



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

Volume 2, Issue 7

A Veteran-Owned Small Business

FREE

July 2021

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<http://capefearvoices.org>



HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

from Cape Fear Voices!!!



Going Back Outside

After 15 months of the COVID-19 pandemic, many of us are ready to ... go back outside! If you are like me, you miss smiling faces (although squinted eyes tell a good story, too), warm hugs, and fellowship with groups of friends. If you enjoy outdoor adventures the way I do, you miss dancing in the park -- or anywhere for that matter -- live concerts and festivals. If you are like me, you too are ready to go back outside.



But I also find myself facing a little angst. After such a prolonged period of what felt like anything but normal,

by **Sabrina T. Cherry**, Assistant Professor of Public Health, UNC-Wilmington

A Sad Day In Ohio

by **Jan Morgan-Swegle**, Compass Pointe



There aren't many 4th of July holidays that stand out in my mind except the one in 1969. I was seventeen years old, almost finished with high school, and dating a guy I was sure was "the one."

He didn't have a car that summer, so our dates were limited to things that were within walking distance. On that particular 4th of July, we decided to walk to McDonald's and eat our meal at a nearby park so we could watch the fireworks that the city was putting on at Lake Erie to mark the holiday.

It was approaching 8:15 when the sun started to set, and the fireworks were going to start at any moment. What we didn't know was that at around 7:30 that evening, weather forecasters were warning that a bad storm was moving into the area, which could reach tornado conditions. For reasons I still don't know, that warning was never issued to the public.

We noticed that the sky was getting dark and not just because of sunset. The temperature started to drop quickly, and it started to rain. What started out as a light sprinkle suddenly became a downpour that turned horizontal and started to pick up leaves and small branches.

Visibility dropped to zero because of the dark clouds and pelting rain. And, although the weather front was only in the area for less than 10 minutes, the wind reached over 100 miles per hour, and trees started to be uprooted. Power lines snapped and made an angry sound as they whipped back and forth in the wind. There were several times when my date and I had to duck down because lawn chairs and debris started to fly just above our heads.

Very near the park was a fire station, so we and many others de-

I am hesitant to move with haste into a new normal. I want to take my time. I want to be optimistically cautious. I want to be patient with myself, as well as with others. I want to be kind to my mind and body as our country "reopens."

However, I am not planning to go back to the way I lived before. I am looking for a new normal. I am looking for compassionate citizens who value the health of others enough to stay home - *when possible* - if they are sick.

I am looking forward to friends and colleagues who are hypersensitive to basic sanitary practices, like handwashing. I am looking forward to being more intentional about who and how I spend my time, with

less activity out of obligation and more focus on sheer joy, as well as awe!

Yes, I am looking forward to going back outside, but my outside looks different this time around. It involves more family and fewer associates. It includes more close friends and less questionable acquaintances. It includes more gratitude and much less complaining.

We are going back outside! I am going back outside! But that is the only thing I am going "back" to.

I look forward to forging ahead with a new life, new rhythms, new practices, new heart, and new peace. Let's go forward together! :-)

You can read more about Dr. Sabrina Cherry's work at: <https://sabrinacherry.com/>.



Awakening From the Fog of a Pandemic

by **Gerald Decker**, Magnolia Greens



The current mood of America today reminds me of a line from the movie *Bonnie and Clyde*: "...yeehaw, we are going to have a great time, what are we going to do?"

That seems to sum up what I keep hearing from some folks that I talk to lately. Everyone is anxious to get out and do things. The restrictions have been lowered or removed. But! But...eh, we have been programmed to be cautious of going out without a mask, of going to events with large crowds, or of living the life we knew before the pandemic. Yes, the world is again on the go, but many are having difficulty finding their mojo in this new world we live in. I think we are caught up in a "Pandemic Fog." Worse yet, we have become Zoombies.

Many of the activities considered commonplace before 2020 are either still shut down or still trying to figure out how to open to a cautious society where many employees are not so willing to go back to work. Businesses, clubs, and organizations have found that having a Zoom call can save money, time, and laundry bills. Additionally, we as a society have become hooked on the convenience of meeting by Zoom. Many have learned to work from home and seem reluctant to return to the office.

Last month, as Commander of Leland VFW Post 12196, I decided to hold a leadership meeting via Zoom instead of in-person for no other reason

than it was just so much easier to do. But, in doing so, look what I missed out on - a good meal, human contact with friends and comrades, and the opportunity to get out of my house.

I hear from people that many local clubs are suffering from the Pandemic Fog. It is challenging to get members to meetings - some for a lingering fear of the pandemic and some for being trapped in the Fog. There is also the possibility that some of us have become complacent and, er mmm, lazy. (Not everyone!! I know you who are reading this are certainly an exception.)

So "what are we going to do?" Recovering from this lingering after-effect will take time. It will take more than just going to restaurants to cure this hangover. It's going to take good movies at the theaters, good festivals, town activities that are open to the public, music, and dances (yes, we need to have some places to dance and act up a little), and time. We also have to overcome the impending inflationary spiral that is about to hit and increasing prices for gas, hotels, flights, and groceries. We might benefit from a parade of celebration and remembrance. Celebrate survival of the worst pandemic in a century and remembrance of those who didn't survive. We need strong leadership at every level of government to put partisan bickering aside and, for once in your life, work for the common good of Americans!

Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices**Contact Information:**For *Cape Fear Voices*

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Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements

Cape Fear Voices intends to showcase the works of the area's many talented local writers, poets, and craftspeople as well as the work of local non-profit organizations.

- We are looking for contributors to submit their poems, stories, pictures, or articles for publication.
- We will not publish any political or religious material and will censor profanity, no matter how good the work submitted might otherwise be.
- All submissions must be in Times New Roman 12, single spaced, and include the title and author's name. Please limit your submissions to 500-600 words.
- We will print excessively larger works in serial form, but it is the author's responsibility to determine proper cutoff for each piece, keeping in mind the 500-600 word limitation per each submission.
- Any photos intended to accompany a submission must be sent as JPG files.
- All written works must be sent to editorcfv@gmail.com and received by the 15th of each month for publication in the following month's issue.

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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How to Subscribe

Individual subscriptions to Cape Fear Voices are available on an annual basis at a cost of \$25, 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:

Cape Fear Voices Subscription
P.O. Box 495
Leland, NC 28451

Job Listing: Looking for a Sales Rep

Teen Scene, Inc of Leland is looking for an enthusiastic Sales Rep to sell advertising space for our monthly newsletter to businesses and individuals. Reps are needed in the Wilmington, Leland and Charlotte areas. As an independent contractor you would set your own hours. We offer an excellent commission and no previous sales skills are needed. Good P/R and communication skills are required and you must be able to provide your own transportation. A perfect opportunity for a teacher, college student or retiree who needs a little extra income.

Summer Ad Rates

In the spirit of an upcoming summer with lots of fun and sun, we would like to offer a 20% discount on summer ad rates.

Is it worth it to you? Obviously we think it is because you will be helping area schools promote writing and have their own page in our monthly publication. We are proud to say that our distribution has grown to nearly 3,000 email copies and a readership of 5,200, and website availability-especially for advertisers.

	1-Edition	3-Editions	6-Editions	12-Editions
Full Page	\$ 225	\$ 600	\$1,100	\$ 1,870
Half Page	\$ 130	\$ 350	\$ 630	\$ 1,070
Quarter Page	\$ 70	\$ 180	\$ 325	\$ 550
Business Card	\$ 35	\$ 90	\$ 160	\$ 280

To place an ad contact us at editorteenscene@gmail.com

We now have 5 area schools working with Teen Scene. If you would like to support the publications for one of those schools, just designate which school page you want your ad to appear. Pick your school or encourage your school to participate:

North Brunswick High School
Leland Middle School
West Brunswick High School
Brunswick County Early College
Myrtle Grove Middle School

Meet Our Writers**Chuck Schwartz**

I live on beautiful Hilton Head Island in South Carolina with my wife Renee. I am also a father to three grown and wonderful children - Jonathan, Brett, and Alyssa. In 2020, I published two books, "*Chuck's Lemonade: A Recipe for Inspired Thinking and Living*" and also, "*Huxley the Aquarius: One Dog's Lemons to Lemonade Story*" in the spirit of sharing my habits for inspired thinking and living, for finding gifts when lives you lemons, and for turning your lemons into lemonade. My "Chuck's Lemonade Collection" of inspirational books, journals, presentations and more, are all designed to help you think better so you can live better. My writing career began in 2016 with my "Chuck's Lemonade Blog" (you can subscribe to my blog at <https://www.facebook.com/chuckmakeslemonade> and receive a daily

dose of inspiration). I began my blog after my business partner lied, stole, and caused an abrupt ending to our successful business. My blog was an outlet for sharing my thoughts and stories about coping with negative feelings like anger, anxiety, fear, guilt, resentment, stress, and worry. Today my blog is read and enjoyed by over 850 readers daily. In 2018, my wife and I traveled to Hilton Head Island (a place we dreamed of retiring one day) and literally buried our troubles at sea (we wrote down our troubles and worries on little pieces of paper, placed them in a little wooden box, and tossed them into the ocean). With the weight of our problems lifted, my wife looked at me and said, "What are we waiting for?" Over the next three months we began and completed a process of selling our home and moving up our dream ten years earlier than planned. The rest, as they say, is history!

**Veronica "Ronnie" Pastecki**

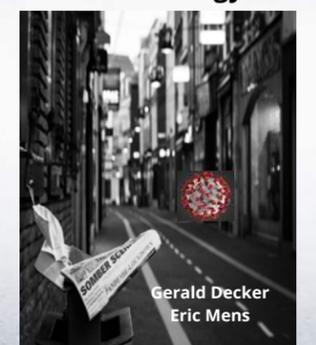
I lived in Albany, NY, for most of my adult life, although I grew up in Hicksville, Long Island. Married to my college sweetheart for 49 years, I am the mother of two and grandmother to a precious little girl. I was a school library media specialist for 19 years and a Grants Administrator for seven years before retiring from Albany City Schools. Most of my writing had been for grant applications and reports until I started a writing class under the guidance of Bev Moss Haedrich about three years ago. Writing has opened a door for me where I can explore memories while also creating new worlds. It has allowed a creativity to flourish

that has lain dormant for years. Growing up, I was fearless in directing my siblings and cousins to participate in my 'plays' as a child. Discovering the NC Senior Games, Literary Arts Competition, I enjoyed the validation of my writings with a few winning entries. Having my first story published in the Cape Fear Voices was thrilling. I try to contribute regularly. These experiences have given me the confidence to work on a historical fiction piece loosely based on an ancestor, a scout for George Washington at Valley Forge. With 77K words written so far in my first draft, I am confident that I will soon complete it. Perhaps, even making it all the way to publication.

"The Great Lockdown of 2020" News & Pre-Orders!

We have hired a professional to format and prepare for the publication of "*The Great Lockdown of 2020*" on Amazon and Kindle. If all goes well, copies should be available in late July or early August. We will continue to accept orders for the book. The anti-

ipated cost is \$18.95 plus tax and shipping. We will let you know when the book is available. Please indicate your interest by emailing editorcfv@gmail.com and include the number of copies that you will need.

The Great Lockdown of 2020 An Anthology

The Shenanigans of a Four-Year-Old

by Pat Dischino, Brunswick Forest



"I can't believe you did that. Kim, you are in big trouble." Solemn words were uttered by Kim's older sister, Siobhan while laughing at the audacity of her younger sibling. They sat on the front porch waiting to leave for a fun-filled day at Aunt Sue's, highlighted by the pool with its fantastic green slide.

"Whatever made you do that? Think about how upset Daddy was when you hid his wallet in your toy chest. You are four years old, and you should know better."

"It's April Fool's Day. You're supposed to trick someone. Mommy told me how she tricked Daddy. Well, I never got to play a trick on Mommy. So, I did it today."

"When?"

"Mommy told us to play in our rooms as she had a few things to do first. That's when I did it." As they waited on the porch, the girls continued to giggle about how surprised Mom would be.

Mom Carole wanted to update her husband, Dave, before the three left for their outing. "Honey, make sure you're home by six. We have to eat, and I must get ready for my meeting. As President of the Community Council, I have to open the discussion. More importantly, we have a guest speaker whom I need to introduce."

Dave replied, "Have fun at the pool. I'll be home at 5:30."

Carole put the girls in the car as they expressed eagerness for the adventure ahead. This was going to be a fun day.

Kim loved going down the slide, especially at the bottom, when the warm water splashed like dancing bubbles filled with tingling bits of peppery beads. As Kim's enjoyment mounted, her thoughts of the April Fools chicanery faded.

Time wings its way swiftly when light-heartedness flows. All too soon, they headed for home. Dinner was served and cleaned up in record time. Dad helped the girls bathe and get ready for bed. As usual, after a fun-filled day at the pool, the girls quickly reached dreamland.

Carole had an entire hour to shower, dress, check her notes, and arrive to preside at the meeting. She even approved of her navy crepe dress cinched with a narrow silver belt.

A panicked howl broke what was up until that moment, tranquility. Hearing Carole's wail, Dave leaped up the stairs fearing the worst. Carole, almost dressed, stood in a state of shock.

"What's wrong?"

"My shoes are missing! I only have flip-flops to wear. What am I going to do?"

Perplexed, Dave tried calming his wife. "I have no idea where they are." He paused. "Maybe the girls played a trick on you."

"I have to leave in five minutes!"

Author John Gray's title: *Men are from Mars and Women are from Venus* sums it precisely. Dave did not see the catastrophic event in the same light as Carole, but he picked up on her distress.

"Leave now, and I'll try to find them. When I do, I'll bring the shoes to the meeting."



"If you do!" Carole, choking back tears, drove to her destination in a lovely dress, perfectly groomed hair, and well-applied makeup. A delicate scent of Lily of the Valley cologne completed the stylish ambiance Carole sought. Flip-flops leveled that image.

When she reached her destination, Carole sat in the car for several minutes before entering the building. I guess the only thing I can do is tell the truth and hope for sympathetic ears.

A familiar sight materialized as she stepped out of the car. Dave drove up and bounded out of his car, holding a large red Macy's shopping bag.

"Here they are. I brought six pairs. I hope there is one good choice here."

"Oh, Dave, these are perfect!" Carole gushed as she slipped on the navy heels she had purchased for her outfit.

"I had a devil of a time waking the girls. Kim finally blurted out that she put them in the doghouse for a joke. Honey, I hope she gets over being a prankster as she gets older." "If she gets to be older after I get a hold of her!"

What a daughter, Carole mused as she entered the meeting with a grin that marked her lighter mood.

I'm going to tell this story when I open the program.

by Stan Washington, Brunswick Forest, Member of Coastal Carolina Writers Club

<https://www.spreaker.com/show/carolina-coastal-writers>



Awaking from two years of traveling through space, the keeper is first to wake and is responsible for unfolding the final steps of the trip. There are ten pods to wake up. I am the keeper, the one who must get the mission ready to land. My body has been fed by implants. I now separate myself from those implants that kept me fed, toned my muscles, and managed my bodily functions. I step into the "shower." After being cleaned, I put on a support suit that provides me with assistance against our target planet's gravity. The suit is air-tight when the helmet is worn.

I start moving to the first pod with three people. I wake each pod member using steps to bring each back to full awareness after a long induced coma. The pod limits each person's moves through the process. There are women and men in each pod. Modesty is a luxury that is not allowed. The long coma has clouded each person's eyes. The eye drops help hydrate the lenses and cornea.

I finally finished the last pod. Each member is trained for different duties. The target for this voyage is a solar system in the Milky Way. The spaceship has been traveling four times the speed of light. We have traveled eight light-years. The target planet is only a speck on the monitor. Every person has a part in the solar system entry. We slow to a speed that allows us to parallel the target planet's orbital speed.

We can see the target planet fully now. It is covered in vast expanses of water. The planet is to be our new and final home. We are an advanced team to build a colony and provide evaluations to home base. We have slowed to entry speed and start to deploy wings to fly through the atmosphere. The

glow from the window is an indication we have started to hit the upper atmosphere.

We land in an area where there will be fresh water and food. We will need to build our strength up to where we can support ourselves in our new home's gravity.

Months later, we are able to remove our suits which augmented our body's strength in the heavy gravity. Our team is building a colony with multiple housing units made of local resources. The pairing of women to men has started. It is expected each couple will yield four children.

Many years have passed, and the colony has suffered challenges from new diseases, poisonous plants, and ferocious local animals. The experiment has not gone as planned. There are only a man and a woman left. The only truly safe place is this garden. It seems to have a force to repel harm from anyone who resides in it. It provides edible roots, fruit trees, and bushes. There is no need for clothing as the temperature never changes.

One day the woman finds herself in a new part of the garden. A bright red fruit captures her attention. She reaches to pluck the red fruit, but the fruit seems to move away from her hand. She finds a dead branch and throws it at the fruit. The fruit is hit and falls to the ground. She grabs the fruit and takes it to the man. The couple eats the fruit and enjoys the new taste.

Suddenly the temperature changes, falling precipitously. Then, a massive storm forms, roiling across the entire sky. Thunder shatters through their bodies. Voices shriek warnings thru the storm winds. The couple is forced to leave the garden. The woman turns and looks back into the garden. She asks the man, "Adam what is happening?"



"Descent" (1989) by Michael Whelan

Me and the General

by Bob Wieland, Magnolia Greens



In our present era, "hero" has unfortunately been applied to millionaire sports figures who hit the winning home run, dunked the ball to win the playoff, or made a great play to win a football game. I label an exceptional act of bravery, someone willing to stand up and do the right thing when most others are mute, or a self-sacrificing person as people to be affixed the label "hero." May I add that an overachiever who began from modest origins also fits the bill?

Such a man is my hero, Colin Powell, and here begins my tale. Most people don't know that Secretary Powell was not a West Point graduate but an ROTC graduate from the City College of New York (CCNY). When he was a senior there, I was a freshman and enrolled in the same ROTC program. Incidentally, that school is located in central Harlem in Manhattan.

I had graduated from a technical high school along with 18 others from that school who also began engineering studies at CCNY. At the time, CCNY was rated the fourth-best engineering college in the United States. It utilized a very difficult curriculum, so much so that all 19 of us dropped that course of study after two years, with me being the last to leave.

Now "quitting" was something that bothered me for decades. Until I read Secretary Powell's biography in the mid-nineties, and the "bother" was lifted. Alas, he too

began his studies in engineering and, in his honesty, admitted he couldn't handle it and subsequently transferred into the Geology program.

I transferred into business and graduated with a BBA. That's just the first similarity. He eventually graduated with a "C" (a 2.0) average, as did I. His parents were immigrants, as were mine. They insisted he get an education, so did mine. They were great, hard-working people, as were mine. There the similarities end.

I had two opportunities for a career as a military officer,

the first of course in the Army. The second, being offered flight school when I was in the Marine Corps. I opted not to, but Colin Powell did, and the rest is history. First, rising to the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and then becoming Secretary of State. From being the son of immigrants.

As the featured speaker at the High Point University graduation several years ago, he stated, "it's not where you start in life." America provides young people of all backgrounds the opportunity to succeed if they learn and work hard. Enough said.

Oh, but there's one more thing. There had been some talk of his running for president, but the rumor mill said his wife nixed it. Talk at the time was that he could have run as a candidate for each major party. I don't claim these rumors as being factual, so who knows the truth.

I often wonder where we'd be had this honest, overachieving, bright gentleman been elected president.



Laughing in the Golden Years Tomato Sandwiches

by Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



Soon after WWII ended, my father finished up a new house that he built for my mother. It was a good thing because the house we lived in was one step above a camp. A coal furnace gave us heat, but there was no bathroom or any electric conveniences. But all of that is another story. Mother's new house was a dream that we all enjoyed, especially the bathroom with a tub, sink, and a flush toilet. What a miracle.

The house with a full basement stood high on the ground where it was built. My father bargained with the local malleable iron foundry to truck in the used sand to raise the ground around the house. The foundry, always looking for someplace to get rid of the used molding sand, delivered truckload after truckload and dumped it around our new home. Soon my dad borrowed a bulldozer and leveled out the sand, which was black and dirty. Winter came on and covered the ground with snow, but in the spring, before dad could start the grass growing, tomato plants, hundreds of them, popped up all over that black sand.

Mom, ever practical, told my dad not to try to grow a lawn until we saw whether or not we would get actual tomatoes from the plants in the yard. Sure enough, yellow buds bloomed, and within weeks all the plants had small green tomatoes on them. Later there were large, bright red tomatoes all over our yard. Dad reasoned that the men who worked in the foundry had sat on the piles of sand behind the iron plant and had eaten tomato sandwiches for lunch. Some of them may have spit seeds out at each other or just spit them because they could. Whatever had happened, we now had more tomatoes than we could possibly eat. Mom gathered them by the basketful, and her kitchen was awash in canning jars and cooked tomatoes.

As for me, those bright red tomatoes were a delicacy beyond anything I had ever tasted. Mother gave me a clean cloth and the salt shaker, and I sat out on that warm black sand in the summer sun with a book in my lap and ate tomato after toma-

to. On rainy days mom slathered mayonnaise on two thick slices of her homemade bread and made a tomato sandwich for my lunch. Did I get tired of the tomatoes? No. I have never since had anything that was that delicious, either warmed from the sun and salted or placed between those fresh slices of mom's bread.

Summer came to a close, and we still had canned tomatoes all winter from mother's harvest. As the years passed and grass thrived on the black sand surrounding our house, I wished for another year of gorgeous tomatoes, but alas, a yard full of huge ripe tomatoes never returned.

Several years later, when I was a young wife and mother, I returned home for a visit. To my surprise, the local malleable iron foundry had been torn down. Surrounded by a high fence and official signs which read, "Danger. Do not enter," it resembled a government base. Questioning my mother about the demolition of the plant and the mysterious signs, Mom explained, "Demand for malleable iron simply disappeared and when there was no more business, the owners decided to tear the place down. Someone in the government inspected the site before it could be sold for some other use, and the next thing we knew there was the fence and the official signs. Rumor has it that the ground and the sand that was left is full of radiation. Now we hear that the government has hired a company to clean it up."

While I was visiting, men in hazmat suits showed up, and soon every bit of the ground behind the fence was scraped clean. Immediately the whole place was covered with concrete, and signs gave permission for town's people to park their cars there for car-pooling into the nearby cities.

I never really knew if the ground and sand were contaminated with radiation or not, but that same sand lay around our home, and I ate hundreds of tomatoes that grew in the sand. To date, I have never glowed in the dark, so I guess the tomatoes were not contaminated, or maybe the radiation just made them bigger and really tasty.

The Many American Flags Before The American Flag

When the American Revolution broke out in 1775, the colonists didn't yet unite under a single flag. Instead, they fought mainly under unit or regimental flags. Some historians claim that George Washington, the army's commander in chief, ordered that a flag called representing the rebelling colonies be raised after a siege of British-occupied Boston during the Revolutionary War. This assembled flag contained 13 alternating red and white stripes with a British Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner called the "Grand Union" flag. Washington realized soon after that it probably wasn't a good idea to fly a flag resembling that of the enemy. But on June 14, 1777, it took time from its schedule to pass a resolution stating that "the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white" and that "the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

In wasn't until 1912 when President William Howard Taft signed an executive order that, for the first time, clarified what the flag should look like. Up until then, some flags were oddly proportioned, or even had six- or eight-pointed stars.

(right) The Bedford Flag is the oldest known flag in the United States. It is associated with the Minutemen of Bedford, Massachusetts and the Battles of Lexington and Concord of 1775. The Latin motto is VINCE AUT MORIRE ("Conquer Or Die")



Illustration from an old High School textbook, titled "History of the US". Shows the "Appeal to Heaven" pine tree flag and Gadsden flag at the top, the "Grand Union" flag and a 45-star version of the United States flag (used 1896-1908) in the center, and two versions of the New England flag (one with an incorrect globe taken from an old erroneous flag chart) at the bottom.

The Stranger

by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest



He walked into the store with a youthful gait. He wore casual tan shoes, a blue denim shirt, well-fitted blue jeans. He had on his black Covid mask, but I imagined that under that mask, his smile was brilliant.

It was his eyes that caught my attention. They were a piercing green color. It was almost like a deep forest green. They exuded peace, serenity, and contentment.

He had a few happy wrinkles around his eyes, which actually intensified their clarity. His hair was a silver-blond color, and it looked very healthy and clean.

I'm terrible with age, but he appeared to be in his late 60's. I wonder what he did for a living.

As I followed him surreptitiously with my grocery cart, he stopped in the produce department to examine the lemons. Wow, I noticed that each lemon was marked at \$1.50. He paused and then put one in his cart. I wondered what its purpose would be in his kitchen. I wondered if he cooked or lived with a person who did the cooking. He did not wear a wedding ring or any other jewelry on his hands.

I continued to follow the man with mounting curiosity. He stopped quite a few times in the produce department, picking up a red pepper, a cucumber, a head of Boston lettuce, and a few tomatoes.

Hmm, I like what he eats. I was curious to see if he would stop at the fish counter; my excitement increased as he totally ignored all those manly steaks and beef concoctions, especially the spare ribs. I always wondered what the term "spare ribs" meant. Did cows have extra ribs?

My focus continued as he stopped at the fish counter. Yes! The fish guy put a freshly wrapped piece of some kind of white fish in his hands.

I immediately concluded that his diet was a healthy one.

Would those twinkling green eyes skip the Krispy Creme doughnuts positioned in the middle of the grocery store aisle so shoppers would be tempted to buy them?

Yes, he skipped the Krispy Cremes!! He continued down the dairy aisle, adding some cheeses and yogurts to his cart.

Now this green-eyed man was even more interesting.

The fork in the road led to the alcohol section of the store - beer, wines, champagnes, hard ciders of all sorts. No - he reached for a couple bottles of sparkling seltzer water!

Yes! Yes!

He picked up a pack of chewing gum as he approached the self-check and glanced at the newspapers and magazines. He picked up a Red Bull energy drink, read the label, and put it back on the shelf.

I secretly watched him methodically scan his items from my real person cashier checkout line.

I hoped the line would move faster as I really needed to follow this mystery man out of the store.

My interest was piqued!

As I burst into the bright afternoon sun and heat, I lost him in the parking lot. I immediately whipped off my mask and stepped up my pace. My heart was racing as I found him heading to a black SUV van with a bumper sticker that said "Who Rescued Who?" with a black paw print on the side.

Now I was frantic as this stranger could be my soul mate.

I was parked a few cars away as I noticed that he rolled down his window and proceeded to back out of his parking space.

I had to get a copy of his license plate so my "connection" at the DMV could run the plates and give me the information I needed.

Oh no. He turned on the music in his car. The blaring sounds of a fiddle and country music blasted out of his window. The lyrics of the song lamented the loss of a woman.

He obviously liked country music. This "mistake" could be rectified, I told myself, when we were eternally united in future marriage. I could wear earbuds! And so could he....

Average...Just Average

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



Hi! my name is Johnny. You probably remember me from that nasty Newsweek article about why I couldn't read. No one bothered to ask me.

No sir, no madam. Anyway, some years later, it was banded that I couldn't write, either. Ditto. But you can surely tell that I know the difference between a 'loose' and a 'periodic' sentence. And I **know** the difference between comprehension and fluency. No matter.

Now, the other day, this hybrid researcher-reporter from some prestigious college somewhere in these United States calls me up, says that things are slow in the education business these days (something about 'Bored with the Race to the Top'), and wouldn't I consider helping him out with a 'retro' article about 'What is wrong with being average?'

'Your nickel,' I replied, and on we went.

His first question was kind of predictable (I learned that from the article on why I couldn't read): "So, Johnny, how does it feel to be average?"

I told him that it took some getting used to. A lifetime of reading groups with unmemorable names ("Bluebirds" was my favorite), medium-paced math lessons (we only did 10 problems instead of 20 - it was all

that was expected), and a mysterious "patchwork" approach to social studies and science really prepared me. By third grade, I told him, my test scores were all bunched around the 50th percentile, and my 'IQ' (whatever that is) was 105, smack-dab average, I mean, you can't get more average than that.

His next question was a doozy. Something about the 'pathology of envy.' Well, even after he explained it, I wasn't too sure what he was getting at.

"No," I told him. I stopped being envious of the truly gifted students (who didn't talk to me, play with me, or invite me to their birthday parties) when it was clear to me that I was an average sweeper, playing behind Henry Garrity once in every five soccer games. I mean, it was like there was a natural order to things. I did tell him, however, that I was a 'paranoid in reverse' - and suspected people of making me "happy" - book-worthy. He told me someone had already done that book, but it was about learning everything in kindergarten. That's what being average gets you, I guess.

He asked me if I got good grades all the way through school. I was glad he asked me that question because I thought that, after Sputnik, when we were competing with the Russians and all, there was a lot of grade inflation around. The world was supposed to

look like a bell-shaped curve - at least according to a cousin, who told me that there were no average kids in her school anymore. Everyone was either gifted or learning disabled or something. *Wow*, I thought, no average kids - I mean, who would want to live there in that zip code?

His next question really baffled me, so I'll only devote a short paragraph to it. He asked if I had ever heard of the "Lake Wobegon Effect." I told him that our family had once camped on Lake Winnepesaukee, but that I hadn't noticed any "effect." I mean, what in the name of all that's average is an "effect"?

He returned to competition with other countries. How did I feel about competing with China and Germany?

"You mean we're not competing with the Russians anymore?" I asked. The answer was short and negative. He sensed (rightly) that he was not streaming into a stream of higher-level thinking, so he called a "wrap-up" question.

"Johnny, is there anything you want to say to the people and to the world... about being...average...?"

I thought for an average wait time (my teachers taught me that, time and time again) and said: "Being average means...means...that you never have to say you're sorry...."

Click.

The Contestant

by Janet Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest



"I've been accepted as a contestant on 'Wheel of Fortune'!! Mummy, now what am I going to do? How will I get from North Carolina to California for the show's taping?"

"Don't worry, Pooky Dear. Mummy will go with you and handle everything."

"What would I do without you, Mummy? -- the flight, the hotel, the transfers from one to the other, and the show itself--so overwhelming without your help."

Cassandra Higgenbothum, a 28-year-old tiny woman with a tiny voice, was attractive enough, intelligent enough, and educated enough to be a teacher. However, Mummy and Daddy influenced Pooky into becoming the permanent substitute in the school where Daddy was the principal.

On a spring day warm enough for open windows, Ms. Higgenbothum was assigned to Mrs. Neilson's second-floor classroom, where she taught freshman English. Today's lesson was on Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet.' Some students read the character parts while others just read along.

In the back of the room, one Mark Wilson did not have a part, but he did have a penchant for acting - acting out, that is. While Ms. H was focused on reading the play aloud, he quietly fashioned one long rope made of the belts of fellow students. Mark then used the rope to ease out the window and lower

himself to the ground - without drawing Ms. H's attention. All went well until he reached the end of his rope, about 10 feet from his destination. A loud "RAAAAATTTZZZ" and then a reverberating 'thud' drew the attention of Mr. Gardner, attempting to teach social studies in the first-floor classroom below.

Simultaneously, Mr. Gardner called the principal, students quietly giggled, and Ms. H stayed focused on the reading of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Ms. H was shocked when the principal, her father, summoned her into the hallway to ask, "Cassandra, what happened in your classroom?"



"We were reading 'Romeo and Juliet' aloud in class."

"Young Mark Wilson just told me that you asked him to play the part of Romeo where he exits by using a rope to drop from the balcony to the ground. Is this true, Cassandra?"

"N-n-n-no," she stammered, unaware of Mark's impromptu act.

"Well, then, you're fired!" he replied. "Mark's actions were your re-

sponsibility during the time he was under your supervision."

"But, Daddy!!" she sobbed as she collapsed into a heap on the hallway floor.

From the plane's loudspeaker came: "Please prepare for landing. Fold up your tray tables and return your seats to the upright and locked position," as Cassandra slowly awakened.

What a catharsis it had been, she thought, winning \$100,000 on Wheel of Fortune! Now I have enough money and the self-confidence to become my own independent person. I know I looked a bit weird on the show. I always seemed like I was asking a question as I gave my answers. Then my heavy breathing and shaky hands in front of my face didn't make me look like I knew what I was doing. My squinty eyes and apparent attempts to squeeze myself into a little unnoticeable ball whenever Pat Sajak would come over to me didn't make me look very enthusiastic about being there.

But I WAS. I was very enthusiastic to be there! Mummy's appendicitis attack allowed me to discover that I didn't need her. I could make the flights, the hotel, the transfers on my own terms. When I arrived at the studio, seeing all the people, the equipment, and the set made me nervous. Getting my first correct answer was when I started to believe I could do this thing. It was then that I promised myself that I will continue my education to be who I want to be. No longer would I allow any 'Mark Wilsons' to take advantage of my good nature or fathers to bully me into agreeing to something I didn't really want to do.

As I exited the plane and turned my face to the Carolina Blue Sky, I knew I would never again be the "Pooky" who needed to be protected and guided and told what to do next. I was the new and unadulterated Cassandra Higgenbothum.



Moments Under the Twinkly Lights

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest

We celebrate his birthday
At the little French bistro,
A serendipitous find,
Its patio overlooking a pond.
A table for two with pretty white linen,
Under the canopy of a tree,
Branches blinking with twinkly lights.

Soft butter melts
Into light and airy holes
Of the fresh baked baguette.
Flown in from New Jersey,
The head waiter says, nodding to the artisan bread.
Refined and attentive, he guides us through
The distinctive, delectable menu.

Mussels in saffron,
Perfectly seasoned steak,
Pommes frites served in a paper cone,
Like they do in Paris.
Hearts of romaine and palm, shaved fennel,
Roasted beets, poached pears
In a lemon vinaigrette.

The chilled Pinot Grigio loosens our tongues,
Lively conversation and laughter
Unearthing past memories
Like when we were young
And life was unfolding
With untold possibilities
And a limitless, painless sky.



Such moments are fleeting,
Like a monarch dancing on zinnia blooms.
Not to be captured but briefly savored. But still...
Something special, I promise.
A girls' lunch out. Just you and me.
She does her hair, dresses up,
Wears the sandals that match but hurt her feet.

We narrow our choices before we arrive:
Almond crusted flounder, a creamy polenta,
Roast duck nesting on sweet saffron rice.
Tantalizing options now out of reach,
The oven is broken, the menu replaced
With just five or six choices
Typed up on a single white sheet.

Alone on the patio at the table for two
We fill up on the artisan bread
And sip on cold water till the waiter returns
Balancing salmon rilette, beautifully plated,
But overly spiced for her elderly tongue.
And a plain romaine salad, sadly uninspired
Minus the fennel, poached pears, and roasted red beets.

Too close to the pond after a rain,
We silently swat flies and a tenacious mosquito
Hovering over our half-eaten dishes.
Then stung and defeated, we quickly pay
And make our escape
From under the tree with the twinkly lights
And into the sweltering sun.



Support Local Arts and Culture

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



Many of us retired here for the beaches, temperate climate, and lower cost of living. Only later did we discover how rich the area is in arts and culture. Within just a few miles, we have a university, two community colleges, and anchor institutions like Thalian Hall, the Cameron Art Museum, Kenan Hall, and the Wilson Center.

Music lovers have a choice of symphonies, opera, and choirs. The area is a mecca for film enthusiasts because of EUE Screen Gems Studios, Cucalorus, and its partner organization, Working Films. For over 25 years, they have promoted the careers of hundreds of independent filmmakers and crews. And this is just scratching the surface—there are numerous small museums, theatre, film, and dance nonprofits that provide us with a wealth of educational and entertainment options.

Less well appreciated is the extent to which local arts and culture nonprofits have served as a powerful economic engine for the region, at least before the COVID-19 pandemic. The most recent American for the Arts study (published in 2017) determined that nonprofit art and culture organizations in New Hanover County (NHC) generated \$55.8M in total economic activity and \$5.5M in local and state government revenue. (And this did not take into account the economic boom provided by the Wilson Center, whose budget has almost doubled every year since its opening in 2015). According to Rhonda Bellamy, Executive Director of the Arts Council of Wilmington and NHC, “arts and culture” is the second greatest job generator in the county after health care.

Many art and music institutions offer free concert tickets or arts programming to students. NHC’s Arts Education Supervisor Jacki Booth ensures that every child in the system is exposed to music, visual arts, dance, theater, and ceramics at an early age. She also runs the annual Best Foot Forward program at the Wilson Center, where local youth get to perform and work alongside experts on stage or in the theater’s technical side. DREAMS, a youth development organization, provides free artistic programming for over 600 youth, most of whom live in underserved and underrepresented communities.

Just over the Memorial Bridge, the Leland Cultural Arts Center provides a vibrant hub for the arts in Brunswick County with courses in painting, pottery, theater, dance, jewelry making, and the literary and healing arts. A large auditorium and stage are available for community theatre and musical performances, craft fairs, and other art-related events. In the Southport area, you can find the Brunswick Little Theater, which has been entertaining audiences for 38 years. As more retirees call Brunswick County home, the importance of the arts and its impact on the local economy is only likely to grow.

Unfortunately, COVID-19 put local art and culture treasures in financial jeopardy. Many had to furlough staff, either temporarily or permanently, to pay their bills. Grants have helped to some degree, but some of the smaller institutions closed or are still struggling. Artists are creative people who have worked hard to stay solvent by collaborating on projects or finding ways to make their offerings available virtually. But not all could make such structural changes and even those who could still need our support.

Some people think of the arts as a “nice to have,” but it develops youth, creates commerce, and supports lives. So please don’t take what we have here for granted. Patronize your favorite, try something new, and donate what you can. Because if we don’t support them today, there is no guarantee they will be here for us tomorrow.

Note: The author is a member of the Women’s Impact Network of New Hanover County, whose philanthropic focus in 2021 was on Arts and Culture.

How is Cooking like Golf?

by Vivien Monnie, Brunswick Forest



I do not play any instruments, nor do I paint, do pottery, or any of the creative arts that my neighbors and friends seem to be so talented in doing. Honestly, my only outlet would be cooking, which I have been doing for family and entertaining for the better part of 50 years. Good, bad, great, or just so-so, this is not a task for me. But something I get to do many times a day and, instead of something just sitting around - we get to eat it! GONE, waiting for another creation in a few hours.

We do subscribe to several food and cooking magazines, and I do read them cover to cover. Sometimes I am tempted to purchase a brand-new complete set of pots/pans. The newest thing!! Promises of “healthy cooking,” “cutting edge cookware,” and “new inspirations!” But I look at my two well-seasoned cast iron skillets - one once belonging to my mother, my pots, one with a mismatched lid, and all the others that I have come to know well.

Which one has a slightly tilted bottom, what lids are interchangeable with which pans - kind of like the relationships I have cultivated over the years. I don’t feel the need to start all over again with strangers who don’t know how I cook.

And talk about different spices? I don’t want to insult any-

one with a different background than mine, but I have to ask. Where do I get North Sumatran Sambal Andaliman or one tablespoon of Tajin seasoning (I am not making this up, these are real recipes that call for these ingredients)?

But I digress....

Lately, I have taken up golf. My friend Sandy and I took lessons together, and now we play twice a week. HOWEVER, I heard someone say to play often is not necessarily to play well. Yes, we are getting better - sometimes. After each round of nine holes (not ready for 18), I always say the same thing, “Not great, but not terrible.” Sandy thinks I should make a shirt (collared, of course) that says that on the back.

So how is cooking, like golf, you may be asking?

After watching the PGA tournament last Sunday, I began to think perhaps I could play better with the four different types of golf balls that were being advertised. Surely that \$300 iron would help me make par. It must be the shoes, the shoes, of course! I’m not getting the proper stance! So exactly how did Jim Barnes win that tournament in October 1916 without all this titanium and ionomer resin?

As someone I heard on the course say, “Just hit the ball!” As I say most evenings, “Dinner’s ready!”

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Each Office is Independently Owned And Operated

Meet Brayton Willis, Advocate Extraordinaire

by Eric Mens, Editor

In February 2021, Cape Fear Voices began publishing a series of articles written by Leland resident Brayton Willis about the making of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project. The planned trail will stretch approximately 30 miles from Navassa to Southport along the west side of the Cape Fear River. The route will be an actual effort to recognize and celebrate the 500-mile, 12,818 square mile Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor, a Congressionally recognized National Historic Area established in 2006 that passes through Brunswick County.

The pedestrian and bicycle trail will provide people-friendly linkages to historical sites such as Reaves Chapel, Brunswick Town, and historic Southport along the route. As northern Brunswick County grows exponentially, the project is critical to Brunswick County residents’ safety, health, and well-being. As such, Cape Fear Voices will continue to publish stories related to the project, including providing progress reports.

In this issue, we highlight Brayton’s efforts as the Chairman of this trail project as well as the NAACP’s Brunswick County Branch Environmental and Climate Justice Committee. He has been and continues to be a strong advocate and spokesperson for the Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail project and other crucial environmental justice and climate initiatives.

Growing up in New England, he graduated from Northeastern University with a degree in civil/environmental engineering. He has lived and worked in all four corners of the United States. Brayton is a Marine Corps veteran and a life member of the NAACP. His long involvement with public environmental issues began as a wastewater design/construction engineer with private engineering firms. Later, he served as a Public Health Engineer for Maricopa County, Arizona, followed by a position as Senior Project Manager/Strategic Planner for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, where he collaborated with local and state agencies, elected officials, the Governor’s Office, multiple federal agencies, the Boise State University Environmental Finance Center, and tribal and non-governmental organizations. The goal was to find ways to leverage funding opportunities and technical resources to improve the qual-

ity of life for Idaho citizens and their environment.

To say that Brayton enjoys the out-of-doors is an understatement. Earlier in his life, he was a licensed pilot, expert certified diver, a rock and mountain climber, a mountain rescue team member, and a climbing instructor and guide. On younger legs, he ran several marathons out West and just missed qualifying for the Boston marathon. Along with his oldest daughter Kim, he spent many weekends participating in numerous whitewater and flatwater canoe races. Brayton has backpacked over 500 miles in the Grand Canyon, and to this day, he and his wife Debbie enjoy camping, hiking, and bicycling. They both have traveled to and visited all 50 States.

Brayton has been a volunteer nearly all his life starting by helping his father on the early version of “Meals on Wheels,” distributing meals to the elderly shut-ins who lived on his paper route. More recently, Debbie and Brayton trained their dog “Fenway” as a therapy dog and who now volunteers with them at New Hanover Regional Medical Center. Brayton and Debbie share three children and two incredibly intelligent grandchildren.

Since moving to Leland in 2011, he has served as a member of the Wilmington Metropolitan Planning Organization Citizens Advisory Committee for the 2045 Regional Transportation Plan update, the Town of Leland Transportation oversight committee, and the Town of Holden Beach Planning and Zoning Board.

On June 10, 2021, Brayton presented a project overview (photo left) to the seniors at the Brunswick Center in Leland. Attendees heard Willis explain the project’s purposes of preserving, protecting, and celebrating the Gullah Geechee Heritage in Brunswick County. He also pointed out that greenways and blueways often follow natural land or water features and link nature reserves, neighborhoods, parks, cultural features, and historic sites with each other and with populated areas, all while providing safe and enjoyable places for people of all ages

to experience the outdoors.

Recently, Brayton also successfully gained a partnership commitment from the National Park Service’s Rivers, Trails, and Conservation Group for the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail project. We, the Editors of Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene, are excited to be at the forefront of such an ambitious and noteworthy project. We look forward to continuing to educate our readers and county residents on the project.





THE TEEN SCENE

Tomorrow's Voices Today

SUMMER EDITION

Teen Scene Staff

Editor

Gerald Decker

Lead Layout Designer

Giancarlo D'Alessandro

This Month's Writers

Early College High School

Arabella Ong

North Brunswick High School

Ne'Veah Bullard

The Teen Scene Inc. is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba Cape Fear Voices. We are a nonprofit 501(c)(3), funded by advertisements, contributions, and grants. We can be contacted at editorteenscene@gmail.com or editorcfev@gmail.com

All rights to the contents of this paper are reserved to Teen Scene, Inc., Cape Fear Voices, and the writers of each piece.

Attention Parents and Students!

Writing Skills and Study Skills

Two critical topics for students who want to improve their classroom success:

IF you had the opportunity for your teen to focus on those topics in preparing for the coming school year, would you take advantage of it?

IF it was free to all middle and high school students, would that make it more acceptable?

IF the classes were conducted by experienced teachers on the campus of Brunswick Community College, would that encourage you to participate?

Teen Scene, Inc. has partnered with Brunswick Community College (BCC) and the Brunswick Arts Council (BAC) to put such a program together. The classes are designed to complement the mission of Teen Scene, Inc. to promote writing skills among teens.

Our plan is for the Teen Scene staff to work with small groups to develop the fun of writing and to build a student's confidence in writing that will carry over into the classroom. We will work with students to show them how to enhance

their writing, write for clarity, and write for different purposes. We will emphasize content and basic grammar skills, which will elevate the most basic essay or school assignment.

Through our partnership with the Brunswick Arts Council, we will keep our students informed of other artistic opportunities such as dancing, acting, and music.

Why us? Because we care, and we know from experience that these programs can make a difference in students' lives. The Writing Academy is unique because students have the option to put their newfound skills to work by writing for The Teen Scene. Experience has shown that immediate positive feedback from newly learned skills is the best reinforcer for that new skill. The pride of accomplishment can add to the classroom experience.

To register, please contact us. We are only taking six students per class, so register early.

When and where: July 26--30 at the Campus of BCC

9-10:30 AM - Writing Skills

10:45-12:30 PM - Study Skills

Teen Scene, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization. We publish the monthly free papers Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene. Donations are tax-deductible to the extent permitted by law and can be mailed to Teen Scene, Inc., P.O. Box 495, Leland, NC 28451. You can also donate at: <https://www.gofundme.com/manage/writing-academy-basic-writing-and-study-skills>



North Carolina Arts Council
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Babysitting the Devil

by Ne'Veah Bullard, North Brunswick High School

Babysitting the Devil
Leaves a negative impact on you
Don't matter about your spirit level
But you will have no clue

The devil represents all evil
All our battles are different
Could be drugs running in a needle
Then the next day ask God for deliverance

I can't tell you what to do
I haven't even solved my problems
Different solutions caused by different views
My goal is to get out the bottom

Babysitting the Devil
You hurting yourself without noticing it
Founding out it's you, you are your own revel
Tired of some preachers preaching they just some hypocrites

I'm babysitting the devil
Not wanting to get rid of it
Like evil running down my blood vessels
Bathing myself in that deep dark tarpit

One part of me wants to be good
Other side don't want to change
I can be beautiful and peaceful like a dogwood
I know soon, to live life, I have to exchange

Hate

by Ne'Veah Bullard, North Brunswick High School

Hate
It's a feeling that most desire
It come upon you from others
Like building a revengeful tower and call it an empire
Pain that can be expressed by dark colors
Hate is a strong word
You can hate somebody you love
Feeling like a naked bird
It's a feeling you want to get rid of
Tired of this feeling
You rolling a dice and see what you dealing
Only time can do the healing
When you find danger appealing
HATE

What Is the American Dream, Really?

by Arabella Ong, Early College High School, 11th Grade

When I was six years old, my parents introduced me to the idea of going to the United States and the brighter future it holds for my family and me. They told me all about the prestigious universities like Harvard and how someday, with my hard work and dedication, I might attend one too! To be honest, I initially liked that idea because I wanted to experience snow. When I was eight years old, my mom went to the US to work as a Physical Therapist. My dad is also in the same profession, but both of us stayed in the Philippines at the moment. During that time, I realized how income might vary depending on where one is despite practicing a profession that holds a high degree. That was probably why my parents decided to "go where the grass is greener." My American dream during my childhood was to simply come to America, for the brighter future that my parents always talked about, for the greener pasture, for the opportunities, and--of course--to see the white blanket that covers the winter streets.

By the time I turned twelve years old, we were already in the United States! I started attending school and meeting new people. With a lot of my classmates

(and teachers) knowing that I was from a different country, they always asked me the same question: "Why did you come to America?". Whenever I would tell them that my family and I came here because of the promising future that this country holds, they did not seem to understand what I meant entirely.

With that, an epiphany came to me: perhaps most of the American-born people are quite unaware of the privilege they have. It may be because almost everything is within their reach. They have access to a bountiful amount of resources and physical comfort ever since they were young, and they do not know how to live life in any other way. Their version of the American dream is pragmatic as compared to those of immigrants, such as myself. Perhaps to them, the American dream is modestly their life's dream; to start a family, to maintain and utilize their rights to the fullest, to just enjoy what life has to offer.

That's not the only other version of the American dream, either. There is a vast sea of different perspectives regarding the matter. Some think that the American dream means freedom: of

speech, of practicing their own beliefs, of anything. Others say that it intends to obtain equality and justice for all; to live in a country where the government is for the people and by the people. The point of view of each person in the world varies based on their experiences.

Now that I'm turning seventeen and have been exposed to diverse opinions, I realized what the American dream truly means to me. The American dream signifies growth. Since my goals have become feasible, I continuously aspire to be greater than who I am in the present. The seemingly endless possibilities, chances, and windows of success allow me to dream harder and to dream higher. I guess for me, besides development, the American dream also means contentment. It's like the period in a sentence that denotes the fulfillment of one's ambition. After all, contentment is the ultimate feeling that makes you tell yourself: "Well done. You made it!"



Free Comic Book Day Returns to Stores This August!

by **Giancarlo D'Alessandro**, Cape Fear Voices

As the name implies, Free Comic Book Day is a single day when participating comic book specialty shops across North America and around the world give away exclusive release comic books absolutely free to anyone who comes into their shops. It has been a holiday for children, adults, and everyone in-between who have a love for this growing story telling medium.

Free Comic Book Day is traditionally held the first Saturday in May each year. However, in 2021, the event has been pushed to August in the hopes that much of the restrictions related to COVID-19 will be behind us. As such, FCBD 2021 will take place on Saturday, August 14.

Wilmington has two stores that will be having events, lots of free comic books and other promotional material, and great deals and sales on their typical inventory throughout the day:

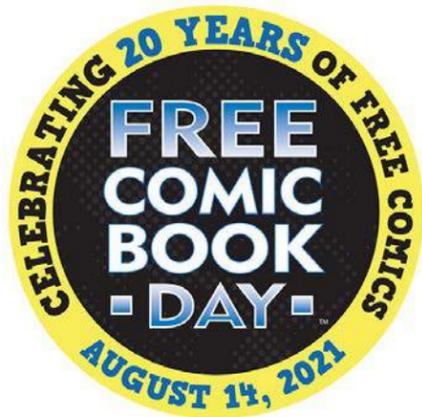
Memory Lane Comics
201 Princess St.
Wilmington, NC 28401
910-392-6647

Fanboy Comics
419 S. College Rd.
Wilmington, NC 28403
910-452-7828



Ben & Jake Motsinger of Memory Lane Comics

"A big goal of our store is to bring the geek culture to our community and the community to our geek culture, and Free Comic Book Day is the perfect example of that. It gives us the best opportunity to show people what this stuff is all about," Jake Motsinger with Memory Lane Comics said.



The events are free to attend and for all ages and usually starts up when the stores open. If you have any interest in comics, graphic novels, or have friends or family that are, this is the place to be.

The last in-store Free Comic Book Day was in 2019, where I attended at Memory Lane. The line wrapping around the building caused an undeniable feeling of excitement as customers got a chance to talk to local artists, writers and vendors before they entered the store. This year Memory Lane will also be premiering the second installment of their anthology series, *Tales of Cape Fear*, which features many short comics by local artists starring locations in the local Wilmington area. Our local cartoonist community will be there as vendors, with their own self-published work for sale. Free Comic Book Day not only gives you the chance to get the latest issues of your favorite super heroes and classic cartoon heroes, but also a chance to discover something new from someone you meet locally. If you are an artist or writer, I would love to talk with you at this year's *Milk & Honey Comics* table outside of Memory Lane Comics on Free Comic Book Day.



The Teen Scene

Summer Writing Contest

Jump in and give it a try. You just might win a prize. \$100 for first place, \$50 for second place and \$25 for third place.

Any teen in the Cape Fear Area is eligible to participate.

Topic: School Pride -Does your pride stem from the teachers? Your classmates, your schools' sports teams, the band? What is the best thing about your school? What makes your school different from others?

Dates: Submission's must be received by Aug. 10, 2021

Length: Less than 700 words, Word doc, 12 font, Times New Roman. Include name of school, writer's name, grade and a headshot to be printed with your article.

Time: Winners will be judged by Teen Scene, Inc. staff and announced in September edition of *The Teen Scene*.



(above and left) As people are waiting in line to go into Memory Lane Comics at Free Comic Book Day 2019, they talk with local artists and writers at their vendor tables, including Cape Fear Voices' Giancarlo D'Alessandro (in orange shirt) aka Milk & Honey Comics

Gullah/Geechee Religion Ring Shout, Rituals, and Reaves Chapel Part Four

by **Ana Johnson**, Cape Fear Community College



A historical structure prevalent in the Gullah/Geechee community is Reaves Chapel Church, located in Navassa, North Carolina. The church, constructed out of a classical wood frame and has stained glass windows, is one of the oldest AME (African Methodist Episcopal) churches in our area. It is also one of the Cape Fear region's most historically significant African-American structures.

Due to the rice industry's economic growth, plantations were lined up all along the Cape Fear River. Enslaved Africans, mainly from West and Central Africa, were brought in quantities during the Transatlantic Slave Trade, which lasted from the

16th to 19th century. Slaves worked in crowded structures, working to broaden rice cultivation.

Reaves Chapel started construction in the late 1800s, shortly after the Civil War. The structure, built by former slaves, had significant importance in the Navassa area. From fellowship, meetings, community traditions to active worship, this center was utilized by many people. The church's origin happened to take form near a rice plantation called the Cedar Hill Plantation, on the bank of the Cape Fear River.

To get an idea of how this building was a collective landmark for Gullah/Geechee heritage, I had the chance to speak with Alfonso Beatty. As the president of the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, their primary mission is to "further enhance, develop and improve the cultural heritage of the Cedar Hill/West Bank Corridor through active community involvement." For years, he has been working to preserve Reaves Chapel as a community effort. Beatty wants to ensure that this history makes an impact for genera-

tions to come.

After slavery, black individuals were not allowed to congregate with white individuals in larger gatherings. Therefore, freed slaves had to form their institutions; churches, praise houses, shops, and schools were those primary institutions. Reaves Chapel was primarily an assembly center for African-American residents during periods of separation to participate in events like worship practices, revivals that would hold around 100 people, and monologues that featured national leaders and entertainers.

There were also gospel groups invited to perform their music since they had no other place to carry out their expressional performances. "I can remember going for Easter programs and the children giving their Easter speeches. It served a full function as far as a center of activity for the community." Beatty stated. By the end of the nineteenth century, transportation methods were changing, buildings were moving from the river to inland roads.

In 1911, the church was moved inland to Cedar Hill Road due to the change of traffic and the residents' movement. Local members transported the church with oxen, mules, and horses. It remained active with the AME church until 2005. By then, the membership had started to plummet,

and the building couldn't operate effectively anymore. The structural damage started to take a toll, in which the church became isolated and abandoned.

However, the church's memories are still actively ingrained with the individuals that grew up in this historical area. Since telephones were not accessible, the church bell's ringing was the primary source of conveying event updates. "The bell is inside a storage compartment currently and is still in fairly good shape. It would ring whenever there was a Sunday school, but also as a fire alarm. The bell could be heard from miles around." Beatty stated. Once the foundation finalizes the restoration process, the people of Navassa hope to hear the chapel bell ring just like before.

Community financial support is critical! Please consider making a donation to help save Reaves Chapel. Your gift will help further stabilize, repair, and restore this culturally and historically significant African American structure. Donations may be made and earmarked for Reaves Chapel at: Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, P.O. Box 1735, Leland, NC and <https://coastallandtrust.org/reaves/>. For more information about the Chapel or the restoration project, please contact Al Beatty, President, Cedar Hill/ West Bank Her-

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Celebrating Gullah Geechee Cooking

by Eric Mens, Waterford

During the past year, Cape Fear Voices (CFV) began publishing a series of articles on the Gullah Geechee history and culture of coastal North Carolina, including several pieces written by CFV teen writer Ana Johnson. On Friday, April 30, I had the honor and pleasure of attending the filming of a traditional Gullah Geechee cooking video being produced by the North Carolina (NC) Rice Festival. The event, hosted by Rice Festival Chair George Beatty, at the family farm in Navassa, featured on-camera interviews with George and Chef Keith Rhodes, owner of Catch Restaurant in Wilmington, NC.

The video is one of a series of videos being produced by the NC Rice Festival to promote the planned 2022 Inaugural North Carolina Rice Festival in Leland. The Rice Festival goal is to educate the public and showcase the rich Gullah Geechee culture, traditions, and arts of southeastern North Carolina.

Thirty people, including several NC Rice Festival Board members and representatives from the Coastal Land Trust attended the April farm event. I also had an opportunity to chat with Al Beatty, President of the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, and visit Reaves Chapel, a short ride down the road from the farm. The June issue of Cape Fear Voices featured an article on Reaves Chapel as does this July issue of CFV.

The highlight of April's event featured Chef Rhodes' open-fire cooking of a delicious fish and crab stew, beef neck bones and pinto beans, rice, and corn bread. On Saturday, May 1st, Chef Rhodes demonstrated modern Gullah Geechee cooking in an indoor setting at his restaurant.

Special thanks to my friend and talented photographer, Lon Anderson, some of whose photos accompany this story.



CELEBRATING NATIONAL HERITAGE AREAS: The Making of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail (Part 5 of 5)

by Brayton Willis, Magnolia Greens

Many North Carolina communities, large and small, have made public investments in greenways. Kinston, for example, recently completed the first phase of its downtown Arts Riverwalk and Durham has over 30 miles of greenways and trails within its city limits. As communities build or expand greenways, they should understand and consider the value that these trails can bring.

Leland is currently developing its plan for Sturgeon Creek Park. This facility would reside directly within the Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Corridor. Its proximity to Sturgeon Creek would provide direct access routes to the waters of the Cape Fear River. Bike/Pedestrian connections from Sturgeon Creek Park would provide regional links to neighborhoods throughout Leland, Navassa, Belville, and beyond. A kayak/canoe blueway launch ramp on Sturgeon Creek will provide an opportunity to connect users to a larger, extensive paddle network. A boardwalk system in the area will offer connections to natural areas and adjacent neighborhoods. Proximity to planned parks and facilities across Sturgeon Creek in Navassa creates the potential to connect across the creek and extend the greenway/blueway network.

The next link in the corridor is the Town of Belville, located just south and east of Leland. In November of 2020, the town broke ground on a 1/2 mile Belville Elementary and Rice Hope Multi-Use Path (MUP) project. Complementing this investment, the North Carolina Department of Transportation (NC-DOT) has plans to widen several miles of State Route (SR) 133 in Belville, which would include a 10' wide MUP heading south towards the City of Southport. The town envisions creating a MUP that would connect Brunswick County to Wilmington, Battleship Park, and the New Hanover County portions of the East Coast Greenway spurs.

NC-DOT is also studying four feasible options to replace the aging Cape Fear Memorial Bridge. Each alternative included considerations to construct a MUP to link Brunswick

County to Wilmington as part of that replacement.

Belville already celebrates a blueway link to the Brunswick River, a tributary to the Cape Fear River. Recently the town was awarded a \$191,500 State Grant for the Brunswick Riverwalk Park Water Access Project. This project will provide various opportunities for people to enjoy the Brunswick River with improved waterfront access, including a new, non-motorized boat launch and a new dock to replace one damaged by Hurricanes Florence and Isaias. The town is also working on developing a 2030 Community Master Plan effort.

Brunswick County's Planning and Parks and Recreation Departments have teamed up for a 12-month initiative called Blueprint Brunswick 2040 to craft two new plans: a Comprehensive Land Use Plan and a Parks and Recreation Master Plan. Together, these two new plans will guide future growth, decisions, and investments in infrastructure and services within the county.

Recognizing that the Southport area has a very active cycling community coupled with a historic downtown, the City of Southport is planning to create a greenway that would extend from the Ferry Terminal in Southport and follow SR 211 to SR 17. This project would provide a dedicated bicycle and pedestrian facility that would also link into the East Coast Greenway and be an integral segment of the East Coast Greenway and state bike route system.

As our NAACP Branch President, Mr. Carl Parker, recently stated, "We clearly see that this project holds the great potential to serve all people of color, regardless of their color, together to protect, preserve and celebrate the cultural and historic values of our area. We believe that it is important to celebrate our heritage because it is a vitally important time to share our cultures and for all of us to learn about our own culture and heritage. It breathes life and meaning into our identities and our knowledge of who we are."



George Beatty, NC Rice Festival



Chef Keith Rhodes, Catch Restaurant

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Military News



Leland Veterans Groups Pay Memorial Day Tribute to Fallen Veterans

by Richard Fry, Public Relations Officer, Legion Post 68

Mirroring Memorial Day tributes taking place across the country, Leland's American Legion Post 68 and VFW Post 12196 members, spouses, and other volunteers gathered early Saturday morning, May 29th and traveled to local cemeteries to place American flags at the graves of veterans and their spouses. Over 100 American flags were placed at First Baptist Church, Leland King Memorial, Zion Methodist, Nelson, and Goshen Baptist cemeteries.

Flags were also placed at the graves of veterans interred at the Hooper Family Cemetery in Leland. While at that cemetery, attendees participated in a remembrance ceremony at the resting place of U.S. Army Private First-Class John E. Jacobs, the namesake of American Legion Post 68. PFC Jacobs was the only Leland resident killed during the Vietnam War. Jacobs' mother, Mrs. Mildred Jacobs, and sister, Dr. Martha Jacobs participated in the ceremony. Unfortunately, John's father, Mr. John W. Jacobs was not able to attend due to illness.



John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68 and VFW Post 12196 Flag Placement at King Memorial Cemetery on May 29th, 2021



John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68 and VFW Post 12196 conduct Memorial Service and wreath laying at grave of John E. Jacobs. (Seated: Mrs. Mildred Jacobs/Standing in Yellow Shirt and Cap: Martha Jacobs)



VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS.

Leland VFW Post 12196 meets on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at Blossom's in Magnolia Greens. Dinner at 5:30, Meeting starts at 7pm. For more information, contact us at vwfpost12196@gmail.com or call at 910-408-1934



May 2021 Blood Drive

by Richard Fry, Public Relations Officer, Legion Post 68

On Friday, May 28, 2021, the John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68, Leland, NC and WWAY TV Wilmington, NC co-hosted their second Red Cross blood drive. The event was held at the WWAY Event Center in Leland from 10:00am to 2:30pm.

It's not often that we, as private citizens, have an opportunity to do something that has such a lifesaving impact. Unfortunately, COVID-19 has made donating more difficult due to safety restrictions and lack of available donation venues. Alan Simmons, Red Cross Volunteer Ambassador, Post 68 Past Commander, and 9/11 survivor commented "The need for blood never takes a holiday and this blood drive was especially critical due the ongoing shortage of certain blood types."

The event was a huge success with 60 pints collected. That's 180 lives saved! Due to the ongoing shortage, The Red Cross, Post 68, and WWAY have plans to continue this partnership with another blood drive scheduled for the weekend of September 11, 2021, the 20th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks.

What a great way to pay it forward and make an impact on people in our community and across the country. We extend our sincere thanks to all the donors, Red Cross volunteers, and Post 68 members who made this event such a success, achieving over 100% of our blood donation goal.

Korean War Veterans Breakfast

Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) Post 12196 Leland, North Carolina, is honored to host a Korean War Veterans Breakfast on July 27, 2021, to honor all Korean War Veterans living in Leland and surrounding areas. The event will be held at the Town of Leland Cultural Area Center located at 1212 Magnolia Village Way, Leland, NC, 28451. Those who served in "The Forgotten War" will be specially recognized and honored at that time.

July 27 marks the signing of the Armistice ending hostilities in 1953. The Armistice was to "ensure a complete cessation of hostilities and of all acts of armed force in Korea until a final peaceful settlement is achieved."



Please RSVP by 20 July or email vwfpost12196@gmail.com for additional information.

This event is open to any Korean War Veteran and a guest. It will feature breakfast, speakers, and an opportunity to meet other area veterans. Coffee social will start at 8:00 am followed by the program and speakers.

Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 12196 would like to especially thank the Town of Leland, the North Brunswick Chamber of Commerce, and Waste Partners for sponsoring this important community event.

Installation of New VFW Post Commander

Comrade Jason Gaver was sworn in as Leland VFW Post 12196 Commander on June 21, 2021. Thanks to Comrade Jarboe for officiating and allowing the Post to execute a change of command to align with VFW District and State Guidelines.



Leland VFW to Hold Blood Drive

VFW Post 12196 Leland, North Carolina is proud to announce they will be supporting a blood drive in support of the Eastern North Carolina Region of the American Red Cross. The blood drive will be held on 7 July from 1:00 – 5:30 pm at the Brunswick Center of Leland located at 121 Town Hall Drive, Leland, NC 28451.

Members of the community who would like to donate are encouraged to sign up ahead of time at www.redcross.org. You will need to select the July 7th date and our event will be listed. Walk-ins are also accepted.



The Mission of the Brunswick Arts Council is to support, sustain, enhance and cultivate the arts in Brunswick County by making cultural events, arts education and appreciation the arts available to the diverse range of county residents.

We are a community nonprofit working in partnership with NC Arts Council, Brunswick County, Park & Recreation and other businesses and artists to help provide funding for programming, plays, concerts, shows, workshops, festivals, school events and other art activities. Operating “without walls”, we hold our own activities in different spaces through the county.

1st Solstice by the Sea Festival on Oak Island was a Blast!

The Board of Directors of Brunswick Arts Council (BAC), Friends of Oak Island Parks, The SoundHouse, Rotary Club of Southport, and Inspirations Dance Centre wish to extend a heartfelt thank you to everyone who came out for the first, and inaugural Solstice by the Sea Festival held on Saturday, June 19, 2021.

Music, dance, storytelling, poets, fabric artists, art vendors, and community groups spent a fabulous Saturday full of sunshine, beach breezes, and great food - celebrating the arts in Brunswick County at Middleton Park on Oak Island.

As always, BAC is grateful for its partnership with the NC Arts Council and Grassroots Grants Program that funds, in part, BAC's ability to support our local artists.

Special thanks to our sponsors! Your generosity was incredible, and we couldn't have done this without you! Bronze Level - Coastal Pediatrics Dentistry, Coastline Insurance, Coldwell Banker, Craig Boyd Group & Blue Cross, Don Bullard Insurance, DOSHER, Laurie Insurance Group. Patrons - GF Women's Club of South Brunswick Islands, Hoffman Eco-works Friends - Mofitt Builders, River Run Laundry, R&B House, Southern Charm Jewelers, Southport Cleaners, Southport Coffee Co., Waterway Music, and North Shore Productions.

If you missed it- don't worry; videographer Sheena Vaught is putting together a highlight clip that will be on our website at www.Brunswick-arts-council.org and on Facebook!

We will see you next year at Solstice by the Sea 2022!



DHIM Reggae Band singer with Plein Air painting by Dan McGraw painted during DHIM's performance.



Savannah Lancaster, 6-8th grade winner of Brunswick Youth Art Contest 2020



The Teen Scene had a presence at the inaugural Solstice Festival.



(above) BAC has been a strong supporter of Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene. On the keyboard, and rocking it with Blues DeVille, is BAC President, friend, and fellow Vietnam Veteran Larry Johnson.



(right) Tar Heel Tellers: Donna Cotton-Johnson, Marva Moss, and Joan Leotta

Safe Plates Food Safety Manager Certification Class Goes Virtual

by **Cheryle Jones Syracuse**, Family and Consumer Science Team Member

Brunswick County, N.C. – NC Cooperative Extension in Brunswick County is offering the Safe Plates for Food Managers course to promote food safety at the food service level. Food safety is the safeguarding or protection of food from anything that could harm consumers' health. This comprehensive course is appropriate for food service managers and supervisory staff in restaurants, hospitals, nursing homes, childcare facilities, and other food-handling establishments.

The Safe Plates training is now available in virtual format. The virtual format allows participants to go through the content at their own pace with instructors available online for questions and exam review.

Safe Plates for Food Managers is an evidence-based food safety training course developed by NC State University and NC Cooperative Extension. The ten interactive modules address personal hygiene and employee health; purchasing and storage; eliminating cross contamination; handling allergens; pest control and facility design; cleaning and sanitizing, and correct temperatures for string, preparing and holding foods.

The registration fee is \$125 per person. This includes all instruction, materials, and the exam. Certification is based on passing the CFP-ANSI accredited exam from Prometric. The course helps food establishments meet the North Carolina re-

quirement of having at least one supervisor certified as a food protection manager, per the FDA Food Code 2017.

Certification tests will be given monthly at the NC Cooperative Extension, Brunswick County Center in Bolivia. For registration details and testing dates go to go.ncsu.edu/brunswick-safe-plates and link to Safe Plates under Family and Consumer Sciences Available Programs.

For additional information contact NC Cooperative Extension, Brunswick County Center at 910.253.2610 or Cheryle Syra-

cuse, Food Safety Team Member at clsyracu@ncsu.edu

Note: N.C. Cooperative Extension is a strategic partnership of NC State University, N.C. A&T State University, USDA's National Institute of Food and Agriculture, and local governments statewide. Extension professionals in all 100 counties, and with the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, connect millions of North Carolinians with research-based information and technology from the universities. Educational programs specialize in agriculture, food and nutrition, 4-H youth development, community development and the environment. Find your local center at www.ces.ncsu.edu/local-county-center.



New Pop Music Coming Out This Month



Billie Eilish - *Happier Than Ever*
Single - "When We All Fall Asleep, Where Do We Go?"



Lana Del Rey - *Blue Banister*
Single - "Norman Rockwell"



Twin Shadow - *Twin Shadow*
Single - "Get Closer"



Evonne Phillips
Artist
1(910) 617-7046
evonphillips23@gmail.com
Leland, NC

Some Other Holidays In July besides Independence Day

- World UFO Day **July 2**
- National BBQ Ribs Day **July 4**
- Bikini Day **July 5**
- International Kissing Day **July 6**
- Video Games Day **July 8**
- Sugar Cookie Day **July 9**
- National Kitten Day **July 10**
- World Population Day **July 11**
- Eat Your Jello Day **July 12**
- Cow Appreciation Day **July 13**
- Bastille Day **July 14**
- National Corn Fritter Day **July 16**
- Tisha B' Av (Judaism) **July 18**
- Selena Gomez's Birthday **July 22**
- Pioneer Day (Mormonism) **July 24**
- Asalha Puja (Buddhism) **July 24**
- Take Your Plants for a Walk **July 27**
- International Friendship Day **July 30**



Some Very Happy Birthdays In July!!!

- Boston Decker **July 1**
- Alexis Cooper **July 7**
- Eric Mens **July 9**
- Chloe Walbourne **July 13**
- Cindy Bryant **July 23**
- Coleton Swegle **July 28**



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