



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

Volume 1, Issue 2

July 2020

The Issue Inside

Stories & Articles
Classifieds
Help Wanted

Cape Fear Voices

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Gerald Decker
Pat Dischino
Ken Formalarie
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Assistance

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Post 12196

NC Rice Festival

North Brunswick
Kiwanis

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CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL 2020 GRADUATES!

We wish you great success in all of your endeavors!

Appreciating the Flag



By Ken Formalarie,
Magnolia Greens

I am raised and educated as a native of Boston. My schooling there left me imprinted with the historical beast we call: "Freedom and Independence." I often think about that beast. "Don't Tread On Me," proclaimed the flag of our forefathers in their colonial struggle to break free from the rule of a King. Flags are a symbol reflecting the deep meaning we ascribe to them. A lot of people died on one side, or the other, of the Confederate flag. A lot more people since then have given their "full measure" for another flag called: "America." To me, our flag is a place of birth, a home, a nation, my right to Independence. Once we get used to the ways of this flag, we don't let go easily. Appreciation for it comes in ten thousand different colors and sizes.

My deepest appreciation for this "American Flag" came after living for a year in a foreign country. Flying home, coming in over the Statue of Liberty, and seeing the Flag wave below me allowed me to close my eyes, take a deep breath and feel home. I know there are many other Americans who will not share my feelings about the Flag because their "Independence" is taken for granted as an entitlement of birth in America. I can only speak for myself. I am free to choose how I will be governed, free to express my dissent and grievances, free to practice my faith the way I see fit, and free to be educated in all matters of human endeavor wherever they may fall. Or am I?

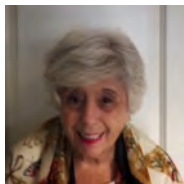
Is it right to believe I have all of these freedoms when so many other Americans around me cannot share in them? For many Americans, the "Flag" has come to represent hatred and oppression, arrogance, and ignorance! How can



this be? Surely we are all educated to understand that as Americans, we cannot conform to the small dark minds and hearts of the few who hold power over our lives. That would be true whether on our soil or any other in the world. We understand this because when we stand together as the "many," we become in charge, "we the people" rule! Surely we are not deceived that our diversity is a weakness, it is the core of our strength! I am certain we know the difference between good and evil in America, it seems that the "few" who hold power at any level have forgotten that difference. We, the many, need to be reminded that we can be trampled on by the few and that the gift our forefathers gave us was that we are to work toward the perfection of Independence. Can there be any greater gift to give to our children? This gift is for the many, not the few.

Let us remember on this upcoming Fourth of July that we are connected as part of the "many" and that we have a duty to share the freedom we cherish. It is not perfect, it is not whole, but it is ours to make better.

A Celebration of Life



By Pat Dischino,
Brunswick Forest

Life is what it is. I can load my days with self-pity and wallow in despair, but I'd rather look out my window and gaze at the large oak in front.

The aged tree rings double that of mine. History is embedded in its trunk as the limbs silently embrace the past. As long as we're both alive, though, our memories are ageless.

Many of mine have faded. Some are tear-stained, but most evoke contentment of a century well-lived. The scenes play out randomly these days. I savor each.

One might say, I entered this world with a bang. I was born on Independence Day in 1920, while my father listened to a Yankee game in the car parked outside the hospital. Sharing my birthday with our nation has its perks.

Early recollections included a Fourth of July church outing at my aunt's farm in the Pennsylvania Dutch country when I was six. I thought the festivities were for my birthday.

Independence



By Teena Miller,
Brunswick Forest

It was the end of June 1970 and my big brother; Terry was due home for a 30-day leave after his second tour in Vietnam. He had enlisted in the Army after his high school graduation in 1967, even though he would have been exempt as the only son of a dairy farmer. My father could not run the farm by himself and reluctantly sold it not long after Terry left.

I was seventeen and working with a steady income. I desperately desired a driver's license, but my dad insisted that I would need a car of my own to learn on. He was very protective of his big, old, cherished family station wagon, and so he took me to a local car dealership. I left with a 1968 burgundy, Plymouth Satellite 318 V8. She was beautiful, and I was thrilled to be able to practice anytime I could convince someone to go with me. My goal was to take a driver's test by; the end of summer.

Terry arrived at the house via bus, and when he walked in the door, my heart leaped. At that time, there were

About Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices

Contact Information

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Who Are We?

The Teen Scene Inc. is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba (doing business as) Cape Fear Voices. The Teen Scene, Inc. is a non-profit organization that produces a monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers. Teen Scene's mission is to promote writing skills among area teens. Teen Scene also strives to develop the business skills of teens who take an active role in running the publication and managing its activities. As a nonprofit organization, we plan to offer scholarships to teens who wish to pursue a career in journalism.

Teen Scene Relationship to Cape Fear Voices

Teen Scene is a monthly, free to the public, publication created by and dedicated to teenagers in the Cape Fear Region. *Cape Fear Voices* (CFV) is also a monthly free publication that showcases the creative works of adults living in the region. CFV will provide an outlet to publicize other regional non-profit organizations that work to improve the lives of children and families in the area. In each instance, we intend to provide a quality outlet to publicize the region's literary and other creative talents.

Our Philosophy

We will work to publish the highest quality product. For *Teen Scene*, we will accomplish this by recruiting dedicated teens who are willing to put in the time and effort to develop their skills. Our role in either *Teen Scene* or *Cape Fear Voices* is solely to promote and showcase individuals' creative talents in the Cape Fear Region. As such, we will not publish any religious or political work that may otherwise be submitted for publication.

Our Status as a Tax-Exempt Organization

The Teen Scene, Inc. is a tax-exempt organization under the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) Code 501(c)(3). Our Employer Identification Number (EIN) is 45-0539098. Donors can deduct contributions they make under IRS Code Section 170. Teen Scene is qualified to receive tax-deductible bequests, devises, transfers, or gifts under Section 2055, 2106, or 2522. We will acknowledge all donations in our monthly publications unless otherwise requested by any donor who wishes to remain anonymous.

Our Funding Sources

We need public support to allow both *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices* to achieve our stated missions and, especially, to make a difference in the lives of students.

Donations may be sent to:
The Teen Scene, Inc.
Post Office Box 495
Leland, NC 28451

Governance

An appointed Board of Directors governs Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices. The Board serves in an advisory capacity to ensure that both publications are operated and published in an ethical and accountable manner.

Board members will represent a broad spectrum of current and retired professionals with extensive experience in working with teens, publications, marketing, and leadership. Directors volunteer their time in an advisory role to ensure that our programs most adequately address the proper standards and ethics for fulfilling our mission.

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Celebration

From Page 1



One year, we visited Mother's huge family in Beacon, New York. Cousins of all ages arrived carrying gifts. But what I remember most was sitting under the grape arbor listening to stories, told by my great uncle, Tom.

My cousins and I gathered and sat on rough-hewn benches. Once we were settled, Uncle Tom began. Since it was my birthday, I felt his stories were told just for me. Here is one, I fondly remember.

The temperature was well below freezing on that February day in 1861. Rumors circled the community that President Lincoln's train was to stop at Fishkill Landing on a twelve-day tour from Albany to New York City.

The Civil War started in April of that year, shattered the country. Everyone, including Uncle Tom and his wife Mary, longed to hear comforting words from their President. With their family in tow, they walked in the icy weather to the train station. They were joined by the crowds who crossed the frozen Hudson River from Newburgh to Beacon. It was a momentous event for all.

Once the stately train came to a halt, he and Aunt Mary vied for a spot up close so they could hear his powerful words. Uncle Tom looked over at Mary and knew they were witnesses to a historic moment.

Uncle Tom stops, looks around at us kids, and says that Aunt Mary told everyone over the years that,

This July 4th, I will be one hundred and one years old. Did I ever dream I would reach that great milestone? ... I wonder - Wouldn't it be a hoot if I left this world on Independence Day?

“After a few people came down the steps, there was a pause. Seeing him, we all clapped and shouted. He was so tall. His black stovepipe hat rose above the caps of the men surrounding him. Lincoln looked gentle and kind. He held his hands behind him and spoke.”

Now, I don't remember what he said to everyone, but this I do remember. He ambled into the crowd, shaking hands as he passed through the crowd. His path led him straight to me. He took my gloved hand and lightly shook it.

I wish I could say that I looked into his eyes, or saw his hand reaching for mine, but all I heard were his words, “Thank you for coming out on such a cold day.”

Those gracious, thoughtful words spoken from Abraham Lincoln became a family treasure that day. Mary's Mother wrote the words down and pasted them on the back of our sixteenth President's small portrait. It hung on the wall in Uncle Tom's room. Those cherished words, glued to the now faded and tattered picture, are rarely touched these days but are forever laced in my memory.

This July 4th, I will be one hundred and one years old. Did I ever dream I would reach that great milestone? Did I want to live longer than my children, my friends, or my beloved Alfred? Sixty years was not near enough. Unequivocally, the answer is “no.”

If I reach this birthday, I wonder if a kinder society will emerge and serve all people equally. The windows of my memories enable me to understand some of the complexities of life. I treasure them all.

Looking back, and sitting in awe at the healthy tree out front, I wonder - Wouldn't it be a hoot if I left this world on Independence Day?

history as an interest. A couple of articles are to be continued in the next addition - cliff hanger, lol. I am hooked. Thank you for doing this and sharing.” **Mary Vogelsong, Porter's Neck**

“Congratulations guys on a great first edition of Cape Fear Voices. I like Gerald's welcome - well written. Eric's story about his Dad and Viet Nam is touching and I feel for both of you and all your comrades that were treated so poorly upon returning to the U.S. It was disgraceful the way Vets were treated. I think Eric should submit that story to Reader's Digest or some magazine. Even if I didn't know Eric, I would be moved by such a well written powerful story.” **Talula Guntner, Brunswick Forest**

Letters to the Editor

“Thank you so much for the great birthday parade for Alex! Thank all of you and our service men and women for all that you have done and still do.” **Sylvia Stanfield, Supply, NC**

“The paper is Outstanding! A great read and I am learning a lot. Each article takes me somewhere (Hawaii), piques an interest in something I knew nothing about (The Rice Culture in SC, NC), tidbits to ponder and I met a very special man, Alex Moskowitz. I am going to buy his book so my kids can learn about him. My boys and husband have always shared WW II

Annual Subscription Available

Individual subscriptions to Cape Fear Voices are available on an annual basis at a cost of only \$24, including the cost of postage. If you want to make sure that you never miss a copy of Cape Fear Voices, please send a check payable to:

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A Veterans Reflections on July 4th



By Gerald Decker,
Magnolia Greens

We veterans have a unique relationship with this day. At some point in our life, we made a contract with this nation to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, up to and including our lives. Our founding fathers did the same thing when they signed that unbelievable document known as the “Declaration of Independence.”

So today, I want to remind us all what we, as a nation, have been through to continue to celebrate this most festive of days for our country. It all starts with the Declaration of Independence, the first words of freedom:

“When in the Course of human events,” ... and “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal...”

What were they thinking? A small group of colonists against the most powerful nation in the world!

Patrick Henry was thinking, **“I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”**

During one of those battles for independence, Francis Scott Key happened to look out over the harbor of Baltimore that morning and was inspired to write these words:

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light...the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

A few years later, as we were learning to govern ourselves, James Madison wrote:

"We the People of the United States of the United States...do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

- the Preamble to one of the most profound documents in the history of America and possibly the world.

But, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, **“the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.”** And, so it was that in 1863, at the height of a civil war that **“tested whether this nation or any nation so conceived, so dedicated could long endure,”** Abraham Lincoln announced:

“That on January 1st, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves ...shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free;...”

In 1917, the freedom of the world was at stake, so Americans went **“over there”** to lend a hand. We thought it was the war to end all wars and that freedom would reign.

But, once again, tyranny faced the world and Americans sprang into action with the battle cry of **"Remember Pearl Harbor"** - the day that will **“live in infamy.”**

And, let’s not forget the turning point of that great battle for freedom, where General Eisenhower told our troops that, **“The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.”**

Fighting men and women have stood for our way of life in places like Normandy, Midway, Inchon, Hue, Khe Sahn, Kandahar, Tora Bora, Fallujah, and Baghdad. Too many to mention. So, let’s not forget what price liberty. Let’s not forget the struggles we have had along the way.

But just as importantly, as we celebrate this 4th of July, remember that struggle is why we celebrate. That democracy and freedom are still alive in America because we have defended it every step along the way when needed. And, we will continue to do so in the future.



Give me a Brake

The 1950’s were such a glorious time to be living in the United States, especially the summer for me as a six year old in upstate Naples, New York and living on a farm. Lake Road Dairy provided milk for the village of Naples; I was proud to say that it was my home. I was a part of the whole cow milk to table experience. Of course, the bottled milk on the table started with our cows, which needed to be fed. Outdoor fields of clover for the cows gave way to baled hay which had to be mowed, raked, baled, and brought to the barn for storage. This is where I entered the process.



By Janet Meuwissen,
Brunswick Forest

Dad taught me how to drive our Farmall H tractor which pulled the hay wagon full of bales. Being able to use the steering wheel, gas pedal, and clutch were the essential elements I needed to know. The steering wheel turned the tractor right or left; the gas pedal made the tractor go forward and the clutch made it stop. Teaching me anything about the gears of the standard transmission and the brake were unnecessary for a kid, Dad thought. He set the tractor’s speed at about 2 miles an hour and used the clutch to start and stop.

My fondest memory happened one afternoon as I was nearing the end for the day of my field to barn baled hay experience.I successfully drove the tractor with wagon behind the baler. Dad and the farm hands loaded the wagon with the bales it produced when it ejected them onto the ground. When the wagon was full with the neatly stacked load of about 50 bales piled 5 layers high, Dad told me to head back to the barn. Away the low-gearred tractor, wagon with hay, Dad, farm hands, and I slowly crept along the farm lane, across the creek bridge, and through the barnyard to the hay-mow for storage. One of the hands would jump off to open and close the gates for me.

We all enjoyed the serenely bucolic ride until we reached the last and biggest gate between the barnyard and barn itself. I pushed down the clutch to stop, as I had done all the other times I wanted to stop, but something unexpected happened.

The wagon with all its cargo, the tractor, and I began to roll backwards. Turns out that there was a significant uphill slope from the creek we had just crossed to the side of the barnyard nearest the barn. As the slow-moving caravan began to pick up speed as it was backing down the slope and getting closer to the creek bank, Dad excitedly yelled from the wagon, **“PUT ON THE BRAKE!”**

In my six year old confusion as we continued to roll backward and picked up speed, I yelled back to Dad, **“WHAT’S A BRAKE?”**

Dad jumped off the wagon, ran faster than I had ever seen him run, jumped onto the tractor, and with all his might, pushed the tractor’s brake to the floor. All of this happened as the back of the wagon stopped about 2 feet from the edge of the creek bank.

Dad, who was usually easy to rile, didn’t say a word. I, who was oblivious to the chaotic situation I had created, slowly climbed off the tractor and headed toward the house where I saw my mild-mannered Mom, with arms folded across her chest, waiting to hear what happened. Further details are clouded from my memory—until similar events occurred about 10 years later as Dad taught me how to drive our standard-shift farm truck.

Independence

From Page 1

many demonstrations and a great deal of anger directed at soldiers. It was excruciating to see the news and know that my brother was risking his life daily to serve his country while a large portion of our country was angrily opposing the war. I wanted a chance to let him know how proud I was of him.

The first few hours flew by with numerous questions. Although Terry remained elusive about much of his experiences in Nam, he told us some stories about his buddies and his R&R's. I'm sure we got the watered-down version. We knew he wouldn’t be staying long due to friction with Dad over his enlistment and his desire to see old acquaintances. He was hamstrung by not having transportation, though, and he had plans to hitchhike or take buses to maintain his independence.

After a big celebratory meal of all his favorites with mom, my little sister, myself, and even dad

hanging on his every word, I finally got a moment alone with him. "Hey," I said, "would you come outside with me for a minute?"

"Sure, kid," he grinned. "I need a little break anyway."

We stepped into the front yard and approached my precious possession, parked in front of the house." I bought this two weeks ago. Want to take a look?"

He opened the door and adjusted the driver's seat to his 6'4" frame and said, "Wow, it even fits me!" He looked it all over, including the engine, and was suitably impressed.

"That's awesome, kid. Now, you better hurry up and get your license."

"I will in August, but for the next 30 days, it's yours," I said as I handed him the keys.

His mouth dropped open, and he replied, "You can't! You just got it! and what if something happens to it?"

"I can and will. If something happens, I have insurance, and mom and dad both approve.It means the world to me to be able to do this while you’re here and let you know how much I love you and let you have the freedom to come and go as you want."

Terry was not usually emotional, but as he went to hug me, his eyes glistened with unshed tears. Undoubtedly, it is one of the best things I have ever done for anyone.

At the end of his leave, Terry returned my car, polished it, and waxed it before he shipped out to Germany. After that assignment, he returned to civilian life. His days were not easy, and he bore unseen scars from Vietnam for the remainder of his life.

He died in 2004 at the age of 54 from pancreatic cancer associated with Agent Orange. There are so many things that I wish I’d done or said. Still, I cherish the memory of the day that I was able to surprise him with a gift that allowed him to be independent of family and friends and to enjoy the brief sojourn from the hell he had experienced.

Independence Day



By Brennan Connelly,
Brunswick Forest

Independence means the right or state of being independent. As Americans, from birth, we are given the right to personal Independence.

As America is in chaos right now it is important, we remember and take to heart what we were taught in school:

All people, men, women and children are created equal. Every person from birth is given certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Every person has the rights of Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, and Freedom of Choice.

Every voice matters. Every person has the right to voice their own opinion.

Every person has the right to practice whatever religion they want to.

Every person has the right to choose their own career.

Every person has the right to choose where they want to live, who they love/marry, and who they want to vote for.

Every American has the right to do whatever makes them happy.

We also need to remember what Martin Luther King said that - All people, men, women and children are not judged by the color of their skin but instead by the content of their character.

We are all Human Beings. Treat all people with proper love and respect. Treat people the way you want them to treat you. We can all follow our own dreams. Every person is different and unique in their own special way.

Independence Day is a very special day in our Country, as we honor and celebrate the very beginning of the United States of America. We celebrate gaining our independence from Great Britain and becoming a free nation. We also honor all the great men and women who sacrificed their lives to fight for our freedom. Independence Day also makes me think about two special people who were born on Independence Day and who both showcased moments of Great American Pride and Bravery.

First, my own mother Deirdre, who is a retired nurse. She showcased a moment of bravery and the will to never give up when I was a little baby. I was battling with seizures and she asked many doctors, researched many options, kept searching, and did not stop until she discovered the right answer. At fourteen months, they discovered the answer they were looking for - the Ketogenic Diet, which stopped the seizures. I have never had another seizure in my lifetime. My mother showcased great bravery and courage in that moment. When I think back on that moment, it taught me the valuable lesson to never give up and always be able to battle back from adversity.

See *Day*, Page 5

A Lifetime of Experiences

(Part 2 of 3)



By Terry Monnie,
Brunswick Forest

My experiences in Vietnam were many and varied with my daily routine as a first lieutenant Intelligence Officer often boring. My primary duty was to assign daily work duties to the other officers and enlisted personnel; however, much of my time was spent reading the various interrogation reports, either editing or rewriting in a more proper format. of these reports were the most current intelligence being collected in Vietnam.

The interrogation center was quite large, with US forces occupying one half and the South Vietnamese, the other half both facing a large courtyard which neither side entered during my tenure. Though we were fighting a common war and enemy, the separation of the two forces was strangely unsettling.

The prisoners assigned to this center were all of the top-level prisoners captured in Vietnam, and most were higher-ranking enlisted personnel or officers. It should be noted that the lower-ranking Viet Cong and North Vietnamese (NVA) often didn't know where they were, some thinking that they were in North Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia after months of walking through the jungle or the Ho Chi Minh Trail. These prisoners were generally of little value to us, but the officers were a wealth of information. One prisoner was the equivalent of our lieutenant colonel, and his interrogation resulted in two filing cabinets of information and intelligence.

Later during my tour, the NVA were firing 120-millimeter rockets throughout northern South Vietnam, which posed a severe threat to Allied forces. I can vividly recall hearing the missiles as they flew overhead...and then the motors would cease, and an eerie silence followed. The quiet was broken by the explosion and often damage to varying degrees. I remember one rocket hit the chapel on Tan Son Nhut Air Base, totally destroying it with only the concrete slab surviving. This was particularly unsettling at night.

Our intelligence gathering obtained much more importance after the Tet Offensive when the Viet Congress and NVA forces overran much of the country. Our interrogations provided invaluable information about the enemy forces and tactics as well as future military operations.

Since I often had spare time during the daytime work hours, I decided to collect as much information as I could on mines and boob ytraps being employed by the Viet Cong and NVA. Strangely, there was very little documentation by Allied troops. I got lots of information from our interrogations and pieced much of it together in a lengthy report complete with pictures and drawings, all of which were submitted to the Department of the Army for later publication.

While the Tet Offensive receives most of the attention from the media, the May 5th Offensive was, for many of us, much more dangerous. On the preceding evening, I was a duty officer in the enlisted men's barracks. Our intelligence indicated that something big was going to happen, and it did. At 4:00 AM, our position was in the center of a mass of enemy troops heading into the Saigon city center. We essentially hid and kept our heads down to avoid being attacked. It should be noted that until Tet, our troops were not allowed to carry weapons in Saigon for fear of hurting each other.

See *Experiences*, Page 5

First Steps



Janet Stiegler,
Brunswick Forest

In July 1969, I was a strong, athletic 11-year old, and the world was full of promise. Breasts, acne, and middle school self-consciousness had not yet curbed my tomboyish enthusiasm.

Our family of five was spending another summer's week at Beaver Lodge, a two-story, brown clapboard cabin in western Massachusetts. Getting there was half the fun: a dirt road meandered for several miles through a pine forest, sometimes disappearing under low-lying ferns before reemerging a few yards ahead. Near the end, two large trunks stood sentinel on either side of the path, challenging us to squeeze through. Jumping out of the back seat and signaling directions to my father, I coaxed the Rambler through with inches to spare before racing the car to the cabin.

Beaver Lodge had a large, stone fireplace, a bulky radio (no TV), a rugged kitchen (bring your own pots!), a tiny water closet, and two small bedrooms separated by a wall that was about six inches short of the ceiling. If my sister and I giggled, quarreled, or tried to whisper, a stern "girls, time to get to sleep" emanated from the other side of the wall. There was no shower, but if we smelled, well, it was all part of that earthy, outdoor charm.

Perched on the edge of a small lake, the cabin's large, screened-in porch provided the perfect view of rowboats, kayaks, and canoes passing back and forth just a few yards below. The water echoed with snippets of conversation and laughter, luring us down. I was always itching to go swimming or be on the water. My father had taken us out in the rowboat the summer before, but this year I manned the oars, weaving the boat to hidden beaver dams or out to the middle of the lake to fish.

An old man in the adjacent cabin sold me a can of worms for a quarter. The worms smelled and looked nasty, but unlike the previous year, I didn't screw up my face. Having successfully conducted business like a local, I raced home to show off my purchase. Reeling in and cradling a squiggling fish was another challenge, but within days I mastered the art of removing the hook from a fish's mouth and returning it to its natural habitat. (Decades later, I would use this training to impress a Cub Scout troop by rescuing a huge bullfrog from a scout's errant fishing line.)

Afternoons we generally spent on a small beach several hundred yards from our cabin. One day, to test my endurance and perhaps show off a bit, I asked my parents if I could swim the distance instead. After some initial hesitation, they relented and allowed me to free-style alongside the rowboat. "Stay close," my mother repeated, while my father, assuming the voice of a sports broadcaster,



provided stroke-by-stroke commentary and "attagirls" to accompany the Olympian event. After a short rest, I swam out to a platform beyond the roped swimming area to entertain a small audience on the beach with handstands, dives, and flips. I was unstoppable.

Meanwhile, another milestone was happening outside my own small orbit, something whose significance became clear when my parents let us stay up beyond our usual bedtime. "History is being made," my father said as he fiddled with the radio knobs. I don't recall if my younger brother and sister dozed off beforehand, for it was almost 11 p.m. on July 20th when a man's voice crackled through the universe, hundreds of thousands of miles away, as he took his first step on the moon.

The Dig



By **Bonnie Pastecki**,
Brunswick Forest

Life is different in Upstate New York, a far cry from the hustle and bustle of New York City. Two-hundred and seventy miles away, yet worlds apart. The Great Sacandaga Lake, one of many in the Adirondacks, is dotted with summer homes along its 125-mile shoreline. A short walk up the hillside finds pine forests so dense that only the deer, coyotes, and foxes enter along with the rare bear and moose.

One sunny morning, I decided to tackle a short stone retaining wall desperately in need of repair. It had begun to sag and list towards the ground. Grabbing my shovel, I set to work to re-set the wall and put in a small flower bed in the cavity behind the wall. My back began to ache in direct proportion to the steadily growing pile of heavy granite stones traced with garnet and mica. Finally, the broken section was cleared, and work could now begin on re-setting the stones.

Preparing to lay the first row, the dirt could not be leveled so I dug a little lower to remove any possible rocks. Surprisingly, it was not a rock creating the problem, I had unearthed a man’s shoe! It was an old, brown, wing-tipped shoe and it was completely upright as if the owner was reclining in the dirt. Despite pulling on it, it didn’t give at all. It seemed to be attached to something buried further in the ground. I was not sure what was before me. An aficionado of police procedural shows, my first thought was ‘crime scene’! I got a hand trowel as I did not want to disturb any potential evidence. Everyone knows, amateurs often contaminate incident sites.

Maybe I should investigate a little further and confirm my suspicions before contacting the state troopers. A few scoops of dirt were tentatively removed, and another shoe emerged. I was getting a little freaked out at this point. Something solid was behind the second shoe only it was bright red. It was a woman’s red shoe. Now I was totally confused. What had I uncovered? More digging was obviously needed.

I expanded the hole and explored the area. Amazingly, I discovered a trove of buried shoes: sandals, dress shoes and more, men’s, women’s, and children’s shoes. What kind of freak ritual was being revealed? The total footwear collection ultimately filled a large black garbage bag and I was left with a huge hole.

See ***Dig***, Page 6

Missing Hamster

By **Maryann Porter**,
Porter’s Neck

In the years that I was the mother of five children, there came a time when each one was in a different school. That meant that there were no PTA meetings for me as all five schools were in one county and PTA meetings were all held on the same evenings. However, that is another story for another time. What I wish to relate now is about all those schools having one or more teachers who had an animal in her (it was always a female teacher) classroom. These classroom pets ranged from mice to iguanas to rabbits to gerbils and hamsters. There is no doubt in my mind that the students in those classrooms loved the pets, that although they were caged up, could be petted and loved. Student leaders had the privilege of changing water, cleaning cages and feeding whatever animal was in that room. Which brings me to the annual vacations such as winter holidays or spring breaks or even summer-long months.

Obviously, the class pet had to be cared for over the days off including long weekends. Somehow each of my children managed without my permission, I might add, to bring home a class room pet for love and care during the holiday or weekend breaks. We already had in our house various animals such as a dog, a cat, gerbils, a hog-nose snake and even a wild lizard that took to being fed live flies as if he were the king of the house. Therefore, it never occurred to me that one of my children would see the necessity of bringing home a class pet. After all none of them were very responsible or excited about feeding, watering and cleaning up after the animals that already lived with us.

One ten-day spring break, we had in our house along with all our own pets, a small black rabbit, a white mouse and a baby duckling. I spent ten days

Day

From Page 4

The other person I think about on Independence Day is our late friend Steve Morda. His wife Stella went to high school with my mother. In 2009, Steve started the fight for his life as he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. Instantly, Steve made it his mission to not only keep fighting for himself but to help others who were battling with cancer. He participated in several Pancreatic Cancer walks and raised a lot of money for cancer fighters. In 2012, Steve's daughter Jackie got married in Arizona. Steve showcased great bravery as even though he was sick as a dog, and in and out of the hospital, he made sure he was there to walk his daughter down the aisle. Steve put forth a great battle, being very courageous, and brave, battling with pancreatic cancer for nearly four years. Sadly, on Valentine's Day in 2013, Steve was called home to heaven.

On this Independence Day, we remember two people who celebrate their birth-days on Independence Day and showed what it means to be an American - to never give up, even when times get hard, to keep fighting for and keep believing.

guarding the mouse from our cat, the rabbit from our dog, and the duckling from all of my kids who just wanted to pick it up and snuggle it. Now if you know anything about baby chicks or ducklings, you know that the worst thing you can do to a domestic farm animal is to handle it, even if all you want to do is kiss and fondle it. I am proud to say that I returned via one child or another living animals to all the class rooms they came from. Then I forbid my progeny from bringing home another school pet no matter how dire the circumstances. But I guess it fell on the deaf ears of my middle child, a loving, sweet fifth grader who was always a sucker for a sob story. Even knowing what he was like, I did not think he would completely defy my orders. Then came the ten-day winter break and my son came home after school with a hamster in a cage. I tried to call the teacher to explain that we could not have another animal in the house, but son said that it had been an emergency, no other student would take the hamster home and teacher was going to the hospital for surgery on her knee and could not take the hamster home herself. I hoped she would have surgery on the brain, but that seemed like a definite unchristian thought, so I gave in and the hamster moved in for the duration.

Hamster named Buddy was kind of cute but his cage needed a cleaning out every day because it smelled. Buddy loved carrots and lettuce and almost anything the kids offered him. He ate a number of fig newton cookies one evening, and the next day had the worst case of diarrhea ever experienced by any animal or human. Once I had decided to designate different kids for cleaning, feeding, watering each day, I thought we could get through the long holiday without much else going wrong. But I was overly confident and did not stand guard as well as I should have.

With about five days left in the school break, youngest daughter taking her turn at cleaning the cage did not hole up Buddy in a shoe box that I had provided for him during the times that he was not caged up. She thought she could hold him with one hand, and clean out the cage with the free one. Buddy immediately saw his greatest opportunity for total freedom, wiggled free and dashed across the family room. I was quickly apprised of the situation when youngest daughter came screaming and crying and explained that Buddy was now somewhere behind our built-in book cases.

“How do you know where he is?” was my first question. Her answer, “I can hear him squirming around back there.”

My only thoughts were of the mess and expense involved in tearing down the bookcases and the fear that Buddy would not be able to get out and would soon die from starvation. Not that I cared about Buddy at that point, but I was certain that he would not die without considerable carrying on among my children to say nothing of the unpleasant odor that would emanate from behind the bookcases. I retired to my miseries with no solution that evening. However, before I went to bed, I had the forethought to put Buddy’s cage down on the floor with the door open and his feeding dish full of all his favorite foods minus any fig newton cookies. The next morning, I was pleasantly surprised to find all of the food gone. Buddy had not only been able to get out from behind the bookcases, but he had returned there for a day’s sleep.



My next step was making a plan for capturing Buddy. One evening I stayed up with the cage next to me, but Buddy refused to come anywhere near the cage. The next night I stayed awake in the room next door, but when I heard Buddy eating his nightly rations, I was not quick enough to capture him in his cage. One thing I learned was that hamsters may be fat and furry, but they are extremely fast when they understand that a human is attempting to take away their freedom.

Finally, I devised a plan that Buddy could not understand. As soon as Buddy slipped across the family room to get his nightly repast, I moved in and sat near the area where he accessed the book cases. With a shoe box in my hands, I waited for Buddy to get his fill and come back to his bookcase hideaway. When he ran by me as quickly as he could, I was faster and slapped the shoebox down on top of him. Sliding a thin piece of cardboard under the shoebox, I carefully carried Buddy to his cage. It was no easy job to transfer him from the box to the cage, but I was desperate and clever, and put Buddy to bed for the night.

The next morning, I told my fifth-grade son that if he ever brought another animal home from school, he and that animal would be sleeping in the garage. I guess he thought I was serious, so there was never another Buddy in my house.

Experiences

From Page 4

Living in Saigon was actually quite a treat at times, given the fact that it being a French-designed city, there were many elegant buildings to admire in the downtown area. I spent many afternoons in my free time, driving around and visiting the markets. Another feature was the fact that we lived in hotels during our stay protected by one MP guard who was stationed on the sidewalk in a very large concrete pipe and protected from the sun by a conical metal roof. This was fine during calm periods, but the soldier was exposed to gunfire from anywhere up or down the street, which was wide with a park-like area in the center. Some families actually lived in these pipes. Directly across the street from our hotel was a Saigon police station, which was under persistent rocket grenade fire after dark. I will never forget the sounds: the click of the trigger being pulled, followed by the ignition of the rocket; the *whoos* as it was in flight followed by the explosion. (To be continued)

Angels



"Look for the helpers."
- Fred Rogers

By Eric Mens,
Brunswick Forest

Sometimes, the seemingly impossible is possible if you open yourself to the possibilities.

For years, I kept a small framed picture on my desk. It is the sole surviving picture of my year in Vietnam. In it, I sit atop a sandbagged bunker with the mountains of the DMZ behind me. It is early April 1968, and I am waiting for a flight to base camp to replenish our medical supplies. Our unit – the First Cavalry Division – had moved north to relieve the Marines besieged at Khe Sanh. I was eighteen, my jungle boots were scuffed, my hair longer than regulation, and I had the beginnings of a forbidden mustache. My fatigues bore no identifying insignia (no name, rank or unit patch). I could easily have been mistaken for "them" – the "gooks" with whom we were at war. My ethnic resemblance to our declared enemy sometimes led to disparaging remarks directed at me by guys who wore the same uniform.

For most Americans, 1968 was a year for the record books. The Tet Offensive in February would mark the bloodiest year of the Vietnam war. In June, Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination in March was followed by Robert F. Kennedy's assass-

sination. At home, public support for the war was eroding quickly amidst great civil rights unrest. The turmoil at home mirrored my inner angst.

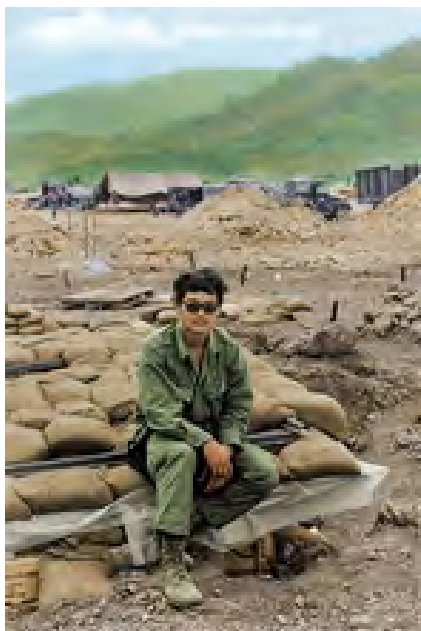
After Vietnam, no matter what job I held, that picture stood on my desk. It reminded me that I would not stay silent in the face of wrongdoing again. It also told me that "someone" had always looked out for my welfare.

In 1993, a series of events brought about particularly difficult challenges. My father, under whom I had survived an abusive upbringing, suffered multiple strokes. He never recovered. Because we lived in the same town, I became his principal caretaker. My siblings shunned him. He died in 1994 on February 7, which ironically is my sister Erica's birthday. We both shared a destructive relationship with our father.

That year also saw the demise of my second marriage. Our ability to successfully "blend" a family of five children – three of "mine" with two of "hers" – was a challenge against impossible odds of success. The truth lies in the old proverb, "blood is thicker than water." Efforts to keep the family together only widened the rift with my two oldest children.

Neither my spouse nor I was able to cope with my PTSD. My depression worsened, exacerbated by a promotion to a job "from hell." Ultimately, two coworkers and I filed a lawsuit against the Department of Defense. The suit alleged a hostile work environment. Professionally, things looked bleak.

One early wintry morning, as I made the short trek from the subway to



work, a man suddenly appeared. I had been deep in thought, and it seemed that he had appeared out of thin air.

"I need help," he said, holding out a gnarly hand. "I need something to eat."

I don't know why I'm helping you, I thought, as I reached for my wallet. I gave the only money I had – a twenty-dollar bill. "Get yourself something to eat. I don't need this as much as you," I said.

He accepted the money graciously and walked away. A few steps later, I turned around. He was gone. As quickly as he had entered my life, he had disappeared. I felt an immediate sense of relief that I had helped someone. For a moment, I forgot my troubles. The thought carried me through the day.

The next morning, my dark mood had returned. Descending on the escalator, I quickly jumped onto a sub-

way car that had just arrived. A broad smile from a raven-haired beauty greeted me. *My god. An angel!* I thought.

The doors *swooshed* closed. I turned around to get another glimpse, but the woman was gone. I smiled, convinced I had seen an angel. Better days would come. I knew angels were watching over me.

The following year brought several significant positive changes. My wife left, taking her sons, our dog, and most of our worldly possessions. I felt a heavy shroud lifted from my shoulders that day. My father had died, but not before he had shared his experiences as a Japanese POW with me. We had some insightful conversations about his life before he passed. My friends and I won our lawsuit. We were reassigned to other agencies without loss of pay or grade and revived our successful careers. The abusive boss was fired before she could complete her probationary year as a senior executive service member. Karma had worked her magic.

Yes, I believe in angels. These strange and challenging times in our Nation, beg us to open our eyes and hearts to the seemingly impossible. Despite the turmoil, distrust, and division that grips our Nation, we must remain positive for ourselves as well as our children and grandchildren. We will survive, and we will thrive once again. Ask what you can do to help relieve your neighbor's angst, and you may very well find a sense of calm in your own life. Open your eyes and hearts and close out the negativity. There are angels among us. You may be one of them.

Dig
From Page 4

I never did find out how and why these shoes appeared in my yard. Where they dumped there by a previous owner? Why only shoes? The retaining wall was easily rebuilt as the entire area had been excavated. By summer's end, flowers filled the top of the wall lending beauty to the area but gave no indication to the drama associated with its construction. As I drive around the lake, I cannot help but look at other walls and wonder what secrets they keep.

Teen Scene

Teen Scene is happy to announce that they will be partnering with Leland Middle School beginning in the fall. LMS students will be encouraged to submit articles for the Scene in a wide range of areas. The purpose is to promote writing skills and business skills of the students.

Barnwell Women's Club

(Part 2 of 3)



By Teena Miller,
Brunswick Forest

The four ladies were meeting on a Friday in November when they started discussing Linda; a woman they all knew slightly. Marge initiated the conversation with, "It's a shame about Linda, poor dear. I saw her today, and she had a contusion that she said she was from running into the door." "I know what you mean," said Ethel "Last month, her arm was in a sling from a fall she had taken." "She does seem to have a large number of accidents," said Charlene. "Maybe we should invite her to join our Friday night group. It might be good for her to get out and have the support of other women," said Marge.

They all agreed, and the following week Linda joined them for their weekly gathering. Her eye was a discolored yellow hue, although she had taken pains to cover most of the bruise with makeup. Linda explained that her husband, Jack,

didn't like her not being at home evenings and was thrilled to have a rare evening out. They had a lovely evening, and the members told Linda they hoped she would return next week. She was very hesitant about answering but assured them she would try.

Several days passed, and Marge and Ethel were at the local grocery store where they ran into Linda. Her face was puffy and bruised, and she was walking with a noticeable limp. Linda, aware of their interest in her injuries, said, "I took a nasty fall down the stairs. Linda said she wasn't sure if she could make the next Friday night gathering, but both Marge and Ethel insisted she needed to come. Linda finally said yes and would try.

True to her word, Linda showed up promptly at 7 pm the following Friday. She seemed nervous and very worried about something, but she assured the ladies she was alright. Charlene wasn't there, but Marge, Ethel, and Candace had her laughing and enjoying herself in no time. At 10 pm, when the gathering broke up, Linda seemed hesitant about leaving but thanked everyone and headed for home.

She walked into the house, and the television was blaring in the back room. "Good," Linda thought, "I

can sneak up to the bedroom, and maybe Jack won't realize how long I've been out." Linda stealthily went upstairs and got into her night-clothes and prepared for bed. "Maybe I better go down and say goodnight, so Jack doesn't get upset that I went to bed without him," she thought.

Linda silently went down the stairs and walked into the television room slowly, dreading seeing her husband and not knowing what his mood would be. When Linda walked into the room, she saw Jack covered in blood and a fatal injury to his head, it was more than she could comprehend. She screamed and went running out the front door calling for help. Her next-door neighbors came rushing out of their house to see what was wrong and then immediately called the police. (To be continued)



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Navy West Pac Cruise 1968 Part 2

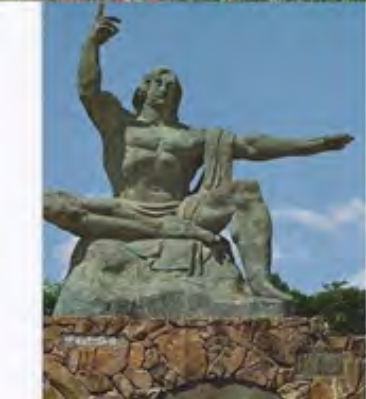


By Gerald Decker,
Magnolia Greens

We started the month in Sasebo, Japan. June was one of the most exciting months of the cruise for a 19-year-old straight out of Alabama. Seeing Nagasaki, arriving in Vietnam for the first time, and experiencing my first typhoon. The memory of all the hard work and standing watches is now gone and replaced by the amazing experiences and shipmates.

After Sasebo, we spent three exciting days in Nagasaki, where I visited Ground Zero, the Statue of Peace, the Museum, and Madame Butterfly’s home. I commented in my diary, “This place is full of mountains and beautiful scenery...”

(Below Madame Butterfly’s house)



I also entered in my diary that day - June 6, 1968 - that Robert Kennedy had been shot and killed. The time zone difference accounted for the diary entry one day after the actual assassination.

In other news:

James Earl Ray was captured.

Don Drysdale pitched his 58th consecutive scoreless inning.

(left - Ground Zero at Nagasaki)

We arrived on station off the coast of Vietnam at 2100 hours on the 16th. It was amazing watching the first flashes of light from bombs going off over the Vietnam mainland. At about 2200 on the 18th, while anchored in Da Nang harbor, we were watching the flares along the mountains when all hell broke loose on the mountain nearest us. Because of reports of saboteurs floating in the waters, we were dropping grenades off the sides and shooting machine guns around the ship all

night. It made for interesting but restless sleep below decks when the grenades were dropped into the water.

Late the next day, we lifted anchor and sailed for Cam Ranh Bay. There, the ship’s crew enjoyed a beer party on the beach. A few days later, while in waters off the coast of Vung Tau, we received orders to head immediately to Subic Bay, Philippines.

During our two-day journey to Subic, we ran into Typhoon Nadine. In my diary, the night before the storm, I wrote, "It was the most beautiful sunset tonight that I have ever seen. It was kind of spooky." *Spooky* because it was a good indication there was bad weather headed our way. By the next day, we encountered 25-30 foot swells and 50-knot winds (63.25 mph). Saltine crackers and cokes were available on the mess decks for those needing relief from their seasickness.

We made a quick turnaround in Subic. The deck force did an incredible job of loading all five cargo holds (three stories deep). We were taking as much as the ship could hold. When we arrived in Chu Lai, Vietnam, at midnight on the 28th, it was all lit up. It was a sickening but mesmerizing sight to behold, knowing that our boys were in a fight onshore.

I asked the Captain if we should load the 3" 50 caliber gun in our workspace on the bridge. He replied with an emphatic, “No!” We had been ordered that "If shot at, don't shoot back until given permission." And this, for a ship so heavily loaded with ammo on its decks, that we had not been allowed to smoke top side for two days.

The next afternoon we were sent to Yokosuka, Japan. By the afternoon of June 30, we ran into some nasty weather due to Typhoon Lucy. We were on the outskirts of the typhoon but still experienced its impact. Lucypacked winds of 125 mph. Fun times!

There is nothing quite as entertaining as sitting on the mess decks of a Navy ship during a typhoon. The level of liquid slop on the deck can be as much as ankle deep at times. Once you fall, you become part of the slop, which rolls with the waves. You slam against one bulkhead (wall), and about 5 seconds later, you slam against the other bulkhead. This continues until the weather clears up, or you can grab a table leg as you go by or someone lends assistance. Trust me, no one will give help because they are laughing too hard. Remember, you are talking about a room with about 75-100 guys, all about 20 years of age, with no Mother, wife, or girlfriend around. (To be continued)



Leland VFW Post 12196 meets
on the 2nd Tuesday of each month
at Blossom’s in Magnolia Greens.
Dinner at 5 pm. Meeting at 6 pm.
For more information contact us at
vfwpost12196@gmail.com
or call (910) 408-1934.

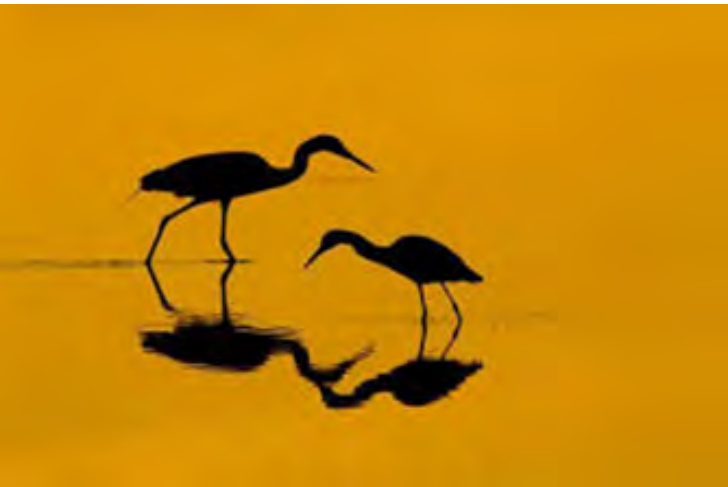
Moving to Liberty



By Janet Meuwissen,
Brunswick Forest

Hey, Mom, which came first—the heron or the egg?” squeaked young Ronnie.

“Well, My Little Heron, this is a long story, and the answer is that neither came first”, she said quietly, as she slowly padded through the shallow pond water, looking for breakfast. The rising sun cast shadows on the pond as the rising mist added a touch of heavenliness to the scene.



“What do you mean?” Ronnie replied.

Mother began to explain, “It all started as you and I were on our way to your dance class. As usual, it was taking you a long time to find your tap shoes and we were going to be late. I was just finishing a Zoom conference call which, as usual, was running overtime so I, too, was going to be late. Someone always had one last squawk to make! Finally, we were on our way, moving much faster than we should have been when it happened.

“I turned my head for a second and there it was—a tree right out in front of our car. We couldn’t stop. That was our last day as humans.”

Ronnie gasped, “We were HUMANS, Mom? But now we’re herons—what happened?”

“Humans, and all other living things as we—I mean, they call them—live on another plane of existence, a planet they named ‘Earth’. But they can’t exist on that plane forever. Sometimes their bodies, the vessels in which their souls live, are destroyed, just as we were destroyed. This time, we chose herons as the new vessels for our bodies since our Earthly ones were now gone. We must also move to another plane, and that is where we as herons are now. We were human souls on Earth, but our souls are now here as herons,” Mom quietly explained.

“But why did we as humans choose herons for the vessels of our souls?” asked young Ronnie.

“The answer is simple, My Dear. Remember how we were always in a hurry, always under stress, and always thinking about what we were going to do in the future. But what was that future to be? We were lost in our own busy-ness. We needed stillness and tranquility to recognize opportunities.

“Hérons, especially Great Blue Herons, represent those qualities. Now we also signify determination, because there will be plenty of marshes and ponds that we will wade through in this everlasting life as well. Being a heron speaks about our sense of independence.

“As herons, we come with a message to meditate and contemplate. You and I are exactly where we need to be right now in this moment! We are graceful birds who move slowly and with determination. Watching us fly makes others stop and think – makes them just pause.¹

“This is why we are now herons. We are doing all we need to do as we enjoy this awakening day with all its possibilities. Now, would you like a fresh fishy?”

“I love being a heron, Mom,” concluded Ronnie, “but fresh fishies is something I haven’t quite gotten used to eating. I’ll have to contemplate on that...”

¹trustedpsychicmediums.com

Your Community

Brunswick Family Assistance



Brunswick Family Assistance (BFA) is a transformative, forward-looking, and collaborative organization that helps low-income people in Brunswick County live a higher quality of life. BFA envisions a community where all people have an adequate and nutritious food supply as well as sufficient resources to sustain themselves.

By Charles Jackson,
BFA Director of
Operations/Outreach

As a private, nonprofit (501)(c)(3) organization, BFA has provided essential life- sustaining and emergency assistance to people in crisis since 1981. Their mission is to improve the lives of families and individuals in crisis in Brunswick County. This includes providing emergency assistance as well as educational and skills development programs to those who have been vetted and are willing to help themselves.

Through a wide range of coordinated programs and services, BFA assists the unemployed, working poor, elderly, homeless, and disabled. This aid includes food, housing assistance, emergency shelter, financial assistance for heating, utilities, and prescriptions, and finally, transportation.

In the last four years, the monetary value of BFA community services has risen from \$995,000 to more than \$1.3M in 2018. In the same period, BFA increased the amount of food distributed to clients by 135,000 pounds. The non-profit touches the lives of almost 20 percent of the Brunswick County community, thereby making the community a better place in which to live.

The COVID-19 pandemic has significantly increased the need for assistance due to layoffs, lost wages, loss of employment, and other factors. BFA has increased its level of services to ensure an adequate supply of food and resources to those in demonstrative need. During pre-COVID times, eligible clients were eligible to receive food six times a year, with 30 days between visits to BFA food pantries. To meet the unprecedented demand as a result of the pandemic, BFA has increased this to twice-monthly pantry visits. Potential clients who have been affected by the pandemic and can provide employ-

Special Programs Currently Running

Summer Food Program

provides children in need with breakfast, lunch, and a snack for seven days. Eligible families receive one bag per child each week through the twelve weeks of summer.

Christmas in July Backpack Program

Children in Grades K-8 are eligible for this program, which provides school supplies, book bags, clothes, and shoes. To determine if a child is eligible, parents or grandparents will need to provide certain information and documentation. Due to the COVID-19 restrictions, client applications for backpacks are being accepted by phone through July 24, 2020. Potential clients should call BFA's Shallotte office 910.754.4766, Ext. 4 or the Leland office at 910.408.1700, Ext. 2.

Individuals or organizations who would like to participate in the program by sponsoring a backpack or multiple backpacks should contact Jeremy Pechin, BFA Assistant Program Manager at 910.754.4766.

ment verification (employer name and contact information) are eligible for monthly rental and utility assistance.

BFA continues to be a recognized community leader in partnering with other organizations to help solve community problems. Currently, BFA provides services by appointment or remotely by phone. Potential clients who need assistance should call BFA's offices in Shallotte at 910.754.4766 or Leland at 910.408.1700.

North Brunswick Kiwanis Club 2020 Scholarship Award Winners

The Kiwanis Club of North Brunswick recently announced the winners of its 2020 Scholarship Awards program. After a thorough screening process, which included personal interviews conducted via Zoom with each candidate, the following 2020 North Brunswick High School graduates were awarded scholarships. Congratulations to all the winners!

Kiwanis clubs focus on changing the world by serving children - one child and one community at a time. North Brunswick Kiwanis Club is a tax- exempt charitable organization under IRS Code 501(c)(3). To learn about the organization, membership, or how to make a donation, visit us at visit us at: <https://northbrunswickkiwanis.org/> or <https://www.facebook.com/NorthBrunswickKiwanis>.



Bailey Smith, Class Valedictorian,
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill



Pictured (left to right) Alexis Green, North
Carolina Central University; Sarah Harris,
Appalachian State University; Samantha Smith,
Lees-McRae College; and Cullen Wright,
University of North Carolina Wilmington




John E. Jacobs
American Legion Post 68
Leland, NC

Veterans serving Veterans

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adjutant@ncpost68.org
On the web @
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Your Community

American Legion Post 68 Presents Awards to JROTC Cadets

By Richard Fry,
Leland American Legion

In keeping with its mission to support the youth of Leland, NC, the John E. Jacobs American Legion (AL) Post 68 Leland, NC, each year presents a college scholarship and military and academic excellence awards to deserving North Brunswick High School (NBHS) JROTC Cadets. Awardees are selected based on strict criteria and the recommendations of COL (Ret.) Steven Baker, JROTC Senior Army Instructor and First Sergeant (Ret.) George Williams, JROTC Army Instructor.

Due to school closings precipitated by the COVID-19 pandemic, the awards ceremony took place informally on Thursday, May 14, 2020, on NBHS grounds. ALPost 68 congratulates these exemplary students for their outstanding achievements and wishes them success in their future endeavors. 2020 JROTC award recipients are:



Cadet LTC Liana Slade

Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Liana Slade: The John E. Jacobs Scholarship of \$500 and a recognition plaque. This annual scholarship is named in honor of PFC John E. Jacobs, U.S. Army, killed in Quang Tri Province, South Vietnam, on November 1, 1968. PFC Jacobs was the only Leland, NC resident killed in action during the Vietnam War. The awardee must have participated full time in official JROTC functions, classes, and drills and maintained the highest scholastic ranking, and exhibited outstanding qualities of leadership, citizenship, patriotism, and community or religious service. Liana plans to attend the University of North Carolina Greensboro to major in Chemistry, minor in Spanish, and participate in Army ROTC on a 3-year scholarship.



Cadet Captain Kwesi Clarke

Cadet Captain Kwesi Clarke: The American Legion Post 68 JROTC Scholastic Excellence Award of \$100 and Certificate of Excellence. The recipient must have maintained the highest ranking in Scholastic Excellence during their Senior year and participated full-time in official JROTC functions, including classes and drills. Kwesi has signed a letter of intent to play football at Hampden-Sydney College.



Cadet Captain Tyler Herrmann

Cadet Captain Tyler Herrmann: The American Legion Post 68 William F. Walsh Military Excellence Award of \$100 and Certificate of Excellence. This award is named in honor of Pvt. William F. Walsh, U.S. Army, 30th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, Seventh U.S. Army. Pvt. Walsh was awarded the Distinct Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy while serving as a Medical Aidman in Europe on March 27, 1945. The awardee must have maintained the highest ranking in Military Excellence during their Senior year and participated full-time in official JROTC functions, including classes and drills. Tyler will report for Army Basic Training at Fort Jackson, SC.

MILITARY NEWS

Army Veteran Lou Tranzillo was recently released from New Hanover Regional Medical following surgery and a readmission for complications from surgery. He is now resting at home and his recovery is going well. Mr. Tranzillo was lucky enough to arrive in Pleiku, his first duty station in Vietnam, on Jan. 30, 1968. That is the night the Tet Offensive started. Not counting that night, he has been a blessed and lucky man. Mr. Tranzillo is a member of the John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68, Leland and Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 12196, Leland.

Army Reservist, 2nd Lieutenant Dominick Calderone, III is on active duty in the Middle East. Lt. Calderone, a graduate of The Citadel, is a resident of Leland and a former Wilmington Police Officer. He is also a member of the Navassa Volunteer Fire Dept. Lt. Calderone is a Charter member of the Leland VFW Post 12196.

Leland VFW Post 12196 recently elected new officers for 2020- 2021. The new officers include Gerald Decker- Post Commander, Dominick Calderone, III- Senior Vice Commander, Chaplain- Nate Pringle, Surgeon- Eric Mens, Service Officer- Rick De Moya. Dominick Calderone, Jr., John Marone, and Tom Walker were elected Trustees.

Post 12196, founded in January 2020, meets at Blossoms on the second Tuesday of each month at 6 pm (in person meetings have been replaced by Zoom Meetings until further notice). We are a small and growing Post.

We cordially invite all eligible veterans to join us in our efforts to support veterans in the North Brunswick area. Contact us at lvfwpost12196@gmail.com or call 910.404.1934. Our mailing address is P. O. Box 488 Leland, NC 28451.


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Happy 4th of July

Your Community

Wilmington Area Woodturners Association



By Jeff Meuwissen,
Brunswick Forest

The Wilmington Area Woodturners Association (WAWA) was founded as a federally recognized 501(c)(3) non-profit organization in 2002 for educational purposes. WAWA's mission is to educate woodturners and the public about the art and craft of woodturning.

Through outreach, WAWA seeks to broaden awareness and knowledge of woodturning with the Wilmington area residents. It often participates in local events, education programs, training classes, public exhibitions, and charity fundraising presentations. Supported organizations include Empty Bowls Wilmington, Kids Making It, and Beads of Courage as well as other organizations and events we become aware of.

During normal times, the Association meets monthly on the second Saturday at the Cape Fear Community College North Campus in Castle Hayne, NC. Each meeting has a presentation on a specific topic, technique, or talent associated with woodturning. Sessions include a show-and-tell portion where members can bring their latest projects to display and discuss with other members. There is an extensive library of books and DVD's that members can borrow and take home to help advance their knowledge of the craft.

During the corona virus pandemic disruption, regular meetings are in a 'hold' mode. The Association is exploring conducting remote access meetings through Zoom.

The Association strives to host internationally renowned professional woodturners as featured presenters at least five times a year to share their knowledge and talent. Sessions are followed up with a Sunday workshop where members can learn more about the topic and practice hands-on training provided by the presenter.

Turning clinics in which members can enroll in hands-on learning of woodturning are held ten times a year on the third Saturday of the month. The club has a teaching workshop equipped with eleven lathes that can

accommodate ten students and one instructor. The club has been instrumental in developing and providing support for the Brunswick County Community College woodturning program. This program is conducted by BCCC at their Southport campus.

Membership in WAWA is open to all that have a shared interest in the art and craft of woodturning. The club draws members from within an approximately 50-mile radius of Wilmington. Its nearly one hundred members range from beginning woodturners to highly accomplished woodturners who have appeared in national media. Accomplished members are always available to assist new turners in learning the craft.



The website for the club is:
<http://www.wilmingtonareawoodturnersassociation.org/>. More extensive information is available here on club membership, activities, and events.

The club also has a Facebook page:
<https://www.facebook.com/WilmingtonAreaWoodturnersAssociation> that includes many photos, videos, and posts of club activities and member activities.

Quilts2Heal

By Paula DeSilva,
President/Founder

Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown is a short drive from my former

home in Connecticut. On the evening of December 12, 2014, I listened to the horrifying news of the killing of twenty innocent first graders and the six brave educators who tried to save them. That evening I vowed to make a quilt for each of these families. Thus, Quilts2Heal was founded as **nonprofit, 501 (c) (3) tax exempt organization**. Over the next six months, one hundred strangers joined in the effort to create personalized quilts to try to provide a small measure of comfort.

From this effort in Sandy Hook, Quilts2Heal blossomed into an ongoing effort to provide comfort, healing and warmth through loving creation of quality quilts. Quilts2Heal has created over 1,400 quilts and distributed in 14 states to survivors of natural disasters (floods, tornadoes, and hurricanes) including California, Oklahoma, Louisiana and here in North Carolina to survivors of Hurricanes Matthew and Florence in Lumberton and the greater Wilmington area.

Since relocating recently in Leland, I created Quilts2Heal North Carolina Chapter, which is now creating quilts for many in this state. Quilts2Heal is entirely volunteer based with many non quilting volunteers who assist with numerous tasks



including washing fabric, ironing, measuring, cutting, designing, tying, long arm quilting, sewing on borders and more. Creating quilts takes a significant amount of time. We have developed ways to streamline the quilt making process as much as possible. For example, volunteers have created complete quilt kits which can be sewn together at home, which is sometimes more convenient than participating in our regular group sew days.

Our distributions/shipping of quilts usually occurs many months after natural disasters as those impacted have often lost all their belongings as well as their homes. Many live in FEMA trailers for extended periods of time. In order to distribute our quilts, we partner with agencies which work directly with those impacted by natural disasters. These agencies select the neediest recipients. The most frequent heartwarming and heartbreaking comment we hear from recipients is “Thank you



for not forgetting us.” as they hug their newly-received comforting quilt.

In addition to creating quilts for those affected by natural disaster, we partner with area veterans groups to create personalized quilts for veterans. In Connecticut, local VFW Posts select members and provide information to help us individualize each veteran’s quilt.

Quilts2Heal relies completely on donations. With generous support of many community groups, Quilts2Heal volunteers have the necessary fabric, supplies and funds to design, complete and ship quality quilts created with a great deal of skill and devotion to those in need. We are always seeking ways to support our mission. **Quilts2Heal receive \$.05 of every purchase ...it does add up!**

For further information, to see photos of many of our quilts and/or to become involved, visit Quilts2Heal.org or contact quilts2heal@comcast.net

Visit
<https://www.facebook.com/quilt2heal?fref=ts> or
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For additional information contact:
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Your Community

Brunswick Forest Woodworkers



By Teena Miller,
Brunswick Forest

The Brunswick Forest (BF) Woodworkers Club was started in 2014 by Greg Miller. Greg moved to Brunswick Forest from Albany, NY, and had been a member of the Northeast Woodworkers Association in NY. He wanted to start a club that could share information and support other woodworkers in their projects. Before the restrictions on public gatherings from the COVID 19 pandemic, the BF Woodworkers met monthly on the third Tuesday of the month from 4 to 6 pm at the Community Commons. There are more than 80 members, and usually, 20-30 attend meetings regularly. As so many others are doing, the club will reevaluate how it will meet in the future depending upon the guidance from state and medical professionals.

The BF Woodworkers have been involved with many charity projects. They have built picnic tables and Buddy benches for the students at Leland Middle School. Members have made and donated wooden toys and items to raise money for Horseplay Farm in Bolivia for veterans and special needs individuals. Additionally, members have helped neighbors by building handrails and ramps.

The club has had numerous speakers at their meetings to discuss topics, including paint techniques, stained glass projects, and Sam Maloof rocking chairs with Peter Mudar. Members are encouraged to bring their projects to meetings to show and share details.



Brunswick Forest Club Members with Norm Abrams

The club is negotiating with Channel 6 WECT to produce a series of mini DIY programs. Last fall, a group of BF Woodworkers attended a fundraiser for *Kids Making It* with Norm Abrams, from *This Old House* fame as the keynote speaker.

For more information about the Brunswick Forest Woodworkers, contact Greg Miller at 518.894.3437

The Genesis and Mission of the North Carolina Rice Festival



By Eric Mens,
Brunswick Forest

The original North Carolina Rice Festival was created by Mr. W. C. Lanier of Belville, NC. Before his death, Mr. Lanier had organized and held festivals in 2014, 2015, and 2016. Seeing an opportunity to build on the concept of a festival celebrating the region's rice history, the Town of Leland's Tourism and Development Authority (LTDA) purchased the festival rights from Mr. Lanier's estate in 2017. However, because the LTDA cannot stage festivals for legal reasons, the nonprofit North Carolina Rice Festival (NC Rice) was created.

The North Carolina Rice Festival, Inc. gained its federal nonprofit 501(c)(3) status in 2019. Its mission is to educate both the local population and visitors on the critical role rice production played in the early development and economy of southeastern North Carolina. NC Rice is governed by a working board of directors serving voluntarily. As a nonprofit, and to successfully carry out its mission, the organization depends upon grant funding, donations, fundraisers, and event proceeds. Initial financing to begin operations came from a 2019 LTDA grant and from profits and contributions resulting from its inaugural Gala.

The first Annual Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Dinner Gala was held on March 6, 2020, at the Leland Cultural Arts Center. A VIP Reception in the Community Room of WWAY TV Channel 3 preceded the dinner. The inaugural event was a resounding success with over 100 attendees. The Honorable Brenda Bozeman, Mayor, Town of Leland, and Susi Hamilton, Secretary, NC Department of Natural and Cultural Resources, were keynote speakers. Nationally acclaimed Gullah/Geechee historians and entertainers Ron and Natalie Daise provided lively cultural entertainment to the attendees. The Rice Board had planned for a series of events throughout 2020, culminating with a 2-day festival on March 5 and 6 of 2021. However, those plans were thrown into disarray with the restrictions imposed as a result of the coronavirus pandemic.

Along with the pandemic came social distancing guidelines that have severely restricted in-person assemblies. The Board is researching alternative means to keep in touch with potential audiences until the danger of the virus has passed and restrictions on gatherings lifted. Festival planning will continue and as more information becomes available, we will update our FaceBook page "NCRiceFestival2020" and our website northcarolinaricefestival.org, accordingly. You may also reach us at northcarolinaricefestival@gmail.com or by mail at North Carolina Rice Festival, P.O. Box 674, Leland, NC 28451.



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Before After

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Quilts2Heal, Inc. provides comfort and healing through quilts created for individuals and families who have suffered a loss, illness or challenge in their lives.

Quilts2Heal, Inc. ©2013 is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

Dr. Paula DeSilva, Founder 860-306-7000

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Creative people to submit articles, pictures, drawings, poetry or short stories for publication in local paper. Ever wanted a place to publish your work? Cape Fear Voices might just be what you are looking for.

Contact us at: editorcfv@gmail.com

Advertising Sales Rep

Teen Scene, Inc. is looking for an advertising sales rep. Must be responsible high school or college student to work part time. The position is for an independent contractor, working a flexible schedule.

Please contact: editor teenscene@gmail.com

Classifieds

Auction of Limited-Edition Wildlife Prints

For sale to the highest bidder are two Edward J. Bierly signed and numbered limited-edition prints. Proceeds from the sale of these items will help defray the cost of publication of Cape Fear Voices. The prints were donated by Talula Guntner, for which we extend our heartfelt gratitude.

Bidding: Interested bidders should submit their bid(s) to editorcfv@gmail.com by midnight, July 15th. We will send you a color JPG at your request, since the pictures herein are in Black & White (submit your request to editorcfv@gmail.com).

Winning bids will be identified and verified by the principals of Cape Fear Voices (Eric Mens and Gerald Decker) and will be notified by return email. Thank you in advance for your interest!

About the Artist

Edward J. Bierly (1920-2004) was born in Buffalo, New York. He is recognized as one of the top wildlife artists. After serving in the military during World War II, Mr. Bierly completed his art education by earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree from the University of Buffalo in 1949. In 1951, he was recalled for service during the Korean War. After the war, he joined the National Park Service as an illustrator and exhibit designer until 1970, when he began to devote his time to wildlife painting, including his well-known work on African wildlife.

Mr. Bierly’s love for painting African wildlife came from his work with UNESCO in 1962 and 1964 in Africa. His paintings have been exhibited at the Royal Ontario Museum, The Smithsonian, The National Audubon Society, The New York Natural History Museum, and the National Wildlife Federation in Washington, D.C. Mr. Bierly’s illustrations appear in several books and magazines, including a field guide to the Mammals of Rhodesia, Zambia, and Malawi, as well as Grzimek’s Animal Life Encyclopedia. He also won several second and first place awards in the Federal Migratory Hunting Stamp design competition (1955, 1956, 1963, and 1970).

Den Mother (unframed) by Edward J. Bierly, Signed and Numbered by the Artist; 657 of 950 Limited Edition Print approximately 22" x 25" –Starting bid - \$50



The African Queen (unframed) by Edward J. Bierly, Signed and Numbered by the Artist; 745 of 750 Limited Edition Print approximately 27"x 23" –Starting bid - \$50



To Our Donors

The Editors of Cape Fear Voices express their thanks and gratitude to the following individuals who have made donations to help defray our monthly cost of publication:

Howard B. Cohen Sharon Copeland Terry Monnie Mary Vogelsong Elaine Wallace

To Our Ad Sponsors

The following individuals have donated \$90 to sponsor a 3-month Business Card advertisement for a particular local small business:

Janet and Jeff Meuwissen – DB Landscaping Teena Miller – Brunswick Forest Woodworkers Club Veronica Pastecki – Fish Bites Janet Steigler – Katie’s Art & Frame

A heartfelt "Thank You" to all!

As a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization, we are dependent upon donor generosity to continue showcasing our Cape Fear community's creative talents! Please note that if you have a favorite local small business that you would like to sponsor for a 3-month business card ad (\$90), please send the card and check made payable to:

Teen Scene/Cape Fear Voices P.O. Box 495, Leland, NC 28451

We will make sure that we notify the small business of your particular support. You will be promoting the small business to the community and helping to defray the cost of publication of Cape Fear Voices. We appreciate all of our supporters!

Endorsements

The Scene has gone a long way toward teaching my children responsibility, not only in meeting deadlines and doing what is expected of them but also as being responsible for the way they convey their ideas and opinions in writing. Working for The Scene gives teens hands-on experience that is teaching skills for a job in the real world - imagine that?! I have always believed that people will live up to your expectations of them. The Scene puts this theory into action, and the kids have stepped up to the plate every time!"

- Ami Sandlin, mother of two The Scene writers

“I’ve always been a writer, crafting stories from the day that I could hold a crayon, so writing forThe Scene was a natural next step for me. I was considerably younger than most writers were, but Gerald Decker took a chance on me and allowed me to join despite my age. I can confidently say that The Scene is where I discovered my drive for journalism. Telling true stories and informing my community appealed to me. I also loved being able to express myself. In high school, I wrote and edited for our school newspaper--something I would never have been brave enough to try without having already seen my name in print at The Scene. My experience there helped me gain admission to the Center for Collaborative Journalism at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, at the age of 17 as a first-generation college student on a Media Changemaker Scholarship. Since then, I’ve received two John M. Couric Fellowships, six Georgia College Press Association award nominations, and a Georgia Press Educational Foundation scholarship. I’ve interned with Atlanta Magazine and Georgia Public Broadcasting and have had the chance to see my work published and consumed statewide and nationally.

I also worked my way up the ranks at my college newspaper to Editor-in-Chief as I look forward to my senior year. Currently, I’m interning for Macon Magazine and MedTruth, a news and consumer advocacy publication, while applying to graduate schools across the country and producing a reproductive rights podcast in collaboration with Pulp Magazine. Without my experience at The Scene almost a decade ago, I may never have discovered my passion for journalism or had access to these wonderful opportunities. Any young writer interested in a career in media should take advantage of the chance to explore their skills at The Scene.”

- Emily Rose Thorne, former Teen Scene writer.

