba 6 pm, FH
- 30 Al-Anon Noon, FH
UNCG Chi Omega 4-9 pm, Chapel
- 31 UNCG Chi Omega 7:30 am-5 pm, Chapel

February

- 1 **Men's Bake**-Off—After 11 am Service
Krishnan Daisy Troop 3:30 pm, FH
- 2 McIntyre Girl Scouts 6:30 pm, FH
- 4 Wednesday Night Activities 5:30 pm

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

Alliance of Baptists - American Baptist Churches -
Cooperative Baptist Fellowship

December Food Donations = 181 Pounds
2014 Total Food Donations = 1145.5 Pounds

Every Member a Minister

Phyllis Calvert, Treasurer
Susan Finley, Handbell Director
Rydell Harrison, Minister of Music & Worship
Darlene Johnson, Sexton
Keith A. Menhinick, Wake Forest Pastoral Intern
David Soyars, Organist
Lara Stocks, Summa Cum Laude & NCSU Valedictorian
Ralph & Tammy Stocks, Missionaries
Lin Story-Bunce, Associate Minister
Andrea Turner, Deacon Chair
Michael S. Usey, Pastor
Annette Waisner, Office & Media Manager

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