



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

Volume 2, Issue 9

A Veteran-Owned Small Business

FREE

September 2021

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The Love of a Lifetime

by Janet Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest



"Dahling," she said coyly. "Come over here and sit yourself down beside me." Tilting her head, she gently patted the overstuffed sofa, and her face broke into a seductive smile as her arms slowly unfolded, beckoning him to join her in this very private moment.

"Who? Me?" he responded, pointing to himself, and cracking that impish grin she had known so well. There seemed to be fewer of these roguish smiles these days, even though retirement had brought more time to create them.

"Well, you are the only other person in the room!" she announced while he stretched out his arms and moved gingerly in her direction. As he flopped on the couch, his attempted hug, with her help, turned into a kiss—the kind of kiss that they shared now, not the lustful sort from days gone by. "Back hurting you again?" she asked.

"Yes, there is that little twinge when

I move a certain way." He let out a quiet "whew" as his body fell heavily into its little nest that he'd just created in the couch.

She turned to study him as he rested his head, eyes closed, there in what used to be their special lover's location. "May we chat a minute?"

"What about?" he responded placidly. "After 45 years of marriage, I think we've probably talked about everything there is to talk about."

"Actually, there's still 'us' and how our relationship may be changing."

"What do you mean? We're retired and can do what we want when we want. We have family and friends. We have the means. Everything is going well."

"Yes, dear, but we must maintain having one another. Remember how our relationship started? We were two people in passionate love with one another. We had a strong desire to know everything about our new partner. We also wanted our partner to know everything about us.

We reveled in the passion, sometimes to the point where it was all-consuming. We had each other and that's all we needed—we thought...."

"Boy, those were the days! We always longed to be together—day and night. And it's quite a feat that we've had all these years, so what more can be said?"

"Not surprisingly, our emotions today are not the same type of fervent love we had all those years ago. We've had a lifetime of experiences individually and together. We've also had a variety of relationships with others—family, friends, and co-workers have come and gone. But most important, our bodies and our physical selves have changed. Rumor has it that we no longer have the ability or the willpower to stay up all night making mad, passionate love, or winning those marathons we used to run. In other words, we must create new passions."

(continued on page 3)

Super G'ma

by Janet Stiegler,
Brunswick Forest



My mother turns 90 on September 14th, but to accommodate the working schedules of several children and grandchildren, we held a week-long birthday celebration for her at the end of July. One night featured a party with catered food, music, and a signature drink—the IRMA-nhattan—a play on her name "Irma" and her favorite adult beverage. The grandchildren put on a skit—*Super G'ma*—which involved my mother saving her adult children from the evil Mr. C (short for COVID). The "Super G'ma" skit is a tradition that started 15 years ago; it gets rewritten and performed at every five-year milestone



in recognition of my mother's indefatigable spirit.

Born in the early 1930s to German immigrants, Irma Eisele had to grow up fast when, at seven, her mother died of tuberculosis. Her father was a "Messerschmied" or cutler who worked six or seven days a week to provide for his young family in a small, two-bedroom

apartment in the Bronx. When his wife passed away, he put my mother in a Catholic orphanage for several weeks until German friends stepped in to watch her after school.

They later moved to a nicer section of the Bronx, where many of her friends had single-family homes and several siblings. It was, she said later, all she wanted in life—a nice home and family. And so it came to be. After she married, my mother quit her secretarial job in the city and settled with my father in a small brick house on Long Island. Along with her three children, this became my mother's primary focus for the next 35 years.

To my recollection, my mother was constantly cleaning, ironing, or dusting. I can still see her bending over the tub, scrubbing it out each weekend. She rarely sat down, often eating lunch on her feet. Sometimes she would vacuum around us while we tried to watch TV. Being an extrovert, she needed some activity outside the house, so she joined the elementary school PTA—first as Secretary (I remember printing newsletters on a mimeograph machine in our basement), then as President. Years later, she found her intellectual stimulation working part-time at an advertising agency.

After my father retired, my parents moved to Lake Monticello, just outside of Charlottesville, VA. When my father died of cancer four years later, my mother became more immersed in the community. She served on the local beautification committee, took adult education courses at UVA, and helped to establish a new Lutheran church. Before she moved to join us in North Carolina, the church held a farewell party in her honor, at which person after person sang her praises. Her grandchildren call her



the "spunky" grandma. She was the only grandparent who stayed up past dinner at my son's wedding, switching out her heels for sparkly flats and dancing till the band stopped.

In the last decade, my mother channeled her energy towards political and social activism. Back on Lake Monticello, she canvassed for the Democratic Party and helped find homes for sheltered cats. Since moving to the Cape Fear region, she has protested at the Women's March in Wilmington and rallied in Raleigh against offshore drilling. A clear and focused writer, she has published over 25 letters-to-the-editor in the *StarNews*. Had she been born a generation or two later, her gift of rhetorical persuasion would have made her a great lawyer.

My mother still lives independently, does water aerobics, and drives a car. Her house continues to be immaculate, and she has the prettiest garden on the street. She has never had a serious disease or an injury requiring overnight hospitalization. But arthritis is slowing her down, and a month ago, she finally hired a woman to help clean. And after her party, she shared with us that she has had a good, long life and that "if she died tomorrow, it would be okay." But that is not likely to happen any time soon. The way she is going, my mother will live to 100. Super G'ma will outlive us all.

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

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

Our Philosophy:

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

Our Status as a Tax-Exempt Organization:

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

Our Funding Sources:

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

Donations may be sent to:*The Teen Scene, Inc.*

Post Office Box 495

Leland, NC 28451

Governance

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

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

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How to Subscribe

Individual subscriptions to Cape Fear Voices are available on an annual basis at a cost of \$25, including the cost of postage. If you want to make sure that you never miss a copy of Cape Fear Voices, please send a check payable to:

Cape Fear Voices Subscription

P.O. Box 495

Leland, NC 28451

Job Listing: Looking for a Sales Rep

Teen Scene, Inc of Leland is looking for an enthusiastic Sales Rep to sell advertising space for our monthly newsletter to businesses and individuals. Reps are needed in the Wilmington, Leland and Shallotte 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.

Our 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**

Janet Meuwissen - My 17-year high school teaching career began in 1967 and included instructing grades 7-12 in English, filling the role of remedial writing specialist, and leading the English Department as Chairperson. My next step was the position of junior-senior high school principal for 16 years at another rural school in New York's Adirondack Mountains. I also served on the Capital Area School District Association (CASDA) Board of Directors and the Board of Directors for the School Administrators Association of New York State (SAA-NYS), Region 6.

Upon retirement from public education, I became a student-teacher supervisor for the State University at Potsdam. Although I had a retirement plan, it took me nine years to actually retire from a paying job. There were independent contractor jobs through the NY State Education Department, which included monitoring the implementation of state mandates. One particular stint involved successfully improving English education in a district for the purpose of removing the school from the State's "List."

I also developed a Retiree Division for SAANY and became the Retiree Representative on the SAA-NYS Board of Directors. Additionally, I was named Retiree of the Year.

My husband of 33 years and our four children accompanied me along this rewarding career path.



Paul Stutz - I have been a resident of the great state of North Carolina since 2015. I was born in our nation's capital and lived in the DC area until I was 37, when I moved to New York and started my life all over again - well, not completely, but it was definitely time for a change.

New business opportunities, a couple of additional marriages (!) and, most of all, some incredible adventures with some incredible people. I made a living as an IT specialist and income tax preparer. Tired of the rat race, my wife, Diane, and I decided it was time to retire to a warmer, more affordable area, so here we are.

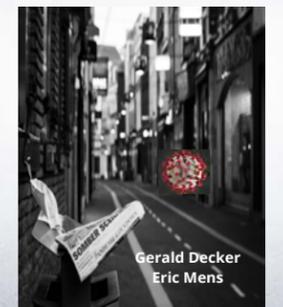
From an early age, I have always loved to write. After my dream of becoming a major league baseball player was unceremoniously quashed, I yearned to become a sportswriter, but my parents encouraged me to pursue something more practical, so I majored in mathematics in college and became a computer programmer. Still, I took every opportunity to write, whether it be letters to the editor, articles for my company newsletter, or a few comedic lines for open-mic night at the local pub.

I'm very concerned about the direction in which our country (and our planet) is heading, so my writing efforts are centered around making the world a better place for all. I encourage all of you to join me.

Our Anthology, The Great Lockdown of 2020, is now available for purchase on Amazon!

Our book *The Great Lockdown of 2020 - An Anthology* is now available for purchase on Amazon for \$24.95, with free shipping for Prime Members. We plan for an E-version to be available soon. Due to a technical issue that KDP, the publisher, is experiencing, Author Copies are currently unavailable at a discounted price. However, if you wish to place your order with Amazon now, please do so. This book is a

major fundraiser for Teen Scene, Inc., and we assure you that all net proceeds will support the continued publication of our free monthly Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene. We will also make ourselves available if you would like your copy personally signed by Gerald and Eric. We thank all of you who contributed your works and efforts to make this book a reality! We appreciate your support.

The Great Lockdown of 2020 An Anthology

The Love of a Lifetime

(continued from page 1) by Janet Meuwissen

“But I’m happy with the way things are. Yes, it is getting harder to go places and do things. Sometimes getting out of bed is a chore. And, yes, most days there’s at least a brief moment when I remember how much I miss my crazy sister who died last fall. So, I sit in my recliner, read a book, and think of all the things from my past.”

“Really? You’re happy doing this all day, every day? You seem to be reliving old memories, getting extraordinarily little exercise, and that smile I just saw, has been absent from your face for a long time. We don’t talk much anymore because we don’t seem to have anything to talk about. Let’s discuss creating our new passions.”

“Ok, then, how are we going to reinvent ourselves?”

“It may be the autumn of our years, but it doesn’t have to be the autumn of our lives. There are so many things we could do—get a pet, learn something new, teach, get a hobby, do artwork, uplift others through volunteering, take day trips, start our own reading, writing, or discussion groups, work on our health and fitness.”

Pulling her close to him, he whispered, “How about another kiss to start the work of creating new memories? Then I’ll make us a cocktail to celebrate the reinvention of our love for one another.”

Rediscovering Home...Again

by Sabrina T. Cherry, Wilmington, NC



I moved to Wilmington four years ago. Because the city is so different from where I lived previously (Atlanta, GA), I knew I had to be intentional about creating my new normal. I bought a bike and headed out on the Cross City Trail. I ventured to Carolina Beach to listen to music at the Lazy Pirate and dance at the SeaWitch. I patronized local restaurants, including Indochine, YoSake, and Sea Level. Slowly and with some effort, I began settling into life in Wilmington. But then the COVID-19 pandemic hit.

Since last year, I’ve felt disconnected from my new home. I’ve longed to be anywhere other than. I’ve missed Atlanta and, on some days, every other place I lived. I realized I needed to

rediscover the Cape Fear Region ... again.

The weekend of Juneteenth was the most people I’d seen and been around since the start of the pandemic. My weekend kicked off with the unveiling of “Because It’s Time” on UNCW’s campus. It was a joy-overload to see so many of my colleagues again! On Saturday, a friend and I ventured to the Arboretum for a Juneteenth festival. Again, so many beautiful people, local vendors, live music, mask-free smiles, and warm hugs. I was ecstatic! And I was inspired.

I came home and booked a visit to Airlie Gardens - did you know there is a monthly butterfly release? I’ve made weekly visits to the beach a recurring part of my summer routine. I’m looking forward to jet skiing and kayaking with friends later this summer. I visited Bigger’s Market and The Plant Place. I went for an extended walk on the Riverfront and was in awe at all the new, trendy housing and all the construction going on in preparation for the amphitheater expansion. And I am determined to make it to Lewis Farm to pick berries.

I am falling in love with this place all over again. I am discovering and rediscovering so many local gems. I am grateful, and I am intentional about enjoying every single moment I have. I hope you’ll join me!



Woodstock & Aquarian Dreams

by Stewart Rogers, Wilmington, NC

On August 15, 1969, a half-million long-haired freaky people gathered in the mud for the Woodstock Music Festival in upstate New York. For some, the event symbolized the worst of American youth – dirty, drug-crazed dropouts, listening to the devil’s music, obsessed with free love, unwilling to take personal responsibility, spitting in the faces of hard-working, law-abiding citizens who made this country great. And yet, if you look beyond the psychedelic veneer, if you listen to the slogans and lyrics of the day, if you consider what these idealistic young folks and millions like them actually did to further world peace and dismantle discrimination, you’ll see something different, something in short supply today – hope.

Who could believe preposterous ideas like “love is all you need,” “we are everyday people,” “make love not war,” open the doors of perception, and get back to the land? Who could be naïve enough to believe that flower power could overcome tanks and bombers? Or that nonviolence could overcome racism? Or that character is more important than money? Who could be idealistic enough to believe in Dr. King’s dream or America’s commitment to liberty and justice for all?

Today, both Left and Right seem to think that America is dying. The signs are everywhere, I’m told - racist police, the “Deep State,” the one-percent, Godless socialism, the “Alt Right,” and, of course, a deadly virus. But compared

to the 1960s and early 70s, except for the pandemic that has no precedent in the last 100 years, today’s problems don’t seem so bad.

War, hatred, injustice, poverty, riots, assassinations ... we had it all in the 1960s and early 70s. Fifty-eight thousand Americans died in a senseless, immoral war. Millions of protesters filled the streets. Racial segregation ruled the land, and those who challenged it were beaten, jailed, and murdered. Birth control was immoral, abortion was illegal, and women were denied equal opportunity in education, employment, and finance. Homosexuality was unlawful; gay marriage, an impossible dream. The Russians put missiles in Cuba and threatened to nuke us. Maniacs killed the President and his brother.

And yet, for those kids celebrating on that rainy August weekend, it was a joyous time to live. They believed then, as many of us do today, that a new age is dawning, an Aquarian Age of “mystic revelation and the mind’s true liberation,” an unprecedented epoch in which “peace will guide the planets and love will steer the stars.”

Personally, I missed Woodstock; but I got the message. When I saw my peers celebrating life and challenging the moral evils back in the day, I wanted to belong. I wanted to be part of something honest and true, something morally good and spiritually fulfilling. Like those at the Festival, I wanted to be an authentic pioneer of a new world built on love and under-



This Place

by Emily Palethorpe, Gibsonville, NC



Softly wipes my face, the breeze,
Changing, shifting bouncing she’s
Swift one moment, calm the next,
Imparting presence, rest.

Salty, full the air I breath,
Puffs, rise and fall, dance merrily;
Cirriform clouds spread moisture around,
Aroma abounds...

Foamy white comes and goes,
Rolling upward, inward, down below;
Tide’s constant consist of change,
Playing with moon, wind and rain.

Pelicans, fly five together move,
Slowly, peacefully, meandering glide;
Facing the wind, soaring effortlessly,
Out of sight paralleling the sea.

Splashing, sloshing ocean sea,
Beneath my feet, up to my knee;
Cool water relief, there to please,
Walking the shore, Chandler with me.

Mockingbird trills, repeats, stills,
Teasing rhythmic patterns from its tiny bill.
Confident, loud she chirps her tune,
Lasting only seconds, then moves to new.

Back to the wind, not only feel
Touches dunes, I pause, I hear;
Though unseen, movement does chase,
Constant embrace.

Swiftly wipes my face, the breeze,
Though I see her not, I do believe -

Author’s Note: Caswell Beach, June 19, 2021. In August 2021, Emily and Chandler celebrate 25 years of marriage. “This Place” was special early on.

standing, a world where the generous outnumber the greedy, where opportunities belong to all, and people resolve their differences without killing each other. Folks who felt that way were called “hippies.” I got on the hippie bus in 1970 and never got off.

Looking back, perhaps the hippies knew something worth remembering. Perhaps humanity is getting better, not worse. Worldwide, people are healthier, wealthier, and better educated today than ever before. In America, women have entered all professions, narrowed the pay gap, become half of all law and medical students, and attained positions of corporate and political leadership. People of color endure far less discrimination today than they did decades ago, and we’ve finally elected Black folks to our highest offices. Same-sex marriage is legal, and the LGBTQ community is freer, safer, and more accepted than at any time in history.

Have we achieved that nirvana that hippies envisioned years ago? Obviously not, but we’re heading in the right direction. Aquarius is not a place but a star that guides our journey. Hope is the fuel that sustains us. Call me naïve. Call me a delusional. In Lennon’s words, “Call me a dreamer.” But the hippie in me believes that the Age of Aquarius is unfolding as we speak and that the power of love is slowly and inextricably transforming the world into the happy family we were meant to be.

Stewart Rogers is the Co-Author/Editor of *What Happened to the Hippies?* published by McFarland Press. You can contact Stewart at Stewart@WhatHappenedtotheHippies.com.

The Gullah/Geechee Language and Its Fundamental Roots That Influenced the Present (Part 2 of 2)

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer



The Gullah language had its first detailed linguistic study around 1932 by Lorenzo Dow Turner. Turner was an African-American linguist who was considered the “Father of Gullah Studies.” According to the Amistad Research Center, he did seminal research on the Gullah language of the Low Country of coastal South Carolina and Georgia. Turner sensed that African languages strongly influenced Gullah heritage. For the next 20 years, he made trips to the Gullah region in coastal South Carolina and Georgia, interviewing Gullah/Geechee people and making detailed notes on their language. For years, he worked endlessly on a research project related to the Gullah language and its essential inheritance, called Africanisms in the Gullah Dialect. Turner took the opportunity to discuss the phonetics, sentence structure, language patterns, and terminology of the Gullah language and the citizens’ way of living.

Now, descendants can speak the Gullah language along the Sea Islands. The Gullah/Geechee descendants are working to pass along the language to the next generation with the hope of spreading awareness, importance, and education. This valuable history is not just a language but also a way of surviving in their heritage and culture. “When you put the language back into the mouths of the people, its value is self-pronounced. It’s necessary because the people are necessary; cultures are necessary for the growth of the area.” m’Cheaux stated.

The Gullah/Geechee language is often considered the backbone that is rooted in Black English. “Just as much as English has influenced the Gullah language, Gullah has also contributed to the English language, with the language being the basis of very much a Southern dialect. This is utilized by both black, white, and others.” Without the notable contributions from West Africa, the significant words and phrases we use now would disappear from our vocabulary. M’Cheaux wants to clarify to people that “Preserving the integrity of the people who helped to create American English as we know it is just as important as preserving so-called Standard English.”

Sunn m’Cheaux actively works for Project Teach, (Harvard’s Official College and Career Awareness Program) and lectures at churches, universities, and events to further bring education to the Gullah/Geechee heritage. He wishes to continue passing on these traditions as it is key to keeping people’s legacies and heritage alive. “To me, it’s an inheritance, no different than if you were passing on jewels, gems, property, etc.” m’Cheaux stated.

He expressed having experienced the downside of being a Creole speaker and being stigmatized by society inspired him to start instructing. “Given that most of the messaging we received about our language and culture have been negative, it’s been a great opportunity to show other educators the complexity of the language.” m’Cheaux stated. He aims to help Gullah/Geechee speakers recognize that they can be themselves. “It’s impossible to separate the social and political aspects of the language being taught. However, given the history of how it came to be and was suppressed for quite some time, it was able to survive against all odds. I want to be a part of that change.”

North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project Gains Support from National Park Service (Part 1 of 2)

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer

Brunswick County has an exciting grassroots project connected with the county’s Gullah/Geechee heritage. Numerous areas within North Carolina, including Brunswick County, are linked to the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor. This National Heritage Area stretches 12,000 square miles along the coast from St. Johns County, Florida, to Pender County, North Carolina. The Heritage Area is designed to recognize the unique culture of the Gullah/Geechee people who have traditionally resided along these coastal areas. It is essential to acknowledge the value in restoring cultural avenues, like traditional foods, religious practices, and artistic expression. The planned North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project will broaden that awareness on a greater level.

The 30-mile trail begins in the town of Navassa, continues through Leland and Belville, and completes its route in Southport. Organizers from the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP developed the concept for a heritage trail in February 2020. Their primary goal is to further promote the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor by bringing the local communities of Brunswick County together through historic preservation and ecotourism. Its land-based and water-based trails will consist of historical features and environmental resources. In addition, the trail will be linked to a portion of the East Coast Greenway, a 3,000-mile walking and biking route stretching from Maine to Florida.



Brayton Willis is the acting chair of the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP’s environmental and climate justice committee. In advocating this effort, Willis hopes it will spotlight the rich Gullah/Geechee heritage in our area. “Back in 2019/2020, I was on the Wilmington Metropolitan Planning Organization Citizen Advisory Committee. One of the initiatives they were vocalizing was building safer bicycle and pedestrian access trails. So, once we finished with our 2045 Transportation Plan Update, I started to look into what Brunswick County had going on in terms of trail systems, and there wasn’t much out there that celebrated the Gullah/Geechee culture.”

From there, the proposed Greenway/Blueway trail emerged, and Willis extended the thought by aiming to integrate the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor. “When I started researching on how we could recognize the corridor, I noticed that

the town of Navassa was working on their own heritage trail. It fit right in with our vision. As time went on, I began working very closely with their organizers. We wanted to take this opportunity to establish a Greenway/Blueway trail that would connect the many locations of Brunswick County.”

Each location will present historical sites, including Fort Anderson, Orton Plantation (currently closed to the public), Reaves Chapel, Cedar Hill Cemetery, and more. “In Navassa, Leland, and Belville, there are different activities that can be celebrated. Some are historical, while some are recreational in nature. And we wanted to take advantage of both opportunities. As we move down to Southport, there will be places where we will establish rest stops. We want to put markers out for some of the more significant sights to tell the history,” Willis stated.

In July 2021, the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP, was selected to receive project assistance for the Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail project from the National Park Service under the Park Service’s Rivers, Trails and Conservation Assistance (RTCA) Program.

(To be continued)



Donations for the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail may be mailed to:

Brunswick County Branch NAACP
C/O Carl L. Parker, President
1034 Parkwood Drive NE
Leland, NC 28451

On September 8, Brayton Willis will conduct an educational presentation on the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (OLLI) at UNCW, 620 S College Rd, Wilmington, NC 28403.

A Special Event Celebrating the Cultural Heritage Corridor ~ Free For Members ~

THE NORTH CAROLINA GULLAH GEECHEE CULTURAL GREENWAY/BLUEWAY HERITAGE TRAIL

Wednesday, Sept. 8th from 10 - 11:30am



Free to OLLI members, registration required with Brayton Willis, Chairman of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project for the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP

Stretching nearly 500 miles along the coast of Florida to North Carolina, the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor footprint was established in 2006 by Congress as a National Historic Area so that members of the public would be encouraged to explore its cultural historic sites and celebrate the story of the Gullah Geechee people. This corridor allows local communities to preserve, protect and celebrate the story of the Gullah Geechee people. This corridor allows local communities to preserve, protect and cel-

brate the Gullah Geechee heritage in a wide variety of ways.

The presentation will highlight the efforts of the Brunswick County NAACP to establish a North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail along the west side of the Cape Fear River. Beginning in February 2020, this effort has been gaining support from local governments private foundations, and local citizens. The new greenway/blueway footprint is roughly 30 miles long and reaches from Navassa, NC to Southport, NC. Willis strongly believes that preserving, protecting and celebrating our historical, cultural, and natural resources are foundational to our community’s “sense of place”.

Herbal Remedies and the Sea Islands with Faith Mitchell (Part 1 of 2)

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer



Herbal remedies have been passed along for generations on end. By tending to symptoms, natural remedies were used to better the health of many. Within the Gullah/Geechee culture, these remedies were critical for survival and handed down from elders. When enslaved individuals were brought over during the transatlantic slave trade, they already had an acquired knowledge of the herbal practices known in Western Africa. Even though they were in an unfamiliar environment, their cultural roots remained intact along the way.

In this period, a majority of the population along the Lowcountry consisted of enslaved Africans. By having maintainable herbal techniques, adapting to climate conditions, and familiarizing themselves with native plants, they could begin to accommodate how they lived and assisted each other. These herbal remedies and traditions not only allowed for a deeper dive into their unique culture but also revealed the amount of commitment they pursued to stay in good health. When the transatlantic slave trade ended, the earliest Gullah/Geechee individuals along the Sea Islands still actively pursued herbal practices.

To discuss the importance of herbal remedies in Gullah/Geechee communities, I had the opportunity to speak with Faith Mitchell, Ph.D., a medical

anthropologist, and author. Mitchell has documented Black history and genealogy and focuses her career on social and health policy issues. Currently, she is a Fellow at the Urban Institute in Washington, DC, where she works with the Center on Nonprofits and Philanthropy and the Health Policy Center. Mitchell is also developing the Urban Institute's American Transformation project, which will look at the implica-



tions—and possibilities—of this country's racial and ethnic evolution.

"It was really chance, a lucky chance, I would say," Mitchell replied when I asked about her introduction to the Gullah/Geechee culture. During the 1970s, Mitchell was an undergraduate student at the University of Michigan, majoring in anthropology. While studying there, she spent three summers in the South Carolina Sea Islands. "I was excited about the opportunity to learn more about southern Black culture."

"Back around the 1930s or so, there was a lot of interest among sociologists in capturing Black culture. A lot was written, like folk stories, songs, and the language. However, there wasn't that much information on herbalism at the time. A friend of mine had been interested in learning about the Gullah/Geechee people and culture. Since he had been reading up on many of those sources, he approached one of our professors and said he wanted to lead a small research team to go down to the



Lowcountry. And, he had asked me to go with them. I didn't know anything about the Lowcountry. I'm from Michigan, and I had never even been to the South before." Mitchell stated.

That summer of 1971, Mitchell took her first trip down and immediately fell in love with the environment. "I was most deeply affected by the rich, fertile beauty of the Islands and by the strength and integrity of the families I met." Mitchell stated. She explained that she didn't ask any residents about medicine and herbal remedies during her first trip. Instead, she focused on developing a connection with the people and the area. "It was kind of organic. We just started talking to people. We would go crabbing, walking in the creeks, catching shrimp, just trying to get a feel for how they lived."

Two years later, she went back with another student. While the trip was much shorter than before, they focused on collecting folk stories told in the Sea Island communities. They both returned for an additional trip the following summer to spend more time. During this period, Mitchell wondered if the Gullah/Geechee people were using herbs and plants for medicinal purposes.

To be continued

For more information about Faith Mitchell and her book *Hoodoo Medicine: Gullah Herbal Remedies*, visit: <https://www.hoodoomedicine.com/>

A Special Place, Friendship & Honoring A Great Man

by Brendan Connelly, Brunswick Forest



My parents and I always love visiting Port Orange, Florida, which is near Daytona Beach, Florida. That is because our special friends, the Marchese's, live there. We always cherish our visits there.

Our friendship goes back a long way as our families were neighbors in Bergenfield, New Jersey. The Marchese's then moved to Florida in 1986, one year before I was born. We have been able to remain the best of friends all these years later.

They have always been there for us in time of need. In October 2012, we were out in Green Bay for a Packers game, Hurricane Sandy hit New Jersey, and thus we could not go home. So, we decided to fly to Orlando instead, and we luckily were able to hook up with the Marchese's in Orlando.

Then again, in September 2018, when Hurricane Florence hit North Carolina, we decided to evacuate, and we needed a place to go. We ended up going to Port Orange, Florida, as our friend's sister owned her own house in the same complex and was out of town at the time, so we were able to use her home.

Our friends, Steve and Marilyn, have been truly soulmates as they have been married for 46 years. They have four sons: Steven, Matthew, Michael, Chris, and six grandchildren: Cash, Cason, Leo, Lorenzo, Olive, and Cora.

Steve has always been an amazing man. He had several interesting jobs,

including owning a hot dog truck, a car dealership, and a moving company. He also loved to cook, especially Italian food.

One of his incredible feats was when his son Steve was getting married in Nebraska, he cooked all the food for the wedding and transported it all the way out to Nebraska. And he was the best man at his son's wedding.

Steve has always had a loving, caring heart, putting others before himself. He always loved spending time with his children, grandchildren, and friends.

Steve also was a very religious man, giving back to his church and community, as he became a focal figure with the Knights of Columbus, getting up to the Fourth Degree. As his wife Marilyn said, he always loved doing God's Work.

Life was not easy for Steve as he always had heart problems going through several heart attacks, stents, surgeries, and dialysis. However, he did not let this stop him. He kept fighting each and every day.

Sadly, on July 15th, Steve's heart said to God: "Ok God, I'm ready to come home to heaven." We will never forget a man who was always strong and caring and kept fighting each day like it was his last.

He leaves behind a lasting legacy of love and grace, which will feed off his family, friends, and everyone who loved him.

Steve Marchese - An Amazing Man!



by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest, Coastal Carolina Writers

On the bare table in front of her was a slip of paper. She trembled as she picked it up. One word was on it "X."

She put her head back on the comforting pillow and tried to remember the significance of the "X." She closed her eyes halfway, and she got very quiet as she desperately tried to picture the "X."

Yes, her mind was still working. She recalled her college years when she was cast in her first major role as "Lady Macbeth." She smiled as she recalled that the cast could never utter the word "Macbeth" while in the theatre. They had to refer to the show as "that Scottish play." If they forgot, they had to contribute \$1.00 to the cast party jar. It was just an old superstition dealing with bad luck from the Elizabethan times with productions of Macbeth.

As her head continued resting on the pillow, she had the epiphany. The "X" marked the spot where she would stand to begin her famous Act V sleep-walking scene soliloquy, where she mustered all her acting skills to convince the audience of her insanity over the guilt of murdering King Duncan.

As she lay in this bed with the high bars on the sides, she knew her mind was still intact as she could recall standing on the "X" with her dramatic delivery of "Out, out damn spot. Who would have thought the old man would have so much blood in him"?

How did she get into this bed? She had stood on other stages marked with "X's" in a lifetime of performances.

In fact, she recalled the height of her career was delivering that superb aria from "The Marriage of Figaro" at the

Metropolitan Opera House. She could hear her audience roaring with "Brava" accolades.

Then as her fingers clenched the paper with the "X," her mind was silent. She vigorously tried to recall the circumstances that transpired to put her in this bed.

Bingo! Her son Adam's face suddenly appeared. She was at home, walking around in her favorite blue silk pajamas singing opera arias in her living room with the stereo music playing. Her wild red-gray hair was cascading down her back as Adam, her son, entered the room.

"Hi, Mom," Adam said. She ignored him and continued to sing.

She then vaguely remembered a trip with him to a doctor's office.

After the doctor's visit, Adam began asking strange questions about her possessions and money.

Then, he took her to this place with blue walls and side bars on the bed where the food tasted terrible. Even the coffee tasted like weak water filtered.

She then crumbled the paper with the "X" on it and began singing an aria from "The Marriage of Figaro" as loud as she could.

The nurses and the staff on her corridor called Sunflower Meadows stopped their work momentarily to appreciate her beautiful song.

So did the other residents and their afternoon visitors in the other rooms down this corridor.

She heard someone in the distance yell "Brava," and she knew then that she was still a star, despite the crumpled "X" paper and the blue walls and the weak coffee in this strange and new place.

Murphy's Law

by Pat Dischino, Brunswick Forest



"You will love Lawrenceville; it's a favorite of mine. What a great place to spend your anniversary," commented food critic and friend Anne.

Charles's response to Beth was somewhat dubious at first. Their first two choices were booked. The third attempt proved a success. They also decided to ask their son, John, whom they hadn't seen since the Pandemic began, to join them.

Blinding rain made mileage diminish to single digits, causing an irksome sendoff.

"Oh guys, the sun just came out. Look at these lovely homes," declared Beth. The street of their destination was lined with historic houses, all B and B's. They parked in front of their accommodations, the third choice.

"See those broken shutters and the porch desperately needs a painting," turned out to be son John's initial assessment. Charles and John knocked at the door where a diminutive lady with a surly tone greeted them.

"You are here too early."

Following Murphy's Law: What can go wrong will go wrong, problems surfaced. Since it was Monday, many restaurants were closed. Beth rummaged through her town guide for suggestions. One was found two blocks away. As they opened the car doors, the cloudburst returned.

"Now you have to admit that lunch was delicious." The three laughed as they made snide remarks about the B and B and the witchy hostess. After surveying the rooms, they were pleasantly surprised. Inside, the entire house was beautifully cared for, but the hostess still resembled a drill sergeant. Breakfast was agreeable, conversing with an amicable couple. The food, however, was meager and disappointing.

"I wanted a second cup of coffee. The pot and the cream pitcher were empty after the first cup," John complained.

Beth chimed in with: "That was not typical of B and B's."

The teeming rain returned, canceling any outdoor activity. The threesome spent the day in Beth and Charles's room, not disagreeable

JAKE (Part 1 of 2)

by Jerry Rogers, Brunswick Forest



His proper name was "Czar Jacob of Lady Docs;" this was a combination of his name "Czar Jacob" and his mother's first name "Lady" and his father's first name "Docs." The family nicknamed him "Jake." On occasion when he got into something, like the garbage, he would be scolded using the name "Jacob." Even when he got older, he was always very playful, we often called him the "Kid" or "Kiddie," especially when he would run off and get a stuffed animal for us to throw for him so he could fetch it back only to be thrown again.

Everyone on the block, actually the entire one mile around our neighborhood, knew Jake. He was a favorite of all the children who always came up and asked if they could pet Jake. My response was always "ask him." When they did, Jake always responded with a very fast wagging of his tail, almost as if he was saying "of course you can pet me."

When my granddaughter makes her occasional visits (she is three), the first words out of her mouth are "Where's Jake?" Even when she was barely walking, Jake had the patience of a saint with her whenever she grabbed a handful of his furry side to help her stand. Never did Jake growl or show any displeasure at all. Of course, at times he would retreat to another room for a little peace and quiet.

Jake loved his walks. Typically, his morning walk was about a mile around the whole block, sometimes

at all, as John was absent from their lives when the world shut down. Beth's stomach was queasy as a result of too much fried food.

"Here are your scallops," announced a pert twenty-year-old waitress with perfect digestion as she placed Beth's order of broiled scallops before her. The scallops seemed to grow in size until they filled her world.

"The ambulance will be here shortly."

"What ambulance?"

"The one I called for you."

"Why did you call an ambulance?"

"Because you fainted."

The ambulance medic arrived and quickly questioned Beth, who refused to go to the hospital. She just wanted to go to the B and B. There, John stayed in their room while the conversation flowed between father and son. Beth drowsily listened to the discussion before falling into a deep slumber.

Around ten at night, Charles awakened Beth. "We are leaving before breakfast. There's a problem. The manager knocked and said we were talking too loud."

The trio left at eight, sans breakfast, stopping to eat nearby before departing for home. Not five minutes of driving got underway when Beth complained, "I'm sick. I need to find a restroom." Ten minutes later, on the beautiful green patterned rug of the Double-Tree Hotel, Beth lost her breakfast.

John and Charles towed Beth into a nearby restroom as Charles explains the gross incident to the manager. Considering these destructive people were not even residents, he was most understanding.

John slipped into the ladies' room and shoved Beth's suitcase under the stall as Beth's clothing attire was unsuitable for travel. A maid came in and pushed wipes and a garbage bag under the stall.

There was car trouble on the way home, forcing them to spend three hours at a local garage. The three of them laughed hysterically that evening. Charles summed it up: "Never leave home on your anniversary and always stay at a Double-Tree Motel."

with me, other times with my wife. Once in a while we would walk up to the Quick Chek or the shopping center, Jake would be tethered to a sign outside the store, often greeting passersby while crying for me to hurry up and return. During the walks we met "Brandy" and her owner several times a week. Jake often got a treat from "Brandy's" owner. Other morning walks were with "Willie" and "Dance," Jack Russell Terriers who live across the street. Jake (a 62-pound Chocolate Lab, 22 1/2 inches at the shoulder) towered over the Jack Russells. His favorite was "Dance." I think he was her favorite as well.

Since I retired, Jake has had the luxury of an early afternoon walk (when I am home). This walk was a little longer, often up to the ball field and then around the whole block. If I could not be home for the early afternoon walk, Jake's late afternoon walk was a long walk and also, another social event often meeting "Brandy," "Willie," and "Dance."

My wife usually took Jake for his early evening walk, again around the whole block, and, as in the morning and afternoon, he often met his friends.

Jake's favorite walk was at the beach. Once in the car, he knew where he was going - I guess he could smell the ocean. The closer we got to the

Reality: A Fable for Our Times

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



I met a young man in the coffeehouse the other day and, while passing away the time in idle chitter-chat, he quite suddenly asked me what I thought about *reality*. That came out of nowhere. He must have quickly deduced from the banter that I was a 'recovering philosopher.'

So....after I had recovered from the initial shock of being asked a serious question, I replied: 'Well now [stalling] depends on your point of view....'

"I thought you might say that," he said. 'What perchance, is your point of view?'

"Well," I continued. "On 'A' days I tend to see the world one way; on 'B' days, however, it looks much different; then again there are 'C' days..."

"Does that mean that there are twenty-six different kinds of reality?" he queried.

"Oh, I would say more than that..." I added, quickly.

"How much more? One million more?"

This conversation was getting quite, quite interesting. I put on my best bemused [but non-patronizing] smile. "More than that... much more..." I quipped.

"Like what?" he lightly demanded.

"What's the biggest number you know?" I continued.

"Hard to say...I'm not sure that pure mathematicians even know that..." he offered by way of explanation. "I mean there's the *googolplex* - a digit followed by a *googol of numbers*...and then there's always infinity..."

"Quite," I retorted, firmly but obsequiously.

"That...reality...is BIG, then?" he stammered.

"And small. Depends if you are *outside or inside it*..." I conceded.

"Then is it better...?"

I stopped him in mid-thought. "Both. And neither..." I insinuated. "But, I can't figure that out for you...only you can do that..."

He pondered on all these things for a moment, then proclaimed: "Your reality sucks, man..... It really does." Then, he got up and left.

"Where are you going?" I shouted.

"To think of a harder question..." Then, he was gone. As mysteriously as he had arrived. Just like *reality*....

Moral: 'Real education,' the seer once observed, 'should be reserved for those who insist on knowing.....'



beach the more nervous and excited he became, almost to the point that he was ready to jump out of an open window. My friend Tip accompanied Jake and I on our beachfront walks. It was amazing - Jake was always eager on the walk south, usually pulling on the leash and then on the return to the north, he walked very calmly. Usually, I had to have at least three doggie waste bags with me on beachfront walks because Jake never missed an opportunity to drop a load. I think his record was four or five loads in a single one-hour walk.

Special walks in the county park were also favorites of Jake. One time, we became disoriented in the woods while walking at sundown and came upon a couple of deer. Jake paid no attention to them. He was the same whenever he came across a horse - just looked and kept on walking.

(To be continued)





THE TEEN SCENE

Tomorrow's Voices Today

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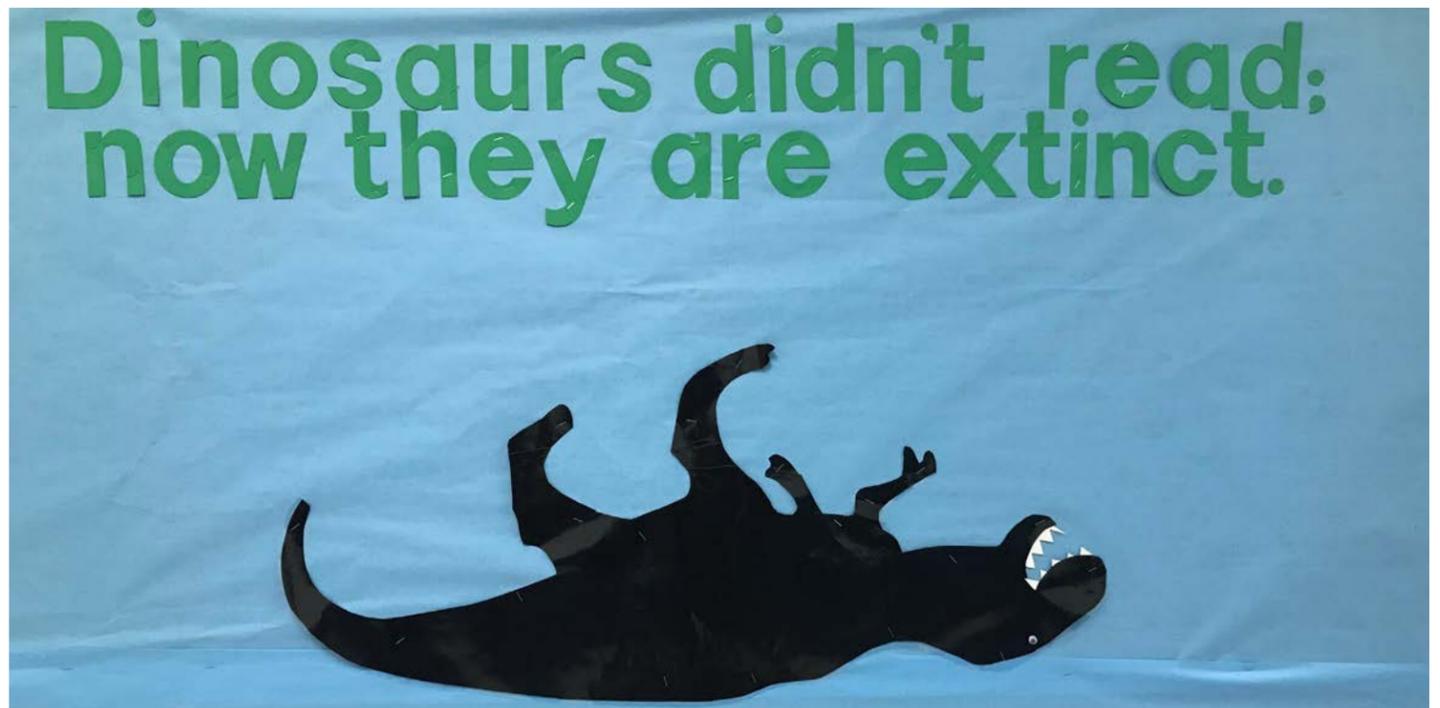
Giancarlo D'Alessandro

This Month's Artists

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Maya Bryant
Tyne Bryant

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This picture was taken during Open House at North Brunswick High School. We would have known more about "why" if someone had written a story about it...

North Brunswick High School Journalism Club

Dr. Sullivan, Principal. North Brunswick High School (NBHS), and English Teacher, Mitchell Whaley, are implementing a Journalism Club for the coming school year at NBHS. Mr. Whaley will be the lead teacher for the program that will focus on written journalism and media. Interested students are encouraged to speak with Mr. Whaley about how they can participate.

As part of that program, students participating in the Club will be registered as Freelance Writers for The Teen Scene. They will work with Teen Scene, Inc. to publish a monthly school paper to be published in The Teen Scene. Students do not have to be a member of the NBHS Journalism to become a Freelance writer for The Teen Scene. All students who interested in publishing their writing, art, poetry, or photography are welcome to participate, irrespective of their school affiliation. (Go to cfvts.org for a registration form).

The Teen Scene "Welcome Back to School" Writing Contest

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

Any teen in the Cape Fear Area can participate.

Topic: School Pride

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

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

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

Submit to: editorteenscene@gmail.com



Nirvana (Kurt Cobain) by Maya Bryant, U of U



(above) Starlit Night by Tyne Bryant, Waterford School, UT



(left and right) Matthew Alcazar, Junior, Independence High School Bakersfield, Ca.



1967 - A Journey to Remember

by Eric Mens, Waterford



He thought of the first time he had flown. *What a godawful experience that had been.*

They had boarded the KLM flight in Amsterdam for the long trip to Idlewild Airport in New York. "They" included his father, older sister, himself, two stepbrothers, and his stepmother. It was 1957, and he was seven. The family had emigrated to the Netherlands in the early '50s, during the throes of the Indonesian revolution. Now, they were going to a new country.

He had been sick during the flight. Sitting with his stepmother at the rear of the plane, the 'rock and roll,' violent up and down motion made him horribly sick. His stepmother's attempts to comfort him did little. The stewardess had been kind, but nothing had helped.

I must have made everyone on that flight miserable, he thought. A slight smile crossed his face. This time will be different.

He peered out of the window as the plane made its final approach to Seattle International. He watched the dark green rain-soaked terrain as the aircraft descended quickly. It landed with a loud squishy *thud*; wheels glad to touch earth once again.

Retrieving his duffel bag at Baggage Claim, he boarded the drab olive-colored bus idling outside the terminal. The air was cool, the ground wet from the recent storm.

Spotting an empty seat, he threw his bag onto it. Turning to the soldier across the aisle, he remarked, "No wonder it's

so green around here. It must rain constantly."

The soldier looked at him. "Yeah," came the flat response. A group of soldiers had queued to board the bus with their bags. Their excitement quickly diminished as an E-6 sergeant climbed aboard.

"Listen up, ladies!" he bellowed. "Once we get these yahoos aboard, you'll leave for Fort Lewis. There, you will disembark, take your bags to your quarters, and head for the mess hall for dinner. Tomorrow, you in-process after breakfast and then be on your way. Good luck!" The sergeant disembarked.

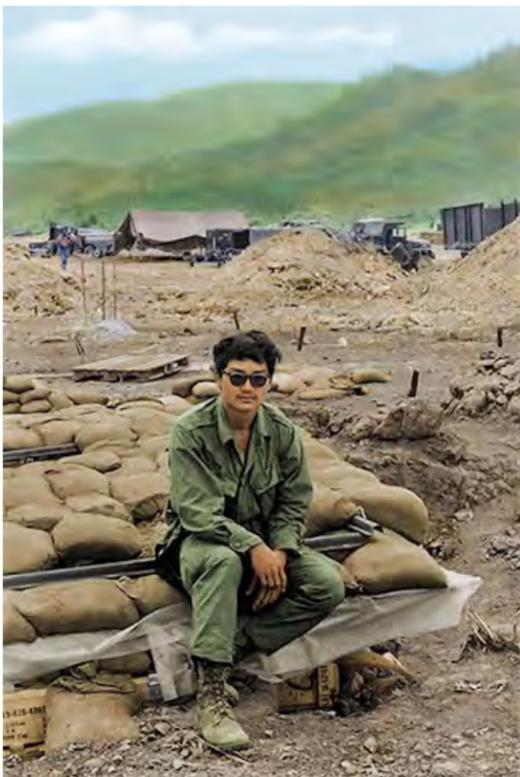
The doors closed with a pneumatic swish. A steady, mournful rain accompanied the men as they made the hour-long drive. The atmosphere remained subdued, each man lost in his own thoughts, the silence occasionally interrupted by the engine's noise as the driver shifted through the gears.

Yeah, it sure is wet out there, the boy mused. At their destination, they were met by another non-commissioned officer. Directing them to their barracks to deposit their bags, he accompanied the men to the mess hall.

Here too, the atmosphere was subdued. *Everyone knows where we're going tomorrow.*

The next afternoon, the men bussed to McChord Air Force Base to board the chartered World Airways flight. They wore their summer khakis for the long flight. Several young, vivacious stewardesses welcomed the men aboard.

Gazing around the cabin as he made his way to his assigned seat, the boy noted several veterans. Most were E-5 or E-6 non-commissioned officers whose chests bore the recognizable service and campaign ribbons. Several wore the blue shoulder cord signifying 'Infantry.' He wore the red cord signifying 'Medical' personnel. A few men shouted to comrades they recognized from previous assignments. Mostly a hushed murmur hung in the air as the men settled in their



seats.

One of the men who settled in the seat in front of the boy turned to him and said, "Hey, you were in my training company at Fort Sam!"

"You're right," the boy replied.

"I can't believe they're sending me to Vietnam!" the man in front complained loudly. "They can't do this! I'm not a citizen!"

"Neither am I," the boy replied. "Nothing you can do about it now."

The mandatory flight announcements began, and the soldier in front stopped complaining. During a quick deplaning in Japan, the boy avoided the soldier.

They landed uneventfully at Cam Rahn Bay. As the boy stepped through the cabin door, the heat and humidity took his breath away. He saw the complaining soldier ahead of him, slowly descending onto the tarmac. Their year in an unfriendly and unknown territory had begun. He never saw the soldier again.

Recalling some of his readings in high school about war, he thought. *We are fodder, easily replaceable. Welcome to Vietnam.*

LAUGHING IN THE GOLDEN YEARS

Bunky Gets Drafted

by Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



My mother did not like animals of any kind. Still, it fell to her to name the dogs and cats that lived on our rural property. Before I could really remember, there was

Daisy the Airedale named after Daisy Mae, Al Capp's cartoon girl. Then there was Desdemona, a feral cat that had a litter of kittens every few months and had my father's blessings because she was a great mouser. Soon another cat joined the team. Mom named her Mehitabel, after a column character in a New York City newspaper. But the animal that was the prize for my brother Wally and me was Bunky, an English setter that my dad trained for bird-hunting.

Bunky had all white fur with a few brown spots and brown ears and obeyed my father's every command and whis-

we made do with the cats, but they were never very friendly and made poor companions.

One day during WWII, Wally and I came home from school, and Bunky did not come out to meet us. When we questioned my mom about our beloved English Setter, she said the Army had come into our town and drafted Bunky. We were aware at the time that the military was advertising for trained dogs to be volunteered for army service. So, while we missed our setter, we were proud that Bunky had gone into the military. Wally even went to school and wrote a story for the second-grade newspaper all about our famous dog. I felt very safe knowing that Bunky was out there somewhere guarding the world against our enemies.

Somewhere in my teenage years, it



tle. He would let us kids roll around with him and lie on his back to snooze. We often tried to ride him, but he would simply lie down and look disgusted until we removed ourselves from his back. He had a habit of lifting one foot and pointing at any bird that landed in the yard, and dad would praise him for pointing at the pheasants that wandered onto the lawn from the nearby fields.

When Wally and I came home from school to eat our mid-noon meal, Bunky would be waiting for us and would escort us to the back door. Mom never let any of the animals in the house, and dad had special arrangements for them in the barn. During the day, Bunky hung around the house and was always willing to play with Wally and me. Sometimes we would run and hide, and Bunky would find us and nose us out of the corners where we were scooted down. In the fall, dad would gather up his hunting equipment and load Bunky in the car. They would often be gone for three or four days until dad had enough pheasants and ducks to feed us for several meals. During that time, Wally and I missed Bunky running to meet us when we came home from running errands or from school. During that time,

occurred to me that there was no way that Bunky had been drafted. First of all, he was not really trained for anything except bird-hunting, and secondly, he did not seem very smart. Finally, I asked my mom what really happened to Bunky. Looking kind of embarrassed, Mom confessed that Bunky had gone out on the nearby railroad tracks and had taken a nap between the rails in the sunshine.

Anyways, Mom explained, the train engineer saw Bunky asleep between the tracks and blew the whistle, but Bunky didn't pay any attention. He was used to the train, so he just continued to lie in the middle of the tracks. The engineer could not stop the train, and it ran over Bunky. If the dog had just continued to lie there, he would have been okay, but at some point, he stood up, and the bottom of the train hit his head. My father buried him before we kids got home from school.

Mom knew how much Wally and I loved that dog, so she made up a story that kept us satisfied until we forgot about Bunky and came to love another dog that Mom named Lady Higginbottom. But that is a tale for another day.



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Father MacKenzie (Part 2 of 2)

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



Note: This story was inspired by a mystical trip the author took with her husband to Nova Scotia in 2019 to research his mother's roots.

Buoyed by the encounter with the priest, the siblings headed to Holy Angels Convent the next morning, only to be greeted by a construction site. A huge link fence enveloped the outside, and a sign indicated it was being renovated into a center for art, culture, and innovation. A noisy crane hoisted beams for workmen putting a modern façade on the outside. "I don't understand," winced Paul. "The priest said the sisters could help us. Obviously, he hasn't been around here much."



"I'm sure there is an explanation," Judy responded, worried that this latest disappointment would discourage her brother from pursuing their genealogy further. "Let's explore a little." She led Paul around the block

until they found an opening to the building. Once inside, Paul exhaled, letting his body adjust to the world from the past. Large wooden doors lined the hall on either side. The nearest said CHEMISTRY in faded gold letters, and peering through a small window, Paul spotted a pile of old microscopes and a cross over the blackboard.

While Judy stopped in the foyer to read about the renovated art center and its vendors, Paul eyed a young girl standing alone at the end of the hall. She was slender, conservatively dressed, with two long French braids. Her perfectly straight bangs accented lively green eyes. "Please," he said, "I'm looking for the sisters of Holy Angels Convent." The girl smiled in recognition but just pointed towards a nearby door and disappeared.

Twenty minutes later, Paul returned to the foyer, waving an envelope. "You'll never believe what I have," he shouted, half out of breath. "Katie MacKenzie's report card! It's in French, but Sister Superior said she was a good student, top in her class. It's hard to believe, but our grandmother, who barely uttered a word to us growing up, spoke English, Gaelic, and French. She also read highbrow literature, painted, and played the piano. Who knew we came from such refined stock?" he said laughing.

Judy looked surprised but said nothing. According to the brochures she read in Paul's absence, the Sisters of Holy Angels Convent had vacated the building two years ago.

Before researching the Campbell side of the family, Paul wanted to talk again with the priest. He had so many questions now about the MacKenzie lineage. Reaching for the plastic organizer, Paul riffled through several pictures of their grandmother. "You could have told us so much," he said as he caressed one photo with his thumb. Then he looked closer. "Judy, did Nana always wear her hair in French braids?"



"Yes, don't you remember how she would wind the plaits into a tight bun." Judy sighed. "I inherited her green eyes but not her pretty auburn hair."

Since the church was locked when they arrived, Paul and Judy walked up to the ornate home on the hill, hoping to find the red-haired priest inside. Instead, an older woman answered. "This isn't a rectory," she said. "Years ago, it was. The last priest who lived here died decades ago. Now it's a home for mentally disabled youth."

"But what about the Father in the church earlier today?" Paul asked, pointing to St. Mary's with its bright pink doors.

"I'm not sure whom you saw," she responded. "But that church has not been operational for years. Not enough of a congregation to keep it viable. Most of the churches in this area have gone to seed. It's a shame, really, since the priest that built them revitalized this community. MacKenzie's his name... a celebrity in these parts. He's buried out back." And with that, she slipped back inside.

Paul and Judy just looked at each other, then walked along the oak-lined path to the cemetery to pay Father MacKenzie their last respects. Mosquitos were starting to nip at their ankles, so they hurried through the rows of tombstones and plaques, searching for his name. In the end, it wasn't that hard to find. Rising majestically near the shore, facing across the inlet to St. Rose of Lima, an obelisk reached to the heavens. And on the front, the engraved silhouette of Father MacKenzie, with his thinning red hair and broad aquiline nose.

Once Upon a Time

by Vivien Monnie, Brunswick Forest



If we are being honest, most newborns look like Mr. Magoo. Melinda was the exception. From the beginning of her life, her face was unwrinkled, her eyelashes extraordinarily long, and her limbs well proportioned. While either out for a stroll or shopping in the grocery, strangers couldn't help but exclaim, "What a gorgeous little baby!"

Melinda grew up in a happy household with a working Mom and a naturally doting Grandma - not too attentive but very caring. Dad died when Melinda was a very young child and was only a memory based on stories and photos. As she began to grow, as all children must, the compliments on her beauty never ceased.

Indeed, Melinda began to expect them and became quite vain. She began to compare her looks with others in her vicinity. She also began to notice the wrinkles on Grandma's ever-present face. When Melinda became concerned and queried her, wise Grandma shook her head

and led Melinda to a mirror. Grandma took Melinda's hand and began to trace the wrinkles around her own mouth, explaining, "It took me a long time to get these. It took many good times and plenty of laughter."

She continued to her forehead. "These were from worries about so many things I couldn't control, and in the end, my life turned out just fine." Lastly, Grandma took Melinda's hand in her own to see the many lines and spots on Grandma's hand. "These I am most proud of since they represent years and years of hard work. Some I enjoyed, others not so much. But remember, education is the key to success, no matter what you look like."

Being of a particular teenage disposition, Melinda thought Grandma was an idiot. How could wrinkles possibly be attractive? Foolish old woman, probably was never as beautiful as I am.

As Melinda became a woman, she worried about everything, mostly about herself. Her selfishness caused her to have very few friends; hence her life had very lit-

tle laughter. Both Mom and Grandma passed, so she had a very healthy inheritance. But manicures, pedicures, and trips to world-famous spas in Switzerland are costly, and soon her comfy financial cushion was gone. Melinda had to actually find work!

Unfortunately, she had dropped out of high school, and the only job she was qualified for was the fry cook at a fast-food joint. Her hands became spotted with splashes from the hot oil, the long hours standing on her feet and eating the fast food started to take their toll on her once lovely figure.

After a few years, although she was still relatively young, Melinda began to notice wrinkles starting to form. Her mirror became her enemy. Because of her callous behavior, she was beginning to look like her Grandma way before "her time!"

Moral of the story: don't knock Grandma...

The Digital Exorcism

by Sherrod Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



I revel in its absence.
The darkness unbroken
By insistent green digits
Marking, minute by ruthless minute
The passage of my waking.
Duplicating dashes fashion
Minutes in lock-step march.
I watch – fascinated – anticipating
The numerical transformations.
Through the night they mark the
Indifferent hours, eating into
My fragmented dreams
Like kryptonite. Scoring wakefulness.
But now... a blessed void; an empty darkness.
The invader, banished to the guest room,
Sits dark and silent. Unplugged.
I revel in its absence.



Your Community



Military News



John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68, Leland Wreaths Across America



While we have Veterans Day in the fall and Memorial Day in the spring, our servicemen and women sacrifice their time and safety every single day of the year to preserve our freedoms. And in many homes across the U.S., there is an empty seat every day for one who is serving or one who made the ultimate sacrifice for our country. That is why our mission to Remember, Honor and Teach lasts all year long, far beyond the single day in December when we coordinate

wreath-laying ceremonies. Throughout the year, Wreaths Across America works in a number of ways to show our veterans and their families that we will not forget—we will never forget. We Remember and Honor our veterans and Teach the next generation to do the same.



“To be killed in war is not the worst that can happen. To be lost is not the worst that can happen... to be forgotten is the worst.”

— Pierre Claeysens (1909-2003)

Your sponsorship/purchase of live wreaths will be delivered and placed on veteran gravesites at the Wilmington National Cemetery on Dec 18th at 12:00 PM. Please make Checks Payable to Wreaths Across America in increments of \$15 per wreath, and give to a Leland Legion member, OR mail to American Legion Post 68, PO Box 521, Leland NC 28451.... OR ... simply go to the following link, click on Sponsor Wreath and order online!

<https://wreathscrossamerica.org/NC0380P>



Leland American Legion Post 68 is holding a remembrance ceremony at Leland Town Hall to commemorate the 20th Anniversary of 9/11. Members of the public are invited. For further details including the event time, contact Commander John Hacker at jveteran13@gmail.com.



VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS.

Leland VFW Post 12196 meets on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at Blossom's in Magnolia Greens. Dinner at 5:30, Meeting starts at 7pm. For more information, contact us at vfwpost12196@gmail.com or call at 910-408-1934

News From the VFW Post 12196



Current Post 12196 Commander, Jason Gaver, presented Past Commander Gerald Decker a plaque for his outstanding leadership as Commander last year. It was a challenging year for many reasons and Comrade Decker rose to the challenge. Thank you, Comrade Decker!

Dr. Gene Smith, President, Brunswick Community College (BCC), and Mrs. Kamin Brennan, representing the Foundation of Brunswick Community College, recently spoke to the VFW membership about the great things BCC is doing for their students and the community. BCC has earned the distinction of being the Number 1 community college in the nation for two years in a row! We are proud and lucky to have such a high caliber institution in our community.



Significant Events in History in September

September 1, 1939 - Hitler invaded Poland; thus, began World War II in Europe.

September 2, 1945 - President Truman proclaims V-J Day upon the surrender of the Japanese.

September 5-6, 1972 - Eleven members of the Israeli Olympic Team were killed during an attack on the Olympic Village in Munich by members of the Black September faction of the Palestinian Liberation Army.

September 6, 1620 - The Mayflower ship departed from Plymouth, England, bound for America with 102 passengers and a small crew.

September 9, 1776 - The U.S.A. came into existence as the Continental Congress changed the name of the new American nation from the United Colonies to the United States.

September 11, 2001 - The worst terrorist attack in U.S. history.

September 14, 1901 - Eight days after being shot, President William McKinley died from wounds suffered during an assassination attempt. Theodore Roosevelt then took over the presidency.

September 28, 1066 - The Norman conquest of England began.



The Bayeux Tapestry is an embroidered cloth nearly 70 metres long and 50 centimetres tall that depicts the events leading up to the Norman conquest of England





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.

The Northside Food Cooperative Launches Frankie's Outdoor Market Local vendors will sell healthy, affordable food in Wilmington's Northside community, which has been a food desert for 35+ years

WILMINGTON, N.C., AUGUST 14, 2021

– The Northside Food Cooperative, a community-owned grocery store business planned for downtown Wilmington and organized to ensure food security, grow community through food, and create a self-sustaining business model that will enhance the local economy, will host the grand opening of Frankie's Outdoor Market on Saturday, August 21st, from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Located in the recently renovated lot at 1019 Princess Street, vendors at the market will sell local meat and produce in an area the USDA has classified as a food desert for over 35 years.

"Our staff, volunteers, interns and vendors have been working hard to bring Frankie's Outdoor Market to life," said Cierra Washington, Strategic Outreach and Partnership Coordinator of the Northside Food Cooperative. "We are excited to see where this journey takes us in bringing healthy and affordable food to the Northside community."

The new weekly market is part of the Cooperative's strategic effort to generate a consistent presence in the Northside, increase awareness of and gain

community buy-in for the project, and immediately begin addressing food access and security. It also serves as a signal to the community that the Cooperative is serious about providing fresh food and economic opportunity to its neighbors.

Local vendors will include Freedom Dreams Farm, Master Blend Family Farms, and Willowdale Urban Farm, among others. The Market has already received generous support from the community, including a grant from Novant Health over 420 community-owners. These ownerships are available to North Carolina residents at a one-time cost of \$100, and a limited number of \$10 ownerships are available to residents that live within a 2-mile radius of the trade area around 10th and Princess Street. In addition to supporting the creation of a grocery store on the Northside, owners have a voice in future and development of the co-op, and will eventually enjoy discounts, deals, and a share in the grocery store's profits.

As the Cooperative works toward fulfilling their mission of a grocery store, they are excited for the opportunity to offer the Northside community

access to healthy, affordable food through Frankie's Outdoor Market in the meantime.

"Change doesn't happen overnight, but we're committed to the Northside for the long-haul," said Evan Folds, Project Manager of the Northside Food Cooperative. "We hope Frankie's Outdoor Market gives the residents of this community and a chance to get to know us and vice-versa, so we can support one another and create a stronger community together."

About the Northside Food Cooperative

The Northside Food Cooperative is a community-owned cooperative grocery store planned for the Northside of downtown Wilmington that will ensure food security and end the food desert, generate resilience in our neighborhoods, and create a self-sustaining business model that will enhance the local economy through equity and ownership. For more information, visit <https://northsidefoodcoop.com> or email northsidefoodcoop@gmail.com.

Restart the Arts Roundtable

The Brunswick Arts Council (BAC) hosted the first of four Restart the Arts Roundtables on Friday, August 20, 2021, at the Inspirations Dance Centre in Bolivia. The event was scheduled to provide a discussion among those in the arts community on how to get their respective programs going again in our schools and communities. Teen Scene, Inc. will host the second BAC Roundtable in Leland on November 5, 2021, at the Leland Arts Center. If you are interested in attending the next Roundtable, please contact Marybeth Livers at execdir.brunswickartscouncil@gmail.com or Gerald Decker at editorteen-scene@gmail.com.



Writers Award 2022

We are happy to announce that our next Writers Award evening will be March 12, 2022. The event will be held at the Leland Arts Center in Magnolia Greens. Please save the date and make plans to join us for another fun-filled evening.

We will recognize Cape Fear Voices writers in three main categories of writing:

- ~ Memories/History
- ~ Creative Writing
- ~ Poetry



We will also be recognizing the top writers for The Teen Scene. Teen writers will be recognized for their consistent participation, quality of writing, and effort. Some scholarship money will be a part of the recognition for the teen writers.

If you are interested in being a sponsor for the evening, please contact us at editorteen-scene@gmail.com for more information.



(above) The Teen Scene Editor Gerald Decker and volunteer Jan Morgan-Swegle working the Teen Scene table at the Chamber of Commerce Expo.

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**See Our Rates
on Page 2!**



