



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

Volume 2, Issue 6

A Veteran-Owned Small Business

FREE

June 2021

Cape Fear Voices Staff

Teen Scene Inc. President

Gerald Decker

Editor

Eric Mens

Lead Layout Designer

Giancarlo D'Alessandro

This Month's Writers

Elaine Colton
Gerald Decker
Ana Johnson
Sheryl Keiper
Norman L. Mehler
Eric Mens
Linda Merlino
Janet Meuwissen
Jeff Meuwissen
Jan Morgan-Swegle
Mary Ann Nunnally
Chuck Schwartz
Janet Stiegler
Frank Stritter
Alan Sturrock
Stan Washington
Brayton Willis
Patricia Yokley
Marianne Ziegler

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<http://capefearvoices.org>

Happy Anniversary, Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene!

by Gerald Decker, President of Teen Scene, Inc.

One year already!! Hard to believe that in one year, we have gathered so many people in the Cape Fear area who submit articles and volunteer their time so freely to our mission.

When I first started, I was afraid that we wouldn't have enough articles to cover the 8-page, 200 copy production that was our first issue. To help take up space, I started a highly condensed version of his 1968 Navy tour to Vietnam. By the time I finished it in January 2021, we had garnered over 50 writers. They weren't just casual writers either. They included an octogenarian comedienne with more stories than a sailor and a Pulitzer Prize winner. Several of the writers are multi-published authors, and at least two of them are college professors. In addition, I welcomed writers from local civic and non-profit organizations and many stories from the VFW Post 12196 and American Legion Post 68.



The Brunswick Arts Council has been a tremendous help. Without them, Cape Fear Voices would not have survived. I am also very thankful to our area high schools and middle schools who have taken time from their busy schedules to include Teen Scene in their efforts to promote community outreach and improve student writing skills.

The May edition was our biggest yet. Cape Fear Voices is now at 5,250 readers of our hard copies and 3,000 email copies. Thanks to Dan Dodge, our friend and fellow veteran, every edition is now on our website and in color. Plans are underway to open our Writing Academy in July 2021. Initially, it will focus primarily on basic writing and study

skills.

Here's to another year of enjoying the amazing creativity of our writers, both young and (hmm) old. On behalf of myself and Eric Mens, thanks to all who have made this possible!

Happy Father's Day, Gerald and Eric!

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



Men don't gestate their offspring, at least not yet, but they can give birth to ideas, inventions, and movements. And sometimes those ideas, innovations, and movements blossom beyond your wildest imagination.

A year ago, two retirees, Gerald Decker and Eric Mens, got the crazy notion to create a small paper, Cape Fear Voices, as "an outlet for creativity in the Cape Fear Region." Their idea was to showcase the works of local writers, poets, and craftspeople as well as that of local nonprofits serving our area. The two may not have anticipated the enthusiastic following they would have, for in just a few months, the paper doubled in size from its original eight pages to a full sixteen. One year later, it has a readership of over 5,200 and almost 3,000 on email distribution.

You would think that would be enough for these two men, but they took the additional step of incorporating The Teen Scene, a monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers, while also giving youth the skills to publish and manage the paper. And then—the icing on the cake—they throw us a party to recognize our contributions, even though they are the masterminds behind it all.

Teen Scene Writing Academy Summer Camp

The Writing Academy Summer Camp is designed to complement the mission of Teen Scene, Inc., which is to promote writing and study skills among teens.

The Academy will offer the opportunity to teach the joy and confidence of writing. We will work to build students' confidence, competence, and self-esteem in their ability to communicate in writing and improve retained knowledge.

Initially, we will focus on two main topics – Basic Writing Skills and Study Skills. Programs will be available for public, private, Christian, or homeschool students in grades 7-12. Classes will be held at the Leland or Bolivia campus of Brunswick Community College. The Basic Writing Class will start at 9 am and end at 10:30 am. The Study Skills Class will run from 10:45 am until 12:15 pm. **There is no cost for students attending the Academy.**

We know from experience that we can make a difference in the students' lives. However, this program can only be successful with the support of local educators and the business community.

The Writing Academy Summer Camp is unique because students will also have the opportunity 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 those new skills. We are excited about

So, in marking the first anniversary of Cape Fear Voices, I would like to wish a Happy Father's Day to the two men who gave it birth and continue to nurture its growth. Thank you, Gerald and Eric, for:

- Providing a safe place to test our creative juices and the encouragement to keep writing.
- Overlooking the fact that we sometimes violate your 700-word limit or squeeze a piece in a day past the deadline.
- Helping promote the work and service of nonprofit organizations important to us.
- Celebrating the work of novice writers with banquets, awards, and other recognition.
- Making writing a priority among today's youth and giving teens the tools and guidance to pursue a career in the literary arts.

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Thanks for turning your wild idea into a reality and for taking us along for the ride!

this new program and want this to be a fun experience for students as they take pride in their new accomplishments.

For more information on the Academy or The Teen Scene, email editorteenscene@gmail.com.

"Brunswick Arts Council believes in the power of creative expression in life. Knowing how to find and assemble the exact words opens our minds and hearts- as well as doors of opportunity! The Brunswick Arts Council appreciates and supports the idea of the Writing Academy and is excited to be a part of that effort."

-- Marybeth Livers, Executive Director of Brunswick Arts Council



BRUNSWICK
ARTS COUNCIL
Celebrate, Cultivate, Community Outreach

BRUNSWICK
COMMUNITY COLLEGE



There simply is no occupation where writing is not essential. We think you should get good at it now instead of waiting to learn on the job.

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

editorcfv@gmail.com

For *Teen Scene*

editorteenscene@gmail.com

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 non-profit 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.

Gerald Decker, President

Eric Mens, Vice President

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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.

	Ad Rates			
	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****Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe**

I have been a Leland resident for almost 11 years. My husband, Tony, and I moved down here from Cleveland, Ohio, to enjoy better weather in retirement. We have three children and nine grandchildren. We also have a dog named Dixie, who runs the house and fully trained us in only a month.

I missed working and my career after I retired, so I volunteered and was hired at Novant Hospital in the Emergency Room for five years. It was a rewarding experience that taught me a great deal.

I have always said I had an accidental career. I was widowed at 24 and had a 72-day old baby to support. I ended up in a clerk typist position in a bank. That translated to the lowest pay grade in the company.

I loved my father dearly, but he did not believe in going to college, especially if you were a woman and had opportunities to get married. I ultimately realized that I would stay a clerk typist if I didn't continue my education and develop my skills, so I enrolled in college when I was 30.

College opened up so many doors in terms of exploring different aspects of learning. I never realized how much I enjoyed Renaissance art until I took several Art History classes. But writing was still my first love. I majored in Communications and minored in Business.

Over time, my career did progress. I went from clerk typist to secretary to supervisor. From there, I leaped into management. I stayed in banking and then branched out to in-

urance and annuities. After working for Chase Manhattan Bank for several years, I finished my career at New York Life Insurance Company.

I continued writing, getting my first piece published in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* in the early '80s. It was called, "Fired? No, Displaced." In it, I talked about the trauma of being downsized and how I grew from the experience.

My career was on track again, but I had less and less time to write. I did manage to get published in *Blue Moon—A Magazine for Girls*. I wrote a piece called "Dream Killer" that illustrated a discussion I had with my father many years before. I told him that I wanted to be a writer. He told me that being a writer wasn't a real job and that I needed to be a secretary. He brought home an application from his place of employment. It was blue. I associated that application with blue-collar work - there's nothing wrong with blue-collar jobs; it's just not what I wanted for me.

I also wrote for the *West Geauga Courier* and was again published in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*. However, it wasn't until I found a copy of *Cape Fear Voices* at Bridge-water Wines, our favorite wine store, that I started to write consistently again. I wish I could tell my father that I am, indeed, a writer.

I can't thank Gerald Decker and Eric Mens enough for developing *Cape Fear Voices* and *Teen Scene*; they have given me my dream back.

And, I'm so glad my husband and I drink wine. It was meant to be!

Jeff Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest

As a New York Department of Environmental Conservation (NYDEC) forester, I spent thirty-three years working on forest lands in the southern Adirondack Mountains. My work included writing and implementing management plans for state and private forests. During that time, I also wrote software programs - one designed to calculate timber volumes and another to manage NYDEC's statewide land acquisition program.

Later, while working at the state central office, I created "Watershed Notes," a newsletter designed to provide information on watershed planning and projects throughout the state.

I also wrote a grant for Syracuse University to receive US Forest Service funding. The grant was designed to standardize forest management plans provided to private landowners

to assist them in managing their properties over a period of time.

Currently, I am writing a fantasy novel. This book is my first attempt at anything larger than a few pages dedicated to one topic. I enjoy developing the plotline, building characters, creating events, and keeping the timeline synchronized.

I have been a lifelong woodworker and have expanded my interests in woodworking since retirement. I have also added woodturning, wood carving, wood intarsia, and stained glass to my repertoire. My award-winning work has appeared in many shows throughout the last thirty years. Most recent awards include a "peoples' choice" designation at the Brunswick Forest art show and prizes for work submitted to the North Carolina Senior Games, where it has won at the local and statewide levels.

I am an avid golfer, fisherman, homebrewer, cook, garden railway enthusiast, and hunter.

Night Visitor

by Jeff Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest



Clank. Clank, clank, clink. Clank-clink-clank-clink-clink...

My ten-year-old, sleep-addled brain finally responded. Groggily I sat up in bed as father's footsteps, accompanied by irritated grumbling, trudged down in the hallway and out the back door.

Clink, clank. The noise grew briefly louder before the door closed with a bang. The noise grew quieter. I heard Dad's muffled voice through the window as he passed by. "Darn! Didn't mean to slam that door and wake everyone up! What the heck is going on out here?"

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes to discover that it was pitch black in the room and outside as well. There were no streetlights to brighten the darkness where we lived.

I wondered what was going on. I looked over at my four-year-old brother's bed and discovered he had also awakened.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I don't know. This weird noise woke me up. Can you hear it? Then Dad went out the back door. He didn't sound very happy!" I replied.

Clinkety clank.

"I hope it's not something bad!" Greg exclaimed. "That's scary! Dad could get hurt!"

"Don't worry about that. Dad is pretty strong. He can handle anything." I said with a measure of pride in my voice.

The clink-clank continued throughout our conversation. We wondered if we should get up or stay in bed where it was safe.

What about Mom and our sisters? Were they OK? I was about to get up to find out when Dad came back inside. His footsteps passed our bedroom and went down the hall toward our parents' room.

"Helen!" we heard Dad say, "Everything is okay, but you and the kids have to see this. I've never seen anything like it before."

"What is it?" Mom asked. "Why do we have to wake the kids up?"

"It's something that has to be seen. I can't just tell you about it." he said.

I heard him knocking on our sisters' door as he said, "Girls! Get up! There is

something I want you to see."

He paused at the hallway closet to retrieve a .22 caliber rifle he kept secured there.

"Why do you need a gun?!" Mom asked alarmingly.

"Don't worry. There is no danger. Just follow me." Dad replied.

A rapping at our door followed. "Boys. Are you awake? Come on out. You just have to see this.

Follow me." Dad exclaimed as he led our safari out the back door into the darkness. He led us around the corner of the house to where our propane cylinders were installed on a concrete pad.

Clinkety clank. Clank, clank, clank came loudly from that direction.

"OK. Take a look between the tanks." Dad said.

As we looked, we could see the furry black rear end and tail of an animal with a broad white stripe down its back.

"AH! A skunk! Run!"

"No. Don't worry; he won't spray if he can't see you." Dad said. "Look closer."

He shined the flashlight closer to reveal the source of the sounds – a skunk with his head encased by a quart jar firmly lodged in place behind his ears.

The skunk had stuck his head between the tanks and was vigorously banging back and forth, apparently trying, without success, to break the jar. Dad grabbed the skunk by the tail and pulled him out from between the tanks. The disoriented skunk staggered around in circles.

My sister said, "Oh! The poor thing! Pull it off of him."

"Oh! No!" Dad replied. "If we do that and he can see us, he will spray us. You've all smelled that before. We don't want that to happen."

"What are you going to do? Is that what the gun is for? Don't shoot him!"

"I'm afraid I have to do that." Dad replied. "You kids can go back inside now. I just wanted you to see what all the ruckus was about. It is quite funny!"

As we four kids quickly went back inside the house, the crack of the rifle signaled the end of the safari.

A Day In the Life of a Cliff Dwelling Boy

by Stan Washington, Brunswick Forest, Member of Coastal Carolina Writers Club (<https://www.spreaker.com/show/carolina-coastal-writers>)



It is a sunny warm day as most are in what we call Arizona today, but it is a day several centuries ago before the European invasion (not the Beatles) took place. The area is rocky, but we see corn, beans, and other field plants. There are cliffs bordering the fields and a stream flowing calmly, not like it had several days ago during monsoons.

A boy about ten years old, almost a man, is sitting on a cliff watching the men returning from a hunt with a couple of mule deer. The boy knew he had to go down and help dress the deer for smoking. That would keep the meat from rotting for weeks. Everyone had to do tribal work. Laziness meant you did not eat.

Yapai moved down three levels from the adobe floors built high on the cliff face. The way down was navigated on long ladders some 3-5 stories up.

All around were children playing and hanging off the cliff's edge to catch a cool breeze. Women were grinding corn for the next meal and nursing babies.

Clothing was light and made out of skins and cloth that was traded for over the last year. Yapai's tribe had lived here all his life. The elders spoke of times the tribe had moved many times in stories told at dark at a blazing fire. But, elders cautioned, we have been here too long, and many bad things will befall them if they did not move on. Yapai did feel the yen to find new places and see new people.

Yapai finished the deer and began to start the smoke den to hang the meat. After starting the smoke den for the deer, he could go swimming and cool off. He was also looking forward to tonight's stories that his grandfather would tell.

His mother called from the fourth level of the cliff adobe, "Yapai, come mind your sister while I cook."

That was women's work! He moved very slowly as maybe his older sister would do what his mother wanted.

Finally, with a full belly, Yapai went swimming. Several of the boys and girls enjoyed the cool stream.

He had other things to do before dark, stoke the smoke den, gather wood for the night fire, pick field crops, and more.

When he climbed the cliffs to his home on the second level, he looked across the wide valley to mountains that caught lightning bolts. There were adventures there beyond those mountains; maybe grandfather would tell tales when the tribe was someplace mysterious with strange events and peoples.

The tales told tonight were sailing through his head as he lay down on his softened deer skin bed on the rock floor. As Yapai moved into the sleep world, he started a whole new adventure of his own.

Laughing in the Golden Years: Memories of My Dad

by Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



Father's Day is celebrated in June each year, and I am reminded of the good times my dad and I had together. I wish he were here to get his annual card and gift, but if he were alive today, he would be one-hundred-twenty-three years old. Born in the late 1800s and dead at 75, he saw four terrible wars but many wonderful changes, also. He never complained about things that were happening in the

world, even the wars. And he always said that progress was something to be accepted since change was inevitable. Sometimes he was a man who gave in to depression. Other times, he was one of the funniest people I've ever known. I miss him and his many moods.

My mother said I was his favorite, but that might have been her way of excusing her favoritism of my younger brother. Whatever it was, I believed that dad liked me best. I glowed in his attention. I remember the mornings when he would invite me to come to see a new bird's nest, or an unusual lizard, or even a snake. When my mother wanted a chicken dressed for Sunday dinner, dad would lay newspaper on our round oak table and clean the chicken from our own coop. Standing by his side, he would point out all the inside parts of that chicken, which were similar to human parts, later giving me an advantage in high school biology.

Dad was a master automobile mechanic - a skill he acquired when he worked on the early assembly line in Detroit. I was very young when he began explaining to me how the combustion engine worked. And while I never actually worked on my own car, I knew how to talk to the garage mechanics when I took my car to be repaired - another decided advantage that dad unknowingly gave me.

Dad dropped out of elementary school when the teacher told his mother that he could not learn because he could not sit still. What that teacher did not know was that my father could read anything by the time he was five years old and went

on to be extremely well-read as well as being self-taught. When geometry was a total mystery to me in high school, my father became my tutor, although he had never had any formal geometry training. I realize now that he would have been an incredible teacher if he had had a chance at higher education.

Dad had definite ideas about what a girl should be able to do. When I begged him to learn how to shoot the shotgun, which he readily taught to my brother, he set up some bottles and instructed me how to hold the gun. I carefully squeezed the trigger as he had demonstrated. When that huge shotgun fired, it threw me to the ground. I never asked to fire it again. In my later years, my mom told me that Dad did not believe that girls should have any experience with weapons. So, he set me up for the black and blue shoulder that was the consequence of firing the gun.

One year I discovered a bee swarm outside our kitchen door. Dad asked me if I would like to try to raise bees, and I enthusiastically agreed. We became partners in that endeavor, and over the next fifteen years, he and I had over fifty hives. I learned with his help and patience, the science of bees, and the delight in collecting and marketing my own honey.

One of my favorite memories is the spring that dad took me to attend a concert when I was seven years old that starred a famous female soprano. Now I wonder where he got the tickets for that concert and whether he really enjoyed the classical music. My mom made me a new blue dress, and although I had to wear my ugly brown oxfords, I felt really beautiful. I was mesmerized by the theater, the chandeliers, and the beautiful woman diva. It was a perfect evening for me spent with a father, whom I knew really loved me. I suppose that I took my dad for granted then as a dad who would do anything for me. I know now that I was blessed.

Forgiveness in Pandemic Time

by Linda Merlino, Wilmington, NC



Life braked and flipped over the handlebars. Covid became global. We hunkered down in North Carolina, sheltered in place, and I wrote a memoir, the story of reuniting with my father after fifty decades. I knew him for the first seven years of my life and the last seven of his. He died four months before the Pandemic, at the age of 96. Meeting him was a treasured gift. Our years apart, he dubbed the Blank Years. The reuniting provided missing pieces to our shared family history. When my dad passed, he left me with a better handle on abandonment and forgiveness, so many stories to ponder, photographs to cherish, and his own father's antique wooden seaman's chest.

The battered trunk arrived in late March 2020. Lockdown was an infant. Fear of shopping, mailed packages, and anything touched by human hands (other than my own) was in question. Then, a call came from a man traveling across the country informing me of a delivery. My first reaction was suspicion and subsequent reassurance that the person orchestrating the deliveries was the personal representative of dad's estate.

Hours later, when darkness took hold, a text came in. The delivery person had parked at the top of our cul-de-sac, and reading house numbers was difficult. Could I turn a light on? Floodlights were illuminated, and the garage door opened. I heard him before I saw him, the weight of the vintage chest heavy on his dolly. The man stood at the end of the driveway, and I motioned him towards me.

"Excuse me mam," he said, "but this must be something very special to have come so far."

"A gift from my father," I said.

He set the chest on its side in the garage.

"Its journey began in Italy over one hundred years ago." I said. "The trunk holds unspoken memories."

"A priceless gift," he said and offered a pleasant goodnight and left for South Carolina.

I stared at the bulbous mountain of bubble wrap until my eyes hurt. I sat on the concrete floor. My first thoughts were of my paternal grandfather as a young man traveling alone to the United States of America. Legend claims he had booked passage on the Titanic, but an illness prevented him from going aboard. Fate. My eyes watered. I saw myself, a younger me, in my Connecticut kitchen, a comfortable place for so many years.

Destiny had brought me there. I once baked hundreds of cookies almost every day in that kitchen, with children running in and out. The profit was maybe a dime per cookie. By then, a single mother (fate again), a thousand dimes seemed close to a million dollars.

Crazy. Did I think someone would take the time to understand or embrace mounds of cookies as the penance for my imperfect life? Silly me.

The trunk represents a legacy of journeys. My paternal grandfather chose another ship to board, my father chose to create a new life without me, and I discovered with hard work and determination, I could decide to turn food into forgiveness and my metaphorical ship around. In the days that followed, when it was safe to unwrap the seaman's trunk, I sanded off layers of black paint, buffed her metal, and restored her oak frame. She now houses quilts and blankets and sits at the top of the stairs to my loft, a reminder every day, nothing is impossible.

I Have No Soul

by Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe



I knew from the beginning that I didn't have much in common with my mother-in-law. But, years ago, when I told her that I didn't sew, she looked at me as if I had said to her, "I have no soul." She gave me a searing, "You're going to burn in hell" look that literally melted my eyelashes.

Sewing is a gentle art, I have been told, and my mother-in-law was very good at it. She measured the success of a wife on the skills she brought to the home, and sewing was way up on the skills list a wife should have. So, what would become of me? I'm sure my mother-in-law had visions of her son and grandchildren walking around in clothes that were mended with staples and duct tape. But, hey, it worked on my hems, didn't it?

Well, I told her I didn't sew, and today, I proved it.

My husband asked me to sew a favorite old shirt of his. It didn't have to be perfect, he said, but he loves that shirt, and the more he wears it, the worse the split in the fabric gets.

The split went in two directions and kind of peaked on a hem that was way more frayed than anything. Fabric was definitely missing in spots, and I knew I was in for a challenge.

So, I tried. Call it a comedy of errors, if you will, because while I thought I was doing pretty well on my first go-round, I found that I had sewed the shirt to the pants I was wearing. "Pretty well" soon became, "Well, he can't wear the shirt this way and I can't wear the pants attached to the shirt. Now what?" I took out all of the stitching and started over.

This time, I kept the shirt a good distance from my lap, sure that my second attempt would be successful. I thought I was moving forward with my mission when I dropped the needle and couldn't find it. It wasn't on the floor or even in my lap. It was somewhere in the depths of the shirt.

I wondered if I should just thread another needle and start over. My rationale was that eventually, the first needle would show up somewhere. But, with my luck, it would show up in my husband's skin, and he would bleed all over the shirt.

Luckily, that didn't happen. Instead, I found the needle when it stuck me. Sewing may be a gentle art, but you have to be tough to do it.

I started over. The task was a little harder now that I was wearing a band-aid on my sore finger, but I kept going. This time, I used pins to hold the fabric together. Lots and lots of pins. That worked well, but at some point, I sewed the thread so tightly to the pins and couldn't get them out.

I started over. This was getting to be a war of wills, and I was going to win the war. So, I got my 14-inch scissors and cut out the pins.

I started over with little, tiny stitches. It took forever to do, and I can admit now that there were times when I wanted to reach for my staple gun to get the job done, or at the very least, duct tape, but I stuck with the needle and thread.

It's done. And, I am proud of myself for doing it. It is really not the best job in the world, but I did it. I actually put the thread to the needle and joined the fabric. I think I got my soul back. My mother-in-law would be pleased.



The Science Lesson

by Janet Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest



Jake excitedly bounded through the front door. "Look what we got, Mom! Me and Lanie and Chris saw grass movin' and there they were! And we're hungry! Is it time for lunch?"

"Yeah, Mom," Lanie added. Can Chris stay, too? We helped him."

The friend had followed the pair into the kitchen as he took the top off the Maxwell House coffee can that he was carrying under his arm. "See, Mrs. M - aren't they pretty? They look like wiggly dark-gray spaghetti with heads and stripes down the sides of their bodies. Here, you can hold

'em, too."

"How nice of you, Chris. Thanks, but my hands are full with your lunch plates. Why don't you put the can on the counter and go wash up for lunch? You two join him. Then you can tell me all about your adventure during our meal."

"OK, Mom. Whadidya cook? Toasted cheese and soup?" Jake wanted to know.

"Um, hum - with your favorite vegetable beef. Now, who's going to start the talk about this amazing discovery that apparently includes live 'things'?"

"We were lookin' for twigs and grass in Minnema's woods across the road," Lani started.

Chris added, "But we had to have special twigs and grass for our science project, didn't we, Jake?"

"Yup, we had our can half full of fresh tiny spring oak branches when Chris saw the tall grass movin' in the old cemetery, just backa the woods."

"I was the first one to get to that tall pointy headstone that Chris pointed to, cuz I can run the fastest," Lani interjected. "Then I saw more grass movin' over by the stone with the lady on it. But, but by the time I got there, there was nothin' in the grass anymore."



"You scared 'em, Lani!" Jake said. "But Chris found a whole bunch of 'em wrigglin' out from under the pointy stone. He called us over to see."

"Yup, these are baby garter snakes, I told 'em, cuz I saw a picture in my schoolbook. We collected some to take to Mr. Tischer to add to our class terrarium. We already had the twigs for our project, so Jake got the grass we needed."

"It has to be just the right grass added to the twigs so these little guys can get the oxygen and stuff to live," Jake responded.

"They were everywhere in the cemetery, Mom. All you have to do is stomp on the ground near one of the stones and they come rushin' out - like they're tryin' to escape! We filled the can," Lani concluded. "Then we ran home to have lunch and show you what we found!"

"That's really exciting, kids! Why don't you go play downstairs while I fix a casserole for dinner later?"

We kids had just started a game of pool downstairs when Mom's blood-curdling scream was heard, coming from the kitchen. "Christopher Olney! Get up here NOW!"

The three of us hurried to find out the source of my mother's angst. It wasn't difficult to figure out.

"Chris! Get those things out of my toaster and out of my house...NOW!"

"Yes, Ma'am... Oh, my gosh...One is slithering across the kitchen floor!" A loud smack of Chris's pool cue on the floor and a baby garter snake was left stunned. "Now I can put him back in the can. I guess the holes for oxygen in the lid didn't have to be that big."

"I apologize for yelling at you, but it was such a shock to turn around and see all those snakes crawling across the counter. They were probably just as scared as I was - being in a strange place and all. Next time you guys have a science project, let's just leave outdoor creatures in their can outdoors on the front steps. Anyway, kids, thanks for the great science lesson today! I think I learned more than you did..."

Remembering Dad

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



“Can Mr. Forger come out and play?” It was over 50 years ago when the boy across the street knocked on our side door and asked my mother, in all sincerity, whether she would let her husband out to hit some baseballs. My mother laughed and told him, no, not tonight; we are eating dinner. But the incident captured the youthful spirit my father imbued to our neighborhood games. Whenever he grabbed his mitt to play running bases in our driveway, two or three more kids would show up to join the fun. His playing days lasted well into his 50s, when, reaching for a fly ball, he toppled over the low hedge surrounding our front lawn and shattered his elbow.

Born in Brooklyn during the Depression, my father had simple tastes and did not like to spend money on things unless they were practical. So, when my mother got the idea to install a picture window in the living room (picture windows were becoming ‘the thing’ then), he resisted. Dad had lived this long without a picture window, so why spend money now on something so extravagant and unnecessary? When my mother eventually wore him down, my father complained that she always got two votes to his one. He even warned his future sons-in-law that this was the way it was with Forger women, so they better get used to it.

Dad battled tuberculosis in his early 20s, and he found it hard to get a steady job with benefits for many years. So once he found one, he was reluctant to let it go. For 35 years, he commuted well over an hour from our house on Long Island to Manhattan, where he worked as an accountant for the American Management Association. Sometimes Dad hired unemployed Broadway actors waiting for their big break to assist in the office. He never really understood why they viewed a bookkeeping job as temporary.



“Don’t they want a real job?”

An adherent of efficiency and thrift, my father often frequented a store called “Odd Job” that carried cheap, discontinued items. When my mother told him to stop bringing home “that Odd Job junk,” he took to hiding his “deals” in a small nook under the basement stairs until they could find a purpose. His cache was finally discovered when, helping my husband and me outfit our first apartment, he emerged from the basement with a large wooden lamp. Despite our laughter, the \$10 “Odd Job” lamp followed us to four different homes before finally clicking off one last time.

Although Dad could not carry a tune, it did not stop him from belting out songs from Broadway musicals, sometimes even sporting a top hat and cane like Fred Astaire. One of his favorite musicals was South Pacific, and “Some Enchanted Evening” was his go-to shower song. Whenever he prepared breakfast on a Saturday morning, my siblings and I would make him sing the Chiquita Banana song, joining in when he got to the best part:

*Baaaaa-nanas like the climate of the very, very tropical Equator,
So never put bananas in the re-fridg-er ator! No, No, No, No!*

My father took us to the Lutheran church every Sunday (his pact with God after surviving tuberculosis), but he rarely said “I love you” or talked to us about his faith. Instead, he demonstrated it by the way he lived and treated others. For example, when the Jehovah’s Witnesses knocked on our door, he invited them in for iced tea. When I asked him why he did this, he said they looked tired and thirsty. I also never heard him curse. If he thought my mother was being too headstrong about something, she was a “noodge” (Yiddish for pest). When the Mets blew a ballgame, they were “palookas.” That was as bad as it got.

Twenty-five years ago this June, and only a month before what would have been my parent’s 40th wedding anniversary, my father died of lymphoma. And yet, it seems like only yesterday that he graced the earth, kept alive by our favorite memories.

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On Becoming a RED GIRL

by Elaine Colton,* Brunswick Forest



It all began one day in October 2019 at the Shoe Center in Brunswick Forest. She had stopped in to buy a new pair of blue shoes from her awesome friend who works there - Sheryl. *Let me digress a little.*

Growing up, until her early thirties, when she started seeing grey hair, she was known as a mousey brown-haired girl. The clothes colors she wore were basically anything she wanted. She didn’t give it a great deal of thought and usually looked pretty good and on-trend with her choices. She never wore red.

Fast forward to her mid-forties when she was dying her hair “rock and roll red” every month. This had been going on for over ten years because it was mandatory in her chosen profession to “not look old.” This went on until her late sixties.

As many of her age had experienced, most small private companies would prefer that one retired at age sixty-five. At that age, she was in her PRIME as far as her career was going. She had a happy customer base, and she was contributing millions in sales to her company.

Her company felt it was time for her to go anyway. To avoid an age discrimination lawsuit, her company restructured her employment status and, with her acceptance, made her an independent contractor, which worked for them both.

Without going through the minutia of the nasty details, she put up with this arrangement until she was sixty- seven, and then left on her terms.

Now you might be asking yourself at this point of the story, “what does this have to do with becoming a RED GIRL....It’s coming!

At the age of sixty- eight, she made a huge decision in her life: after over thirty years of dying her hair red and, of course, wearing the perfect colors that compliment red hair, she decided to let her hair grow out and live with whatever grey hair it turned out to be. She wore a hat well into the next year as that red hair turned whiter and greyer every month. Finally, the red was gone, and the grey was in. She LOVED it! The front hair was lighter than the back, and she didn’t feel like she was old. She had always worn her hair short, so it was easy to style.

With grey hair came a whole new adventure with clothes. The olive greens, oranges, browns, and other colors that looked great with red hair were OUT. Now she got to buy new clothes in black, grey, blue, purples, aqua, and others that were flattering to grey-haired ladies. It was such fun, BUT she never bought anything in RED; she thought the color just wasn’t made for her.

Sooooooooooooo, back to the Shoe Center in Fall last year. As she walked around in her almost hers blue shoes, she noticed a display that really had her intrigued: there on this shelf was a

glorious, perfectly sized red pocketbook - not a color she would ever choose in anything. She asked Sheryl to take it down so she could see for herself how it would look on her.

No question about it, this bag was PERFECT; she bought it and thus began the adventure of becoming a RED GIRL.

There is nothing subtle about this woman, so she continued her exciting (for her) journey into red territory. Next came a new color (red) for her manicure and pedicure. Next came a red coat and finally short red boots. She did overdo the boots.

She was a convert. As the months went by, she realized that RED was fun to wear, flattering, and a bold move, she was glad she’d made. New beginnings - what fun!

**Elaine Colton is the author of The Newport Girls, The Afternoon, and What More is There to Say. Her books are available on Amazon.*

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The Celtic Antisyzygy

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



"Perhaps in the very combination of opposites - what either of the two Thomases, of Norwich and Cromarty, might have been willing to call 'the Celtic antisyzygy' - we have a reflection of the contrasts which the Celt shows at every turn, in his political and ecclesiastical history...."
- G. Gregory Smith

When I was an undergrad back in the halcyon days, I had a Professor who thought and taught 'outside the box' --that is before the rest of the world discovered the cliché. Whilst other Professors did traditional ice-breaking activities at the first class meeting (both boring and predictable--*turn to your shoulder partner and interview him/her and introduce him/her to the class...*), his riff was qualitatively different. Professor MacIver would ask this question: If you could have a cup of coffee with History, what is the one question you would ask?

Now, some years later, I often wonder what the conversation would be like if I actually met History. And, since April marks the hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of the US Civil War*--a War that 'featured' some two hundred thousand Irishmen--I would ask History this question: Is it a peculiar Irish destiny to always line up on both sides of an issue? Any issue. Is there, in fact, an Irish Antisyzygy? After all, it is common knowledge that some hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen fought on the side of the Union Army, whereas some forty thousand allied themselves with the Confederates. And in the heat of the Battle at Fredericksburg, the Irish on both sides fell by the hundreds at Marye's Heights--what one observer noted as 'men walking right up to death as if to a feast...' At a mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York (January 1863), prayers were said for no less than twelve hundred fallen Irish men.



Some sixty-plus years later, the Irish lined up on opposites sides of the Irish Question at home--the issue being the establishment of an Irish Free State. Civil War followed in Ireland, and, though it only lasted eleven months, it pitted father against son, brother against brother, cousin against cousin, a replay of events up and down the eastern

seaboard of the United States. Academics might rush to point out that two instances do not a theory make, and they would be correct. Ineluctably correct. But History--what one of my students once described as exquisitely allayed truth--might suggest strongly that the Irish, with a talent of being on both sides of an issue, have indeed practiced it more than many other nations.

Mind you, it's not that the Irish have cornered the market on this particular issue. Many countries (and cultures) all over the world can line up behind them, having witnessed the most bloody and uncivil civil wars. Just ask Oliver Cromwell. Or Joseph Stalin. Or why not begin with Saladin? So, if the Irish appear incapable of learning from (i) History, or (ii) Truth, then Santayana's admonition just becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy for this divided nation. And it's a baggage-laden past that they seem incapable of transcending. After all, James Joyce, arguably one of their greatest writers, wrote thus:

*"No honorable and sincere has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another...do you know what Ireland is? Ireland is the old sow that eats its farrow...."***

After all, it is their hamartia. It is their destiny. Thanks, History.

*started on April 12th, 1861

** excerpted from A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man, Chapter 5



Col. Joseph Kelly, C.S.A

The Envelope

by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest



There it was - a bright neon envelope with my name, scripted in gorgeous calligraphy, on the outside of the envelope, even spelled correctly.

I anxiously ripped the envelope open. Inside was an invitation. It read:

*"You have been randomly selected to attend
The Rolling Stones No Filter Tour concert at Met Life Stadium
on Monday, August 5, 2019.
Wear some sequins and enjoy!
Keep this card as a backstage pass to meet Mick Jagger in person."*

Was I dreaming? Probably. Nevertheless, my heart joyfully thumped in my chest as I called my friend Gloria to tell her the good news.

The Uber driver picked me up at 7:00 pm as the Stones would probably not hit the stage until 8:30 pm. Could I stay up that late? "You betcha!" I told myself (even though I have always hated that Midwestern expression).

Of course, I wore comfortable denim sneakers (in case I needed to run with Mick), comfortable jeans, and a red sequin shirt. Perhaps the lighting would be great, and he would spot the glitter top during his opening number.

It also worked to my advantage to attend the concert alone, as I had to be fast and other people might hamper my energy.

At this age in life, I had to be selfish, or this amazing meeting wasn't happening.

My seat was stage right, first-tier level in the stadium. Not too shabby for a free concert ticket, as seats were selling at an average of \$400 for this section ticket.

I kept pinching my flabby abs to ground myself and make me realize that this was not a dream.

Shortly after 8:30 pm, the announcer said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, let's

welcome the greatest rock and roll band in the world, "**The Rolling Stones!**" Joints were lit; the smell of marijuana pervaded my section. I didn't need stimulation - there he was "*just a shout away*" in all his cellular defying glory at age 76 - Mick Jagger, strutting to the classic chords of "*Jumping Jack Flash*." Yep, he was back - after major heart valve replacement surgery, moving better than ever. I watched his frenetic dance movements as he tore off his tiny black jacket to

reveal a red sequin shirt. Oh my god! We matched! The universe was good...

He continued to perform for about two hours singing all the classic Stone hits, only to stop and tell the audience that the band had stopped at the famous Tick Tock Diner on Rt. 3 in Clifton, NJ, to sample the world-known Taylor pork roll, eggs, sausage, the heart attack meal. Everyone was screaming except for his cardiologist.

He only stopped once for a short water break before Keith Richards crooned out his own two songs.

After the encore of "You Can't Always Get What You Want," in which the entire stadium was transformed into church-like prayer chants with Pastor Mick leading the congregation and the finale of the grand classic "Satisfaction," he strutted like a peacock offstage.

The security guard then came to get me for my quick "Meet and Greet" with Mick.

I was smiling beyond my own face size. Oops! I had to pee.

I stumbled over the lump on my side as I woke up in my bed.

The security guard was gone. Only my dog remained. I still had the widest smile of my life on my face....



Only the Best Grandmas Get Promoted To Great-Grandma

by Marianne Ziegler, Harrington Village



On her birthday, my granddaughter Kristen handed me a gift bag and said: "Grandma, I'd like you to open this first." Surprised, I unwrapped a stainless steel travel mug with purple coating, just what I had been looking for. I stared at the inscription for a few seconds, uncomprehendingly, and then it hit me: she was expecting a baby!

She delighted at the expression on my face, having so completely surprised me. And then, on April 14, 2021, Fox Kyle Leonard was born, a healthy, strapping 8.5 little boy! This is my dedication to him:

*And so arrives the little Fox,
greeting the world in his baby socks.
And a big boy he will be,
taking after his father, you see!*

*He arrives with much fanfare and ado,
everyone's shouting "yahoo, yahoo."
Everyone is saying it aloud,
making his parents and family proud!*

*Welcome, little Fox, to a world that pays homage,
may your future be bright,
and secure with much promise.
Lots of love from one and all,
as you grow big and strong and tall!*





THE TEEN SCENE

Tomorrow's Voices Today

West Brunswick High School

Preparing Today's Learner for Tomorrow's Future



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West Brunswick High School Celebrates Prom

by Emely Olmedo, Sophomore, West Brunswick High School



This year, on April 17, 2021, West Brunswick held prom with Covid precautions in place. The event took place in the courtyard, in open air where students wore masks and were still able to social distance. This year, there were three different prom time slots, and students had the opportunity to choose which time they wanted to attend. Students met up with their friends to create the best memories of their 2021 spring prom.

"It was easier to have a good time because it was so open," said senior Elizabeth Norfleet. "I can definitely see that the administration wanted us to have a fun prom. They always do but more so this year because you could see the efforts being made during the school day then to see it happen was awesome. I think they did a really good job."

Staff and a small group of students decorated prom with a theme of "Masquerade Under the Stars." The courtyard was draped in twinkle lights, with star and moon motifs used throughout.

"As I looked around, we saw lots of games and slushies and lots of activities," said Jacob Mahon "My favorite part of the night was being able to see my friends dressed up and just enjoying themselves at prom with their date."

Students were given a free Sunset Slush and could play lawn games like cornhole or dance to the DJ's music. Seniors attending prom were featured in a photo slideshow in a moment of reflection of their complete high school experience. As juniors and seniors left the building to put an end to their prom night, they were gifted a goodie bag with a water bottle, kettle corn, a sticker and a key chain.

"The West Brunswick administration did a great job of trying to make our senior prom special having to abide by the necessary safety precautions," said senior Teagan Coley. "Although it wasn't what used to be considered "normal," we were still able to spend time with our friends, dance, take pictures, play games, eat Sunset Slush, and come together as a class to celebrate a big milestone of our senior year."



Caroline Bryant and Miles Hanson



Valery Cruz, Hailey Martin, Jade Harbin



Elizabeth Norfleet, Josh Russ, and Haley Reed



(above) Aniah Metts and Sierra Carmello



Ej Lopez and Aniah Metts Prom King and Queen

See More Prom Pictures on Page 10



of Cape Fear Voice's Teen Scene!!!



West Brunswick Community Remembers Johnnie Magbie

by Elizabeth Norfleet, Senior

Thursday May 13, family, friends, and community members gathered in M.H. Rourke stadium in honor of fallen Trojan, Johnnie Magbie. People were asked to wear pink in honor of Johnnie's favorite color or green in honor of West. A banner signed by West Brunswick students during lunches as a gift to the Magbie family. Other tributes to Johnnie included pink number 11s on the fence, flower displays, printed pictures, a slide show, and pink and green balloons.

The event began at 8pm. Friends, family, and coaches were given the opportunity to speak and reflect on their memories of Johnnie; including Johnnie's mother, coaches, teammates, and close friends.

The night culminated with a candle ceremony on the field and a special moment with the football team.

Advice for Juniors Beginning the College Search

by Henry Jansky, West Brunswick High School

For the Class of 2022, senior year is right around the corner which means that college application season will start next fall. Here are some suggestions for those beginning the college search process.

College Searching

Beginning the college search, juniors should create a list of potential colleges and post-graduation goals for yourself. By the second semester of junior year, most people will have a good grasp of what their strengths and weaknesses are, having taken the SAT or ACT having an established GPA, and having specialized in interest areas like arts, clubs, and athletics. Most colleges won't see your entire senior year in regards to scores, so it's in students' best interests to really buckle down in terms of grades junior year. These strengths should help to narrow down the college search field as students can see average scores and GPAs of accepted students for most institutions.

"I would use the CFNC website which is the college foundation of NC, they have tons of resources about college majors and application procedures," said counselor Megan Hardy.

College Tours

In-state colleges are typically the route most university-bound students take. In order to get a better feel on what it feels like to be on an actual college campus, it's wise to plan a college tour or attend an event at the schools that pique your interest most. Many high schools have college preparatory classes that allow you to take seasonal trips to actual college campuses, like AVID here at West. From there, students will have a better understanding of what life on that college campus might actually look like.

"The reason juniors should explore colleges is because you need exposure to get a good grasp," said teacher Jyll Jacoby-Burns.

ACT or SAT Prep

In North Carolina, all juniors are supposed to take the ACT and many also elect to take the SAT. Preparing for these standardized tests and getting familiar with both their scoring and formatting before taking them is the best path for success; however, many students decide to retake the test to improve their score in one or more areas.

"Study, need to start college searching looking at ACT and SAT scores if you need to redo," said counselor Lakiesha Dennis.

School Size and Type

When on the search for a future college, it's important to ask: in what atmosphere will I thrive academically? Am I looking for a "college-town" feel? Is there a certain part of the state/country/world that could feel like home to you? Some students are looking for more of a lively social atmosphere while they're working towards a degree. Some enjoy a quiet, reserved school that allows them time to think without interruptions. Some students want something in between: a small, personalized school setting with a ton to do off campus. Some students value tradition and community within the college setting. Whatever you're looking for, whether a big or small school or public or private, there is an option within reach.

"First of all, it's very easy to get lost in its vastness, to feel like a little pogie in the ocean," said AVID teacher Renee Harless. "The only way to get around is to get involved."

The Hero and The Villain (Part 2)

by Lori White, BCECHS

She reached the mountains that she had learned about when she was a child. They were littered with the ruins of castles that once held queens that reigned over the whole land. She and Lovien would fantasize about the kingdoms of old and what it would be like to live in such a different world. All of her instincts told her that Lovien had come there to live out those fantasies. Hooking her claws into the mountainside, Savoria promptly lifted and climbed her way up to castle ruins she spotted when she approached the valley. Her muscular arms held on to the cliff as she pulled herself up. Her eyes were met with the most beautiful architecture she had ever seen. She noticed some parts were built onto the gothic structure with different materials. It was Lovien. He was there. She hastily made her way through the squeaking gates and down the decrepit corridor, noticing crudely hung abstract paintings and half-finished sculptures along the crumbling walls. Tears began forming in her eyes as she heard soft melodies being sung from the throne room. He was alive. She heaved the large, dark doors open, and gazed at him. He knelt before the throne and continued to sing, unaware of her presence. Savoria mustered up her strength to speak.

"Lov," she hoarsely uttered through the tears running down her pale face, "do you remember me?"

Hearing her, he bounced up, pulling out his sword, and lunged forward. Frozen, like she was at the incident years ago, she watched as recognition crept in his features when he met her eyes. To him, those jade glistening orbs were the most beautiful creation in the land. He put his sword away and stood up tall, squinting his eyes at her sternly.

"What are you doing here Savoria?" he demanded coldly, "I don't think you were invited." Savoria began to open her mouth in rebuttal but he stopped her with a raise of his hand, his shadowy cloak hanging down from his arm.

"Don't tell me you are here to bring me back. I know my people. I'm a mockery and disgrace."

Savoria was hurt to think that he only knew her as a servant to the kingdom. That she didn't come here out of her own free will. She began to ramble, "Lovien, I'm here because I want to be here. Too many years have passed without me hearing your voice. Seeing you every day was what kept life real to me. You always saw the real me." Savoria glanced over and noticed his dark hand was still gripping his weapon. It was beautifully crafted with iron and small golden

decorations rimmed around the handle.

"Please," she pleaded, holding out her hand, "let me be your hero. Maybe we can survive in this world together."

Anger boiled up in Lovien and he growled, "You think you're the hero?! After what happened to me? Savoria, you are still convinced you are above me. Stop pretending like I am someone you love!"

"Lov, I recognize that you're upset and I know they did you wrong, but isolating yourself

like this won't stop the hurt for long."

Savoria could feel herself unraveling and her face hurt from crying. Lovien's cold gaze

burned right through her skull. Lovien didn't want to see her again because he knew this would

happen. He didn't want to hurt anyone anymore, and he knew he was breaking Savoria. He then began to sense the anger and betrayal he had buried in his soul. She had broken him too.

"You aren't my hero Savoria. You don't know how it felt to be treated like I was and you will never know that pain. You have been praised your entire life and fate has left me with nothing."

Savoria collapsed on the floor, overcome with emotions she'd never felt before.

"What about us Lovien." She replied through gritted teeth and hot tears.

Staring dumbfounded at her for a split second, he composed himself and he announced very quietly and controlled, "Stand up. Get out. Sometimes things don't go as planned."

With this Savoria briskly got up and left, avoiding his eyes. Eyes that she would probably never see again. Once the hot sun hit her, her weight suddenly became too much for her and she fell onto the sandy dirt. The ground became moist with her sobbing as she realized her guilt would live on forever. She lost her only real companion and she was now alone in this world. For once in her life, she was not adored, praised, or validated for her acts. The consequences weren't eliminated because she was strong. She watched the sun as it slowly set in the west, and that marked the beginning of her new life. A new life of living for herself, rather than for her people.

A new life without living for Lovien.

Mahanoy Area School District v. B.L.

What is this new free expression case and why should you care?

By John DeStefano & Jennifer Argo, Seniors, West Brunswick High School

On May 27th, sophomore Brandi Levy tried out for the Mahanoy Area varsity cheerleading team. She did not make the team, and in response to the upsetting news, she posted the following on her private Snapchat account: “F--- school f--- softball f--- cheer f--- everything.” In response to the post, Levy was kicked off the cheerleading team after one of her teammates showed it to the coach.

The Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District case from 1969 made it clear that student speech is protected under the First Amendment. The ideas of this new case go against the ruling of Tinker v. Des Moines and threaten students’ right to freedom of speech.

This case affects students everywhere. Without a clear assessment of students’ rights, freedom of speech can be grossly censored for youth. If the decision goes towards the school, then the First Amendment would mostly be denied to students. How is something a cheerleader posts, taken and posted after school hours off of school property, affecting her school and fellow students?

The argument presented by the school district is that Levy’s post was disruptive to the school environment, and they should have the authority to handle the situation as they see fit. Levy, however, claims that her post was not disruptive, it

had no major impact on her school, and the post was made off of school grounds. Levy has won all previous cases against the school, and they have continued taking it to higher courts, but the decision of this case will be final.

The implications of this case are much farther reaching than the case itself. If the court sides with Levy, how will schools be able to hinder things such as cyber-bullying? If the school wins, will students have to be afraid that no matter where they are they are under the risk of being punished by their school?

This case is a landmark of our country’s history and is extra important to high school students; especially those of us in the journalism program; if this case sides with the school, we could potentially lose the freedom to publish many pieces of work because of school censorship. If the school wins, you may also want to watch what you post on social media, self-censoring more than normal in a place founded on free expression, because that would be made the school’s jurisdiction.

Make sure to keep your eye on this case; arguments have been made, and we are waiting on a decision from the Supreme Court, which will most likely be out by this summer.



North Brunswick High School

Poems by Ne’Vaeh Bullard

A Black Child

Who hasn’t been told to stay in their place
 Creating a boundary to stay in our lane
 Hiding the true you cause you thought others will find you as a disgrace
 We all had the time where we feel pain
 But what lies in a black child’s mind
 Could be positive or cruel
 You can’t see their true color because you’re blind
 And they will look at you like you’re a fool
 We are all queens and kings
 But none of our history is taught
 All we have to do is hold on to our strings
 Open that person’s blind spot

Racism

Racism shouldn’t be a thing
 All you do is remember pain
 With the feelings it brings
 Like all your thoughts going down a drain
 Being white or black shouldn’t matter
 But it depends on the ability of others
 Banging your options with a hammer
 Dissing your sisters and brothers
 All because some races have privilege
 Leaving the others to work
 Just think of that image
 Stay in school and do your homework
 Maybe you’ll know how the society works
 If you open your eyes and see the clearer picture
 Work hard and you think you gonna be richer
 Truth is life isn’t fair
 Screaming silent in the air

The Broken Glass

The broken glass is hard to see through
 Don’t see a accurate way to do things
 It’s like hearing a monkey say moo
 And touching a eel and get sting
 Making your bed filled with lies and stories
 Having to wake up on the wrong side of bed each morning
 Putting your thoughts in categories
 It’s like getting a warning
 That everything is going down in a bad way
 Just because of that bed you made
 Eating cold food on a tray
 Not making a sound cause you’re afraid
 Getting cut and having to put on a band-aid
 And mad cause you forgot the first aid
 Sour just like lemonade
 Forgot to pay your Medicaid

Congratulations to this month’s artists!!!



“Into the Future” by Eunice Gutierrez Nino, Grade 9



“My Future” by Ouvia Badovinac, Grade 10



“Brunswick County Either Or” by Maria Lynn Ochoa, Grade 10



Myrtle Grove Middle School

by Carolynn Phillips, MGMS Visual Arts Specialist

Art Classes at Myrtle Grove Middle School have been working for nearly a month on designing, constructing, and refining a pair of shoes. The 8th Graders started by making a pattern, using the pattern to cut cardboard pieces, and constructing it with only masking tape. Paper Mache was added to make the shoes stronger, then acrylic paint for the finish. Their display is in the glass cabinet on the way to the cafe as well as in the front office. This project was designed to problem-solve.

My 6th graders have spent over a month creating their own version of a "Jolly Nana" inspired by a female French artist about the strength of women. Their Jolly Nana's were constructed of cardboard, masking tape, newspaper, and paper Mache. Their display will be in the front lobby. This project was designed to problem-solve as well. Please make sure you ask them about their pieces. They truly stuck with a project that created lots of struggles along the way (especially 6th grade).



Makenzie Leighton Grade 6



Aynsley Tryon Grade 6



Sophia Livio 8th Grade



West Brunswick High School Celebrates Prom (continued)



Tegan Coley and Blake Durham



Nevaeh Stevens and Jordan Nashburn



Skaya Mokma and Bella Cheers



Ethan Carter and Maya Bryant

Life Is What You Make It

by **Chuck Schwartz***, Hilton Head, South Carolina



In the spirit of anniversaries and in wishing a happy anniversary to Cape Fear Voices and Teen Scene, here is an inspirational anniversary-themed story from my book “Chuck’s Lemonade, A Recipe for Inspired Thinking and Living.”

“Renee and I were making the best of it in Texas after the abrupt and painful ending to the business venture that brought us there. Renee was nearing the end of the treatments from a recent illness. We decided to remain in Texas for the holidays so we would not disrupt her treatment schedule. Life was still anything but certain. Except for us. We were certain about ourselves, our goals, and our dreams.

Since we were staying in Texas for the holidays, we decided to plan a little trip to make the best of it. We drove to Johnson City (a little town a few hours away) to explore the historic old town and see what we heard was a fantastic Christmas lights festival. We planned as much as we could, and off we went.

We arrived in Johnson City and checked into the inn where we had reserved a room for the night. Johnson City is a small town, and it was very quiet and empty when we arrived. We found out that many of the places and things we had hoped to explore were closed for the holidays, and we were now faced with being in a very small town with very little to do. We had a choice. We could let it get the best of us, or we could make the best of it.

Our room at the inn had a microwave, so we drove to the local grocery/hardware store (no kidding, it’s exactly what you picture) and bought cheese and crackers, frozen TV dinners, and a cheap bottle of wine. We planned to spend the rest of the day and night in our room at the inn. Not what we had planned but planning to make the best of it.

After shopping, we drove past the Hill Country Cupboard restaurant on our way back to the inn, and we noticed a car in the parking lot. We stopped to see if they were open, and to our surprise, they were! An older lady at the front counter welcomed us in, and for the next few hours, we enjoyed wonderful hot comfort food, cold beer, and NFL football on a small tv. It was a great surprise, and we immediately felt a little better about our trip.

We left the restaurant to head back to our hotel room again (to drop off the groceries) before heading to the lights festival. In doing so, we passed Kenny’s Cantina. We saw cars parked out front, so we stopped, peeked in the door, and discovered it was open! Surprise number two! We bought a beer and explained to the bartender that we were in town for the lights festival. The bartender said that

Kenny’s would be open all night, so we should go and check out the lights and then come back for some live music and drinks after. We accepted his invitation and left with smiles on our faces.

The light festival was everything we had hoped for. A small park in a small town all dressed up in beautiful white lights. We walked around the park, taking in the beautiful lights. We were feeling pretty good.

We left the light festival and headed back to the cantina to find it full of locals drinking and waiting to hear live music. Greeted by the bartender and the locals, we were treated to drinks much of the rest of the night. Yes, you read that right - treated - as in someone else paid, and we didn’t even know anybody there!

We returned to our room at the inn later that night, smiling and amazed at what had happened to us that day.

Our lemons had turned into lemonade. Coincidence? I think not - because life is what you make it.”

A few days later, we traveled to Hilton Head Island to celebrate our first wedding anniversary and dreamed up a plan to relocate there ten years earlier than planned. And we did it!

*Chuck Schwartz is the author of “Chuck’s Lemonade, A Recipe for Inspired Thinking and Living” and The Chuck’s Lemonade Collection of inspirational books, journals, presentations, and more, all designed to help you think better so you can live better. Visit www.chuckslemonade.com to subscribe to receive a daily dose of Chuck’s Lemonade.



According to their Facebook Page, Kenny’s Cantina closed its doors in July, 2020. Calling itself the “friendliest bar in Texas”, it certainly was a place that turned lemons into lemonade for many.

The First

by **Lee Norman Mehler**, Brunswick Forest



(For my beautiful wife.)

Arthur looked around the Starlight Ballroom. He wasn’t sure why he had come. Lennie had dragged him here.

“Come on. It’s Saturday night. You will never have a life if you don’t get out there and take a chance.”

Arthur was a reader, not a doer. He wasn’t quite even sure how he and Lennie had become friends. Lennie was funny and loved talking to anyone. Arthur liked huddling in the overstuffed chair with the afghan in his living room with a glass of cheap white wine and his feet up. He’d usually turn on the floor console Zenith radio to listen to his favorite big bands or classical piano music after the sun went down.

But some nights, he liked the quiet. He wanted to hear the wind blowing outside three stories up. He listened to the stiletto rain pelting the large tenement windows or the steam rising in the radiator in each room. On warm spring nights, with a glow of the city rising above the rooftops, he would crawl out on the fire escape to smell the cherry blossoms that lined the street below. He was the definition of a loner. But not by choice. Really out of habit.

Deep down, Arthur yearned to be different. That is why he let Lennie past the protective wall he had erected around himself. Lennie was the popular guy at work. The one who wasn’t afraid of the pretty girls. They would go down to Madison Square Garden for a Knickerbocker game in the middle of the week when tickets were cheaper. Lennie would talk to any stranger hanging from the overhead straps on the subway. If they were cute and had long legs, the talks lasted until our stop.

So here he was scanning the Ballroom looking for a safe corner to watch life dance by instead of taking the first step. Lennie was with a brunette doing the foxtrot. Arthur wandered over to the white linen-covered table with the cheese and crackers and the red punch bowl so he would have something to do with his hands. He had learned if you held a drink or a plate, you could avoid looking in people’s eyes. And he thought if he took a sip every few minutes, you didn’t seem so pitiful.

He looked down at the pewter ladle and tipped it up over the paper cup.

“Can I offer you a piece of carrot cake?”

The voice was light and airy, yet somehow soulful. Arthur’s eyes moved up the soft lines of her slight frame to the blond hair that stopped just short of her shoulders. Her smile was easy, not exaggerated. Her face was freckled and perfect. But it was her eyes that drew him in. They were hazel and sparkling with some inner light. He could see the truth in her eyes.

Arthur was speechless. Not unusual for him. But he felt compelled not to hold back. He tried not to stammer.

“I, um...I’m not a fan of carrot. What is that one?” pointing to the cake to the right with powdered sugar dusting the top.

“That’s a pistachio and chocolate Bundt cake. I made it myself.”

“Probably better since you made it,” Arthur responded. For once, he did not look down.

“I haven’t seen you here before.” She said.

“No, my buddy Lennie wanted to try this place out. He’s a dancer. I’m not much of one.”

Her smile did not waver.

“Me, too. Kathy likes to come, so we do this sometimes. She’s the one in the flower print over there. I like to bake.”

“I like to eat,” Arthur said. He immediately regretted the try at being lighthearted. But she didn’t seem to mind as she laughed a laugh that sounded like bells in a breeze.

Arthur did not know how he knew. But he knew. This was new territory he had never crossed before. He had read about it in all the classic novels he had raced through in his thirst for another life. This was the start of the beginning of his life.

“I am Amy.”

“I am Arthur.”

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CELEBRATING NATIONAL HERITAGE AREAS: The Making of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail (Part 4 of 4)

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.

Our local governments in action – a glimpse into the future of greenway / blueway development in Brunswick County.

It is truly remarkable to see what our Brunswick County communities are trying to achieve, each on somewhat different paths, yet all sharing a common thread. We, the members of the Brunswick County Branch, NAACP, are so fortunate to have the support of these amazing organizations, elected leaders, foundations, and their volunteers all working together to create meaningful positive change and impact in our regional community. We know that this labor is not about us; it is about sharing the journey of learning of who we were and who we are with future generations yet to come.

As mentioned earlier in this series, the Town of Navassa, located at the north end of the proposed greenway/blueway corridor, has a significant effort underway to establish the Navassa Heritage Trail. This 10-mile trail will include both greenway and blueways. Planning details include historic stops for seven rice plantations, six slave cemeteries, 10 to 15 parks, and the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation's development of the Cedar Hill African-American Heri-

tage Park. The park will include the restoration of the Reaves Chapel and Cedar Hill Cemetery and the planning, design, and construction of the Phoenix Colored School, which will house the Reaves Chapel Church Visitor's Center, the Rosenthal Schools Museum, and the African-American History Museum. Participating in this effort are the Coastal Land Trust, Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, and the African-American Heritage Museum of Southeastern North Carolina.

Navassa is also working with Coastal Land Trust on a grant from the Navassa Trustee Council to develop the Moze Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Center and multi-use park on a 28-acre former superfund site committed by the Multi-state Trust. This project is estimated to be completed in FY 2026.

Just to the south of Navassa, the Town of Leland completed its Parks, Recreation, and Open Space Master Plan two years ago. The primary focus of this comprehensive plan is on parks, open space, amenities, and a potential recreation center, along with the current Leland Cultural Arts Center (LCAC). The Plan is an excellent resource that provides direction on the development and enhancement of these valuable community resources. As part of Leland's Municipal Campus Master Plan efforts, the town currently has plans to develop trails, path connections, and sidewalks throughout this complex to provide the opportunity for users to create their own "loops" of varying distances, thus adding variation to the paths and helping people lengthen their exercise routes and be exposed to more of the park. This effort also directly links the Brunswick County Library Facility and Senior Resource Center. *(to be continued)*

"Just Down On Their Luck"

by Patricia Yokley, Wilmington, NC



Homelessness is a problem America needs to address. At last count in 2017, there were over 550,000 homeless in our country. I think I have credibility in this area since I was homeless myself. I saw that vets are a group that experiences homelessness in excessive numbers, as well as those just "left behind" in our fast-paced world, made that way by technology and post-high school education. In other words, people "just down on their luck." I see homelessness as the state of three psyches. They are the psyche of degradation, the psyche of desperation, and lastly, the psyche of determination. The Oxford dictionary describes the psyche as the inner self or spirit. I've seen and experienced that a person without a place to live has their spirit somewhat damaged, sometimes irreversibly. Not having a place to lay your head every night can be a daunting experience. I can honestly say that it was the most stressful condition I've ever had. This short article will try to explain to the general public how homelessness can affect a person's self-worth and can scar them for life.

First, there's the psyche of *degradation*. If one degrades something, they wear it down. Their self-esteem is demolished by the small slights they endure day after day. I fancy myself comfortable in any environment, from a brasserie in Paris to a homeless shelter in Wilmington. But this phenomenon is subtle. Usually, it's not noticed by others out of the shelter. It sneaks up on you, this degradation. I understand some people don't like the homeless. But why? Do they feel guilty they have a place of their own and are doing well? Do they feel more worthy? Or are they just offended by dirt? A lot of people seem to delight in hassling

them. This degradation can give way to desperation.

Then there's *desperation*. Every day the homeless are demeaned to the utmost degree, and some will not go into a shelter at all. They don't like the shelter rules and prefer to live in the woods or if it's warm enough, on city streets. Have you ever looked away when a 'bum' approached? Don't think they don't know what you are thinking. After a while, it can become a mindset – a way of life. After a while, a person can sink into despair, and that's when the petty crime occurs, like shoplifting. While there are programs out there that help people get housing, if they have been homeless for three months or more, often the task can be overwhelming.

Finally, there's the psyche or mindset of *determination*. It's easy to give up. Building your life back can be a long process. The normal everyday things most do without thinking become an occasion. Paying your rent on time or cleaning your apartment may seem like small things for you, but if you're new to the normal world, they're events to celebrate. To this end, I must stop with a thought. A man I met in the shelter told me he chooses one day a week to be thankful and grateful, come what may. The day might have gone poorly; you might get that job you wanted. But if one looks, they can always find the silver lining. There's a lesson for us in their plight.

Remembering the Faces of War

by Eric Mens, Waterford

I knew it was over, my friend,
When I lifted your head
To make you comfortable
But in the darkness, instead,
Felt the warm, sticky fluid
Draining life from your head--
My only solace, wishing you peace,
As I closed in your bag.

I remember your name as "Red"
And the last time I saw you.
Cheerfully waving as the
Bird lifted and sped west.
Me, braced against wind and the dust.
How could I know that in short time
You, too, would be nothing but dust?
I've lived those moments often,
Listening in on the radio call,
Your life ending swiftly in a hellish
fireball.
And as I walk slowly, down the lonely
Wall walk,
I'm sorry to say that I can only recall
The fond "Red" by which you were
called.

And remember my friend, Ritter,
What things we did for the pain?
You, far from the reservation
And me, with no name.
Living in darkness between the earth
and above,
Rats our company, not even our friends.
And even they bit in anger
Or we imagined they might,
For when we dared or we could

We found relief and our solace
In any way that we might.
Like the night when you showed
How an Indian might fight.
And in our drunken stupor, how
We stumbled into our dank hole,
Flares bright in the night.

I also remember that horrible night,
When, with a round in my chamber
And a smirk on my face,
I swore to myself
This to be the devil's last night
In this place.
Though I didn't shoot to kill, the end
had come, for I knew then,
I'd sunk as low as I could,
Never to rise again.

How I made it through that night
I will never know, but dear friend,
I was saddened to learn of your end
In the place I left so soon before.
I could not bring myself to look
Upon your face or bear watching
You lowered into your grave.

I could only imagine
the feeling and sound,
You surely sensed in the instant
When life disappeared in a mist.
I pray that the pain and the gore
Were quickly over for you, my friend,
As for me - they simply endure.

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



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324 Village Rd Ste C
Leland, NC 28451

910.408.1757
katiesamselart@gmail.com

Gullah/Geechee Religion

Ring Shout, Rituals, and Reaves Chapel Spiritual Rituals: Part Three

by Ana Johnson, Cape Fear Community College



With the enslaved Africans having to deal with the perpetrators' forcefulness during the Transatlantic Slave Trade, their spiritual beliefs were brought along. Having to experience this change was difficult as slaves had to adapt to a new environment. The masters believed by teaching their strict practices, they would maintain social structure and lessen negative conflict that would benefit their decisions. Many religious conversations between slave masters and slaves encouraged obedience, leaving little expression for the enslaved Africans to formulate their artistry.

Many of the religious techniques that slaves in the Lowcountry used were to alleviate the pain of being taken away. However, the religions that developed in West Africa slowly started to shift throughout the slave trade. Several traditional West African religions held values that attached to their spiritual beliefs. "In West Africa, there are practices which deals into what we call the Root Doctor on the one hand and the Root Worker on the other; sometimes it was the same person, sometimes it wasn't. It was specialists that dealt with the unknown and the spirits, which was prominent in the Gullah/Geechee." Lotson stated.

According to the Georgia Historical Society, in the 1700s, Lowcountry slaves were attracted to "Evangelical Protestantism." Evangelical Protestantism includes Calvinist Methodist, Arminian Methodist, or Baptist. These ideals were pushed by slaveholders, who focused on converting many enslaved Africans. "Most of the slaves adopted their slave masters' religion, which was the Christian religion. However, it was not taught that much at all in West Africa. The Islam religion was there, and they had some traditional West African practices." Lotson stated.

Lotson explained how taking the beliefs of the slaveholders influenced the enslaved Africans. "They adopted their slave master's beliefs. And on the surface, you would say, "Well, why not? They had the money, they had the land, so this Jesus thing sounds good." They had a way of using the Bible and the good things about it, which was going to heaven. So, who doesn't want to go to heaven when you're suffering and in pain? With Jesus, they believed all those things could go away. Therefore, it was easy to adopt the Christian religion."

While on plantations, enslaved Africans had to strategize with areas to practice their spiritual beliefs and rituals in larger gatherings, which was a factor of their cultural system. As a result, praise houses became a staple in finding those moments of attainable freedom during uncertain times. "They didn't come here on their own, and for that brief moment in time, they felt free. Even though they

were enslaved, that they could still escape in their religious realm." Lotson stated.

What formed out of these praise houses? Memories of revivals, prayer, spirituals, songs, and words of wisdom still live on to keep stories alive and for preservation purposes. These structures were a symbol of hope to be free from cruel treatment. Finally, musical traditions, praise styles, and cultural rhythms were a function of storytelling - to convey thoughts on situations that affected them and their families.

One popular song that the Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters often perform and a favorite to Lotson, is "Wade in the Water." A song that was essential for enslaved Africans to voice their longing for liberation. "Of course, that was a way of them escaping, but you can also use it as a religious song. These songs lasted through time. I like that particular one because it's a beautiful, slower song. It touched hearts, and those are the sounds that we composed."

By the enslaved Africans using their religious verbalism as a temporary escape from their pain, their inspiring stories later developed into the vast music selection we have today.

"Those songs didn't come from Africa; they came from learning and mixing what they learned from their slave masters and what they could read. So, they sung some of their songs and then started putting their own music together." Lotson stated.

In the present time, Gullah/Geechee spiritual beliefs, rituals, and practices continue to remain strong among the descendants. Lotson hopes by using his voice, he can advocate for keeping the structure of his heritage alive and well. "For us, we are not just cultural art performers. Everyone in our group has pure Gullah/Geechee blood in them. We want to keep our culture alive, whether there is monitored value or not. It's what we do."

For more information on Griffin Lotson and the Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters: <https://www.geecheegullahringshouters.com/>



Reaves Chapel Restoration of a Local Historical Structure

by Eric Mens, Waterford

The Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor is a National Heritage Area established in October 2006 by Congress to recognize the unique culture of the Gullah Geechee people. The Gullah Geechee People have traditionally resided in the coastal areas and the islands off the coast of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The National Heritage Areas Act of 2006 also established the Gullah-Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission to oversee this Heritage Area. In part, the Commission's role is to "assist in identifying and preserving sites, historical data, artifacts, and objects associated with the Gullah Geechee for the benefit and education of the public." In Brunswick County, North Carolina, the Town of Navassa plays an essential role in the history and contributions made by the Gullah Geechee people living in coastal North Carolina.



Many of Navassa residents' ancestors were Gullah Geechee peoples of the West coast of Africa, who were forcibly brought to the coastal United States because of their rice cultivation experience. Rice plantations once lined the western banks of the Cape Fear River. Despite the many contributions of the Gullah Geechee peoples to this region of North Carolina, few surviving structures from the Pre-Civil War and Post-Civil War period remain to preserve their vital cultural heritage. Historic Reaves Chapel, an African Methodist Episcopal (A.M.E.) Church in Navassa is one of the last remaining buildings from that era still standing.

The North Carolina Coastal Land Trust has partnered with the Town of Navassa to identify land with significant Gullah Geechee heritage traits within our region. The Trust is also collaborating with partner organizations such as the National Parks Service to assist in the potential acquisition of key properties with significant Gullah Geechee cultural and historical significance.

Historically and culturally significant, Reaves Chapel is a simple, classical

wood frame church with colored glass windows. It is one of the oldest African American buildings in southeastern North Carolina. The Chapel was built just before or shortly after the Civil War on the bluffs of the Cape Fear River by former enslaved people of the Cedar Hill Plantation. Around 1911, the congregation, using logs and a team of oxen, moved the Chapel to its current inland location - a parcel that was given to the Church by Edward Reaves, a formerly enslaved man for whom the Chapel was named.

Reaves Chapel and its current small cemetery served its congregation until the late 1990s and closed its doors for good in 2006. The Church had a small but active congregation until around 2005. Although the Chapel has suffered the prolonged effects of weather damage and is not currently inhabitable, it is cherished by the community. In 2019, the Coastal Land Trust purchased the Chapel with funding provided by the Moore Charitable Trust/Orton Foundation, and Historic Wilmington Foundation. In partnership with the local community organization the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, the building will be restored and once again be a community place for celebration, community service, and history.

Initial work on the Reaves Chapel project of shoring up and stabilizing the structure by Balding Brothers LLC has been completed. Stabilization began with the removal of the building's contents, which were inventoried and stored. Next, the corner beneath the steeple and bell, which had suffered the most deterioration, because of the additional weight was shored up. Next, the bell, steeple, and chimney were removed to prevent their weight from further damaging the structure. Finally, tarps or rubber coverings were placed over the existing roof. The bell and the steeple will be restored and returned to their rightful place on the Chapel once the interior and exterior are repaired, and restoration is completed.

Now that stabilization is completed, the restoration project will focus on the remaining work of repairing the structure to usable condition and a more complete historic restoration. The timeline for these phases is dependent upon receiving additional funding. However, with another hurricane season ahead of us, further stabilization is also necessary. Community financial support is critical to this effort! 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 Reaves Chapel or the restoration project, please contact Al Beatty, President, Cedar Hill/ West Bank Heritage Foundation at (910) 520-2517 or by email at al.beatty@att.net.



MILITARY NEWS

Sponsored by Post 12196 based in Leland, North Carolina



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 vfwp12196@gmail.com or call at 910-408-1934

Chief John Grimes and Teacher Anna Saunders Win Top VFW Awards for 2020

At their May 11th meeting, Leland VFW Post 12196 took time to recognize individuals for their service to the community. Mayor Brenda Bozeman received recognition for her continued steadfast support for all veterans. Post Commander Gerald Decker commented, "Mayor Bozeman has always been there for us on anything we need. We are very fortunate to have Mayor Bozeman in our corner."



(l to r) Mayor Brenda Bozeman, Ms. Anna Barefoot Saunders, Charles and Debra Cooke, Chief John Grimes, and VFW Post 12196 Commander Gerald Decker.

Emergency Management Director, and former Leland Fire Chief, John Grimes was recognized as the "Safety Officer of the Year" by VFW Post 12196. Mr. Grimes was also recognized as VFW North Carolina District 5 Safety Officer of the Year. Chief Grimes has been an outstanding public servant of the Leland area for many years.

Mrs. Anna Barefoot Saunders, English and Journalism teacher at West Brunswick High School, was recognized as the "Teacher of the Year." Ms. Saunders sets the standard for commitment and dedication to the students at West Brunswick High School and the profession of teaching.

Families of three deceased Comrades during the past year were recognized for their military service and the extraordinary dedication and service to others during their careers. Edmund Carleton Brown - a decorated veteran of WWII, Pacific Theater of Operation, a business owner, and philanthropist. Paul Phillips - who served on the USS. North Carolina in 1945 and served during WWII,

Korean War, and the Vietnam War. Pete Erbe - a Vietnam veteran, instructor at West Point, and former NC Kiwanis President and Kiwanis Citizen of the Year. The families of the deceased veterans will receive a "VFW Resolution of Remembrance" and a U. S. Flag on behalf of Post 12196.

Commander Decker also took time to recognize outstanding service to the community by members of Post 12196. Among those were Jr. Vice Commander Eric Mens, Quartermaster Don Spaulding, Chaplain Nate Pringle, Post Adjutant Jim Rich, and Post Trustees John Marone and Dominick Calderone, Jr.



Debra Cooke, Commander Decker, Chaplain Nate Pringle

VFW Post 12196 meets the second Tuesday of each month at Blossoms Restaurant in Magnolia Greens at 7 pm. At the June 8 meeting, Commander-elect Jason Gaver will be sworn in as the new Commander for 2021-2022.



Chief John Grimes and Commander Decker



Mrs. Saunders and Commander Decker

The Korean Conflict*

by Frank Stritter, Holden Beach, NC

The Korean Conflict, called "The Forgotten War," occurred from 1950 to 1953. At the end of World War II, the US and the Soviet Union agreed to temporarily divide Korea into two countries at the 38th parallel. This border became more rigid as Cold War tensions escalated.

In June 1950, the communist leader of North Korea, Kim Il Sung, decided to reunify the two countries, but under his control. Kim launched a surprise invasion of South Korea, sending 75,000 soldiers across the border. They quickly overran the capital of Seoul in the first military action of the Cold War. The US was caught off-guard, but President Truman decided to combat communism by fighting its spread.

Two days later, the US persuaded the United Nations to declare its support for South Korea. Truman, perceiving the North Koreans to be pawns of the Soviets, agreed to send US forces as a major part of a UN police action. Two weeks later, the UN recommended that all UN forces be put under US control. Truman then ordered General Douglas MacArthur to take command.

From August to September 1950, the war saw-sawed back and forth. US and South Korean forces were initially pushed far to the south to the port city of Pusan. The US 8th Army, most of which had hurriedly been sent from soft occupation duties in both Korea and Japan, fared poorly against the aggressors and were nearly pushed off the Korean peninsula. But then, the 8th Army stiffened and held Pusan as

reinforcements arrived.

On 15 September 1950, MacArthur carried out a surprise landing at Inchon, the port for Seoul, that enabled the UN forces to retake Seoul, cut off North Korean supply lines and drive the North Koreans back to the 38th parallel.

In October 1950, China answered North Korea's request for aid and entered the war, sending massive numbers of troops across China's border to fight against UN forces.

From November to December 1950, MacArthur had ordered UN forces to attack through North Korea toward the Chinese border with the intention of reuniting North and South Korea. This action resulted in the Battle of the Chosin Reservoir, now regarded as one of the most brutal in modern warfare. Thirty thousand UN troops were encircled and attacked by 120,000 Chinese troops. The UN troops, nevertheless, broke out of the encirclement and made a fighting withdrawal while inflicting heavy casualties.

By April 1951, UN forces had recovered and pushed their way back to the 38th parallel. MacArthur conducted the war largely from his home in Japan, periodically flying in to issue orders, pose for photos, and fly back. He openly defied Truman's Korean policy writing a letter criticizing Truman that was read to the House of Representatives. When MacArthur publicly threatened to bomb China, Truman had enough of his arrogance and controversially relieved him.

The next two years saw periods of fierce fighting, but the UN held at the 38th parallel. They endeavored to fight a limited war that meant no nuclear weapons nor attack across the Chinese border. Truman's popularity plunged to 24 percent, at least in part because MacArthur's firing was not popular with the American public. Truman then announced that he would not run for reelection.

The conflict had bogged down into a battle of attrition by November 1952, followed by Eisenhower's election as President. Eisenhower publicly hinted that the United States might use a nuclear bomb if the Chinese would not negotiate a cease-fire.

Whether Eisenhower's threat helped or not, by mid-1953, all sides were ready to stop fighting and agreed to a cease-fire on 27 July 1953. The Korean Conflict came to an end as the UN, China, and North Korea signed an armistice without South Korea. However, a peace treaty has still not been signed. Gen. Mark Clark, the Commander of UN forces, said he had "the unenviable distinction of being the first US commander to sign an armistice without victory."

More than 1.5 million Americans served in Korea, 37,000 were killed, 8,000 are still listed as MIA, and 130,000 were wounded. All in all, a very costly conflict in many ways with so little to show for it.

* Editor's Note-Leland VFW Post 12196 is planning a Korean War Veteran Commemoration Day in Leland on July 27, 2021. To learn more about this event, contact them at vfwp12196@gmail.com.



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.



Congrates to our 2021 scholarship recipients!

(above) Dana King, VP of Brunswick Arts Council presenting \$1,000 scholarship to Louisa “Wren” Whalen from South Brunswick High School. Ms Whalen will attend UNC Greensboro this fall.

(below) Shane Miller, Board Member of Brunswick Arts Council presenting \$1,000 scholarship to Tiffany Huynh from North Brunswick High School. She will attend UNC Chapel Hill this fall.



Solstice by the SEA
Celebrate, Cultivate, Community Outreach

June 19, 2021 - Middleton Park Oak Island - 10:00am- 8:30pm

ARTS & CRAFTS VENDORS - LIVE MUSIC - FOOD
FOOD TRUCK RODEO - CORN HOLE TOURNAMENT - ARTS & PARTS
FASHION SHOW - TINA SMITH - CASEY TOWNSEND - DHIN - PARLAY -
NE WOODLANDS NATIVE PEOPLES PERFORMANCE KAT & KAYA LITTLETURTLE -
JOSH YOUSE - INSPIRATIONS YOUTH DANCERS - BLUES DEVILLE -
CHARLENE & THE BLUEGRASS CHARLETANS - TAR HEEL TELLERS - ROGERS FAMILY BAND
- POET MARTY METZER - TURNING THE WHEEL - & SO MUCH MORE!

Free Event!



Way To Go Class of 2021 Grads!!!

Have A Great Summer!!!



(right) “Cam” Cameron Gilbert from West Brunswick High School received \$1,000 scholarship in 2021. A graduating senior, he will attend UNC Pembroke this fall. The award was given by Larry Johnson, President of Brunswick Arts Council & Chris Angotti, of GFWC of South Brunswick Islands.



Congratulations to all graduating Seniors. You have overcome a lot in the last two years. You are to be commended for your accomplishment. Here's to a life of success and using these skills to navigate the unexpected events that life always brings to us.



Happy Birthday!

Annemarie Clark Early June 5

Kyle Horton June 9

Karen Blackmon Smith June 17

Sallie Angsten Walbourne June 20



Congrats to Chief John Grimes for being named VFW Post 12196 and VFW NC District 5 Safety Officer of the Year.
Congrats to Anna Barefoot Saunders for being named VFW Post 12196 Teacher of the Year.
Congrats to Jason Gaver on being elected Commander of VFW Post 12196 for 2021-2022.

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Many thanks to the *Brunswick Community College* and *Brunswick County Arts Council* for your unwavering support of The Teen Scene/Cape Fear Voices and our new Writing Academy.



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