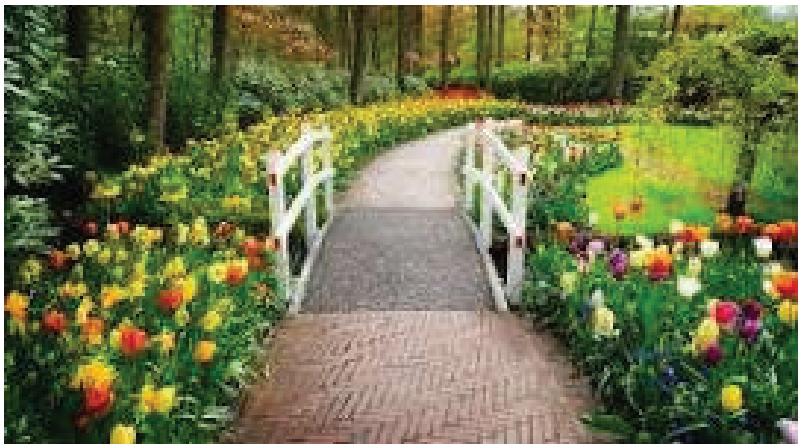




May

2026

SUPER UPER D EIGHTFUL SENIORS

MAY BIRTHDAYS

Ann Dumas	5/01
Jim Caddell	5/01
Cheryl Punt	5/01
Clay Ellis	5/02
Sandy Curlee	5/02
Garry Whicker	5/03
Beth Perry	5/03
Kathy Miyares	5/08
Donna Vickers	5/08
Laura Coleman	5/10
Yvonne Casey	5/10
Suzanne Henschel	5/12
Deborah Marsh	5/12
Pam Murray	5/12
David Casey	5/13
Effie Morgan	5/14
Richard Stack	5/14
Gayle Bomar	5/15
Fayma Roberts	5/16
Dee Taylor	5/18
Lynn McCullers	5/19
Jan Carlton	5/19
Tim Leathers	5/19
Dianne Duke	5/19
Terri Aiken	5/20
Cindy McDowell	5/20
Joyce Ruark	5/23
Earl Lewellyn	6/21
Ernie Mandese	5/24
Laura Stout	5/24
Odessa Curry	5/24
Joyce Shiera	5/24
C. G. Sorrell	5/26
Weldon Cheek	5/27
Barbara Rigsbee	5/27
Judy Dailey	5/28
Cecelia Snyder	5/31

RANDALL'S WORDS OF WISDOM

Living the Resurrection: The Four “E’s” That Carry Us into Spring by Pastor Randall

The celebration of Jesus’ resurrection did not end on Easter Sunday. It continues into the days and weeks that follow. Scripture tells us that Jesus appeared to His disciples over forty days after His resurrection (Acts 1:3), meaning the joy and meaning of Easter naturally extend into the season we often experience through April and May. During this time, we reflect on four powerful truths: Encounter, Evidence, Explanation, and Expectation...that anchor our faith.

First, Encounter reminds us that the resurrection was personal. Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, the disciples, and many others (John 20; 1 Corinthians 15:6). These were not distant observers. They experienced the risen Christ face to face. In the same way, the resurrection invites us into a living relationship with Jesus, not just belief about Him.

Second, Evidence assures us that our faith is grounded in history. As highlighted by Lee Strobel, the empty tomb, eyewitness accounts, and even non-Christian historians confirm that Jesus lived, died, and that His followers boldly proclaimed His resurrection from the very beginning. This is not a legend. It is a well-attested reality.

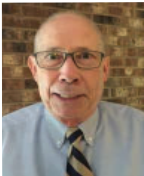
Third, Explanation calls us to decide who Jesus truly is. As Josh McDowell framed it with several “L’s”, Jesus is not merely a teacher. He is not a liar, a lunatic, or a legend. The resurrection points clearly to one conclusion: He is Lord (Romans 1:4). Each of us must respond to that truth.

Finally, Expectation gives us hope for today and tomorrow. Because Jesus rose, we are invited to live in the newness of life (Romans 6:4) and in the promise of eternal hope (1 Peter 1:3). The resurrection is not just something we celebrate. It is something we live.

As the weeks after Easter unfold, let the reality of the risen Christ shape your daily walk. The tomb is still empty, the Savior is still alive, and the invitation still stands: encounter Him, trust the evidence, confess Him as Lord, and live with expectation!

Forever Remembered

Karen Oliver’s Dad (John)



KEVIN’S KORNER

Grief and Grieving

Grief is the anguish we feel after a significant loss. This might be the death of a loved one or friend. It is associated with symptoms such as confusion, lethargy, and apprehension about the future. We know it can often be triggered by numerous daily life situations. Often you don’t even see it coming.



Grieving is a healthy part of the human experience, and the process of grieving will vary among individuals. Physiologically, grief may be like stress, in that it may lead to a fight or flight response.

Grief can degrade overall brain power. It is interesting that the brain handles stress and emotional trauma similarly. Over time, chronic stress can diminish brain power, which could result in reduction of overall nerve growth and memory. This shift usually occurs as resources to enable fear responses.

Grief can also put excessive stress on the heart. Many find help by joining support groups, spending time with friends, exercising, practicing a hobby, or doing volunteer work. For some this can often help.

Question? What can we do to help in day-to-day life experiences. As a family member or friend, we can support individuals who are navigating grief. Perhaps you’re thinking, how do I do that? Glad you asked. This could involve sending a message or making a phone call to let them know you’re thinking of them. Some folks may need a lending hand to complete tasks. Just being physically present as we don’t want a grieving individual to feel alone.

Individuals who’ve experienced lost loss often report that acknowledging their loss instead of avoiding any discussion of the loved one or friend is certainly appreciated.

It’s important to understand that grieving is a process. There is no timeline, no need to rush.

Individuals experiencing grief may find comfort through counseling, support groups, support books and activities like volunteering. Each of these resources can help individuals build a community or a new daily pattern when navigating intense anguish.

ROBERT’S “TIDBITS OF LIFE ENCOUNTERS”

BEING THE OLDEST: ADVANTAGE OR DISADVANTAGE?
Being the oldest of six boys had its advantages but mostly disadvantages. My five younger brothers would strongly disagree.

According to me.

Advantage #1: New Clothes (For 3–5 Days)

The greatest perk of being the oldest was getting brand-new clothes. I was basically a fashion pioneer... for about six months. After I sized out of them, those clothes began their spiritual journey through the family bloodline. Down they went to the next brother... and the next... and the next... until they finally disintegrated like ancient scrolls.

The first casualty was always the knees. Mom would patch them up. We never threw clothes away. My mom found usage for every piece of clothing. We were the Goodwill of the day. She would sew on patches that never matched the jeans you were wearing. And when she ran out of those she started using other material. I’m talking flannel squares cut from retired lumberjack shirts. Nothing says “rising fashion icon” like plaid knees on blue jeans. Back then, patches meant “financial hardship.” Today, you can walk into a store and pay extra for jeans that already look like you lost a fight with a lawnmower. If our jeans got too shredded for patches, off came the legs. Boom. Summer shorts. We didn’t follow trends. We invented survival fashion.



Advantage #2: Riding Shotgun (Occasionally)

Another benefit of being the oldest? Riding in the front seat when Mom wasn’t in the car. Which wasn’t often. Looking back, I now realize my mom was a tactical genius. We were not allowed inside the house during the day. She’d pack us lunch and basically said, “Do not come home until dinner time.” Bathroom breaks? Easy, most of the time we just used a friend’s house. Pretty sure their parents thought we were refugees. If not, plenty of hiding spots around the yard.

At the time, I thought she was a great mom. Now I realize she was minimizing property damage. Now I realize she minimized the noise, the damage, the chaos by keeping us out. On rainy days we had to go to the one car garage and play. Just in case you think my mom was mean, there were always one or two little ones still in the house.

Advantage #3: Picking My Bedroom (With Terms & Conditions)

I got to pick my bedroom. Small print: One brother had to share it with me. We usually lived in three-bedroom houses. The rooms were divided up like:

- Master bedroom: Mom and Dad.
- Second largest bedroom: Four bunk beds stacked like a low-budget submarine.
- Third bedroom (smallest): Me and in general the next eldest. I didn’t want a bunk bed, so my parents found an old double bed from a relative.

The mattress they brought home had a dip in one side. Apparently a large framed person carved out his/her hole on one side. I slept on the flatter side. That worked until I kept rolling into a cold, mysterious damp spot every other night. Turns out my brother was a bed wetter. On normal nights his wetting was contained in the hole he slept. But on other nights it would leached onto my side. Eventually, he got relocated. His mattress got wrapped in plastic like it was entering witness protection. Next brother moved in. His pajamas smelled like an outhouse in July because he slept in what I quietly called “the pee zone.” Finally it got so bad they threw the whole thing away. Frame too. So what did they replace the bed with? You probably guessed it. A bunk bed from an army barracks. Nothing says “sweet dreams” like surplus military equipment. The downsize of this brother is that he slept walk talking to worms on a large moon map displayed on one of our walls. I was stuck with him until I moved out. I can still hear his voice today. "Worms, worms, they're everywhere." "Where?" I said, "Here,"as he pointed to a place on the map.

Now... The Disadvantages

The disadvantages far outweighed the advantages. My responsibilities included cleaning the kitchen after dinner. Now, when we ate, we served ourselves directly from the pots on the stove like medieval villagers. Meanwhile, Mom would leave behind a sink full of mixing bowls, pans, and pots — none rinsed. They would sit there until the food hardened into a fossilized layer that archaeologists could carbon date. Hardened macaroni was the worst. That stuff bonded with metal at a molecular level. NASA could’ve used it to attach heat shields. While my brothers ran outside to play, I stood there chiseling baked-on lasagna like I was restoring the Statue of Liberty.

I once politely asked Mom if she could maybe “clean as she went.” That suggestion was not well received. Several utensils flew in my direction — narrowly missing my head — followed by vocabulary I had only previously heard from my father when we were late getting out of church. Needless to say, I learned two things: Clean as you go.

Timing is everything.

The Bathroom Assignment

Let’s just say I now have very strong feelings about clean bathrooms. If modern military strikes are precision guided... our bathroom was more like historical carpet bombing. Targets were suggested. Not guaranteed. By night’s end, it looked like chaos had applied for permanent residency. And the ring around the tub? The longer that thing stayed, the stronger it became. It evolved. At one point I mixed Clorox and Comet trying to defeat it. A cloudy mist rose from the tub like something straight out of The Twilight Zone. I knew I had made a mistake when my mom ran in, slapped a wet



washcloth over her face. I don’t remember exactly what she mumbled under that washcloth, but her tone and her eyes were filled with anger against me. She opened the drain and made us evacuate the premises like we’d triggered a chemical incident. On the bright side, I survived. I’m still not sure why hazmat suits weren’t issued before entering the “guest” bathroom. Of course, we never actually had guests, so technically it wasn’t a guest bathroom. It was the Kids’ Bathroom of Doom. I didn’t even know houses came with guest bathrooms until I moved out and realized other families let visitors use plumbing without signing a waiver. At our house, Mom and Dad’s bathroom was a restricted federal facility. You needed clearance, a badge, and probably a background check. The “guest” bathroom? That was ours. All of ours. Six of us. One sink. One toilet. One tub. No mercy. Cleaning it was apparently a “character-building opportunity” for the oldest child. Funny how character-building only builds the oldest’s character.

Babysitting

It was another glorious perk of being number one in the pecking order. Imagine trying to control a pack of feral raccoons with zero authority. I had no badge, no whistle, no backup—just vibes and desperation. So I developed psychological warfare. One night my brothers were running amok like they’d just discovered caffeine. Nothing worked. Yelling? Ignored. Threats? Laughed at. So I did what any rational thirteen-year-old would do. I grabbed a flashlight, a mask, ketchup, and a knife. I went outside to one of the windows. I flashed the light. One brother came to investigate—I ducked. Flashed it again. This time a few more gathered at the window. And what did they see? A shadowy figure violently stabbing a stuffed teddy bear in the dark. Then I slowly turned... and raised the knife and charged the window. They scattered like pigeons in a parking lot. I sprinted to my bedroom window, dove inside, locked the door, and calmly pretended to be reading a book like a future valedictorian. Minutes later they were pounding on my door like it was the end of the world. “The boogeyman is outside!” Summoning every ounce of Oscar-worthy bravery, I opened the door and said, “Yeah... I saw him. I chased him off.” Hero status unlocked. They obeyed me the rest of the night. Fear is a powerful leadership tool.

Next privilege of being the oldest: night duty with the baby.

At thirteen years old, I could mix formula like a pharmacist, test bottle temperature with the sacred wrist splash, and change diapers like a NASCAR pit crew member. But nothing—nothing—prepares you for what can come out of a “sweet and cuddly” infant. The smell defied science. I tried the wet washcloth method. I even deployed Dad’s Old Spice cologne like it was a chemical counterattack. The odor laughed. It cut through everything. I’m convinced it had a pulse. Thank the Lord for baby powder. That stuff deserved a medal.

(continued on the insert page)

The Oldest (continued)

Then there was discipline.

If I had earned just one dollar every time I heard, “Well... he’s just the baby,” I would be writing this from a beachfront mansion. The “baby” in question was every sibling under my age. The rod was definitely not spared on me. Meanwhile, the younger ones committed the exact same crimes and got what can only be described as a gentle breeze of correction. I got the full courtroom drama. They got a warning and a snack.

But the best part of being the oldest?

Escape. I got out first. Freedom tasted glorious. Sure, it was tough at times, but it was quiet. Beautifully quiet. To my fellow oldest siblings: I see you. I feel your pain. We were the beta test for our parents. The rough draft. The trial run. And to all you “babies” who could do no wrong—you’re welcome. We paved the way. We absorbed the strict rules, the trial-and-error parenting, the overreactions, and the experimental discipline so you could coast. Will we get a thank-you parade?

Absolutely not.

We’re the oldest.



SUNDAY, MAY 10TH MOTHER’S DAY



MONDAY, MAY 11TH

THE SHEEP DETECTIVES



Van leaves at 11:30.
Cost: \$10
You can ride the van or meet at the food court by noon. RSVP Movie starts @ 1PM. Use the QR code to sign up.



Scan me!

SUNDAY, MAY 17TH
JASON DELI MISSION FUND RAISER

20% of every receipt bought at Jason Deli will go to our Mission Fund to help fray the cost of individuals who are planning to go. Please mention you’re from Grey Stone Church.

SUMMERGANZA 2026

Please remember you don’t have to come to everything, but you are welcome to do so. Also if any of these games/activities are not your thing, you can still come and fellowship with us!

JUNE

2 MOVIE: BREADWINNER

The film follows Nate Wilcox (Bargatze), a traditional breadwinner who becomes a stay-at-home dad after his wife, Katie (Moore), lands a successful business deal on Shark Tank. The plot focuses on the “dad era” of the family, as Nate struggles to manage their three young daughters for an extended period. Cost: \$10.00 A time to leave TBA. Watch for a text.





9 PICNIC AT GOLD’S PARK

A fun three hours with food, fun, fellowship & a few games with prizes. We will provide all of the food (lunch meat, drinks etc.). Just meet us at Gold’s Park in Hillsborough. No cost: You need sunglasses, suntan lotion and a lawn chair. (NO VAN)



Scan me!



16 PUZZLE BLAST & LUNCH!

Following up last year’s puzzle controversy. Some thought certain teams had easier puzzles. This year everyone will be on even ground doing the same puzzles. No cost: 10:00 - 1:00 PM - Dining Hall. Scan to signup.



Scan me!



23 FARMER’S MARKET

One of the favorite event each year. We travel to Raleigh and visit the market and garden section. While we’re there, we enjoy a scrumptious lunch there at the restaurant. Cost: Just your lunch. Van will leave the church at 9:30 AM. If you want to ride the van, please reserve your spot. Limited seating.



30 LOCAL HISTORIC TOUR

New to Summerganza. This will be a fun time for all even if you’ve been to these sites before or not. We’re planning to see Bennett Place, Duke Homestead, Ayr Mount and few other sites. We'll grab some lunch and ice cream. 9:30 - 2:00 PM Leave the church at 9:30. RSVP.

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. _____ 5. _____ 6. _____